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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL :

AND

Christian Record ;

FOR

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THE EARTHEN VESSEL;

AND
Christian Record.

The Old Year, and the New Year :

OR,

WHERE ARE WE? WHAT ARE OUR PROSPECTS?

A SHORT ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

BY THE EDITOR.

HEAVENWARD our path still goes,—
Sojourners on earth we wander,
Till we reach our blest repose
In the land of promise yonder :
*Here we stay a pilgrim band,
There must be our Fatherland.*

Heavenward! Death's mighty hand
Guides me there to joy and gladness,—
There, within that blessed land,
Victor over pain and sadness,—
CHRIST himself has gone before—
Can I dread an unknown shore?

REFLECTION upon the *past*—a careful anticipation of the *future*—with a faithful examination of the *present*—are exercises frequently prescribed in the Word of God. The Eternal Creator and Deliverer himself sets us the example; and then commands us to obey him even in this respect. Speaking of the covenant between himself and every living creature, he says, (Gen. ix. 16,) "the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant;" and then, through Moses, to his people, he saith, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness," &c., &c. There is not one step to be forgotten. Each and every one are to be reviewed and remembered; for so the Lord hath commanded—"And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt; and that the LORD thy God brought thee out thence." Our fallen condition, and the sovereign hand which first began to raise and to rescue, are never to be forgotten. Ah! no! the wicket-gate can never be forgotten. How well the following words express the pantings of the soul when to the wicket gate it comes:—

'Mid the fast-falling shadows,
Weary, and worn, and late,
A timid, doubting pilgrim,
I reached the wicket-gate.

Where crowds have stood before me,
I stand alone to-night,
And in the deepening darkness,
Pray for one gleam of light.

From the foul sloughs and marshes
I've gathered many a stain;
I've heard old voices calling
From far across the plain.
Now, in my wretched weakness,
Fearful and sad I wait;
And every refuge fails me
Here at the wicket-gate.

And will the portals open
To me, who roamed so long,
Filthy, and vile, and burdened
With this great weight of wrong?
Hark! a glad voice of welcome
Bids my wild fears abate—
Look!—for a hand of mercy
Opens the wicket-gate!

On to the palace Beautiful,
And the bright room called Peace;
Down to the silent river,
Where thou shalt find release.
Up to the radiant city,
Where shining ones await—
On,—for the way of glory
Lies through the wicket-gate!

Oh, my reader, hast thou *entered into life*? If you ask me what it is; I answer, it is the Spirit of God breathing holy and everlasting life into the once dead soul:—then, to that quickened soul, the Saviour comes; to that living spirit the Great Shepherd calls, as to me he did—"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and

CHRIST shall give thee light." Since then, what wars within, and fears without, have pained my aching heart! That is a sentence full of terrible meaning—(Psalm lix. 10, 11.) "The God of my mercy shall prevent me; God shall let me see my desire upon my enemies. *Slay them not, LEST MY PEOPLE FORGET.*" I recognise none as fatal enemies, but those of my own house. I have thousands of times desired to see them slain; because they perpetually break my peace; but the decree is gone forth. They shall not *here* be entirely slain, lest we forget what we are; and slight the grace by which alone we can be made to differ. Indeed, Paul was right enough—"We groan being burdened." Again and again, doth the Lord call us to "*look* unto the rock whence we were hewn, and to the hole of the pit from whence we were digged." "For the Lord will comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places." None, surely, have greater reason to look back with the deepest penitence on the one hand, and with the highest praise on the other, than myself. It is a singular fact, that the good old Bible which has been my companion many, many years, now lays open before me; and, pausing since I first began to write these few lines, I almost unconsciously cast my eyes upon the 19th verse of Isaiah lvii., "*I create the fruit of the lips: Peace, Peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord; and I WILL HEAL HIM.*" That verse in my old Bible is encircled; and in the margin this sentence is written—"New Court—a discourse which melted my heart." The meaning of this sentence is this. In the days of my dark and dreadful desertion, I was accustomed to run hither and thither to hear the word preached. But hardness of heart, and dismal forebodings of eternal ruin, were almost constantly my inward state. One Sunday evening I went to New Court Chapel. The minister read that text, "*PEACE! PEACE!! to him that is far off; and I WILL HEAL HIM!*" That was nearly twenty years since. Yet do I remember the little hope which then sprang up in my soul, and has not He healed me? and created the fruit of my lips? and brought peace into my soul? Oh! yes, He has; and if a full deliverance from all difficulties was effected, surely none would labour to exalt him more than myself. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

But the past year is one to be remembered. The year One-thousand Eight-hundred and Sixty has been a gloomy one in the natural world. Clouds and darkness have been over us, and round about us, to a serious degree. Thousands of acres are, at this moment, under water; and as I have travelled through the agricultural districts, I have seen the desolations of the land; I

have heard the complainings of many; and deeply have I desired to see the whole nation brought down to the feet of Almighty God, confessing sin, and imploring mercy. On either side of that scripture, "*Before that great and notable day of the Lord come,*" there is much written which now demands attention. The Spirit is to be poured out; the people are to prophecy; God will shew wonders in the heavens above, and signs in the earth beneath—blood, and fire, and vapours of smoke; "the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood." There was a literal fulfilment of these things—there is a *spiritual*—and there will be an *evangelical* application of these solemn things. Without straining, is there not a fulfilment of these words in every sense? Is not that great and notable day of the Lord coming? Forty years more, and what shall then arise we dare not attempt to predict; but changes, advances, revolutions, and prophetic fulfilments will rapidly follow—"THEN COMETH THE END." I would pray that all of us who know and love the Truth, might be found united in one grand object—

"The lifting of Jesus on high!"

There were never known such demonstrations of desire to do good as have broken forth this year. I know we stand aloof from them; I know we stand in doubt of them; I know good and great men have expressed their mind fully and freely upon them; I have watched them very closely. I must believe it is the beginning of that deep prophecy in Isaiah xlii., and in other parts of the word beside. The great mystic Babylon is to fall. The overthrow of her ancient and original type was the earnest of the final overthrow of herself. How did God speak of that dread event? Read it in Isaiah xlii., and you may there discover something, I think, of the movement of men in these latter days. First of all, "*a banner was to be set upon the high mountain.*" This has been done. *The Gospel* has been preached. Secondly, Jehovah says, "I have commanded my sanctified ones." "Men so called," says Gill, "not because sanctified by the Spirit of God, or made holy persons through the regenerating grace of God, or purified by the blood of Christ, and prepared for glory—but because they were set apart in the mind and counsel of God for a special work and service." That is the true character of thousands who have gone forth for God Almighty as Pioneers, to break down, and to open up, and to make ready, that so at last, the Glorious BRIDEGROOM and His beloved *Bride* might come forth; and thus the great mystery of God might be finished. These "*sanctified ones*" (it is not said that they are saved, although I say not they are lost) are also called "*mighty ones.*" Such as Garibaldi

abroad, and some of our gospel Garibalds in homo. What mighty men ! and what mighty works these men accomplish when the Lord our God will call them to his service, and employ them in the scattering of his foes, and the building up of his kingdom ! They are said to rejoice in the Lord's highness : they cheerfully labour for Him, although it be but in the battering down of the dismal walls of Anti-Christ, and all its infernal crew.

See the consequences. There is "the multitude in the mountains, like as of a great people." Has not this been seen ? Is it not now coming true around us at home ? "The noise of the multitude" has been great ; perhaps it will be greater still—but "the day of the Lord is at hand," therefore, while the "mighty ones" wax mightier still—while bold men, great men, prosperous men, increase and advance in their way, the voice to me, for days, has been, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time ; casting all your care upon him ; for he careth for you : " and for this word I desire to be thankful ; because I see and feel it needful ; for terrible things are coming, and none but the election of grace can escape. Am I deluded ? Have I looked and read in vain ? or, is it true that the predictions of Isaiah xiii. are now receiving their fulfilment in us ? "The stars of heaven and the constellations thereof, shall not give their light." Verily this is so at this very day. "The stars of heaven" are God's most devoted and persecuted saints and servants ; but they are covered, for the most part, with clouds of poverty, obscurity, and deep distress. Here and there a bright and shining star appears—but they are few, they are far between. "The sun shall be darkened in its going forth." How literally this has been the case in the material heavens ! Morning after morning I have watched and longed for the rising and shining of the poor world's bright luminary ; but mists and rains, clouds and storms, gloom and melancholy aspects have grieved my eyes while they have failed in looking upward. And in the gospel heavens too, "the Sun of Righteousness" has been darkened ; and the poor afflicted church of Christ could not cause her light to shine. In this land there are multitudes of God-fearing ministers of Christ who have their hands on their loins ; and they know not what to do. At least I have met with many, and I have received letters from many more ; and as regards the ministry, in my own soul I have suffered a martyrdom. I have sighed in my soul with desires instrumentally to unfold the glories of the Son of God—I have longed to see the church putting on her beautiful garments—but alas ! alas ! it has not been so. Nevertheless (returning again to Isaiah xiii.) the

High and Lofty One doth say, "I will make a man more precious than fine gold ; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir ; therefore I will shake the heavens," &c. The Gospel churches have been shaken, and a greater shaking awaits them yet. But the great promise of the New Covenant is, "But Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation : ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end." What ever these Revival services have done, it is evident no general apparent good has arisen from them to the established Church of Christ in Britain ; it is but here and there the true signs of a genuine prosperity are to be found. We are waiting for the early and the latter rain.

The past year has been one most remarkable for controversies on deep and solemn subjects. Divine Sovereignty, and the Eternal Sonship of the Saviour, have been questions for serious agitation ! and no small measure of unhappy feeling has been drawn forth on all sides. The farther it advances the more deeply we regret its existence. Still, if TRUTH is hereby tested, and more fully discovered, some good in some quarters will result therefrom. "Fair weather," it is said, "cometh out of the North. The North wind is the source, or cause, of serenity." So, we hope, when these contrary winds have well cleared our murky atmosphere, we shall have a quietness and a settledness in truth, that shall be for the church's best interest. Controversy is not our element, especially when it giveth rise to unkind, unbrotherly, and unhappy feelings. A bitter-spirited controversy we cannot be pleased with ; but upon difficult questions—when the minds of good men become divided and exercised touching any question which stands connected with the glories of God's eternal and well beloved Son—or connected with the peace and prosperity of Zion—then I feel bound to open up a free channel for each, and for all to express their thoughts upon the question at issue. In order to effect this, and to make room for numerous correspondents, I have issued—in this year 1860, no less than five supplementary numbers, and that too at no small loss.

Referring to controversy, it brings to mind that good man, Mr. Fletcher, the vicar of Madeley. He once wrote these words,—

"Methinks I dream, when I reflect I have written on controversy ! the last subject I thought I should have meddled with."

His biographer commenting on this, says,

"The wonder thus expressed by Fletcher himself regarding the character of his literary efforts must be shared by all who think of the sweetness of his natural temper, and the elevation and intensity of his personal piety. But he was led into the slough in a very simple way. About the year 1789 the Countess of Huntingdon conceived the idea of found-

ing a college on a new principle. Denominationalism was to be ignored—no one system of theology was to be preferred before another—good young men were to be admitted from any of the Churches to receive the benefits of a free education—and when the term of instruction was ended the students were to be left at perfect liberty to enter into the ministry, either of the Church of England, or of any of the dissenting bodies to which they might have a liking. A scheme like this, impracticable though it of course turned out to be, was just one to strike the fancy, and attract the interest of such a man as the Vicar of Madeley; and when the lady founder offered him the presidentship of the institution he accepted it very readily. The college was planted at Trevecca in Wales—a spot which was within visiting distance of his own parish in Shropshire; and while still assiduous as ever in his own special pastoral work, he found time to ride over to his other charge with considerable frequency. These visitations of his do not seem to have been of very great value in an educational or academical point of view; but religiously they were, as one might have expected, exceedingly precious and profitable. “As many of you as are athirst for the fullness of the Spirit,” would this college president say to his students, “follow me to my room.” He was followed accordingly—and hours were spent in wrestling supplication. “Languages, arts, sciences, grammar, rhetoric, logic, even divinity itself as it is called, were all laid aside when he appeared. His full heart would not suffer him to be silent. He must speak, and they were readier to hearken to this servant and minister of Jesus Christ, than to attend to Sallust, Virgil, or any Latin or Greek historian, poet, or philosopher they had been engaged in reading. And they seldom hearkened long before they were all in tears, and every heart caught fire from the flame that burned in his soul.”

Very delightful as this state of things must have been, yet between the headmaster of the college and the Countess, dissensions arose about the doctrine of Divine and Eternal Predestination. This led poor Fletcher into a fire, and in that fire of controversy he was held fast nearly all his days. Like him, we have been over and over again drawn into controversy—always hoping and determining that this should be the last. But until that haughty and cruel spirit, manifested in some quarters—and that dry dogmatical mind which has been exercised in others—until a more Christian bearing is displayed, and a charity that vaunteth not itself is the clothing of our churches and of their ministers, we fear that a clear sky, and smooth waters will not be our happy portion. Still we love, and must ever pray for, pure and holy peace, even that peace which flows from the cross on which our Saviour hung; from that mercy-seat on which our Great High Priest doth sit. With all the power our God shall give us, will we still labour for the advancement of all essential truth.

It has been widely said, we should reserve our expressed testimony on the Sonship, until “*A Little One*” had given his, and then we should go with him. We esteem “*A Little One*” as a man of God, mighty in the word and work of God. We esteem him, too, for that originality, usefulness, and steadfastness in the truth, in which the Lord has so long and so highly honored him; but we have

never bowed to him as our oracle; nor been led by him as our guide. He is too much the gentleman, the Christian, the friend, over to attempt or desire to use any such influence. Were I guilty of such cringing, I ought to be driven from my post at once. Long before I knew “*A Little One's*” mind or thoughts on this great subject, I wrote the following sentences in a small note book. I was reflecting on those mighty and merciful words of Peter, “*Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.*” I simply said, in these words are three branches for meditation,—

I. The Person of Christ, “*his own self.*”

II. The Sufferings and Sacrifice of Christ.

III. The Blessings flowing from him to them who do aright believe in Him: they become dead to sin: live unto righteousness; by His stripes they are healed. Coming to the first branch—**THE PERSON OF CHRIST**, (a theme ever dear to my heart) I wrote a few hasty lines, and although not designed for public criticism—yet to shew my simple mind upon a mystery so awfully grand, I give here a small section of what then flowed from my *inmost soul*.

I.—**THE PERSON OF CHRIST.** There is no greater mystery in heaven, nor in hell, nor in the church, nor in the hearts of God's people, nor in the world—than is the Glorious Person of Christ! I have thought it is this mystery, or rather the attempt to open this mystery; I had better say, *it has been*, I think, the puny efforts of men to do away with the mystery—it has been this aiming to explain what only God can explain—it has been this attempt to comprehend what mortal and finite men cannot comprehend which has split the Professing Church into so many divisions. Some will have Him to be man, not God and Man: some will have Him to be God and Man, but not specially a Covenant Head—but a universal and an unlimited Saviour. Many other things men have spoken of Him, and so divisions have sprung up. He is called a stumbling-stone, and a Rock of offence. What a solemn detail of things that Isaiah viii. contains! There is a proclamation of Christ, “He shall be for a sanctuary; but for a stone of stumbling, and for a Rock of offence: for a gin and for a snare: and many among them shall stumble, and fall, and be broken, and be snared, and be taken.” The true disciples of Christ do not stumble at this stumbling-stone; they look to Him; they believe in Him; they fly to Him; they love Him, and find a shelter there—but others will find some occasion of stumbling at, or about the Son of God. This is dangerous: cavilling about Him is presumptuous: curious criticising, and trying to peep into this Glorious mystery, is perilous. In proof, see what the Lord tells the Prophet to do; he says, “*Bind up the testimony; seal the law among my disciples.*” This is a direction to take special care of this testimony concerning Christ—“*He shall be for a Sanctuary*”—a Hiding Place; a Holy Place; a Worshipping Place; a Salvation Place: “*He shall be for a Sanctuary.*” Take care of this; hold this fast, and so shall it be well; for this is all the safety, all the comfort, all the peace, all the happiness the people of God can have. Jesus Christ for them a sanctuary—and here they hide, here they seek, here they find the Lord; therefore the Lord again says, “*Seal the law among my disciples.*” The law is the Decree of Heaven, to save all who believe in Jesus

Christ; this shall be sealed home, made secure unto all who really and truly follow Him.

That some men stumble at the Person and work of Christ is no wonder. But now let us consider the Person of Christ, first, as declared to be a Great Mystery; secondly, as shadowed forth by types and figures; thirdly, as Proclaimed from Heaven by God Himself; fourthly, as Preached in the Gospel; fifthly, as Revealed in the souls of God's Quickened Elect; sixthly, as Opposed by all anti-Christian Powers; and lastly, as Shining forth now in Heaven the Present, the Future, the Everlasting Friend of the Spouse, the Church; yea, of all who were given to Him, and are, by grace, brought unto Him by faith, and hope, and prayer, and by triumphant grace. "Who his Own Self."

My space will not allow me to give this SEVENFOLD VIEW of the PERSON OF CHRIST in this January number—but I will try and pray God to help me to give it month after month until I have come to the end of my poor testimony on a matter so beautiful and blessed to my little soul.

Before I leave this, I shall notice a letter I received from father Jones, a part of which reads as follows:

"The steps you are taking in the VESSEL relative to the Eternal Generation (PIGMENT) controversy will do you no good; and so you will find out when too late. I have received several letters from ministers on the subject of your versatility. One of them whom you well know, writes me—'One of the most charitable constructions I can put on Mr. Banks's movements and sayings, is, he really does not understand the controversy. He is first led by one and then by another. The question is still to him like 'Truth in a well.' He peeps, and looks, and squints, and blinks, and hardly knows what it is all about.' He adds much more which I forbear to write."

The first sentence rather surprised me—because the first step I took was, as kindly as possible, to notice Mr. J. A. Jones's letter to the Editor of *The Gospel Standard*; and I did so because the *spirit* evinced by the latter was not good; but, even in that first step, I found exceptions to Mr. J. A. Jones's letter. There were sentences and sentiments in it which I did not approve; but not wishing to fight—yea, knowing myself inadequate to cope with such a tough and determined Welchman, I introduced his letter to the notice of the churches in as friendly a manner as I could; believing this aged sire in Zion ought to be heard. Mr. Crowther's sermon also I noticed most favourably, because, while there were some conclusions in it which I never could reach, still, there was nothing in it fatally delusive or injurious; but there was in it a good amount of Gospel truth, of sterling talent, of zeal for Christ's honour, and of love to the whole family of God; and I was anxious (as the *Standard* leaders had acted, in the Hitchin case, so harshly) Mr. Crowther should be fairly and fully heard. Furthermore, I inserted Mr. J. A. Jones's letters because, as he said, there was no other channel through which he could get so extensively to speak to the Churches. He knows he demanded of me this service; I know I acceded to that demand very reluctantly; because *contention* any where, and

everywhere, I perfectly abhor, except where I meet with a deadly error; a Christ-dishonouring doctrine, a Gospel-beclouding system; and, then, against all such delusions I would contend until I die: but I believe the only legitimate, the only efficient, mode of excluding error, is a scriptural and experimental development of the truth. I have told Mr. J. A. Jones personally, and plainly, I am what some would call, "an old Huntingtonian;" and an ardent lover of such men as Bunyan, Flavcl, Bolton, Bridge, and others, who have skill and sympathy enough to deal with a broken, bleeding, yet bound-up heart. Men who are simply and only hard and heavy contenders for points—doctrinally and practically—ought to be highly esteemed by the church; but I have been so awfully bruised and beaten by sin and Satan on the one hand; and so indulged and favoured by my most precious and inexpressibly glorious LORD JESUS on the other, that hard men, harsh minds, haughty spirits, and mere defenders of doctrine, are no companions of mine. *I love the doctrines of grace*: there are tens of thousands in this country, and across the seas too, that know this right well; and although my talent for writing or preaching is a very tiny one, still, I have laboured with all my might, to make the best use of it I could:—having had much forgiven, I have felt an overflowing of love to all who favour God's righteous cause; and have only been too glad to serve them to the very utmost of my power; and although I have hung about my neck responsibilities which perpetually drag me down to the dust, and keep me in temporal bonds; although priest and Levite have not only passed me by in contempt, but have cursed me as Shemei did David; although a herd of wretched men called ministers (?) (heaven forgive them) have fawned at my feet for help, and then fell foul of me behind my back; although wind and tide have been against me; and although I am as dependent upon the kind providence of God for daily help as ever I was; yet I desire to bless his holy name that he has given me such means for making known his glorious gospel; so that I am sending hundreds of thousands of epistles throughout the world to testify of his most holy name. I say then to Mr. J. A. Jones, Your threat of "finding it out when too late" alarms me not in the least. My life is one of perpetual toil and labour. If the good Lord—who gave me this labour—say, "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest no longer be steward;" then to have grace to feel and say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord," will be a crowning mercy indeed. If the sentence, "the steps you are taking," &c., refers to the insertion of Letters by "A Little One,"

and Mr. Bidder's epistle, I am prepared to give an explanation. First, as regards the "Letters to Theophilus," on "the Sonship of the Saviour," they have certainly carried some startling and strange ideas; but "A Little One" holds most firmly the eternal Godhead—the co-equal and co-eternal dignities of HIM who is called "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." "A Little One" loves our Immanuel, our Jesus, our best beloved Lord; but then he is always determined to be singular; he will think for himself; and he will have his own way of enunciating his views; and for me to shut my pages against every good and great man, because he uses not my eyes, adopts not my phraseology, walks not exactly according to my line in things not essential—would be vain conceit indeed: albeit, I did feel bound to add my testimony to Mr. Bidder's on this great question; and although we are both condemned by many, it shakes not my mind one atom—I still believe in the eternity and in the Divine Personality of Him who said to John, speaking of Himself, "These things saith the Amen; the faithful and true Witness; THE BEGINNING OF THE CREATION OF GOD." Upon this scripture I purpose to give a paper, if permitted.]

But Mr Jones says, his brother minister writes,—“One of the most charitable constructions I can put upon Mr. Banks's movements and sayings is, he really does not understand the controversy. He is first led by one, and then by another. The question is still to him like truth in a well. He peeps, and looks, and squints, and blinks; and hardly knows what it is all about.” Then Mr. Jones, says the minister, “adds much more which I forbear to write.”

I do not know who this minister is, but no doubt he is a very clever man; a very excellent brother, and a minister of mighty powers. During the last twenty years the most flagrant specimen of man's fallen nature I have witnessed is, self-conceit—the important I!

But to the point. Mr. Banks “really does not understand the controversy.” I understand there is a contention among good men about words: these good men are divided into three classes: some say Jesus Christ was not the Son of God in His Divine nature; others say He was; but, mark this one thing—all cavillers, all critics, all writers, all disputers, come to one conclusion, that there is a mystery in the mode of the existence of the Glorious Person that no finite mind can comprehend. I have always believed that JESUS CHRIST was the SON of GOD, co-equal and co-eternal with the FATHER—that before all ages—before all worlds—before all things in heaven, or earth, or hell, He “was set up” as he himself declares; but how I

venture not to define. I desire with honesty of heart, with singleness of eye, and with an unwavering faith, to “acknowledge THE MYSTERY of God, and of the Father, and of Christ.” Very much that has been written and said by men of late has been to C. W. Banks “like truth in a well” indeed; and when very big men have been bouncing and bawling, with what Dr. Gill calls the gift of tongues where men are noisy, but not always spiritual—when I have listened to some great divines, perhaps I have tried to “peep” into their meaning, and tried in vain: when they have been “holding on” longer than I could bear, it may be I “blinked” a little; and who can read, or who can hear, many of our great men, and not “blink” a little?—I am sure I cannot. But as regards “squinting,” I say nothing. When men hear another, or read another with prejudice or suspicion; no doubt, but these things weaken and injure their organs of vision to a great extent. To conclude, my prayer to God is two-fold—first, to be so found in CHRIST, as that when He comes to receive his ransomed, I may among them stand. Secondly, that while my few remaining days are running out, I may live in my humble measure as Paul did, and truly say, “For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”

Where, then, are we? What are our prospects? As a denomination, as a distinct branch of the visible church, we have (at the commencement of another year,) much to be thankful for. Our ministers have been spared to us, and our churches hold on their way. We have called over our list of Metropolitan Ministers, who are firm and faithful men, and we believe death has only deprived us of one during the whole of 1860. We commence 1861 with nearly the same staff of London ministers of truth as we commenced 1860. There stand, each in their appointed place,—the brethren Anderson, Attwood; Ball, Bird, Bloomfield, Bowles, Bracher, Butterfield, Caunt, Chamberlain, Chivers, Clark, Cracknell, Dickerson, Flack, Flory, John Foreman, Glaskin, Samuel Greer, F. Green, Gunner, Gwinnell, Hall, Hanks, (poor dear Haslop is gone home, but Myerson is raised up in his stead;) Hazleton, J. A. Jones, Milner, Moyle, Munns, Nunn, W. Palmer, Parker, Pells, Ponsford, Rowland, Stringer, (only moved a little further off,) Thurston, J. Webb, Wignore, Williamson, Whitteridge, Wyard, and last, though not always the least, James Wells. All at present, I believe, alive, and in good working order. For this the Lord be praised. I cannot enter upon a review of the state of our Churches this month. Praying that 1861 may be a year of gospel peace and of spiritual prosperity, I subscribe myself again the Churches willing servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

CONVERSION TO GOD.

A TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE ESSENTIAL TO THE PRESENT TIMES OF EXCITEMENT IN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS.

[We will not dare to sit in judgment over any man, or class of men, who profess to be the real followers of our glorious Christ, our lovely Immanuel, our increasingly precious Daysman and Redeemer; but, to shut out all doubt and fear, arising from the extraordinary emotions of many men in these times, seems impossible. The Lord pardon our fears if they are groundless; but in presenting the following testimony, in giving the world the following record of grace in the soul, we feel greater pleasure than any words can express, and because, we delight to search up, and to send out to tens of thousands of men, these declarations of God's saving work in the souls of His redeemed, because we have laid down our life to accomplish this service, because we have been favoured to sacrifice all to this end, and because our gracious Master has, in some measure, helped us, therefore we crave the continued support of all who dearly love the genuine work of grace divine to be made known. Read the following, and let it be read, it will certainly have the sanction of the eternal, the mighty God.—Ed.]

TO MY HIGHLY ESTEEMED AND BELOVED BROTHER BANKS, in the eternal covenant, grace and peace be with you.—Your visit to us was profitable, we all think of you with pleasure, because of the sweet odour and rich fragrance of the name of Jesus, which by divine anointing, rested on your spirit in your public ministry and private conversation. The Lord bless thee, brother, an hundred-fold for your work of faith and labour of love amongst us.

Should you deem the following account of the Lord's sovereign dealings with a simple worm, worthy a place in your "Vessel" it is at your service; doubtless it has been with thousands as with myself, a means of refreshing and strengthening to read how the dear Lord the Spirit first brought and subsequently led his chosen ones from worse than Egyptian bondage, into the glorious liberty of our gospel Canaan. I have sometimes thought that heaven itself is a glorious experience meeting, not only to see the King in his beauty, but to relate with holy rapture all the way which the Lord our God hath brought us. Did not Paul take a holy delight before the unconverted world to declare how the Lord met with him on his journey to Damascus? was it not a matter of great comfort to him that his first step was right? Thus, when Satan comes into the soul like a flood, causing us to question whether it is verily and in deed and truth a work of grace in our hearts, presenting to our minds, the tares, foolish virgins, bastards, hypocrites, false professors, so graphically described in many parts of God's word by the Holy Ghost—oh, how blessed then to call to remembrance the

entrance of divine light, and that holy and irresistible call which we had at first.

I was born in Taunton, Somersetshire, June 24th, 1807. My parents were strict church people, quite content that all their religion should begin and end with the mere forms of the establishment; in my growing up sufficient to say I was like millions of boys, now going astray from the womb, quite content with my master, the devil, knowing nothing, and caring nothing about my soul's salvation. When about seven years of age at a funeral, I had a touch of conscience about the day of judgment; it wore off with the day. About ten years old I had a narrow escape by drowning. Is it not a fact that every elect vessel is preserved in their unconverted state, (in Christ Jesus) as the great apostle says, "even when we were dead in sins?" Time rolled on; I was put an apprentice to a Mr. John March, of Honiton; both himself, and a large family connection were Unitarians. I determined to stick by my church, but alas, what are all the resolutions of the carnal mind but a rope of sand! Being naturally fond of reading, and my master having a good library, I became well, too well acquainted with Priestly, Belsham, Fox, Carpenter, and many other writers of the Unitarian school, indeed I became a confirmed and zealous Unitarian, believing they were the only people in the world right, exceeding many my equals in zeal—the devil had an easy fool in me—puffed up to the fall with an imagination that my works, and God's mercy, would certainly procure me heaven. Once in particular, the devil transformed himself into an angel of light, on my knees praying, it was as though I had seen a vision of angels, I had a joy, a happiness, a strange feeling of heavenly light, as I supposed, not knowing my state as a sinner, or having the least idea of pardon through the blood of Christ; "truly the veil and the covering was cast over my eyes and heart," Isaiah 25th and 26th, puffed up with self-righteousness, content to live and die without hope, and without Christ and God. There is a progress in sin, ignorance, and rebellion in nature under the leadership of Satan, as well as progress or a growing in grace in Christ's kingdom; and so I found it; the father of lies was drifting my soul on to deism and infidelity. Led captive by the devil at his will, I was just about the most unlikely of all Adam's race to be brought as a penitent

sinner to the foot of the cross; speaking after the manner of men, there is no murderer, drunkard, whoremonger, covetous man, or sinner on God's earth that requires such an amount of Almighty power to rescue and deliver the soul from such trammels and cords of Satan's weaving and binding as the infidel. Oft times since, on the remembrance of so mighty, matchless, powerful, distinguishing and discriminating grace as I have experienced, my soul has been melted down, especially when singing,

"Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave
I sported with death."

Again,

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me."

Thus I am constrained from what I have experienced to preach the sovereign, electing, and predestinating grace of God the Father, as the foundation of a sinner's hope, through the covenant blood of his dear Son, and alone to be revealed to the chosen by God the Holy Ghost. About this time, I read a tract entitled "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." I put it down, exclaiming, "I know nothing about it." Soon after I saw a preacher passing through the street; a secret something told me that man knows a secret, which you do not; should you ever know, you will be able to preach too. Well, the predestinated moment was drawing near, the time of deliverance was at hand, the mandate from the court of heaven was given, "deliver HIM from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom." O, my soul! was it not for the everlasting love of God, thy portion must have been with rebels, devils, and damned spirits. Glory, O glory! be to a triune Jehovah for ever, "I am found of them that sought me not," (Isa. lxxv. 1.) must be my plea and cry in time, and to all eternity.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,"

is now my song. It happened in the following manner. One Sunday morning, about August, 1827, I rose, as usual an infidel, went through the routine of the day, until the evening in the cool of the day, under an apple tree, in my master's garden, I was reading Abram Booth's "Reign of Grace," for controversial purposes; nothing in the book arrested me, but in a moment as quick as lightning, a small, still, powerful, efficacious, irresistible voice went down into the depths of my soul—Thou art a sinner and stand in need of a better righteousness than thou art working out. Light broke in upon my dark benighted soul, life attended the same, my eyes were open at once to see, and my heart to feel that the Unitarians were

wrong. I consulted not with flesh and blood, but left them at once and for ever. Truly and literally, as well as spiritually, the 8th chap. Song of Solomon, 5th verse, was my case, "I raised thee up under the apple tree; there thy mother brought thee forth, there she brought thee forth that bare thee." About two months after, the Lord the Spirit was pleased again to visit my soul. I was going up a steep hill, between Honiton and Axminster, when I was powerfully arrested with these words, "How can you as a sinner stand before the judgment seat of Christ?" To my apprehension, it was as though the Judge was at the door, and I a condemned criminal stood before him; I was as the man without the wedding garment standing speechless. Two things were solemnly before me, my sinfulness and Christ's holiness, the reconciliation to my view impossible; a great gulph appeared between us. I had then a deep view experimentally what the day of account will be to the ungodly. As I stood thus, a lost, ruined, guilty, condemned sinner before the Lord Jesus; after some time, a heavenly light broke in upon my soul, a scripture which I was not then acquainted with, was applied with Almighty power, Col. 21, "In the body of his flesh, through death, to present you holy and unblamable, and unprovable in his sight." Oh! the glorious, rapturous, unspeakable joy I had in first beholding Jesus as the Lord my righteousness; clouds and darkness vanished under the canopy of love, "having the Holy Ghost, applying the eye salve of the kingdom," Rev. iii. 18. I embraced his righteousness as my righteousness, his blood as the ground of my acceptance with God, in a word, that I was complete in him. I feel now, although it is more than 33 years ago, my heart warmed with the sacred recollection, time or eternity will never efface that glorious revelation. It has been my stay and comfort, amid darkness, bondage, infirmities and sins that the dear Lord then revealed to me the imputed righteousness of Christ, that the Father did then put the robe on the prodigal. Truly the real work of grace in the heart, is like a grain of mustard seed, small, very small in its beginning; oh, let us "never despise the day of small things," we can judge best of vital godliness by the fruit, more than in the life or the mere superficial knowledge of doctrines &c., for instance, the true born, spirit-taught child says, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." Peter, when out of prison, soon went to his own company. Paul after his conversion, sought out immediately and subsequently the saints, the children of God. Thus, if we see one following closely the

footsteps of the true church of God, separate from the world and the worldlings, seeking the company of God-fearing souls, it is one indelible mark that that soul is, and will be, a jewel in the crown of Christ. Thus it was with me, that precious scripture was surely verified in my experience; "the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." I sought out the Lord's people amongst the Baptist denomination for this reason, from my youth up being accustomed to read the word of God, in child-like simplicity, (knowing nothing about sects and denominations.) I plainly perceived that believer's baptism was the alone and only baptism revealed by heaven. Would to God that all Christians would simply read the New Testament apart from the teaching of man on this glorious ordinance. My lot was soon to remove to Dorchester, where Dr. Hoby, from Weymouth, established a Baptist cause; the Doctor and myself helped build the first pulpit. Soon after i.e., about March, 1828, I was baptised by the Doctor, at Weymouth. Oh! how much have God's dear young lambs to be thankful for, when they are privileged to sit under a true gospel ministry, not yea and nay, but yea and amen, so that when they hear the gospel trumpet, it gives a certain sound; it saves them much after trouble, labour and sorrow, but nevertheless grace is grace. Amidst great ignorance the dear Lord is pleased to harrow, circumcise, plough up, cast in the seed; "causing the north wind to awake, and the south wind to blow," and thus by little and little, in his own peculiar and wonderful dispensations of love and mercy fulfils the gracious promise of the Holy Ghost to guide his dear elect ones into all truth. I was led by the providence of God, in July, 1828, to Barnstaple; after four months residence here, I was taken down in the typhus fever; on my partial recovery, and for a long time I foolishly and vainly thought all my spiritual enemies dead on the sea shore as the Hebrews saw the Egyptians. I had much sweet intercourse and hallowed communion with my beloved Lord Jesus; the devil was not permitted to harass my soul, one unclouded fellowship with a triune God, rejoicing truly and gloriously in a salvation wrought for me in the blood and righteousness of Immanuel. "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;" 2nd chap Sol. Song, 11th and 12th. "Rejoice O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth. My soul was like a well watered garden, I could indeed shout, "Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb." I

knew but little of the awful depths of depravity within, and less of the cunning, wily devices of Satan. My mountain stood firm, and as I thought for ever. I had a little trial of my faith, but through grace, came off a victor. My dear and precious sister Eliza, who is now in glory, was once like me a blind church-going Pharisee. Having tasted myself of the precious love of Christ, I was drawn to feel a great desire for her soul's salvation; my letters proved in the hand of the Holy Ghost the means of her awakening and conversion, she left the Church of England, and joined the Baptists at Taunton; this gave great offence to my poor blind parents. On my visiting them, after some degree of persecution, I was told peremptorily that I should, as a wicked son, be cut off from all share in their property. I felt I had an inheritance they could not touch or deprive me of. I was enabled to leave all in the hands of my dear heavenly Father, and to rely on those many golden and precious promises given to the heirs of Christ in the word, "He that honoureth me I will honour." My parents never put the threat into execution, and my dear father on his death bed, having had three months sickness gave evident proofs that "he was a brand plucked out of the burning." One promise was applied to him, "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." And thus he died a sinner three months old, resting on the blood of Jesus for acceptance with God. From your loving brother in the bonds of the eternal covenant of grace,

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

Barnstaple, Dec. 5th, 1860.

(To be continued if the Lord will.)

THE GATHERING.

"Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice."—Psalms 1.

THEY come, from their sorrows they come!

From poverty's deepest distress;

From the waves of the ocean there's some,

And some from the far wilderness.

There's some from the fierce lion's den,

And some from the faggot and fire;

War gives up each victim again,

Never more on the field to expire.

They come from the deserts of sand,

They come from the isles of the sea;

Some gather from every land,

The appearing of Jesus to see.

They come, when the sound of a voice

Says, "Gather my saints unto me:"

The saints shall then loudly rejoice,

For with Jesus they ever shall be.

T. G. PULL

Original Papers on the Canticles.

THE WILDERNESS SCENE.

By THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness, like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?"—Canticles iii. 6.

THE last six verses of the present chapter form a separate, being the third, part of this book. The two previous parts relate, as we have seen, to the personal experience of the bride, during two portions of her history. We have now a complete change in the story. A scene, or vision, is introduced into the midst of it. It is a marriage procession, arranged according to the customs of the Eastern Countries. The bride is being conveyed to the Royal Palace of "King Solomon," who evidently is also seen at some other point in the scene, preparing to go forth and receive her. The bridegroom has, as usual on such occasions, sent his own state carriage to convey her up. His own valiant men—"the valiant of Israel"—are attending her. A retinue of servants are there likewise, bearing torches and choice perfumes. These processions were always in the night, and when the parties were great and wealthy, were with all the circumstances introduced into the scene before us. Some one is supposed to stand on an elevated spot overlooking the wilderness, and from him bursts forth the exclamation "*who is this?*" We are at once reminded of the questions put to John in Patmos, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes?" "Whence came they?"—as well as of the answer, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The bride in the vision is, then, undoubtedly, the church of Christ—that body which he hath betrothed unto himself. The church is represented as passing through the wilderness, but we have also the figures representing the provision made by the heavenly Bridegroom for her safety and comfort whilst passing through it.

The "columns of smoke" are said to proceed from the burning of myrrh, frankincense, and aromatic powders of the merchant. This feature in the scene is probably drawn from the "pillar of the cloud" which accompanied Israel through the wilderness; or, it may be a figurative allusion to that other scripture truth, that the prayers and praises of the Lord's people offered up to him as they pass through the wilderness are as sweet-smelling incense unto him. We read in Revelation, "Another angel came and

stood before the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it, with the prayers of all saints, upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand."

Of the "threescore valiant men" who form the body-guard of this Royal bride, it is said, "they all hold swords, being expert in war; every man hath his sword upon his thigh; because of fear in the night." How striking the contrast between these two expressions, "Fear in the night," and "There shall be no night there." This present dispensation is night time to the church, and it is the world's day. The world's day ends in eternal night, and the church's night will soon be swallowed up in her eternal day: Jesus, who is the true "King Solomon" in the vision before us, will bring in that day. So we read in the 2nd of Samuel, "He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." The church is now passing through a night which is connected with darkness, ignorance, and danger. All this she feels, though it is only comparative. She has light as compared with the world's darkness, but darkness as compared with the glorious light in which she shall eternally dwell. She is wise as compared with the worldly man's ignorance, but ignorant herself when compared with what she shall know when made to know above even as she is known. So likewise, though eternally secure in Christ of a place in his eternal glory, and though assured that all things are working together for her good; yet has she to pass through many dangers, because of her many enemies in this "strange land." Thanks be to the Lord, then, that the night is quickly passing away! The morning cometh—the day-star is rising, and the Sun will shine! Then shall there be perfect light—full knowledge—no enemy to trouble—no more tears—no more sin—no more death. Yes! dear reader, it is a blessed morning that is coming—that morning without clouds—the morning of joy which will succeed this night of weeping. It is the bridal day of the spiritual bride, when Jesus, the Bridegroom of her heart,

shall come forth to receive her. It is the jubilee of God's creation; the birth day of a new and glorious existence; the day of the manifestation of all the sons of God. The shadows of night shall flee away. All the children of the day shall then emerge into their own light, their own sphere, their own day. It is God's own light; he will give it unto us; our eyes could not bear it now—but we shall be changed; it shall burst upon us in full perfection in *that day*. "In thy light, O God, we shall see light." We, who believe, rejoice even now as those who have been brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light. But our present light is, as it were, the rays of light from above, penetrating the darkness of the night-time. Then all will be light and no darkness at all.

We have next the allusion to the King himself, who is come forth to meet his bride.

"King Solomon hath made him a chariot,
He made it of the wood of Lebanon;
He made the pillars of silver—
Its mattress of gold;
Its curtains of purple;
It is spread over with love,
O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

This, as we have already said, gives us another object in the vision. What we have already considered is the bride, as the church, on her progress towards her Lord. Now we have the Bridegroom, or Jesus, on his journey to meet her. How very solemn the call, "*Go forth and see!*" It may be taken most certainly as a parallel passage to that in the 15th of Matthew, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." The latter is clearly a call to the church to be in readiness for the coming of her Lord. It is just the exhortation to watchfulness which we have in another place under different words, "The Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh." Jesus having left his house, which is the church, every one in it having work to do during his absence, will return and reckon with his servants. This is according to his own promise, "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

MR. JOHN FOREMAN'S GOOD OLD DEACON, GEORGE READ.

[Many thousands will be glad to read the following account of a man so well known, and so dearly beloved, by very many in the different Churches in our land. This George Read once ran a sword into our heart; but, from that day, we loved him and revere his memory still. Kind brother W. Holmes, the preacher and publisher of good things, has favoured us with the memorial.—Ed.]

THE subjoined letter was written by Brother Read, and addressed to his adopted daughter:—

MY VERY DEAR CHILD,—This being the anniversary of my arrest by God in stopping me in my wild career of sin, just fifty years since, this day, my dear H., it would be folly in me to rake up a parcel of experience from the records of others, as many have done. I am not fond of borrowing words and calling them my own; and robbery I detest. But what the Holy Ghost communicates to my heart, whether by the press or pulpit is mine by gift and not by stealth. However, I have nothing to do with others, but follow my Lord's advice to Peter, "What is that to thee, follow thou Me;" and in so doing much profitable instruction may be gained, both from what the Lord hath done for us, what He hath wrought in us, as well as what He hath done by us. But to exclude

boasting altogether, it is God who worketh in us both to will and to do. Now, what He hath wrought in us by his Spirit proves what He hath done for us by His life and death. What He will do by us is to make us willing to glorify Him in our body and spirit, which are His; and in this business we are not to be choosers. If we are called to suffer privations, temptations, slanders, persecutions of any sort or every sort, we are at liberty to make our requests to the Lord, only let us have a conscience void of offence, and then we may come boldly to a throne of grace; not arrogantly, but with humble boldness, like David, "Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." Now, God having begun a good work in thy soul, He will see to its being carried on, for the Holy Ghost saith it is carried on by Him that began it. No fear of a failure at last, then, or missing of Heaven and happiness, as some of your Wesleyan friends say. Oh no! for so far as I have been brought on by the good hand of my God upon me, and the mighty power of His grace with me, I am a witness of His truth and faithfulness, and must say with the poet,—

"Many days have pass'd since then,
Many dangers I have seen,

Yet have been upheld till now :
Who could hold me up but Thou?"

I will now, as God may assist me, give you a brief account of the good Lord's dealing with me. One the 5th of November, 1804, I had been from Dartford in Kent to Knights-bridge barracks, with baggage, and was taken ill as I was returning home, continuing unable to work till a fortnight after Christmas. I had at the time about five or six pounds in my pocket, and in a strange place nearly seventy miles from my friends. I then believed the Lord was afflicting me for my vile transgressions against Him, and I prayed that He would remove the affliction by the time the money was all gone, which He did; for when I went to take the first week's wages after my recovery, I had 1s. 8d. left of my old stock. After I had been ill a few weeks, a good old man I had some acquaintance with called to see me, and left me a sermon by the late Mr. Orme, of Horsham, "The groans of the prison-house heard and answered." This God was pleased to bless to my soul's conversion, and here the work of regeneration commenced. While the affliction lay heavy on me my convictions were not so appalling, but as the disease abated, the convictions increased, and from Christmas till the following June, none but God and myself can tell what I underwent. The terrors of the Almighty were fallen on me, and I was afraid of His judgments. About March I engaged with a new master, a brewer. He was a good man, a deacon of a chapel in the town in Lady Huntingdon's connection. By this change I escaped much violent persecution from my old companions; but my load of guilt was a heavy burden, and I looked at the Almighty as arrayed in terrible judgment against me the guilty sinner. I was afraid to pray to that God against whom I had so wickedly blasphemed, and believing as I did that there was no hope of mercy for me, I resolved to live no longer in this awful state, and that night to plunge my soul into an eternal world. But, oh, the boundless mercy and long forbearance of God to the sinner me! His thoughts were not as my thoughts, nor His ways my ways; my ways had been awful; and that night I went to my room when the rest of the family did, and instead of committing the rash act I intended when the rest of the family were asleep, I myself fell asleep, and never awoke till the morning light. This produced some deep thoughts of heart, with a gleam of hope that the Almighty would at some time show me that He had mercy and pardon in reserve for me.

One Sunday, not long after this, I was walking round the back of the town with my little Bible in my hand, and I opened on these words recorded in Micah vii.:—"I will bear the indignation of the Lord, be-

cause I have sinned against Him; till He plead my cause and execute judgment for me, He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousness." Well, from this, I surely thought the Lord would have mercy upon me; but before the day had passed, I began to reflect on who the speaker was—a prophet of the Lord, under the severe visitation of the Lord for sin, and repentance was granted him: but I never did love the Lord, nor fear to sin against Him. This I found to be too true; for I had sinned against God and man: yet that great God against whom I had sinned could pardon my sin. Out of these depths I cried unto the Lord, and showed before Him my troubles, till it came to this: if He slay me, I will trust in Him. For several weeks I went on thus, till the fourth of June. Whit-Monday was the day of my release. Ah! that memorable day, never to be forgotten by me in time nor through eternity. Surely, if any poor soul could say it is to the praise of the glory of His grace, I can. O those precious words, "By grace are ye saved," by that good Mr. Burnet, late of Birmingham, whose memory will be ever dear to me. How I rejoiced in the Lord and triumphed in the God of my salvation. For twelve or fifteen months, I walked in the light of the Lord's countenance, and truly He gave me the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; and for some time I wore that beautiful robe unmolested in taking gifts for graces; for God had not only given me the spirit of prayer, but a great gift in prayer, which became a snare to me. About this time I formed an acquaintance with the dear friends at Eynsford, and not long after joined that church; and not a few truly valuable friends I found there, whose memory is still dear to me. But the dear Lord knew the pride of my heart, and for the first time I was sent back to the ragged school till I had learned better how to behave. Nor was it the last time by many that I have had to be sent there; but, thanks to my God that has not cast me off, nor shut up His tender mercies from me, though I have so often had to cry, "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit!"

After some years, the Lord removed me to London, where I had to learn by painful occurrences some profitable lessons; but in the church at Dean-street, Borough, I found some very staunch friends for the truth, and here the metal was to be tried; but, through God, His little army did valiantly. This is to the praise of the great Captain; as for His enemies, they are all scattered and gone far enough, for the little band took the field by the skill and valour of their leader. Thus far the Lord has helped me on; and

now, for more than twenty years, I have had a name and a place at Mount Zion, where I find some, yea many, stout warriors, but not all, for some turned back in the day of battle, some traitors have been detected and dismissed, and some still remain; but Zion has nothing to fear—she may be stormed, but never can be taken. I have now written as much as I think will truly profit you; be that as it may, I leave it with the Lord. And now a word of advice. You will remember what the Holy Ghost by Paul says, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." You see clearly that this advice is directed to the the really regenerated child of God: useless, indeed, to talk to the dead about running, or to the blind about looking. Well, dear, here is something to cast away, and something to take in or embrace. What is to be laid aside or cast off? The apostle tells us in another place, "Works of darkness," here "every weight." Sin is a weight, an incumbrance, too, and Christians only really feel it to be so. Sin, all and every sin, is to be cast off. What sort of sin? Every one that annoys thee, strike at; 'tis thy deadliest foe. There are many profane and vulgar sins, as swearing, drunkenness, and uncleanness; but, then, I perceive the most dangerous are the most polite and least suspected. Solomon calls them little foxes. We live in a day in which sin has be-

come harmless. Indeed! Yes, harmless; or, at least, there are thousands of professors confirm this by their general conduct; but I tremble for them, for what they sow they will surely reap. I advise you to search the Scriptures, and you will find forbidden there all conformity to the world. Sin it is, and ever will remain sin. This exhortation has reference to certain practices among men. The runner of a race will not encumber himself with weights; the warrior will look well to his armour; the wrestler to his girdle. So do you, my dear; take to you the whole armour of God, as Paul describes it, and let your loins be girt about with truth, and wisdom and prudence teach you how to use it. You have now openly put on Christ; may you walk out that profession from an inward possession, always aiming to adorn the doctrine of Christ in all things; always looking to Christ as he that runs looks at the mark to which he is running; but should storms assail you, as they will most assuredly, do look out for a place of refuge, and Christ is that. But should it be dark as well as stormy, then the blessed Spirit stands engaged to be our guide, as David says, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel." So may he guide you, dear Hephzibah. Age and infirmity grow on me apace, and I expect shortly to be removed hence, being in the seventy-eighth year of my life; but Zion's welfare lies near my heart still, and so does your's also, my dear. I am your adopted father in love,
Nov. 5th, 1859. GEORGE READ.

THE ALTOGETHER LOVELY JESUS.

A PAPER OF INVITATION AND COMFORT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By JOSEPH PALMER,

Author of "The Ways of God with Man," "Come to Baptism," &c.

Altogether lovely! How full and yet how truthful is this description of the soul's Beloved. Every feature in the person and character of Jesus so fitly corresponds to the spiritual necessities of dying men. He is all in all, to the vilest and basest and most unworthy. A full Christ and an empty sinner, is a soul-clasp which shall endure throughout eternity. None but Jesus can give mental satisfaction to a regenerated heart. So that in this description of the Lord Jesus we have a Scriptural test of character. Christ is exhibited before all to whom the gospel and the Scriptures are given. And according to the heart's reception of him, will be that heart's eternal destiny. "For there is no other name given under heaven by which men can be saved but by the name of Christ." Believing

on him is salvation, rejecting him is damnation. To go to Christ in faith, is to get full deliverance from sin; to despise and stand afar off from him, is to be our own executioner. Oh, reader, is Jesus the altogether lovely one to thee? Remember, he will be all or nothing. May the Holy Ghost give thee right thoughts of Christ.

I. Jesus is altogether lovely in his *person*. God and man conjointly in one person, he possesses at once all the attributes of God, and all the amenities and sympathies of our common nature. God-like yet mild, are all the perfections of Zion's covenant head. Brightness, beauty, and tenderness are three of his great characteristics. The friend of God, and yet the friend of sinners, are the two extreme points of his complex character. Well pleasing to God, admired of angels,

beloved of saints is the Lord Jesus. No heart is so full of love, no arm so strong, no feet so swift on errand of mercy, no lips so filled with sweetness, no eye so full of encouragement, towards sinful rebellious man, as those of Christ. He is altogether lovely.

II. His *cross* is altogether lovely. From it flows the great atonement for man's sin. Forgiveness is obtained there. Pardons are sealed there. The most tremendous characters in heaven and earth once gathered around that cross, when the glorious victim upon it presented himself as the sinner's substitute. All the stipulations of the everlasting covenant were there fully exalted and fulfilled. Salvation was there accomplished.

"Like myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me."

How sweet are the associations of Calvary to a Christ seeking soul. How delightful to dwell by faith in its near neighbourhood. This cross is heaven's antidote for man's fall in Adam. This is the mystic tree which cast into the bitter waters of life, communicates unexpected sweetness. Can I complain of the bitter herbs if I partake of the Paschal Lamb? Can that rent-roll be insignificant which includes the revenue of Calvary? In reaching the cross I shall merely notice the hill I must climb. At the cross I can find balsam for my wounds, laurels for my brow, a staff for my pilgrimage, fruits for my entertainment, and the most distant and widely-spread prospects of faith, are to be met with in that hallowed place. Reader! is Christ's cross lovely to thee? only a sinner's eye can see its loveliness. Hast thou that sinner's eye?

"A sinner is a sacred thing,
The Holy Ghost has made him so."

III. Christ's *righteousness* is altogether lovely. Humble souls love to be stripped of their own righteousness, that they may have put upon them the righteousness of Jesus. Worldly men prefer purple and gold and fine linen, to the coarse garments of indigence; so heaven-born souls prefer Jesu's obedience to their own. How high a privilege to be clothed in the righteousness of him who is the Lord our righteousness." How happy, how peaceful, how assured, how safe, is the state of such a soul. Faith feasts his eye upon his gorgeous robe; and watches with pleasure the approving countenances of God, and law, and justice, and conscience, which it is thus clothed. Oh, reader, if the Holy Ghost has led thee to feel thy need of this robe, then I am sure that in thine eyes Christ's righteousness is altogether lovely!

IV. Christ in his *covenant character* is altogether lovely. If we regard him as a Husband, Brother, Friend, Shepherd, Priest,

King, or any other relation that he sustains towards his chosen people, he is unparalleled in his conduct. Perfect in his nature he is also perfect in his qualification and demeanour towards Zion. How tender, how faithful, how seasonable are his appearances. The book of the promises is in his hand; and his hand is the soft hand of love. Faithfulness is a necessity with him: love is his covenant nature. Traveller to Zion! hast thou not often proved and valued the preciousness of Christ's covenant character towards thy soul? Say, is this not altogether lovely!

V. The *visits* of Jesus to the soul are altogether lovely. We may go on for a time without him, but oh it is poor, sad going on. It is like the gradual falling away of a branch broken off from the parent stem. But when he comes again it is as life from the dead. How poor are the ordinances and the means of grace, unless Jesus meet our souls in them. The very word of God is as a dead letter, unless Jesus by his Spirit inhabit it. And a preached gospel, though never so soundly preached, fails to refresh and comfort and edify, except Jesus ride in it as in a chariot towards our waiting souls. His visits are truly precious and soul-humbling. Let him come as Christ crucified, and he shall break my heart with godly sorrow. Let him come as Christ enthroned, and my faith anticipates its eternal inheritance, and feels that every foe shall be beaten down. Let him come as Christ humiliated, fulfilling all the claims of the law, and I feel indignant towards his enemies, my bosom swells with gratitude and admiration, and faith discerns a heavenly halo surrounding him which shows all the brighter for the thick darkness in which he moved. Let him come as Christ glorified, and my soul claps its hands with delight; my honour seems bound up in his honour, my triumphs in his triumphs, my exaltation in his exaltation, my glory in his glory. Only let him come, only let him visit the soul, and his visits shall be delightful, for all "his paths drop fatness."

VI. The *dispensations* of Jesus are altogether lovely. We cannot always see this at the time, but eventually we always allow that it is so. And the soul which has had some experience of Christ's goodness, has written it down as one of the solid conclusions gathered in the garden of experience; that it is best for Christ to have his way, and for the souls to be quiet before him. Do I believe that he loves me? Let me then also believe that love influences him in all he does. And let the soul remember that he is infinitely wise, omnipotent in power, and boundless in resources. I have been peevish, but I see how foolish it is. I have been rebellious, but oh, how ill-timed and ill-directed. I have sometimes felt myself

putting forth my weak hand, to check Almighty Jesus in his doings, but this arose from unbelief and fear, and I can only blush for it. I know that his dispensations are really altogether lovely. It does not follow that he shall value what we value, that he shall preserve what we wish preserve. Two things however he always consults about his own glory and his peoples real welfare. O reader, be not faithless but believing.

VII. The *fame* of Jesus is altogether lovely. Everything that is left on record Jesus is lovely. The group which cluster around him in the gospel as sacred characters will become him. What a Saviour! Thieves, extortioners, swearers, harlots, persecutors, murderers, these all serve as foils to heighten the brilliancy of the fame of Jesus. And perhaps the reader can join the writer in adding that encouraging chorus concerning his salvation,

"The vilest may have it,
'Twas given to me."

Christ's glorious fame as a Saviour is an everlasting protest against soul-despair. He is altogether lovely.

But the word *altogether* in relation to the Lord Jesus cannot be fathomed. It is a large word, because Christ's perfections are so large. O that he may be the meditation of the soul of both reader and writer during the year which is opening upon us. If we are Christ's, our thoughts will be continually hovering about Christ. We shall be no

longer strangers if we are united to him. Soul-communion follows soul-union.

Christ-seeking soul, is not Jesus altogether lovely in thine eyes? Thou covetest an interest in him. May the Holy Ghost give thee many encouragements to press thee still closer to Christ this year. It is no presumption for spiritual beggars to hang around and importune the Saviour. And may be Christ will speak comfortably and assuringly to thy soul ere this year be out. Seek him constantly, in all appointed means, under all circumstances, for to seek is to be under the promise.

Kind and experienced believer, be sure that thou wouldst not know Christ as thou dost, he would not be so lovely to thee but for thy trials. He makes himself known in the paths of tribulation. His truths and promises are opened and demonstrated in the furnace and the flood. Even a deep experience of thine own desperately wicked nature makes him appear more lovely.

Oh worldly and careless one—if such should read this paper; how doltish and dead is thy nature to see no excellency in Christ. Only the lovers of Jesus will be saved by him. But thou preferest the world and its joys. Thy language practically is—Altogether lovely world. Oh, what a gulph is between thee and hope! "Be not deceived: God is not mocked; that which a man sows shall he also reap." May the Lord God awaken thee to the beauties of Christ.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

THE SONSHIP OF THE SAVIOUR.—No. IV.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS.—We now proceed with our argument, namely, that the Saviour is nowhere in all the Bible called the Son of God apart from his complexity. I must just remind you of an oversight in my last upon the 45th Psalm. I have spoken as though he was in this 45th Psalm called the Son of God, whereas the words there are, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." But we see in Hebrews the 1st that the person (complex as I have shewn) there addressed is the Son of God, so that this oversight of mine makes neither for nor against our argument. The question which I put, in my second letter to you, was not, "where do we read in all the Bible that Christ is in the bosom of the Father?" But "where in all the Bible do we read that Christ *lay* in the bosom of the Father?" But that scripture will in due time come under our notice. Now before I attend to the 8th of Proverbs, I will attend to the 30th of Proverbs, and to Isaiah 5th; and we must go on carefully and soberly, and

not be moved by *angry* men, imputing deceitful motives to us, nor by their being shocked at our calling their notions a fable; nor be moved because we do not feel at liberty to receive their *explanation* of the *modus existendi* of the Eternal Three. You, my good Theophilus, believe that there are Three Co-equal Persons in the Godhead: Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, and that these Three are One. We stand second to none in our decision for the truth of a Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity; nor do we cavil about mere words: we should not have the slightest objection whatever to the words *eternal generation*, if the doctrine those words convey were found in the Bible, though the words eternal generation were not in the Bible; for we could neither pray, nor preach, nor write, nor converse with any freedom if we were always confined to the precise words of the Holy Scriptures. But we hold that every one has, in these solemn matters, a right to judge for himself; and no man

ought to receive any doctrine only as he can receive it honestly, and from conviction, and so let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind: every one ought to speak freely and fearlessly, but no one has a right, without clear reasons for so doing, to impute deceptive motives to his opponent. With these views and feelings I proceed as conscientiously and as much in the sight of God, as any one of my opponents themselves can do. Nor would I be too severe upon them for some ebullition of passion and prejudice, seeing I myself am compassed with infirmity, but it is nevertheless good to remember that the "wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

I will, then, my good Theophilus, shew my opinion of the words of Agur in the 30th of Proverbs, simply because it seems to be a favourite scripture with our eternal generation friends. "What is his name, or what is his son's name, if thou canst tell?" They use these words generally with such a smiling countenance, or else with such forbidding frown that you would think their victory over you was complete. Ah, say they, "What is his name, or what is his son's name, if thou canst tell" his generation? Who can tell? Ah, yes, it is eternal generation! ah, say they, it is a mystery far too deep for human reason. Well, in their conclusion I agree, for (eternal generation) is indeed too deep for human reason, and what is more, it is a mystery too deep for the Bible itself, and so the Bible very wisely avoids it, and not only does not attempt to explain it, but does not even mention it. And I think it would be a good thing for eternal generationists if they were to do as the Bible does, that is have nothing to do with it, and so be content with what the Bible does contain, and own the great truth declared, that Immanuel is God with us; and that that Holy Thing born in Bethlehem was, and is, the Son of God.

But now, my good Theophilus, to the words of Agur. And what will you say when I tell you that the words of Agur (which they quote) have no direct reference whatever to God, or to Christ? I know what you will say, it will be this, that their partially to their favourite doctrine of eternal generation hath led them astray, and so they darken counsel with words without knowledge. I will, to make matters clear, just transcribe the words of Agur from the 2nd down to the 6th verse. "Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man. I neither learned wisdom, nor have the knowledge of the holy. Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? who hath gathered the wind in his fists? who hath bound the waters in a garment? who hath established the ends of the earth? What is his name, or what is his son's name, if thou canst tell? Every word of God is pure; he is

a shield unto them that put their trust in him. Add thou not unto his words lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar."

Now, my good Theophilus, note here, first, that Agur describeth what he *himself* is; he is more brutish, &c. The description he gives of himself is just what everyone who is taught of God sees and feels himself to be. Now Agur, after thus confessing what he *himself* was, he then takes a survey of men at large, and asks who among them all hath done the things he here describes; thus *implying* that *all* men like himself were helpless in matters of that wisdom and holiness of which he speaks in the second verse; and so, like the questions put by the Lord himself to Job, they could be answered only in the negative. Now if any man hath done these things, described here in this 30th of Proverbs by Agur, if any man have done these things, then Agur would like to know who he is; and if he could not know who the man himself was who had done these things, then, as a kind of clue to the same, he would like to know who the son is of such a man; but such man could not be found among men. No son could boast of such a father; thus would Agur cease from man, and put his trust in the Lord. And so he goes on to say, "every word of God is pure. He is a shield unto them that put their trust in him." I have given the pronoun nominative in small capitals, to mark more emphatically the contrast here intended between men and God; men cannot help us, but God can and doth help and defend all them that put their trust in him. Would you, my good Theophilus, suppose such a thing, that nearly all the eternal generationists bring this scripture into their service, and they make it work hard too, for they nearly all of them employ it. But was it *intended* by the Holy Spirit for such service? I trow not. Now just look at it and see if it be at all suited for such services. "What is his name, or what is his son's name?" Now here are two persons mentioned, father and son. Now then, surely, even eternal generationists will not contend that God the Father ascended and descended. Well then, if it were not the Father it must be the Son who did ascend and descend. What, then, is his name? Well, his name is Immanuel, God with us, and "what is his son's name?" Ah, we confess we cannot tell, because this makes Immanuel to have some special or particular son, in distinction from all his brethren. Well then, as God the Father did not ascend or descend, it must, I say, be the Saviour. But then Agur wants to know what *his* (the Saviour's) son's name is. How then can this scripture refer to the mystery of the Saviour's name; without holding the blasphemous notion, that Christ himself has some special son of his own?

Now, my good Theophilus, take this view, and then you will clearly understand it, namely, that Agur just describes what he himself was in his own eyes; secondly, that he describes by implication what all men are, as not one can be found to do the things he describes; thirdly, he flies to God for refuge; fourthly, he gives a word of solemn admonition to handle the word of God carefully, lest we have our portion with liars; and fifthly, he presents that prayer which all Christians admire, but one part of which perhaps hardly any, if they could help it, would practise. We mean the part which saith *nor riches*; yet riches have done Christians more harm than poverty ever did. Lazarus, with all his wants and woes, was better off than Solomon, with all his riches. No doubt the poverty and affliction of Lazarus were very trying, but Solomon's riches were the means of piercing him through with sorrows which Lazarus never felt.

But, my good Theophilus, let us suppose only one person spoken of in this 30th of Proverbs, even then what refuge would it be for the eternal generationists? Why none at all, because in answer to his assertion that he who here ascended and descended has an inexplicable name, the answer, I say, to this assertion is, who and what was it ascended and descended? Was it not Christ who ascended, but who first descended into the lower parts of the earth? (Eph. iv. 9.) who shall descend into the deep? that is to bring up Christ again *from the dead*. Is, then, this descending and ascending person God, and God only? Is this person a Son abstractedly *Divine*? What! his eternal Divinity brought up again from the dead? Talk of fallen reason; I think it must be fallen reason with a vengeance to receive such a doctrine as this; and yet this is the doctrine contained in the view the eternal generationist takes of these words of Agur. For it is beyond all dispute that it was Christ that descended by death, and that ascended by resurrection and exaltation to God's right hand; and yet eternal generationists want to persuade us that he who descended and ascended was purely and abstractedly *Divine*; that he was not a complex person. As well, just as well, may they try to persuade us that he was *mere* man when he descended and ascended; as well, I say, may they try to persuade us that he was God abstractedly. We *know* he was God and man when he died, and God and man when he rose; and as Mr. Cozens has well observed in his unanswerable work upon the Sonship of the Saviour, "the human nature of Christ never was an abstract, it never existed apart from his Godhead." Nor do I dare to use the repulsive vulgarisms that some eternal generationists have brought upon this holy ground.

Thus, then, Theophilus, though you are but a young disciple, yet I think you will clearly see what is the general drift and meaning of the words of Agur; and that you can hardly imagine anything more absurd than bringing such a scripture to favour that to which it bears no reference; and if it did bear direct reference to the Saviour, even then, as I have shewn, it could say nothing in favour of eternal generation, seeing that he that descended and ascended was the same that died and rose again. But their perversion of this scripture is like many more perversions which eternal generationism *necessitates*. For instance, one says, "common sense tells us that an everlasting Father implies an everlasting Son." Now Christ is declared (Isa 9th) to be an everlasting Father, *ergo*, he has according to this reasoning an everlasting Son somewhere. "*Behold a troop cometh*." Where shall we get to next? especially if led by the eternal generationism, which is certainly a dangerous doctrine. So believes

A LITTLE ONE.

"A LITTLE ONE" EXAMINED.

DEAR SIR,—In the "VESSEL" for November there is a letter to Theophilus, signed "A Little One," on the Sonship of Christ; but the subject which he attempts to handle is above the capacity of "A Little One." "A Little One" makes many assertions, but demonstrates none by the word of God, as applied to the second Person in the Trinity. I would ask, where do we find the phrases *Trinity in a Unity*; or, *Unity in a Trinity*, or, where do we find the word *satisfaction* in the doctrine of expiation of sin, and atonement made for it? or where do we find the phrase in scripture, *a Triune Jehovah in one essence*? Yet each of those phrases has been made use of by sound divines in all ages. Words and phrases, though not literally expressed in scripture, yet if what is meant by them is to be found there, may be lawfully made use of.

I will endeavour first to prove that Christ was the *Son of God* before his incarnation, yea, before the creation of the world, and consequently before time, and consequently from all eternity. Secondly, that Christ is the Son of God by eternal generation.

1st. Christ existed as the Son of God before his incarnation.

1st. John the Baptist speaking of Christ as the Son of God, says, John i. 15, 18: (compare with verse 30 and 34.) "This was he of whom I spake. He that cometh after me is preferred before me." In this verse John the Baptist speaks of Christ in his

two-fold nature, as man he was after John, as God he was before him, see verse 18. "No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him. There again John emphatically declares that *he* who was in the person of the Father, was his only begotten Son, and this only begotten Son was there from all eternity. Hence Christ said, "I came forth from the Father," *i.e.* from the bosom of his Father, "and am come into the world" as the Son of God to be made manifest to the world. "Again I leave the world and go to the Father," verse 30 and 34.

John the Baptist then differs from the "*Little One*." The former says, the son of God was made manifest in the flesh; not made the Son of God by assuming our nature.

2nd. Christ as the Son of God was before Moses. Heb. iii. 5, 6. "Moses verily was faithful in all his house as a servant, for a testimony of those things which were to be spoken after. But Christ as a Son over his own house, which is the church, (compare with Numb. xii. 7.) "My servant Moses is not so, who is faithful in all mine house." The Son of God is speaking here of Moses his faithful servant, which the holy apostle explains in the above cited passages: that Christ as the son of God was over the church at the same time that Moses was a servant of it.

3rd. Christ as the son of God existed before the creation of the world. This I prove from Heb. i. 1, 2, 3; compared with John. John declares that all things were made by the Word, and without him was not any thing made that was made. The "*Little One*" says, that it was not the Son of God; but the apostle Paul positively declares that it was the Son of God. Let us hear what the apostle says, "God hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath made heir of all things, by whom," *i.e.* by his Son, "also he made the worlds." Which is the same with the Word spoken of by John. God the Father created the world by his Son; not as an instrument but as the efficient cause, who is co-equal with his Father. "I and my Father are one."

4th. The existence of the Son of God before the creation of the world. I prove it from John v. 17. and 19. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work;" or in like manner *i.e.* hitherto my Father hath wrought from the creation, and I in like manner do the same. "Then Jesus answered and said unto them, verily I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do. For what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise." As if Christ should say, "My Father works, and I who am his Son."

5th. Melchisedec was a type of the eternal Sonship of Christ, Heb. vii. 3. Melchisedec was without father, without mother, without descent, neither beginning of days, nor end of life, but made like unto the Son of God." The Holy Ghost is silent about Melchisedec's father and mother, his birth and death, that he might be a fit type of the eternal Sonship of Christ; what Melchisedec was in shadow, Christ was in substance. The anti-type must be before the type. The Little One may here object by saying, that the apostle draws the parallel there, not to prove the eternity of the Son of God, but his kingly and priestly office. To this I reply, the reason Christ was invested in the above offices was because, he was the Son of God from all eternity. Had Eleazer not been Aaron's own son he would not have been invested with the sacerdotal office, neither had Solomon been king had he not been David's own son. The enjoyment of their offices was by reason of their sonship. Thus it was with Christ; if he had not been the Son of God from all eternity, he could not have been the eternal King, nor eternal Priest.

6th. The Son of God existed as such before the prophets; this I prove from Rom. i. 2, 3, 4. "Which he had promised afore by his prophets in the holy Scriptures, concerning his Son Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David." Now mark the words: "According to the flesh, and declared" *i.e.* determined or made manifest, "to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness," or according to his divine nature, "by the resurrection from the dead." Christ in his divine nature was the Son of God and as such he was declared by his resurrection.

7th. As the apostle in the foregoing passages makes mention of the promises made to the prophets respecting the Son of God; let us see what they say. 1st. Psalm ii. 7. "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." A son implies a father, and a father is a relative term, which implies a son. The day here means eternity; hence Christ is called the "Ancient of days," Dan. vii. 9. compare with Micah v. 2. "Whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting;" or, from the days of eternity. With God there is no yesterday, or to-morrow. As God was always God, so always a Father, therefore his Son was always a Son. The apostle applying this text to the resurrection of Christ, confirms his Sonship by eternal generation. He was declared at his resurrection to be what he was from all eternity.—See Acts xiii. 32, 33, Rom. i. 3. 1 John i. 1. John; 14. 1 Tim. iii. 16. 1 John iii. 8. 2nd. Agur speaks of the existence of the Son of God. Prov. xxx. 4. 3rd. Isaiah also speaks of the Son in chapter ix. 6. "To us a child is born, a Son

is given." Mark, not a Son born, but a Son given. Compare this passage with John iii. 16. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son;" the same Son of whom the prophet speaks. 4th. The Son of God existed in the time of Daniel, chapter iii. 25. "Lo! I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth is like the *Son of God*." How could Nebuchadnezzar have had a knowledge of the Son of God; except he was informed by Daniel or others? The Son of God came to comfort his children in the furnace. Thus

I have proved the existence of the Son of God as a Son from all eternity in opposition to the Little One's unscriptural assertions, and I defy the Little One to overturn my arguments.

In another letter (D.V.) I will endeavour to prove that Christ is the Son of God by eternal generation. E. SAMUEL.

I, Moliere Terrace, Lower Broughton, Manchester.

[This communication from our brother Samuel was written in November; and was designed for the December number, but for want of space was omitted.—Ed.]

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THE DESTITUTION OF MANCHESTER, AND THE WHOLE OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

*Manchester, Friday morning,
Dec. 7th 1860—6 o'clock.*

DEAR BROTHER JOSEPH GREENSLADE,—
Having finished (last evening) my work in these parts by preaching at Hollinwood, I returned by train to Manchester, retired to rest soon after 12; rose this morning soon after 5, and am now passing through Stockport, Macclesfield, and other large towns in this northern part of our Island. You have, my dear brother, recently written me some pleasant notes, descriptive of the peace you enjoy in your own soul; and the prosperity you behold in the glorious gospel of the blessed God in those western cities of Devonport, Plymouth, and Stonehouse where you dwell. If I can increase your zeal for the truth—and your gratitude to God for the privileges you enjoy—by a brief description of the spiritual destitution of these parts, I shall be glad. I will endeavour to do this by reviewing a few days' sojourn here; and by a few remarks upon the little success which appears to attend the proclamation of heaven's way of life and salvation, around these densely populated boroughs. I make these few remarks public, because I wish them to be read—even by those who pour contempt upon us; it may be that a spark from my little anvil may kindle a fire somewhere; and set light to something; so that either darkness may be discovered, or some of the dust of the fall be burnt up—I wish it may, with all my heart; for darkness and dust abound in these parts to a fearful extent, and that in every sense of the word. I feel these things in myself; but I have sung a little song of thanksgiving to my Lord this morning, for his preserving care over me so many years, even to the present moment. I thought John Gardner closed the service nicely last evening by singing—

"Awake sweet gratitude and sing
The exalted Saviour's praise."

I know the very little gratitude there is in me, often requires to be awakened; for it is of a sleepy and sluggish kind; and often am I ashamed of the coldness and ungrateful tendency of my heart and mind. But I must begin my story, or I shall ramble I know not where. Last Sunday I preached at home. I was helped with a little help; but I never left home more sorrowful. However, as soon as the train left King's Cross, to work I went, thoroughly examining my position; before I was hardly aware of it, we flew through Sheffield right into Manchester. I was engaged that evening to preach in Mr. A. Smith's chapel, in Higher Temple-street, in the Ardwick district of Manchester. The place, the people, the pastor, and the power by which the new door had been opened, was all strange to me. I felt assured I should not be happy. Satan set at me—the weather was unfavorable—my spirits were low; so I walked the dark and dismal streets until nearly seven, then I found the chapel; and went through the service as well as I could. Mr. Smith's chapel is a newly built, very neat and comfortable place of worship; he is a man zealously devoted to the cause, and is highly esteemed by his people; he is a spiritual child of the late William Gadsby, I believe, and is a sound-hearted servant of Christ; but considering the thousands and tens of thousands who dwell around his tabernacle, the number of worshippers are comparatively few. The excellent Mr. John Greenhough, whose hospitable mansion has been a shelter to many a minister of Christ, gave me a most comfortable lodging for the night; and I could heartily pray that many mercies might constantly surround him and his faithful partner, whose united "welcome" make even a stranger feel "at home." Tuesday was another direful day for rain and wretchedness. I had some business to do; and round about the muddy ways I walked, until the time came

to go to Oldham, where I spoke that evening. There appeared a painful contrast between the text I had that night, and the gloomy appearance of things around me that evening. I was favoured to ride from Manchester to Hollinwood with young Thomas Wood, whose conversation was solemn, and heart-searching; but I was in too low a place to join heartily in it. At Hollinwood, I was received by the senior Mr. Wood, his family; and their happy minister, John Garder, who, after 10, took us off to Oldham to the service. Oldham is an immense district, it has some of the largest engineering and manufacturing firms perhaps in the world. It has, at least, 70,000 inhabitants. The particular Baptists meet in what would be considered by some a large cellar. Down the steps we descended; on the platform I mounted; behind a kind of desk I stood; on forms before me sat perhaps fifty people; I felt any thing but happy. I read and prayed hard for help—Ezekiel's words "*And he said unto me, this is the most holy place*" was the text; and I did realize more of the blessedness of holy things than I could have expected; but, my dear friend, do think of it. I was in a town where there were at least 70,000 never-dying souls, I was from London too; but I do not believe that any means had been used to get the people together. I had not one out of every thousand perhaps fifty people out of 70,000. Well, I was carried through; and in the dwelling-place of good Mr. Kenilworthy I found another safe and comfortable lodging. But, think Joseph Greenslade, of the Particular Baptists of Oldham meeting year after year, in an underground school-room; and no effort made either by themselves, or their wealthy and wonderful neighbours of Manchester to lift them up out of this horrible pit—out of the miry clay. Must not Dr. Watts's words be appropriate to them, "Look how we grovel here below?"

It is to me a most lamentable fact, that after all the churches and chapels multiplying as they have done, schools, societies, books and missions, still a vile profanity and an erroneous profession like two mighty streams—carry the people away into delusion and down to death. A popular bookseller told me plainly that all such "one-sided" books as my "New Life," Mr. Wells's sermons, and such like, the people called it all "humbug."

There is some salt in Manchester. Mr. Taylor has some at George's-road, Mr. Samuel has some at Salford; Mr. Smith has some in Ardwick; Mr. Figgins has a little in the church; Mr. John Gardner has a sweet little company at Hollinwood; I know not but there may be many hidden ones scattered among the hundreds of thousands; yea, millions in these northern climes; but one thing is certain, that the ministers and churches of the Particular Baptist denomination are not favoured to see anything like prosperity nor unity, as an associated portion of the visible church of Christ. Looking at the mighty masses of people which through the cotton towns of the north, many of whom I have visited, and enquired into their

state, I must think that spiritual destitution is a great and awful feature of the times; and neither the local nor the metropolitan churches of truth are doing anything to plant more powerfully the real Gospel Standard there. I know that "power belongs unto God" I know also my soul yearns to see that power going forth in united and earnest effort for the gathering in of the chosen; as I have looked upon the sad dense masses at Staley Bridge, Ashton-under-Lyne, Macclesfield, Sheffield, and other places of immense magnitude, I have panted to preach unto them the words of truth and righteousness; and glad should I be to see godly men rising up as an army with the banners of Everlasting Truth; and unfurling those beautiful banners in the eyes of thousands of their fellow men; but go where you will the cold cramps are in the people; and desolation spreads around.

On Wednesday, I went from Manchester to Slaithwaite, in Yorkshire; in fine weather the scenery round some parts of the Lancashire and Yorkshire line, is grotesque and grand in the extreme. Strathwaite has a most substantial Baptist chapel, of nearly 50 years standing; and a large number of people come there to hear the good men who supply the pulpit; among whom are, Mr. Ostler, of Lockwood; Mr. John Gardner, of Hollinwood; and some others of the right sort. I spoke to the dear people in a rather wild strain, I felt great liberty; but could not enter into the Gospel theme, as I desired. The Yorkshire people were very pleasant to me; and after a few words I returned again that night to Manchester. Yesterday, I was at Hollinwood; the pulpit in brother John Gardner's "Jireh" was the warmest box I had found all the week; we preached, and prayed, and parted; the Hollinwood folk are a noble-minded little army; and John Gardner is a valiant man for the truth. The pompous Popes may persecute both him and me; but God helping, we will live down, and pray down all their prejudices; and hope to meet them in a land where envy and strife are never found. I have written this note while travelling from Manchester to Leicester, and from Leicester home to London. I called in to see "The Watchman on the Walls." He is ripe and ready for any good work. I hope his book on the Sonship will be a blessing to many; for his mind on matters of a mysterious kind is powerful and to the point. I also saw my great friend and brother Thomas Smith (late the pastor of Wootton, in Beds,) he has been unwell, but is rallying; I hope to see him soon busy again in his Master's holiest work, for truly the harvest is great, but the labourers are few; and if a little one tries to do good, a thousand shots are fired at your's as ever,
C. W. B.

GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK.—We would just record the goodness of God in the events of the two months past; and not only with us, but in our locality. Our good brother Wells was announced to preach at Ebenezer Chapel, Sudbury, and as it was a long time since I had the pleasure of

hearing him, I went through a drenching rain thither, and was amply repaid for any little inconvenience endured in going. In consequence of the wet morning, the chapel was very thinly attended but our brother preached a sermon of most glorious gospel grace from Rom. i. 17. I have often heard him with pleasure, but I think I never heard him pour forth sweeter music, real gospel melody, than on that morning. In the afternoon, the chapel was better filled, and he again gave us a very ingenious, suggestive, and though somewhat speculative yet good sermon from Rev. xv. 3. In the evening the chapel was full to overflowing, and our brother preached one of the sermons, that to my mind appeared the best I ever heard to a mixed congregation, from Jer. xii. 5. I think it was not possible for any one to leave that place that evening, and say, "no man careth for my soul." His description of the outlying was striking, the encouragement to the seeking soul was beautiful, his opening of the passages of Jordan, the priest with the ark standing under the accumulating wall of waters, while the people passed over, was grand and sublime. I can but believe the Lord was there to own and bless his truth. I was thankful to be there, beside I had the pleasure of renewing old friendship with my good brother whose advice to me, more than seventeen years since, had been of signal benefit to me when young in the ministry. At the time, a question was started respecting the offices of Christ, viz., as Prophet, Priest, and King; and our good brother stated—or I understood him to state—that the prophetic office of Christ was the greatest. There may be and are distinctions, but if Christ be higher in one than in another, I must believe it must attach to his Priestly, as in that official capacity, he has meritoriously procured and secured our salvation. Perhaps our good brother in one of his letters to Theophilus, will shew us poor lumberheads upon what grounds he exalts the prophetic office of Christ above the priestly, or kingly. The prophetic has always to do with my understanding, the priestly with my conscience, the kingly with my whole being. You have noticed our baptizing on the 21st, and our anniversary on the 23rd. I therefore pass over them. We had a very solemn day on the 28th, at which time the newly baptized were received into the church. Our chapel was crammed in every part. The service was protracted by an address to each individual on some feature of their experience, with suitable encouragement or warning, closing with presenting each with an envelope enclosing some portion of the word of God, suited to each one's spiritual standing; afterward, addressing the members thus introduced, and the church, on the reciprocal duties they owed to each other; after which, the Lord's supper was administered. We believe there were nearly 700 persons present and though the services were unusually protracted the most thrilling interest prevailed and it was truly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Thus hath the Lord blessed and increased this little one. We had the pleasure of receiving three members who were dismissed from the old cause to us, they having with one exception worshipped with us ever since the separation. The Lord hath been our help in pecuniary matters too. With the proceeds of our anniversary, and the help of kind friends, we have, after paying expenses and some accounts, handed over to our builder £10 on account. We have also put up a stove in our school-room, the benefit of which we find not only in the warmth it gives, but in the increased attendance of friends, whose comfort has been promoted by it. These expenses are cheerfully met by our people, so as not to increase our debt. But we want nearly £100 by the next spring, and we should be glad indeed if any of the readers of the VESSEL would kindly assist us in the effort we are making to help ourselves, and to extend the borders of the Redeemer's visible kingdom. Our brother Avery has left this sphere of labour, to the regret of many. He certainly, ever since he came to this village, has exhibited the

life and walk of the Christian; and though, for reasons we need not mention, there was no intimacy between us, yet I do bear most cheerfully my testimony to his quiet, consistent, Christian character, and regret he has left this village: we cannot afford to lose praying men, especially those whose preaching and walk are according to the letter and spirit of the Gospel. My dear brother, can you tell me the reason why it is the practice of our churches to dismiss the congregation on those Sabbaths the Lord's Supper is administered, with only an intimation that we should be glad to see as many stay as may think proper? Should not the Lord's Supper be as publicly administered as the ordinance of baptism? Does not the word of God demand its public administration? If we want the congregation to leave, which is the case in numberless instances, to whom do we shew forth the Lord's death till he come? Whence originated the present practice, and upon what grounds? In my observation of those who have come to tell what God has done in their souls, how many received their first impressions, and how many have been brought to a solemn decision in heavenly things, by these ordinances instrumentally? But here I stay my pen. Yours, dear brother,—JONATHAN MOSE.

GRAVESEND.—**BAPTIST CHURCH, MILTON HALL, WINDMILL ST.** This church having purchased the lease of Zoar Chapel, (in which they formerly worshipped,) and in consequence of the increase of attendance, the deacons and church taking this as an indication from the Lord, felt themselves called upon to enlarge the above chapel; they at once formed a committee and entered into an arrangement with an eminent builder of the town for enlarging the chapel and adding a school room over the vestries which with altering and improving the pews thereby giving an accommodation to nearly double the number of the original chapter the whole to be completed for the sum of £375, independent of gas fittings, &c. The works were advanced sufficiently to enable the friends to open the chapel in November. Nov. 22, the reopening services were held. Through the goodness of the Lord the day was very fine, which enabled a good number of friends from the neighbouring churches to meet with them, and rejoice, and congratulate the church on this day of their restoration. At 7 o'clock, the friends were awaiting the arrival of Mr. John Foreman, who were engaged to preach, but not having arrived in time for service, and having a good number of ministerial brethren present our highly respected friend Mr. Chamberlain was asked to take the service; an excellent discourse was preached, and listened to with delight; the attendance was very good. Dinner having been provided, when between 60 and 70 sat down in the new school room, and vestry. While thus occupied, one of the brethren had the good pleasure to receive at the door of the chapel, that old and veteran champion of truth Mr. John Foreman, and his excellent bro. Mr. Banks, they were at once struck with the general appearance of the chapel, and there joined the friends at the table.

The afternoon service was opened by Mr. Foreman who offered many wise and judicious observations on prosperity, and urging the friends to strive together in one mind, and heart for the prosperity of this cause. Mr. C. W. Banks then ascended the pulpit, and in his usual cheerful manner, preached a discourse that was very encouraging, especially to those that are interested in this part of the Lord's vineyard. The congregation was greatly enlivened and animated by the presence of such good and faithful men. Tea in the mean time being provided, upwards of 200 sat down to partake of the refreshing beverage. Time again reminded the friends that evening service should commence. Our young and respected friend, George Webb, opened service by reading and prayer, when our highly esteemed friend, Mr. W. Palmer, preached an excellent discourse, that was heard with solemn delight and

profit. The walls of Zion Chapel never enclosed a more happy and gratified people than was present on that remarkable, but solemn occasion, our country friends, after congratulating the church on the success of the day, wished them good night. There being an abundance of provisions arranged for the dinner above what was required, supper was laid, when 60, or more, sat down, and enjoyed the repast—after which, the friends parted, praising and glorifying God.

The building committee were highly complimented for the judgment exercised as well as taste displayed in the alterations and feelings of the chapel. The deacons, and church desire to acknowledge with gratitude the response of the friends, the collections of the day amounting to between £40 and £50. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

PLYMOUTH.—All our brethren in the west are awake and at work. The following par. speaks well for the industry and energy of Francis Collins, the pastor of Howe Street Chapel.—"Howe Street Chapel. On Monday evening, the second lecture was given by Mr. Collins, the pastor,—subject, Atheism, what is it? to a large and attentive audience, who could not but consider him to be a man of inventive genius and correct judgment. His exordium was given with that simplicity, that the mind of the most unlearned must have been prepared for the narration, which was given in a plain and varied form, followed by the confirmation, in which he drew his necessary evidence from the Book of books, which none can successfully controvert. The refutation given was pointed and sharp, refuting and destroying the reasons and arguments that could be brought forward by an atheist, and lastly, the peroration or conclusion was God glorifying and Christ exalting, so much so that the audience left with intense delight."

LEICESTER.—"I was strolling through Leicester the other Sunday evening; and being anxious to hear a good Gospel sermon, I turned in to Peter's Lane. The chapel was full. Charles Smith was preaching from—"I have seen his ways—I will hear him." He preached a good gospel sermon; and is, I think, happy in his work. Mr. Garrard is also blessedly led into the glories of Christ.

CORNELIUS.

DORSET SQUARE.—MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, HILL STREET.—Lord's day November 25th, Brother Foreman immersed eleven disciples of the Lord Jesus, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, through rich and sovereign grace, most of them seals to his own ministry, and giving by their testimony evidence of being "born again." All such we gladly receive, and for such only we pray. The Lord hear prayer, and send us many more of his own blood-bought ones. The sermon was an exposition of Thess. ii. 14. "For ye, brethren, because followers of the churches of God which in Judea are in Christ Jesus." W. H.

DARTFORD.—The baptized Church of Christ meeting at Zion Chapel, Dartford, feel pleasure in announcing that Mr. John Player, who has for 17 years been proclaiming the glorious gospel of the blessed God, will commence his twelve months' engagement with us the first Sabbath in the new year. On the day following, Mr. John Foreman will preach in the afternoon; tea at 5 o'clock; public meeting in the evening. Several ministers are expected.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR BAPTIST CHURCHES.

Mr. Editor,—It will be remembered by the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, that some months since a few Christian friends met at Unicorn Yard Chapel, and formed a Society for the Relief of Poor Baptist Churches. A Public Meeting was held at the

above chapel. The Society and its aim was then published, and brought before the Christian public—but afterwards it received no countenance from the Baptist Ministers of London. Scarcely one allowing the use of their chapel for sermons or Public Meetings: the Committee met monthly for fifteen months; during which time they paid their own expenses. Receiving no help, they have been compelled to give up the Society, much against their will. Annexed is a brief statement of Income and expenditure:

To relief afforded to Woolburn Green and	
Wantage churches	4 16 0
Expenses attending Public and Monthly	
meetings	1 14 7
Printing and distributing Bills,	2 18 6
Advertisements, postages, &c.	2 10 6
	£11 19 7

Collected at Tea and Public Meetings, Sermons preached, and Committee Subscriptions 11 19 7
The accounts of the above Society have been audited by us, and found correct,

JOHN KEALY, Treas. J. N. SINDALL.
S. JONES, Sec. J. F. WOOD.

The expenses would not have been any more if double the amount had been collected; and there are several distressing cases that want relief. In consequence of not being able to get places for meetings among the leading Baptist churches, the Society was obliged to get what places that offered, and the subscriptions were so small it would be painful to state.

[We faithfully promised the Secretary this statement should appear: or, for ever would we bury in oblivion such humiliating evidences of the lack of Christian philanthropy in our denomination.—Ed.]

"COME WITH ME TO A BRIGHTER SPHERE."

Come with me to a brighter sphere,
Where freshest pastures grow;
And rivers of living waters clear
In gentle murmurs flow.
Come with me to a brighter sphere
Than mortal eyes have seen:
Where the vines with their tender grapes appear
And the fig tree's buds of green.
Come with me to a brighter sphere,
Where the Lily of the vale,
And the Rose of Sharon's odours rare,
Perfume the passing gale.
Come with me to a brighter sphere,—
A land of light and love;
Where the singing of birds delight the ear,
And the voice of the turtle dove.
Come with me to a brighter sphere;
Thy sorrows leave below;
And of gen'rous wine thine heart to cheer—
Drink, and forget thy woe.
Come with me to a brighter sphere,—
A region of endless day:
Where the Lamb shall wipe off ev'ry tear,
And sighing flee away.
Come with me to a brighter sphere,—
Nor fear with earth to part;
And thou shalt behold thy name so dear
Engraven on my heart.
Come with me to a brighter sphere,—
(My love brooks no delay;)
My sister, my spouse, my throne to share,
When earth and skies decay.

And does Jehovah condescend
To woo an earthly bride;
To win her love, and on his throne
To place her by his side?
Fird' with the thought, my eager soul,
In haste to see his face;
Would shake the dust from off her wing,
And spring to his embrace. W. T.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE READERS OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL,
AND TO THE FRIENDS OF THE EDITOR
THEREOF.

DEAR READERS AND DEAR FRIENDS,—
Sixteen long years has the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL laboured for us all, and has worked night and day to meet the wishes of thousands. Ought we not, must we not, should we not at the end of the sixteen years labour, come forward, and by next May get up not less than One Hundred Guineas? What would this be among the thousands of us who are readers of the VESSEL? And, let there be in the month of May next, a Meeting held in Unicorn Yard Chapel, and let that Hundred Guineas be presented to Mr. C. W. BANKS for his own personal use and comfort, as an acknowledgment of his labors for these sixteen years; for who among us all is not indebted to him? We have spoken to one minister, well able to help in this Christian work, and he highly approves the proposal, and we trust hundreds more ministers will do the same. Let each village and town form a committee of three or so, and set to work at once; and then all send, say in the April number of the VESSEL, a notice of how much each committee has collected, and this would save the trouble and expense of sending money in such small sums, and then all could be sent at once at a time agreed upon,—and we would call it the *Vessel Offering*.

We just observe by the way, that all the Editor knows of this proposal is, that he has been written to to know if he would permit this to be printed in the January number of the VESSEL; he has not said he would or that he would not, so that he has no hand in this matter, but we believe it will meet the approbation of thousands. We regret that it is not in our power to give much, but we will give one guinea to begin with, and we know some who will do the same.

The grounds for our plea for this proposal are,—

1st. Sixteen years hard labor of Christian kindness to serve the churches, both in England and abroad.

2nd. That such a work brought out for twopence must be anything but remunerative.

3rd. That the Editor has nothing but what he works hard for, and that a gift of this kind would be of great use to him, and much encourage him in his solitary and onerous labours, and that it would be pleasing in the sight of God. Phil. iv. 18.

4th. That he has had many losses which have brought him under many responsibilities, and we ought to remember them which are in bonds as bound with us.

5th. That it would be setting a good example to the churches, to remember them that have the (pastoral) rule over them.

And now let us get to work at once, and do not stop asking who the proposers are, as we are
NOBODY.

New Books.

"*The True Tabernacle*"—Edited by S. Cozens. Published by R. Banks and Co., Chapter House Court, St. Paul's. The sixth number of this new penny monthly has appeared: we have read its articles with sober pleasure—and holy awe: they reached and searched our heart; and instrumentally produced inward cries to God that we might be "found in him" whose kingdom the "*True Tabernacle*" represents. Should Mr. Cozens be able to follow up the subsequent numbers of his work with articles of a similar gravity, deepness, and useful talent, with which the sixth number is filled, there can be no doubt "*The True Tabernacle*," will become an established and widely circulating serial.

"*A Letter on Prayer, addressed to a Friend; and Dedicated to the Church of Christ at Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square*." By John Foreman, Minister. Published by request. London: W. Holmes, 3, New Street, Dorset Square, price 1½d. John Foreman is a thorough business man; although never in business, yet, his large mind—his long experience—his continued travels among all classes—has given him an extensive knowledge of every practical branch of a Christian citizen's life. This little pamphlet is in John Foreman's original style, and being a subject most vitally connected with the Church's best interests ought to be largely circulated and read.

"*New London Pulpit*" Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10. Published at 5, Chapter House Court, Paternoster Row, by R. Banks and Co.

No. 7 contains the addresses delivered at the second annual meeting in Soho Chapel, commemorative of Mr. John Pell's pastorate there; the subject was "A Good Minister of Jesus Christ;" the speakers were the brethren John Foreman, John Bloomfield, Samuel Milner, William Palmer, Samuel Green, and George Wyard. Thus, this "*New London Pulpit*" not only gives you some of the best sermons preached in London, but also the choicest speeches made by the most powerful speakers of the present day. The numbers are issued at twopence each; the first volume is now complete. In the preface to this first volume, the Editor says,—"This volume is simply designed to furnish the churches with a faithful record of the best sermons and the most rare speeches delivered by some of the best of men. Associated meetings of Christian ministers are now of frequent occurrence. At these meetings important and excellent subjects are frequently spoken to with great zeal and ability. To preserve them, and to enable the tens of thousands of Christians who cannot hear them to read and circulate them, is the main object of "*The New London Pulpit*." The Editor asks the brethren to support him in this new field of literary enterprise."

No. 8 of the "*New London Pulpit*" contains a carefully digested report of brother George Webb's anniversary.

No. 9 bears the following interesting title,—“The Church in her royal array : a sermon preached by Mr. James Wells, at the Annual Meeting in Johnson Street Chapel, Notting Hill, on Tuesday, October 2nd, 1860 : also the Opening Address, by Mr. P. W. Williamson ; Brand Plucked Out of the Fire, by Mr. C. Woollacott : Change of Raiment, by Mr. Griffiths ; A Fair Mitre, by Mr. John Foreman ; the Engraven Stone, by Mr. John Bloomfield.”

No. 10 contains the Sixt Anniversary of the Birthday of Mr. J. A. Jones ; also, a Report of the Addresses delivered at the Laying the Foundation Stone of Jireh Chapel, East Road, City Road, on Wednesday, October 10th, 1860, by the brethren James Wells, John Foreman, J. A. Jones, W. Crowther, T. Attwood, T. Pepper.

“*The Murrell Jubilee Memorial.*”

A beautiful little volume, with portrait of that faithful servant of Christ, Mr. George Murrell, of St. Neot's, embodying the Jubilee Services, is now published at the office of *The Gospel Times*, Chapter House Court, Paternoster row. Mr. Murrell has expressed his approval of the little book. Price One Shilling.

“*Survey Tabernacle Pulpit.*” No. 103. Published by G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster-row and G. James Cox, 100, Bow-road, S. E.

This sermon is one of a series on the Signs of the Times. It is entitled “*The Gospel of the Kingdom,*” and is, with one exception, one of Mr. Wells's very best. There are three grand essential features in the gospel ministry exceedingly prominent here,—discrimination, decision, and Biblical and experimental exposition. The Sonship of Jesus is referred to here and there ; but, in closing, the preacher waxes warm on the subject, and out comes the following declamatory sentence:—“See how the Old Testament accords with all I have said, or rather with the New Testament upon this definition of the gospel of the kingdom. 9th of Isaiah: ‘Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given.’ People tell us the child born there is his manhood; true, nobody disputes that; the son given, there is his God-head; that is what they say. But, my hearer, if the Holy Ghost does not choose to declare the God-head of Christ there, why should we assume that that the God-head is meant there? Now bring their theories to the word of God. ‘Unto us a child is born.’ ‘That holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.’ Oh no, say they, that's not it; the Son there means his God-head. But the New Testament says it is his manhood; ‘that holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.’ Some of you are eternal generationists perhaps; I will get that error out of you before I die, if I can; a parcel of old puritanical nonsense; some of the old fathers in the dark ages have handed this down to us, and men because it is old they like it. Like a writer, who argues that it must be true because *he* has preached it thirty years. That is a very powerful argument, certainly.” Surely Mr. Wells does not mean to deny that in the incarnation the God-head was veiled in humanity? “God manifest in the flesh,”—Many who read the above sentence might come to such a conclusion. “Eternal Generationists” is a term we do not subscribe to; the Sonship of Christ is as eternal as is the FATHER, and the Holy Spirit. To preach, to print, and to publish this as “puritanical nonsense” is, to us, a fearful breach of pulpit and ministerial propriety. That is the softest term we can use. If Mr. Wells will drive on thus furiously, we must protest against him. Thus to condemn the faith of many who love him in the Lord, is not acting the part of a brother beloved.

“*Read This! the Conclusion of the Whole Matter touching the Controversy between John Andrews Jones and J. C. Philpot, concerning the Eternal Generation and Divine Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ.* By WILLIAM GARRETT, of Leicester. Published by Robert Banks and Co., Chapter

House Court, Paternoster Row, E.C.; and 182, Dover Road, S.E.

We are exceedingly attached to Mr. Garrard's writings; and although we run not with him in all he here gives us; yet, there is an unction, and loving savour through the epistle which renders much of it very pleasant to read. We are certain thousands in the churches will be glad to spend an hour over this loving epistle originally written to that honourable brother in Christ, John Gowing, of Norwich.

“*Old Jonathan.*” A monthly penny broad sheet, published every month by Mr. Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate street, London.

This is one of the most beautiful and useful issues from the press at present in existence. It is sound, interesting, and attractive to all classes. Our country friends will find it a cheap and useful paper.

“*The Errors of the Old School Baptists, touching the Person of Christ, Corrected in a Letter to Elder Clarke, Editor of ‘Zion's Advocate.’* By JOHN NEEVE, Baptist Minister now of London. Published by Robert Banks and Co., Chapter House Court, Paternoster Row. One Penny.”

Our brother says, this little tract is written to quell the agitation and tumult; but so long as men will try to define and to explain that which is hidden in the mysterious existence of the Eternal Three in One, the agitation will not cease. To all who are on the side where our brother stands, this pamphlet will be acceptable.

THE WIDOW OF THE LATE JACOB HUNT, AND HER TWELVE FATHERLESS CHILDREN.

LAST month we referred to the death of our dear Christian brother Jacob Hunt, of Halstead, Essex; whose almost sudden removal has plunged his affectionate and broken-hearted widow and twelve children (all but one at home, and quite young,) into distress and dependence upon the kind providence of that God whose special care, and whose most delightful promise looketh with the tenderest sympathy towards characters and cases of this kind. “Pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction,” &c. Here, then, let pure religion be seen in the charitable practice of all who are, in any measure, indulged with the means of doing good to others. Our ministerial brother, Samuel Kevan, the Baptist pastor, acknowledges the receipt of the following from our last notice. Next month we hope it will be more than trebled. Let every reader collect, if it be but farthings, and send to Mr. Kevan.

“Received for Mrs. Hunt, (widow, with twelve children,) Halstead: Emma Wilby 5s.; Mr. Whorlow 2s. 6d.; A Brother, Wickham Market, 4s. 6d.; A Brother and Two Sisters 3s.; H. Blackaby, Stanstead, 3s.—S. KEVAN.”

This case must not be neglected.—ED.

DUNSTABLE. — BROTHER BANKS, — On Tuesday, November 27th, I was privileged to baptize four persons, (one of whom was my youngest daughter) upon a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, before the church of Christ worshipping at the Town Hall, Dunstable, where the Lord has evidently blessed the labours of his own servants who have ministered to us the word of life. I just remark that I was favoured to administer this solemn ordinance in the same place where I laboured many, many years with some degree of success, and where the Lord made me an instrument of raising a goodly cause; where the Lord is now abundantly blessing the labours of our brother Coutrey, who with the church of Christ at Eaton Bray—kindly lent us their Chapel for the purpose, and to some it was evidently a time of rejoicing, although I had never preached in the chapel since I left: yet I was in great measure carried from things past. On the following Sabbath they were received into the church, with three others. W. RUSSELL.

Joshua's Dying Testimony to the Truth.

BY MR. W. LEACH, OF NORTHAMPTON.

"And behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof." Joshua xxiii. 14.

THERE are periods in the Christian's life, when his mind is led to reflect upon the past, and he is enabled to call to remembrance the days that are gone over his head; methinks the end of the year is one of such periods, and as we have now arrived at the last sabbath in the present year, the words I have read for a text have struck my mind as being somewhat appropriate; for the service this morning. We purpose noticing in speak ing from them

I. BY WHOM AND WHEN THEY WERE UTTERED.

II. THE TESTIMONY THEY CONTAIN.

III. THE APPEAL MADE.

I. By whom and when they were uttered. They were spoken by Joshua, a person well qualified to bear such a testimony; for it would appear, that he was about forty-four years of age when he came up in company with the children of Israel from their bondage state in the land of Egypt: and that he had spent another forty-years of his life in the wilderness, other sixteen years thereof in the conquest of the land of Canaan, and ten years more of rest and quietude; for he did not die till he had reached the advanced age of one hundred and ten; therefore by his knowledge, and experience, he was well qualified to speak in the manner he here doth to the children of Israel. The first time we hear of his name, is in the war with Amalek, where he appears in the character of a military general; for whilst the elders of Israel were engaged in prayer and supplication for success, and Moses' hands were being lifted up to the Lord of hosts for victory, Joshua at the head of the men of war, was engaged with the enemy; and doubtless it was owing to his military prowess in conjunction with the intercession of Moses, that the Amalekites sustained a severe defeat. Then, again, we find him chosen with another eleven out of the various tribes, to go and search out the land of promise, where in connection with Caleb he stands in an honourable position, they being the only two out of the twelve who brought back a good report of that land: and whilst the remainder, with the whole of the nation who were above twenty years of age,

were doomed to disappointment and death, they were promised an entrance into that land, which they had faithfully described as a land flowing with milk and honey. At this period it appears his name was changed from Oshea to Joshua. Oshea means a Saviour, and by prefixing the two first letters in the name of Jehovah, you have Jehoshua or Joshua; the Lord intending thereby to put as it were double honour upon him, he being not only acknowledged as the Saviour of the people, but also was set forth as a type of a divine Saviour, who should ultimately appear for the salvation of his chosen people. Again we see him previous to the death of Moses, and in company with that great leader, upon a special commandment from the Lord, being presented at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation; a charge being there given to him, and a portion of that honour and glory Moses had possessed, transferred unto him; by which he was not only acknowledged, but well qualified by the Lord, to be the leader of the people, to conduct them into the possession of the promised land. And it is well worthy of our observation, that whilst the Lord intended Joshua to be a type of the Lord Jesus Christ, there is not a single act of his life, or conduct, recorded as being worthy of the least censure or blame; in which particular, we behold an analogy between the type and the antitype, in the perfection of his character and righteousness.

Being led in the chapter before us to give a parting exhortation to the children of Israel, he takes a view of the various promises of God fulfilled in their experience; having now arrived at a good old age, and knowing that the hour of his departure was near at hand, he gathers the people together and rehearses the righteous acts of the Lord towards them. And methinks there is something very solemn, as well as dignified in his language, "Behold this day I am going the way of all the earth;" and here we may remark, that so far as our bodies are concerned, we are in the position of Joshua, for we are gradually approaching our destined end; every step we take, every season we pass through, every beating throb of our hearts, carries us on by a gradual though rapid march to the grave. Joshua speaks here as one who though alive to the reality of his position, was unmoved thereby; to him the change appeared desirable, and

though he was going to die, he was like a traveller going to his house. There is nothing terrifying in the article of death to the Christian; to him death comes disarmed of all its terrors, for its sting was extracted by the cross of his Redeemer; and the grave after a life of trouble, temptation, and trial, appears a desirable place, knowing that "there the wicked cease from troubling, there the weary are at rest." O happy, happy Christian, that can look upon death with composure of mind, and meet it in the confidence of faith, of victory over all its frightful powers!! And is there not something very affecting, in the sight of a good man in the presence of his family and friends, or an aged minister standing up before his people for the last time, taking a review of all the way the Lord had led him through this wilderness world, recounting his manifold mercies towards him, and testifying of his covenant love and faithfulness, before he goes hence and is no more seen?

II. The testimony of the man of God: "And ye know in all your hearts, and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you." O blessed language! something here testified of calculated to do us good. Joshua here states a fact experienced by the children of Israel all through their onward course through the wilderness, also during their induction into, and after their possession of the promised inheritance in the land of Canaan.

We consider the testimony as referring to that character of God, which he sustains as a promise-making, and a promise-performing God: and if we know something of God in the former character, we shall assuredly have an acquaintance with him in the latter; for "hath he said, and shall he not do it, hath he not promised, and shall he not make it good?" 1st., then, in reference to a promise-making God, we observe, that the promise of good things alluded to in the text, stands in connection with the character of Jehovah as a covenant God and Father to his people; for if God be a covenant God to us, he hath given us exceeding great and precious promises; and this is one of the advantages resulting to us from this relationship, which we shall do well at all times to pay all due regard to, viz, that every mercy and favour flows unto us on the ground of dear covenant relationship; and by thus viewing the matter, every favour we are the recipients of will be enhanced thereby. With reference to the things spoken of, good things they are styled, and stand out in contrast with evil things; good things are the matter of promise, whilst evil things are contained in the threatenings; further,

good things mean favour, which constructions Jacob put upon them, "thou saidst I will surely do thee good;" good he desired in every form; and mind you friends, there is not anything that God hath promised his people, but there must be good in it. Notice further the comprehensiveness of the promises; "all the good things," for there is not one good thing we need but what the Lord hath promised; the Lord herein hath adapted himself, as it were, to the several needs and desires of his people, and being favours they continually need and desire, they must of necessity prove when bestowed upon them beneficial to them.

They are promises then of a temporal, spiritual, and eternal good, and if so, "What more can he say than to you he hath said, 'You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?'"

for "they that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good;" and "no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly;" and thus upon the ground of promise of temporal good, I am warranted to look up to my God and Father, "for a supply of all my needs, for the present life; for if I am the subject of distrust, the words of the dear Redeemer come to me to allay my fears, and restore my confidence;" "consider," he says, "the lilies of the field," they toil not neither do they spin, and the fowls of the air, for they sow not neither do they gather into barns, yet God feedeth them;" as I have before remarked in connection herewith, that if you see a man taking charge of a bird in a cage, and feeding it day by day, surely you would be led to conclude that same man will take care of his own offspring, and nourish his own flesh and blood; and will not God, who is infinitely more considerate and tender-hearted, take care of his spiritual offsprings, who are the objects of his special love and peculiar care; none of his children have any occasion to despair, they may be driven to extremities, and there may be as regards their case, a difference in the divine judgment as to the amount of temporal good they shall receive; for many of us, beloved, are brought into straitened circumstances, which though in the highest degree trying to flesh and blood, for the testing of our faith, yet afford better opportunities for God to fulfil his promises to us, and appear for us again and again according to his word. Then spiritually, O what a number of good things God hath in this respect promised to his people! the impartation of divine life, the manifestation of himself and covenant love, the communication of abundant grace, with the continual flowings of consolation into their souls. Eternal good likewise, the crown of glory which he hath laid up for them that love him, and everything to make

us completely and eternally happy: which three distinct features of our subject are characterised by the words, "the Lord will give grace," here is spiritual good, "and glory," which means eternal good, and "no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly," which includes all temporal good.

Again, the promises of God are certain, "all the promises of God in Him," that is in Christ, "are yea and Amen;" and we do well to bear in mind, that all our God hath promised us is in Christ, in whom they are yea and Amen, and will assuredly meet with their fulfilment, in the experience of each and all the Lord's people. Lastly how useful these promises are, we regard them as a powerful plea to present to the Lord, as bonds to be submitted unto him, which he is engaged from his own faithfulness, and according to his honour, to release and make good to his people.

We now proceed to look at the character of God as a promise-performing God, "not one thing" said Joshua, "hath failed of all the good things that the Lord your God spake concerning you:" did the Lord promise to deliver you out of Egypt? you know that he brought you out with a mighty hand and outstretched arm; look what he did to the Egyptians your enemies, drowned them in the Red Sea, whilst you yourselves went forth with timbrels and in the dances, singing with gladness of heart to the Lord; did he promise to be your guide through the wilderness? and did not the pillar of cloud by day, and fire by night accompany you all your journey through? did he not also according to his promise supply you in the wilderness in a most wonderful way, by raining down manna from the skies? he went in this beyond the ordinary method of his working, and supplied you in an extraordinary way, for it was far more wonderful to feed you with manna from heaven, than if he had made the desert yield you abundant crops by which you would have been sustained. And when you wanted water, then he commanded the rock to be smitten, and water gushed out, which attended you in all your wanderings and turnings through that parched and desert land. Then, again, when you were exposed to the attacks of enemies, the Lord boomed a man of war, drew his glittering sword and shield, fought for you, and enabled you to triumph over all your foes: yea, in short, there was no extremity that you were brought into, but God appeared for you therein, and faithfully fulfilled his word. But, believer, let us now look at the way the Lord hath led us; and hath not good been bestowed upon us, yea and abundant good too, good beyond our deserts, and expectations? Could you ever

have thought that God would have been so mindful of us, and so bountiful in the communication of his temporal and spiritual favours? In every extremity, and upon all occasions he hath performed his gracious word towards us. O how doth the faithfulness of our God herein stand out in contrast with the unfaithfulness of man, for men often promise but rarely perform; how despicable does such an one appear, and especially if he be a Christian: but though this is possible with man, not so with our God, for you cannot separate between his promise and performance, the faithful God is he who performeth all things for us. This character of our God stands out as it were to dash our unbelief out of countenance; unbelief gets looking at the greatness of the promise, and suggests that will not be, you need not expect God to make that good: but God gives a yea and Amen to his promise, and says, it shall be done, my word is pledged thereunto, my honour is at stake, and I am bound thereby to make good all that I have spoken, for my promises are declarative of my gracious purposes, so that I have laid myself under obligations to bestow upon my people all the good they need; put me in remembrance therefore, and let us plead together, and see whether I am not as able to make all my engagements good, as I was willing to bind myself thereunto at the first. Moses on his death-bed made the remark, "know therefore that the Lord thy God he is God, the faithful God;" from which O believer take courage, for Moses's God is thy God, as able now as then, and as willing as he is able: honour him therefore, by relying upon his faithfulness and power, and thou shalt experience the fulfilment of his promises made unto thee, for he will not upon any consideration suffer his faithfulness to fail.

III. The appeal. "And ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed, &c; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof." Joshua appears to have been a man of strong faith from the first, here we find him standing up before a people that had been rebellious and fretful against the Lord their God, and his merciful dealings with them; and yet he stands up, and confronts them all, "ye know," as though he had said, I defy any of you who are here present, to charge the God of heaven with not fulfilling his word, and delivering you from all your foes; ye know from past experience and observation, that he hath not failed you upon a single occasion; in which appeal there was something calculated to bring to remembrance the days of old, when they were in great extremities, which were necessary for an occasion for God's faithfulness towards them to be proved, as well as

his word fulfilled. And cannot we who are assembled here this morning, upon taking a retrospect view of the past, remember instances when the divine goodness was manifested unto us? O there are seasons, when it is necessary for the Lord's ministers to call upon their people to remember the days and works of God of old; and I would just act such a part here this morning. True, some of you have been afflicted both in body and in mind, but then you can say with David, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted;" some of you have been tempted, and that sorely too, but you cannot say that there has not been any good thing in connection therewith, "for then hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man, and Christ was in all points tempted, as ye are, and therefore is both able and willing to succour them that are tempted;" which good thing you would not have discovered or experienced but for the temptation. We look for good things in a way God never intends us to have them, and in consequence thereof, we often pass by many which God imparts unto us; all his dealings with, and dispensations towards his people, being

mercy from first to last. Again, the appeal was calculated to excite gratitude, which is produced in the soul in connection with the remembrance of the mercies we have received. A consciousness of our unworthiness of the least of God's mercies, will create a feeling of gratitude in the mind, and allay in some measure that spirit of murmuring we are too prone to indulge in; it will indeed make us rightly estimate the good things we receive, and be thankful to God for them, in the Psalmist's song of praise, "bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name; bless the Lord, O my soul and forget not all its benefits." It was calculated also to strengthen confidence; has God been thus far faithful in the performance of his promise and word? then he will be so to the end of our days; for,

"E'en down to old age all his people shall prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
He will not, he will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake
He'll never, no never, no never forsake."

CONVERSION TO GOD.

A TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE ESSENTIAL TO THE PRESENT TIMES OF EXCITEMENT IN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS.

(Continued from page 11.)

THE 107th Psalm contains in a clear and distinct manner the dealings of the Holy Ghost with a vessel of mercy, especially the first seven verses; the spiritual in the family of God can there read their character,—they are compared to wandering, hungry, and thirsty souls, praying souls, and delivered souls. As Moses described the Israel of old in the 32nd chapter of Deuteronomy, 10th and 11th verses, "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness, he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye," &c., so it was with me, the remembrance thereof produced a tenderness in my mind towards the young of the flock, and should at all times teach me patience in dealing with those described in Isa. xl. 11, "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." Our nature is to judge others rashly and quickly, and Satan, with his messengers, are ever ready to help in this business—to bring darkness into the mind: but, by the grace of God, when we reflect on what we once were, we are slow to sit in judgment on brethren. Notwithstanding I had at first so clear a revelation of the imputed righteousness of Christ, yet there were three things I did not

comprehend; the first was the entire and perfect fall of man, as described by our Lord in Mark vii. 21. and in the 51st Psalm. The second was God's sovereign choice of his people in eternal election; and thirdly, in my deep ignorance, I supposed that man must first begin with God, by seeking, praying, repenting, &c.; and then it was that the blessed Spirit took me from one chamber of imagery to another, and said, "I will shew thee greater abominations still." Ezk. viii. 15. The fountain of the great deep within was breaking up, sin appeared exceeding sinful, hell and damnation appeared to be my portion; I was afraid to sleep, thinking that before the morning I should be with the lost. Two things I was here taught,—the holiness of God's law, and my exceeding heart-guiltiness. One scripture revealed and applied set matters right for a time between God and my soul, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." 1 Jno. i. 7. Again I enjoyed the light of his countenance.

When I came to Barnstaple there were about 50 Baptists, and about 200 in the North of Devon; now, I should judge, there are not less than 1,000. Up to this time I

had never heard one free-grace gospel sermon; a sort of Baxterian ministry was then quite general; hence that natural prejudice to personal and eternal election was fostered by the preaching I constantly sat under; the result was doubts and fears, more or less, about the certainty of my soul's salvation. Having joined the church at Ebenezer Chapel, I was chosen superintendent of the school and deacon of the church. Sometimes I went out in the villages to speak. On one occasion as I was drawing near the cottage, and not understanding the devices of Satan, thinking my thoughts were my own, i.e., not drawing the line of distinction between Satan's suggestion and that which was mine, the devil set in furiously, and as he did with my Master, brought a portion of scripture, (and was himself the expositor,) viz., Heb. xii. 2, "Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame." My hair stood erect; fear, darkness, and trembling seized me; the horrid suggestion was this, that it was not love that moved the heart of the dear Lord Jesus to die for his people, but selfishness. Ah, thou hideous monster! thou Apollyon! I have lived to prove that thou art a liar! Was it not the joy of his heart to redeem his bride, his wife, his church? Eph. v. 25. As Kelly says,—

"It were an easy part,
For him the cross to fly;
But love to sinners fills his heart,
And makes him choose to die.
'Tis love the cause unfolds,
The deep mysterious cause;
Why he who all the world upholds,
Hangs upon yonder cross."

Thus we see from Genesis to Revelation, both in types and metaphors, and in solemn reality in the garden of Gethsemane and on the cross, all! all! loudly proclaim one great, grand, and solemn truth, that the love of his blessed heart moved him to die, to shed his precious blood for wretched, vile, ruined man.

About the year 1830, I left my situation and went home to visit my friends at Taunton; while there I had an offer made to me by my eldest brother, John, to join him in a very prosperous business in London: my mind was perplexed which to choose, having a desire to return to Barnstaple, (for the sake of the little church) and commence business for myself. The Lord was pleased to settle the point by the powerful application of these words, "Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." I have never regretted the decision to come here, believing I was Divinely directed.

And now I come to that part of my history which is pregnant with importance, as to my comfort and happiness in this life, and

in some goodly measure as to my growth in grace. "The Lord God said, it is not good that the man should be alone; and I will make him an help meet for him." Gen. ii. 18. Here we have the first marriage instituted and consummated by Jehovah himself; shadowing forth the glorious marriage betwixt Christ and his church." The woman was in, and part of, the man. Gen. ii. 21—23. So the church was in Christ before her manifestation on the stage of time. "For we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Eph. v. 30. And "are chosen in him before the foundation of the world." Eph. i. 4. The woman was deceived by the serpent—not so Adam; but out of love to his wife he fell and became a transgressor: "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression." 1 Tim. ii. 14. So our beloved Immanuel was not deceived when he stood up in the council chamber of eternity, to become a Surety for his wife: and thus in the fulness of time the Son of God came forth to bear away, once and for ever, all her guilt, sin, and degradation—by the sacrifice, on her behalf, of Himself. "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Heb. x. 14. "His delights were with the sons of men." Prov. viii. 31. We find that the gospel precept, "Be ye not unequally yoked together," (2 Cor. vi. 14) is from the beginning the mind of God. Thus the antediluvians, or the inhabitants of the world before the flood, by their ungodly marriages, as recorded in Gen. vi. 1—4. The sons of God, or the descendants of Seth, saw the daughters of men, or the children of Cain, that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose. This was the source and offspring from whence came their ruin, by their mingling together in unlawful marriages. Balaam taught the same doctrine, and brought a snare upon Israel, by which 24,000 were slain. Num. xxv. 1—9. This paper may be read by many young Christians; let me tell them that the plain revealed will of God is, that the godly should not marry with the ungodly, or unconverted; it is one of Satan's greatest snares; it violates God's word, brings darkness and leanness into the soul—hinders prayer, and produces discontent and sorrow; and whilst the tempter promises happiness, he is a liar, and all who listen to him will find that whilst, like Lot, they are saved, "yet so as by fire." 1 Cor. iii. 15. Oh! what sad lamentations and confessions I have heard in my day by those who have walked contrary to the light they have had, and to the testimony of scripture. I have to bless God that in this matter I was preserved and directed; not that I take any praise to myself; but as it is written, "A prudent wife is from the Lord."

Prov. xix. 14. I can truly say, my dear and beloved wife was the choicest temporal blessing the Lord gave me—to comfort, help and cheer me, in my pilgrimage through this vale of tears. “An help meet” are great words, and rich blessings are wrapt up in them. She is a crown to her husband; and the church of God is a glorious crown to Jesus. When a young man I vowed a vow on my bended knees before God, that if I were ever permitted to marry, it should be “only in the Lord,” i.e., it should be one of the Lord’s living, manifested family. The first person I saw baptized in Barnstaple was my beloved wife, in October, 1828; she was then a perfect stranger to me; since then we have trodden the valley together, as husband and wife, for nearly 30 years; being of one heart and soul: our “prayers have not been hindered.” 1 Peter iii. 7. But by the good hand of our God upon us, we have both been led to see the truth as it is in Jesus, and to rejoice in God the Father’s electing love, as the glorious foundation of our hope, as it is written, “The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his.” 2 Tim. ii. 19. May the dear Lord enable every spiritual reader of the VESSEL, who is unmarried, to remember what is written, “Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace.” Prov. iii. 17. That thus by taking good heed to their walk, they may by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and the written word, be determined to marry only in the Lord—1 Cor. viii. 39.

Up to this time, as priest so people, as the teacher or pastor, so the church. The sovereignty of God in predestination, and eternal election was considered here as a dangerous, horrible doctrine, not to be mentioned, much less to be believed, and thus “the children of the bondwoman mingled with the children of the free.” Gal. iv. 31. There was no one who was as the mouth of the Lord in taking “forth the precious from the vile.” Jer. xv. 19. Thus the living family were in bondage, and mere professors nursed in free-willism and duty faith: the footsteps of the flock were never traced out in the ministry, so that neither the deep exercises, temptations, darkness, bondage, spiritual desertions and trials of faith—nor the deliverances, joys and comforts of the children of God spoken of, it is not to be wondered at, under such circumstances, I often felt that I had neither part nor lot in the matter. A sermon by dear brother Philpot, entitled “the heir of heaven walking in darkness, and the heir of hell walking in light,” fell into my hands. Oh! what terrible havoc did it make in my soul; I sweat in mental agony, fearing that after all mine was a mere profession: the dear Lord appeared again, and that word in John iii. 16, “God so loved the world that he gave

his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life”—that word “believeth” gave me a perfect deliverance for the time. Our minister, Mr. Aveling, having removed, a Mr. Orchard came here from London. For the first time in my life I heard the doctrine of election preached; it was to me, after a while, a certain sound. Oh! how sad the mistake of many, very many in our day, who think that the glorious doctrine of God’s everlasting love to his people must be kept back; that the ark of God must be upheld by the free-will and earnest working of the creature. We have need of patience, God himself will use the fan: “Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.” Matt. iii. 12. Those Christians brought in under the sound of the truth, in all its blessed harmony, have much to thank their God for: we have much to unlearn, they have the letter of truth at once: by little I had my eyes anointed, and I was led to see plainly that the patriarchs, Moses, the prophets, the Lord Jesus and his apostles, taught that “whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.” Rom. viii. 29, 30. Each link in this golden chain I was enabled cordially to embrace and love. Nevertheless I was not without my sharp and bitter conflicts with the enemy; the time of sealing was not yet come. One Thursday night I was brought into sore conflict with sin and Satan; truly that word of Dr. Watts’s was with a witness my feeling,—

“How oft has sin and sorrow strove,
To rend my heart from thee my God.”

For three nights and two days my soul was as one from whom God was departed, and the devil had full permission to harass, buffet, tempt, and drive to distraction and despair. I said, like Luther before me “my sin! my sin!” Just as Paul was literally, I was spiritually, “neither sun nor stars in many days appeared.” Acts xxvii. 20. The law with its thunders rending my conscience, I could with Job say, “I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear—but now mine eye seeth: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” Job xlii. 5, 6. Can a poor, defiled, leprous sinner help himself here? Oh! no! no! none but the arm of Omnipotence: that same blessed, glorious and eternal Spirit, who first shone into the soul, can now help. He did help. “Bless the Lord, O my soul.” On the Sunday morning following, just as I opened my eyes, as though he were waiting to be gracious, without any means, the word came in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power, with solemn majesty, “I, even I, am he that blottereth

out thy transgressions, for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Isa. xliii. 25. I instantly replied, "Lord I believe it." Peace and joy flowed into my soul, the dear Immanuel was exceedingly precious, his name was as ointment poured forth. It rested on my conscience with a sweet and holy fragrance. I then experimentally knew, realized, and enjoyed the free and full forgiveness of all my sins; the language of the prophet was mine "He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities: and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Micah vii. 19. And with Hezekiah, "Thou hast

in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Isa. xxxviii. 17. Thus was I favoured to walk for some time in the light of his countenance: the devil was overcome, sin was pardoned, the conscience was appeased, and in the true spirit of adoption was enabled to say, "Abba Father." The promise of the Lord Jesus was fulfilled in me "He (the Holy Ghost) shall receive of mine and shall shew it unto you." John xvi. 14. Farewell for the present. From your loving brother in Christ our Lord,

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

(To be continued if the Lord will.)

"CHRIST CAME TO SAVE SINNERS."

By MR. THOMAS ROW, PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, LITTLE GRANDSEN, SUFFOLK.

This gracious declaration was made by one whose experience of saving grace will for ever prove its truth. Grace could turn the chief of sinners into the greatest of saints, change the proud blasphemer of Christ into an able preacher of his word; it made an injurious persecutor of his people a very faithful friend, who has supplied us with the faithful saying at the head of this paper. 1 Tim. i. 15. Concerning Christ we may consider his *character*; his *coming*; his *cross*; and his *clemency*.

1. The *character* of Christ is exceeding good; for he was not only the most glorious man, but the mighty God; he was not only free from blemish, but quite incapable of becoming bad; he not only hated sin, but loved holiness; he never did anything amiss, but much for the good of men and the glory of God. Christ in his noblest nature was without beginning, unbegotten, independent, self-existent; but in his lower nature he was the high-born Son of his Father, lay in the bosom of his love, the only begotten, till he appeared in the flesh the first-born among many brethren. Christ was anointed, as his name signifies, with the Holy Ghost and power; and thus was he fitted for all his work as Head and Mediator to his church. He is called Jesus, which signifies a Saviour, a fit name for him who had engaged to save his people from their sins. Mat. i. 21. But he had well considered the cost; and consequently, being their Surety, and that it would soon devolve on him to pay the debts they had contracted, as there could be no salvation without ample satisfaction to the divine creditors, with his obedient life and painful death he met the just demand and made the payment good, and thus we have every rea-

son to conclude his kindness, compassion, condescension, and faithfulness is very great.

"Lord, we admire thy kind design,
To save such sinful worms as we:
Now to thy name and grace divine,
Let everlasting praises be."

2. The *coming* of Christ, was from heaven (John vi. 38.) into this world so as to leave the former while he lived in the latter; which is true only of his lower nature, for his divinity is omnipresent, and so I conclude he came as a complex person; and this more perfectly appeared by his being manifested in the flesh, by which his mediatorial person became complete, and in which his work and woes were complete also, and thus all true believers become complete in him. His coming was not by a common but most peculiar birth; not by the aid of man, but by the operation of God; not in sin, but so as to exclude it from his nature; not in a splendid palace, but in the poorest apartment; not before, but in the fulness of time. Gal. iv. 4.

"Down from the heavens he kindly came,
Into our world of sin and woe;
Hence we arise from guilt and shame,
To sing the sacred joys we know."

3. The *cross* of Christ includes loss, for he left the glory he had with his Father before the world was. (John xvii. 5.) Such a glory must have been great indeed, and he highly prized it, as appears by his praying for it again, and hence the loss and cross of leaving it during his low estate on earth must have been heavy, but he cheerfully bore it in obedience to his righteous Father, and for the blessedness of his beloved people. He thought no sacrifice too great for us, ought we not make some sacrifice for him? Oh, for more of his heavenly mind

Look at the low circumstances of birth and life, think how long he laboured in a common calling, had no liberal education, was too poor to provide himself a pillow to pay the tribute money without a miracle; and yet he was quite content, no murmuring ever fell from his lips. But this was not all he endured; his numerous enemies and weak friends increased the cross he carried. The devil tempted him, the Jews went about to kill him, Judas betrayed him, Peter denied him, the disciples fled from him, and his God forsook him. Were there ever any sorrows equal to this? Think again of his bloody sweat, his thorny crown, his pierced hands, his bleeding feet, his mournful face, and his dreadful death! All this was endured for the sins of his people, and was necessary to their salvation.

"But we review thy wondrous loss,
While we escape the killing curse;
Thou hast endured the dreadful cross,
That brings salvation down to us."

4. *The clemency of Christ is his mercy in saving sinners, as the end to be obtained by his cross and coming.* We are not to infer from this faithful saying, that Christ came and suffered to bring ALL sinners into a salvable state, to give all an equal opportunity of being saved by making it their duty to repent and believe—for that would be utterly inconsistent with the word of God,

the grace of God, the work of God, and the real safety of his people. Such a scheme may be pleasing to proud fallen nature, but cannot fail to offend the lovers of truth, and deceive the advocates of error. If we really believe all truth, as well as the one now under notice, we shall find the true meaning of the latter by the aid of the former. But we shall find no Bible authority for preaching general mercy, while its discriminating character is kept out of sight. We should be glad to see many more saved than we do, were it the will of God, but we cannot teach the WHOLE truth without sometimes telling of those that perish in their sins, which could not be if Christ came to save them. All after whom he came shall surely be called to come after him. And so it follows, *he came into the world to save all chosen sinners*, (2 Thes. ii. 13,) all truly sanctified, sensible, humble, hoping, believing, praying and obedient sinners. But as many live and die destitute of these things, salvation is far from them. They only are saved from hell who are saved from their sins.

Thy power and Spirit work within,
To prove what sovereign grace can do;
Till we have fought with every sin,
And gained the glorious victory too.
So shall we sing the grace that saves
Sinners to serve the Lord in love;
Helps us to smile at opening graves,
And makes us meet for joys above.

THE INDIAN SOLDIER AND THE SUFFOLK PASTOR.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S GOODNESS TO ARTHUR BAKER,

FORMERLY OF THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS, NOW OF TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.

(Continued from page 316, Vol xvi.)

DEAR SIR,—In this paper I purpose to mention some of the incidents which crossed my path during the Rebellion which spread alarm, and caused awful destruction of life in India during 1857-58.

To attempt to give any detailed account of the fearful cruelties there enacted, of the awful sacrifice of life there committed, of the burning and firing of houses, palaces, and all kinds of property, would neither prove profitable nor pleasant to the many thousands who now read THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

Before proceeding, allow me thus publicly to thank you sincerely, (as the instrument in the Lord's hands,) of often sending me a comforting word through this monthly publication. While in a foreign land, on receiving the VESSEL, I have been greatly encouraged and much entertained in reading over the contents of the same. I bless God for such a medium of communication between the different sections of our churches. Friends, let me beg your assistance to increase and ex-

tend the usefulness of this magazine. Let ALL of us—every one individually, endeavour to get at least one new subscriber for this year. Try, and the matter is done. It will be but a small acknowledgment for us to make for the great service the Editor has rendered our churches generally—but it will greatly extend his circulation. Friends, DO NOT FORGET THIS! Go, while it is in your mind, and procure for "The Earthen Vessel" for 1861, one NEW subscriber.

But I return to my narrative. Upon our arrival at Bombay, instructions were received for us immediately to proceed to Calcutta, which place we reached in safety. We there formed into companies, and were conveyed by Bullock Dock up to Allahabad, where we encamped, awaiting the arrival of that noble Christian warrior, General Havelock, who brought under his command about 3,000. On the 8th of July, 1857, we left this place, destined for Cawnpore, a town where some of the most diabolical scenes

that were ever committed, were enacted. We had not made much progress on our march, before the clouds opened, and the rain descended in torrents; we were to a man saturated. In this state we encamped for the night, on ground which bore more the appearance of a river than of *terra firma*. I was in a low state of mind when we were ordered to march to this notorious den of butchery and cruelty; the heavy rains we went through did not cheer me at all; and when night came on, and we had to encamp in pools of water, I felt truly that I was in a low place. Faith was low; my mind dark; my soul cast down; and I fell asleep wondering where the scene would end. Early the following morning, the sound of the trumpet told us duty required us to be up and on our journey. We started with our clothes wet, just as we had lain down. Early in the day the sun shone forth with great warmth: I can well remember with what a thankful heart I enjoyed the warm rays of the sun that day. Its cheering and comforting influence lifted up my head, and caused my heart to breathe a silent prayer of thankfulness to my God for thus reviving us in our low and dreary condition. We continued our march till the 12th. That morning we walked 17 miles without resting; and as we were drawing near to the enemy, it was thought advisable that we should rest for a short time, all being weary and much fatigued. I recollect, well, I had just set me down under a large tree, hoping to refresh myself, and rest my weary limbs for a while—when, quite on a sudden, the enemy opened a sharp and rapid fire on us from the front, out of the town of Futtypore. They had come from Cawnpore under the command of that poor wretched sinner and cruel murderer, Nena Sahib. We flew to arms, and advanced to meet this overwhelming host, their numbers being four times as many as we were. But here I saw the mercy of God manifested in what had appeared to us very unfavourable: the heavy rains that had fallen for the last few days had been unwelcome to us, and now we went through it knee-deep in advancing to meet our foe. But the rain, this heavy rain that had wet us through and through, now proved of great—yes, the greatest blessing to us. The enemy kept up a rapid fire, but more than half their shots fell into the water harmless. This enabled us to make rapid advances on them; and we soon came close quarters—and they fled before us in dismay and confusion. Here the scene was fearful. It brought to my mind with great force the words of David, “Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?” I inwardly said—oh, what has sin *not* done? Here lay about on every hand bodies cut to pieces; the dying and the dead together; screams and curses intermingled;

cryings and groanings for help on every hand. But what can I say? My pen fails me to express my gratitude: here was I, a living witness of the protecting care of my ever-adorable Lord; Spared again!—the Lord proved again my hiding place!—my head again covered in battle! True, I had suffered at the time severely from the heavy rains; and then almost ready to drop with the overpowering heat of the sun; we had nigh fainted for want of refreshment; we had, I know, marched early that morning 17 miles without refreshment; we had fought hard all day; we had run from one part of the battle field to another, with horri-fying screams on every hand; we had not tasted food for many hours; but we had captured the town, and not a hair of my head touched! Could I fail to give thanks to God? Why the very earth would have risen in judgment against me if I had. Oh! well do I remember the spot where I resorted to,—and there, with a heart melted with thankfulness, I praised the Lord for his having once more brought me in safety from between the bullets of the enemy. Not that I rejoiced or was thankful at the slaughter of the enemy, or for the taking of the town. No! these were matters that I left. My thankfulness was that I was again spared to sing experimentally.

“Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.”

Shall I mention the scene that presented itself in the town we had taken? Our men had found a liquor store; being famished with thirst, they had drank much, and were overcome. This cast me down in spirit; to hear their awful language, and to witness their degrading actions, was no healthy position for a Christian mind; this caused me to cry, “O Lord, take not thy Holy Spirit from me.” Surely if grace, mighty grace, had not kept me, I should have fallen here; but I thank God for his promise which then came to my help, “my grace shall be sufficient for you.” And

“Grace has kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.”

The prophet might well say, “Who art thou, O great mountain, before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.” My mind was dark, and all around seemed only to add blackness to darkness, yet I was preserved, and kept in the good way. Here I had not a soul that I could talk to by the way. My consolation was from above. My meditation and communion was with my God and my own soul. I found time for a little examination. And these exercises helped me onward.

The 14th and 15th, we were again pursuing the men under Nena Sahib; on the latter day we encountered them twice. This second struggle was a severe one. Our enemy heaped the fire on us like rain. Our

men fell in all directions. Close to my side a man's head was taken clean off with a ball. After a heavy encounter we again routed the enemy,—and Arthur Baker left the field again untouched. What! shall I not praise his name, and sing of his preserving mercy again? "Lord, what shall I render unto thee, for all thy tender mercies," and thy constant watchfulness over me?

Occasionally, as opportunity offered, I have visited the Hospital after these engagements to speak a word to the suffering and the dying. This was trying work. To see and hear the poor men screaming, and groaning, and cursing, and blaspheming, was truly heart-rending. But I have a hope that my labour was not in vain in the Lord. I trust one poor sinner was blessed even at the eleventh hour. On a second visit that I paid to the Hospital, after I had endeavoured to speak a few words touching the Saviour,—on my walk down the long room, a voice said, "Are you the man that spoke here the other night?" I looked around me, and in reply said, "Yes." The poor fellow with evident feelings of gratefulness and earnestness, said, "I bless the Lord for sending you here." I went by the side of his bed, and spoke to him of his never-dying soul, and of the love and grace of Jesus. He said, "I know I shall die; mortification has set in in my thigh; my only hope is in Jesus." I spoke with him for some time, and was enabled to plead hard for him at the mercy-seat. I do hope and believe the Lord was graciously pleased to enlighten his mind, instruct his heart, and save his soul. Poor man, he had been a Roman Catholic—but he told me that was no good on a dying bed. I read to him the 51st Psalm, and, in my humble way expounded the same to him. He appeared to enjoy the reading of the word much; and I left him inwardly repeating the words of the poet, with a degree of faith that they were applicable to his case,—

"The soul that on Jesus
Has leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot,
Desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell,
Should endeavour to shake,
I'll never! no never!
No never forsake."

On my visiting the Hospital the following day, I found his soul had left its earthly tenement; and I hope had wafted its flight to the mansions of the blest.

The following day we were ordered to march on to Cawnpore, at the entrance of which town, one of the most marked manifestations of the Lord's preserving care that I ever remember, I there experienced. Of this I shall tell you in my next. Your's affectionately,
ARTHUR BAKER.

Tunstall, Suffolk.

Dec. 11th, 1860.

"JESUS IS MINE AND I AM HIS."

EARTH may cast its blackest shadows—
Care may dog my steps all day;
But the darkest cloud will brighten,
When the Spirit gives its ray.
Sweet communion holding with thee,
Saviour I am near alone;
Living on thy smile and favour,
Care and sorrow are unknown.

Earth may boast its gilded pleasures;
Heavenward I for pleasure soar;
For the heart that's tasted Jesus,
Can be craving nothing more:
He's the centre of all blessings,
That the saints desire and love;
He's the storehouse where is garnered,
All our treasures placed above.

It is written, "no condemnation,"
Unto those who bear his name;
Life and death, no separation.
'Tis our privilege to claim
Nearness to him in this time stato,
Much more when we see his face,
In the kingdom of his glory,
In the fulness of his grace.

Sometimes of the earth grown weary,
Patience scarce can hold its way—
And the fettered spirit pineth
For the brighter perfect day;
Sweetly then the voice of Jesus,
Whispers in the listener's ear,
"Tarry then a little longer
In this cold and barren sphere.

"I have work and service for thee,
Courage! fainting heart be strong!
Earth and time will soon be o'er,
Go and do—'tis not for long.
That the day of work abideth,
Take this hope for evermore—
The Lord's coming! it will soothe thee,
'Ere thy life's probation's o'er.

Langley. MARTHA LOUISE.

JOB.

(19th chapter, 25, 28, 27 verses.)

All will be over soon! Life's fitful fever
Will soon wear out this garb of brittle clay;
This restless heart will soon lie still for ever,
This hand forget its cunning to display.
To phantoms dim, to all life's busy scheming,
To hopes and fears that now this bosom swell,
To friend, to foe, to pleasure and to dreaming,
Soon will be given a long and last farewell!

In cold dishonour this frail form shall lie,
Mingled with servile and with kingly race;
In the dark earth all that of me can die,
To dust shall mingle in the worm's embrace;
Yet though I pay this mortal symbol down,
And though the worm may riot on my brain,
Yea! though my dust o'er all the earth be blown,
My God hath said ne'll gather it again.

Mere human reason telleth no man how
It is a theme so mystical and vast
That boastful science lowers its prideful brow,
And from the great enquiry shrinks aghast:
Yet it shall be. In that great latter day
When my Redeemer on this earth shall stand,
I shall behold him in this self-same clay,
Fashioned once more at his divine command.

Were it not so, what comfort were it now
That Jesus died to rescue me from hell?
What need for sorrow on his heavenly brow?
For sufferings more than angel's tongue can tell?
Look up my soul! while to its final doom
The world rolls on in tumult and in strife;
Thy comfort is, that he, anon will come,
Who is "thy resurrection and thy life!"

Norwich. WILLIAM LLOTT.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

THE SONSHIP OF THE SAVIOUR.—No. V.

My Good THEOPHILUS,—Having shewn in my last, that that part of Prov. xxx. 4, "What is his name, and what is his son's name, if thou can'st tell?" Having shewn that these words have no direct reference, either, to God or Christ, but are merely a summary of the preceding parts of the verse, implying the helplessness and worthlessness of all men in matters pertaining to God.

We have now to go on still in a straight line, to shew that the Saviour is *never* called the Son of God apart from his complexity; and not only so, but that it is positively declared that that holy thing which should be born should be called the Son of God. Now if eternal generationists could bring one scripture to prove that Jesus Christ, even as God is nothing more than the Son of God, could they bring one scripture as clear against his absolute Godhead, making it a generated Sonship; could they bring one scripture as clear to lower his Godhead, as the above scripture is clear to the exaltation of his Manhood, then they may, at least, have a standing place; but as it is they have none. "That holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the *Son of God*." Again Psalm lxxxix. 19, "I have exalted one chosen out of the people." Thus his manhood by oneness with Godhead exalted, while Godhead is not altered or lowered: he is *God* manifest in the flesh. Mind this, my good Theophilus, that it is nowhere in all the Bible said, that the *Son* was manifested in the flesh. "God manifest in the flesh," not the Son of God, for the human nature was the actual Sonship. And there is no actual Sonship without it: as to what is said of the person of the Saviour in Isaiah 9th, it is so clear that I need scarcely to make any remark upon it. Here is a child born, and a *Son* given, and so "God spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all: and the centurion bare testimony and said, truly this was the Son of God," yet *men* contradict this and say, that the *Son* given means his Godhead, but the prophet, with unerring consistency, declares him to be, not only a child born and *Son* given, but something more than this, even the mighty God. Thus, we get here his birth, his Sonship, and his Godhead. But the next clause *ought* to puzzle eternal generationists, to despair of ever establishing their doctrine, "the *everlasting Father*." Why, this clause robs the eternal generationist of all his strength, for their main argument is, that an everlasting Father implies an everlasting Son; but here their reasoning is burnt to ashes, for I am not aware that any of them have gone so far

as to assert that Christ, being an everlasting Father, proves that he has somewhere a son, who is co-eternal with himself: yet to be consistent, this is what they ought to maintain. But, my good Theophilus, you know how to understand it, namely, that the people of God are the spiritual offspring of the Saviour, that he is a Father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and to the house of Judah, and will be so for ever, and therefore an *everlasting* Father. But, my good Theophilus, be very careful here, for this is not all I have to say to you of Christ as an everlasting Father; for I am not sure that he is not a Father, not only to everlasting but also *from* everlasting; and if so what a *remarkable* thing that he should nowhere be said to be a *Son* from everlasting, yet that he should be declared to be a *Father* from everlasting. I am, I say, strongly inclined to think that he is declared to be a Father from everlasting. See Isaiah lxiii. 16.—"Thou art our Father, O Jehovah, our Redeemer, thy name is from everlasting." Now there can be no dispute as to who is the "*Bedeemer*," and it seems to be the same person, who in the same verse, is called a Father, and if the *name* be a name of relationship, then he is a Father from everlasting, but if the term Father here means the Saviour, and if a Father from everlasting implies, as the eternal generationists say it does, a *Son from everlasting*, we ask where is this redeemer, this father's son from everlasting? What is his name, if you like, if thou canst tell? Now after getting from Isaiah the birth of the Saviour, his Sonship, his Godhead, and his eternal paternity; all this indicating the great truth, that the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting. But where in all this have we the least hint of one Divine person being by another Divine person begotten into Sonship? The farther I pursue this subject the more I feel its importance; and I think you will begin to see that this eternal generation doctrine is a greater error, and a more serious matter than you have hitherto thought it to be.

We will now come to the New Testament, and see if we can find one scripture wherein he is declared, apart from his complexity, the Son of God, and if he be not called apart from his complexity the Son of God, I ask, in all solemnity, by *what authority* men call upon us to believe in a generated Divinity: generated did I say? I ought to have said *degenerated* Divinity: for it certainly, were such a step possible, would be a downward step, for a person absolutely God to become in the same nature only the Son of God. But to manhood it

was an *upward* step to be the Son of God. "I have," saith the Lord, "*exalted* One chosen out of the people."

We will now come to the New Testament. Now who is that who is in the bosom of the Father? Favour and familiarity are the two chief meanings of his being in the bosom of the Father? Was it *infinite Divinity*, abstractedly considered, in the bosom of the Father? John carefully shews that the person of whom he is there speaking is a complex person. "The Word was made flesh." Thus John spake, "He that cometh *after* me;" there is his manhood as it was six months after John. "He is preferred before me;" here is his pre-eminence of position; for he was before me—here is his Godhead. Now that holy thing, called the Son of God, is now increased in wisdom and in stature, is strong in Spirit, is filled with wisdom and the grace of God is upon him; and he walks with God, and all things he learns of the Father he shews unto the disciples. Here, then, as man, or which is the same thing, as the Son of God, he is in the bosom of the Father; and such an extent of revelation was made to him as was never made to any man; for God gave not the Spirit by measure unto him. But was this holy thing called the Son of God, and of course rightly called—did this holy thing, called the Son of God, dwell *actually* in the bosom of the Father from all eternity? I trow not. He in his birth came from the Father. John is said to be a man sent *from* God; not that John had pre-existed, but he was *of* God, and therefore, said to be sent *from* God. Now the conception and birth of the Saviour were of God—and so he came from God and went to God; not that his human nature pre-existed, for he existed only as God. But, not as yet as the Son of God, except that he stood in new covenant relation to the church from everlasting: so the goings forth of the Divine Word, who was God, were from everlasting; so that John the Baptist, you, my good Theophilus, and I, are perfectly one in this matter.

But before I go on with any more scriptures, it will be needful for me to give you a little cautionary counsel; for you will perceive that the doctrine of eternal generation, that doctrine which makes Christ, even as God, to be only the *Son* of God, you will perceive that this doctrine of their's is altogether *inferential*; that those scriptures which simply and clearly indicate the Godhead and covenant relationship of the Saviour, are made use of by them to uphold their doctrine of eternal generation. But now I wish, whatever you do, to see that your inferences (for none of us can do without inferences) accord entirely with the premises to which those inferences belong; otherwise you will pervert the holy scriptures; for instance, in relation to the question we have now in hand. When you

come to a scripture, which beyond all possible dispute sets forth the complexity of Christ, you must see that your inference accords with that complexity; mere words will, if you do not look well to their meaning, lead you astray: and you must judge of their meaning by the subject to which the said words belong. For want of this kind of care men are everlastingly speaking and writing the veriest absurdities. Take for example Heb. i. 2, "He hath in these last days spoken to us by his Son, by whom also he made the worlds." Now this, as far as words are concerned, is the most feasible scripture which eternal generationists have on their side, and they very naturally infer, if God made the worlds by his Son, then there must have been a Son there to make the worlds by. This appears to be the natural inference to which the words lead. But the subject to which the words belong, determines, decides, and settles the matter quite in another way. Now the subject to which the words belong are the complex person and sacrificial work of Christ: our inference must accord with this. First, here is a person appointed heir of all things; can this be Christ as the mighty God? I trow not. As well may we talk of God the Father being *appointed* possessor of all things. Now this person (the Saviour) had, when the apostle thus wrote, by himself purged our sins. If then, God made the worlds by him, what are we to infer? Shall we infer that he was that holy thing, the Son of God, born of Mary before all worlds? Shall we infer that he purged our sins actually before the world was? Yes, this is the inference which the eternal generationist to be consistent with himself must draw. But this, of course, they dare not do. Wherein, then, lies the truth of the declaration,—that God made the worlds by him, who had purged our sins? Now there is but one inference which the subject to which the words belong will bear. Will it bear the inference that, as God, he was by eternal generation the Son of God? Well, just take this to be the meaning, then you at once deny that Sonship which the Holy Ghost hath declared that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God. Also, you deny his work; for his work could be performed no more without manhood than without Divinity. Well, then, as this scripture will not bear the eternal generation inference—what is the inference that it will bear? It will bear this, and only this,—that if God made the worlds by his Son, then his Son is something more than a Son, (for that holy thing called the Son of God did not exist when worlds were made,) he is God,—the mighty God. Also, he was relatively, not merely officially, but the covenantly constituted Redeemer from everlasting. So the apostle, if men would

but listen unto their Maker's interpretation of his own word, explains the matter thus,—“And thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thy hands; thou remainest; thou art the same; thy years shall not fail.” So is this Person who is now a Son something more than a Son. “Thy throne, O God is for ever.” Now, my good Theophilus, which will you take the doctrine of degenerated Divinity? into Sonship, or the exaltation of manhood into Sonship; or so take the doctrine of complexity of Christ, and rejoice that he who is now the Son of God is God also; or it would not be true that God made the worlds by him; and thus this scripture (Heb. i. 2,) which the apostle intended, as he clearly explains farther on in this chapter, as an indication of the Godhead of Christ, is made use of by men to deny and put down that which the apostle in this same chapter asserts and sets up. Space forbids my trespassing farther this month, but think not that I have yet done with this subject.

Pray then, my good Theophilus, for grace to keep you close to the complexity of Christ, to the work of Christ, and to the new covenant in its eternity and certainty, and you will have fellowship with the Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ.

So believes, A LITTLE ONE.

“THEOPHILUS” HIMSELF.

MR. EDITOR,—May the Lord preserve us and all His dear people from presumptuous sins: for the riches of the full assurance of understanding is to *acknowledge the mystery* of God, and of the Father, and of Christ. To comprehend it is impossible; but we are to hold *the mystery* of faith in a pure conscience.

About the year 1762, there were many disputes about the eternity of the Sonship of Christ, as appears by a book which was published and sold by Dilly, in the Poultry; and Mr. Romaine, at that time, appears to have considered the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost as covenant offices; but, afterwards, as he advanced in years, he said he once thought he understood many things when he did not know his A B C! And I am sure, as a Greek scholar and a faithful servant, he never, towards the close of his life, supposed, much less believed, that the God of Truth would *assume characters* or names which were not true; for *hypocrisy* is a Greek word, and signifies *an assumed character*! Are not these sad disputes evidences of the Sardinian state of the Church? When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth? It will be as in the days of Noah.

THEOPHILUS.

DR. CARSON ON THE SONSHIP OF THE SAVIOUR.

“THE doctrine of the eternal Sonship has been much disputed by those, who, on both sides have the same views of the character of the Son of God. The common doctrine is, that Sonship with reference to Christ, expresses a relation in Deity, which consequently must be eternal. Some, however, who would view with the utmost horror anything that they should consider as tending to lower the character of our Lord, consider the phrase, *Son of God*, as applicable to Christ, only as he is God incarnate.

“When, in vindication of the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, I wrote my reply to Dr. Drummond, I faltered on this point; and from excessive caution, I appeared not unwilling to give up the common doctrine as to the Sonship of Christ. Though I do not intend in this place to assign my reasons at length, yet I think it my duty publicly to announce that I now accede to the common doctrine. I cannot find any sufficient ground to hesitate on this question. The insuperable difficulties that some find in the supposition of the eternity of a relation which, as applied to men, implies precedency in time, of the one with respect to the other, are of no weight with me. It may be so with men, but the relation may not imply this with respect to God. We cannot grapple with the idea of eternity at all. The phrase, “eternal decrees” is as great a mystery to me as the phrase “the eternal Son of God.” I can no more think of decrees or *counsels* without reference to time, than I can think of Sonship without the same reference. I can think of nothing as thought or done by God from eternity. It is alleged that the relation is never expressed in Scripture as being eternal. It is the *Son of God*, not the eternal Son of God. But this has no force. When Jesus is called God, we may know that he is eternal, without his being called the eternal God. If the term Son of God is used in its proper sense, there is no need of the epithet eternal to express the eternity of the relation.

“But there is one thing that, to my mind, brings irresistible conviction of the eternity of this relation, which I will state for the consideration of my fellow-Christians who have espoused the opposite doctrine on this point. The Holy Spirit is said to be the Spirit of the Father, and the Spirit of the Son. He has the same relation to each of these divine persons, as being the Spirit of each. Now this surely is an eternal relation, for the Holy Spirit did not become incarnate. But if the relation of the Holy Spirit to the Father and the Son is an eternal relation, why is not the relation of the Father to the Son, and of the Son to

the Father, an eternal relation? Can we understand how the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of the Father, or of the Son, more than we can understand how the Father is the Father of the Son, or the Son is the Son of the Father? It is certainly not in a figurative sense that the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of God. But how the Father and the Son can have a Spirit personally distinct from themselves, is as far beyond comprehension, as how the Father and Son can be Father and Son from eternity. Nothing can be more clear than that there is a characteristic distinction in the persons of the Godhead, and a mutual relation to each other. The relation of Father and Son is not more difficult to be understood, than the relation of the Spirit as the Spirit of Father and Son. This decides the question in my mind. I have every respect for some who have avowed their opposition to the doctrine which I here defend. But if I can lead them to view the matter in the light in which I now view it, I am convinced it will be for their comfort and advantage. One thing I will press on them, with an earnestness to which I set no bounds. Whatever may be their conviction with respect to the nature of the relation referred to, let them beware of speaking of the phrase Son of God as not implying Deity. When I faltered on this doctrine, I was as clear as I am now that the phrase in question implies Godhead. In the reply referred to, this I think I may say, I have proved with irrefragable evidence, even while I hesitated to avow the doctrine of eternal Sonship. I will venture to risk the whole defence of the Deity of Christ on the Scripture use of this single phrase. Those persons then, who decline employing this phrase in proof of the Deity of Christ, may boast of candour in argument, but it is candid ignorance.

"This relation in Godhead is revealed to us, not for the gratification of our curiosity, or for barren speculation, but because of its connexion with our relation to God in his Son. By our union with Christ, we become the sons of God. "Because we are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying "Abba, Father." The Spirit of the Father and of the Son dwells in us as united to God. Every part of the character of God, as he is revealed in his Son, has a relation to something in our salvation. Redemption, instead of being an afterthought to make the best of a defeat sustained from Satan, was the ETERNAL PURPOSE of Jehovah, to manifest his glorious character."

Mr. EDITOR.—A great controversy is now raging among good men, regarding "the Sonship of the Saviour." With a desire to pour a little oil on the troubled waters, I have copied an excellent article, written by

the late learned Dr. Carson, in his work entitled, "The Knowledge of Jesus the most Excellent of the Sciences," a work published in the year 1839,—but which is now out of print. Expecting that you will give a place in your columns to this piece, and praying that we may all be led by the Spirit to love one another, I am, your's truly,

Coleraine. T. W. MEDHURST.

Jan. 4th, 1861.

MR. CROWTHER DEFENDED,

[We were in Yorkshire some time since; and were there most painfully convinced again of the deadly, cruel, and deeply injurious spirit which is walking through our churches; and is withering the spirits of poor Zion to a fearful extent. Under the influence of the pain we then experienced, we promised to insert the following epistle; because we are fully persuaded Mr. Crowther is an honourable gentleman; a sincere Christian; and a valuable minister of the gospel. Falsely to stab his reputation; to misrepresent his meaning; and thus to limit his usefulness, is dangerous work—let who will be employed in it: we may differ from him in some things; but purely, simply, and solely upon the ground of brotherly love and charity, we must not be silent spectators of the dark designs of Satan to scatter and wound the sheep. We are determined not to be partial toward the brethren in this controversy. We shall abide by our own convictions—shall, by God's help, speak the truth as revealed in our own souls; and aim at the restoration of Christian unity and brotherly affection.—Ed.]

MR. EDITOR.—By inserting the following remarks you will oblige a friend.

A controversy which is more than a thousand years old, has been brought upon the platform again, with its fierce and sturdy combatants, concerning the "Eternal generation of the Son of God." In former ages the antagonists fought until they wounded and wearied one another and then fell on sleep, and the controversy with them has also slumbered in many places; but only to awake again, and arouse new combatants to fight the same battle over again, and then fall asleep as their predecessors have done before them.

It is right and proper that we should "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." But when they contend angrily and bitterly, as popes and tyrants one against another (especially with brethren) to wound, defame, and as it were to slaughter one another, we know that such wisdom is from beneath and not from above. It is the finest sport the devil has upon earth, to see brethren fight and wound one another to the quick. It is one of his wiles, to divide, and then destroy; and if he cannot destroy eternal life in the saints of God, he will sometimes destroy their present comforts and peace one with another. Brethren, this is not of the Spirit of God. It is among the works of darkness "For he that hateth his brother, is in darkness, and walk-

eth in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes." But he that loveth his brother abideth in light, and there is no occasion of stumbling in him.

Controversy, if carried on in brotherly love, and among one another, for edification and with a view to the helping one another's faith, is profitable; but when only striving for the mastery, or to have dominion over one another's faith, in an arbitrary way, it is popish and contemptible. We are instructed to call no man master over our faith and conscience, for one is our Master even Christ, and it is to our own Master we stand or fall. He has promised to hold us up, and I had rather look to him for his helping hand, than to any one of the great master parsons of the day who would sit as little minion popes in their different circles, saying (in effect) Look on Me, hear My words, and obey My authority; if not, your name will be erased from the wrapper of my periodical, and then you know the consequence.

Now, because our worthy friend and beloved brother C——r cannot believe, and dare not preach the creeds of men, Mr. P——t, rather than debating the matter with his friend in a Christian spirit, comes upon the platform with his Herculean club in hand to knock him down at one blow, or flourishing his pen dipped in gall, to influence a certain circle with the same; who for fear of consequences keep their eyes on him, without daring to search the word of God, and think for themselves.

Could we believe Mr. C——r to be an Arian or Socinian, as Mr. P——t apparently would insinuate, we should be amongst the first to oppose those errors, and to contend with him earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints: but it is certain that he holds no such erroneous notions. He ably and faithfully preaches what he firmly believes; viz. The eternal unity of the incomprehensible essence or nature of Jehovah, without presuming to explain or describe the mode of his divine eternal existence, which neither angels or men will ever comprehend, either in this world or in that which is to come; for in this respect God will be "past finding out" to all eternity; and all those who have attempted to do it, have only "darkened counsel by words without knowledge," confounded themselves, and left others in confusion. What Mr. C. contends for is simply this,—that he cannot believe in, and dare not preach, a derived or begotten God. Who can, and who dare? Whoever does so, they must receive it from the precepts and creeds of men, and not from the scriptures of truth, the only unspilled fountain of wisdom, truth, and knowledge.

We do believe that the incomprehensible

THREE ARE ONE in the Divine eternal essence; from everlasting to everlasting God; One Lord, without attempting to explain the mode of his eternal subsistence; yet in the opening and developing of the everlasting covenant of grace to ruined man, each Person is spoken of as GOD; essentially GOD; and in the human nature of CHRIST, born of the Virgin, became visible to man in One Lord JESUS CHRIST, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Beyond the covenant we dare not venture; behind it we would not intrude—and those who do, trespass upon forbidden ground, and perpetrate an act of daring speculation, and awful presumption. Deut. xxix. 29.

It is both unfair and cruel of Mr. P. to charge Mr. C. with holding and preaching notions which his soul loathes and abhors; and wilfully to wrest and twist his words into that which everybody well knows he never intended; to represent him as an Arian, or a heretic amongst the little circle of tiny-minded men, who seem to be looking more to Mr. P. than to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Spirit, and the word of God.

Nevertheless, there are some amongst Mr. P.'s own fraternity, who greatly respect him, (we amongst them) who cannot, and will not be hoodwinked, to become servile panderers to him in all that he says as law, like the Papists, who believe and receive the canon laws of their Pope, without searching the scriptures for themselves. But some others, who may be under great fears of his frowns and disapprobation, appear to have given up themselves to, and received their faith from him, saying,—“My views are in unison with Mr. P. as expressed in the *Gospel Standard* of this month, (June, 1860); but I was quite ignorant of the doctrine until it was opened up in his able review of Mr. C.'s sermon, and his article on the letter by J. A. Jones.” Here you perceive that Mr. P. is an oracle to some minds, who, when conversing upon the disputed point, are kindly asked to take up the Bible and read certain portions, angrily push that sacred book aside, and declare “It is no use, I believe as Mr. P. believes.” We believe as Mr. P. believes upon most points, but really cannot either believe or receive all that he has written in his contradictory reviews on the subject of eternal generation. Hear now the pompous expressions of one of his little-minded men against Mr. C., who confesses that he was ignorant of the subject until he had read Mr. P.'s review; by the strength of which he instantly became such a champion, that he says, “I challenge Mr. C., and all the fraternity in single combat.” “I have had three hours engagement with him; I have stormed the citadel, with its stronghold, Mr. C., and now I think all the rest of the little fry I may leave.” There is a champion for

you! But that is not all: it is a sorry thing that Mr. F. could not leave Mr. C. without a cowardly blow, affirming that Mr. C. had said to him that "the Holy Ghost begat the Divine nature, or Godhead of the Lord Jesus Christ in the womb of the Virgin, and that she actually was the mother of God"—a statement Mr. F. well knows to be utterly false, for Mr. C. believes no such absurd popish dogma. The statement was a silly inference drawn by Mr. F. himself in conversation, and then he has the meanness to attempt to father it upon Mr. C., who he well knows indignantly and instantly repudiated it.

O what a lamentable thing it is that those who would be great men, and leaders of the people, cause them to err by making strife and divisions among the churches and people of God, when there is no real cause for it, unless it be in the pride, envy, and jealousy of the great men, who make the divisions, and then cry out "Oh what a sad state the churches are in." "Only by pride cometh contention."

Our solemn advice to both ministers and churches is to look less to great men and more to the Lord and his holy word, for wisdom, instruction, and comfort. "Trust ye not in a friend; put no confidence in a guide; therefore I will look unto the Lord, I will wait for the God of my salvation."

Aug. 6th 1860.

J. VERITY.

INFIDELITY UNMASKED!

We have just received a small pamphlet entitled, "*Can Jeremiah be Refuted? A Reply to Religious and Irreligious Infidels.*" A Sermon by William Parks, B.A., Incumbent of St. Barnabas's, Openshaw, Manchester. David Kelly, 53, Market-street. An infidel has been lecturing in Manchester professing to prove that Jeremiah's description of the human heart is not correct. Mr. Parks has taken up the question, and has issued a small tract. As usual, he shows erroneous men no quarter: in language as clear and as confident as truth can be, he declares his mind. Here are a few words:—

"I, for one, believe in my inmost soul that *Protestant* infidelity, *religious* infidelity, *pious* infidelity, is rank among us! Ay, infidelity not in open, honest, and undisguised garb, as it appears in the advertisement, but under the solemn mask of missionary zeal and revival effort.

"Perhaps some of you stare in amazement, and are ready to ask, How can infidelity be where religion is?

"I answer, your amazement arises from not having clear notions of the meaning of the terms 'infidelity' and 'religion.' *Infidelity*, I should define, a denial in whole or

in part of the Revealed Word. *Religion*, I should define, a profession to worship the God of Revelation and of belief in His Word.

"Though the language here is so pointed and explicit as to leave no doubt whatever of the Holy Spirit's instructions to him, yet Hebrew scholars inform us that it falls short of expressing the original.

"I have read that *Gesenius*, the most distinguished Hebrew lexicographer of this or any other age, translates the word rendered in our version, "desperately wicked," SO MALIGNANT AS TO BE INCURABLE. The testimony of this scholar and critic is the more valuable on account of his rationalistic and neologian views. He is no Calvinist, or Methodist, or Catholic; but merely one of sound learning, who 'looks up through nature unto nature's God.' Such, however, is his translation. The passage, then, will stand, 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and so malignant as to be utterly incurable by human art.'

"Another learned commentator, David Davidson, gives this paraphrase, viz., 'the heart is deceitful, supplanting, tortuous, full of windings, insidious, ever on the watch to gratify the propensities to sin, and to deviate from the law of its Creator. It is even past hope. God alone can restore it to uprightness.' Our own ninth Article propounds the same view, which you can consult at your leisure.

"O what a humiliating description of the human heart! How fearfully fallen is human nature! We often talk of the deceitfulness of riches—of the deceitfulness of beauty—of the deceitfulness of popular applause,—but none of these would be deceitful if the heart were not.

"Is there any other testimony of man's wretched and guilty condition? Yes, Paul's,—

"The carnal mind is enmity against God."

"Can any words more forcibly or awfully depict man's condition? '*Enmity against God!*' What more could be said of *Satan*?"

"Poor, miserable, wretched man! Thou art worse even than *Satan*, for thou art a prey to filthy lust and covetousness, as well as accursed pride! *He is*

"Intellect without God."

You are a grovelling beast as well!

"Brethren believers, you have nothing to object against the Spirit's testimony as to the depravity of your hearts. You have been led to see that you are

"As black as hell within."

that in your 'flesh dwelleth no good thing;' and that were it not for the gratuitous favour of God in providing a physician whose skill even the human heart cannot baffle,

you must have been delivered to destruction. But the Lord has found a cure, and sent forth His *fiat* concerning you—'deliver them from going down to the pit! *I have found a ransom!*' Job xxxiii. 24.

'Listen to the voice of one who, though dead, yet speaketh:—

"And he said, I do well to be angry, even unto death."—Jonah iv. 7.

"True picture of the human heart
Are Jonah's words, at least in part;
And were the whole exposed to view,
'Twould frighten me and frighten you.

Lord! what is man, when deeply tried?
What? why a mass of cursed pride!
A filthy den of beasts unclean—
The heart presents a dismal scene!

When all my purposes are cross'd,
And God won't suffer me to boast;
When all my prospects blasted are,
I'm ready then to curse and swear!

Lord! make me patient, meek, and mild,
And docile as a weaned child,
To fall before thy gracious throne,
And feel, and say, 'THY WILL BE DONE!'"

HENRY FOWLER,
Minister of the Gospel
Gower-street, London, 1824.

"I know that this sounds shocking to the ears of some, but if the Scriptures are to be relied upon, and the experience of some of us be not altogether a delusion, assuredly it is a most correct likeness."

These extracts more powerfully declare the deepness and correctness of Mr. Parks's experience than any work of his we have ever before read. He knows, indeed, the Christian's heavy trial.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW YEAR;

OR WHERE ARE WE? WHAT ARE OUR
PROSPECTS?

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE old year was a gloomy season as regards wind, weather, and out-door working; and although the truth has been maintained—there was but little progress, taking the churches of our denomination as a whole. The new year comes in most severely; poverty, sickness, and deaths have been increasingly rife. From our own church in Unicorn Yard, we have buried many; four of our eldest members in the month of January have been laid in their graves within a few days of each other. The brethren George Curtis, a man of sterling principles and of rigid gospel practice, after eight months suffering, left our land of distress for brighter spheres. Oh! he longed to be gone! His dying words were these, "'Tis all of sovereign grace I know." He was a hearty friend and member of William Fel-

ton's—of the late John Stenson's—and of ourselves too; but he is gone. Just over seventy years he laboured here, then entered into rest. At his funeral, we had a solemn season. The Lord gave us great peace and liberty; such as is seldom known at funerals. Good old patriarch Wright, (nearly 93 years of age); friend Detenon—and the old sister Rayment—with many more, are gone: others

"Are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die."

There are no bright spots around us as a denomination, with here and there an exception. Some of the last built chapels, belonging to us as a body, are in great tribulation—yea, they are in danger of being lost. We are still convinced that vital and practical *unity* in our section of the church is fearfully lacking; consequently, Satan frequently makes sad inroads upon Zion's walls; and seems, for a time, to tear many of her witnesses, and so to wound them that they go sorrowing for years. We could in reviewing the different phases of our part of Zion, make observations upon many things really painful; but, the every day delivery of letters on the great subject now so prominently before the churches, brings us to a stand in this department of our labour; deepening the conviction that nothing short of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our churches, upon our ministers, upon our writers, upon our people altogether, can remove the cold, the cutting, the censorious, the controversial, the poverty-stricken state of mind into which we have so lamentably fallen. The minds of many gracious people have been brought out in this controversy; and the publication of many of the letters would (we believe) be exceedingly useful. To insert them in THE EARTHEN VESSEL would be impossible; but in a separate form, with critical corrections and comments, they would form a memorial worth the attention of many.

We rejoice to know that a revelation of CHRIST in the hearts of his own favoured elect is a shield against all speculations and erroneous constructions of the word; and this, we hope, will be our work to shew in due time. Our present labours among the sick and dying, the poor and the needy, prevent further remarks now. C. W. B.

GRACE AND GOOD WORKS.

WE think the following note is sweetly and certainly expressive of the great fact, that pure grace is as certain to produce good works as the rising of the sun is sure to throw light upon our otherwise dark world.

But *what* kind of works can be justly called *good*? Read the following note, and there see zeal for the Gospel, *faith* in the

Saviour, mighty prayer for the conversion of others, and a savoury acquaintance with, and union to, the Lord's people! Ah! testimonies of this kind are sweeter, holier, and ten thousand times more useful to the living family of God; yea, and to the world too, than all those fierce and fleshly controversies that so deeply afflict the Church of God. Oh, brethren, for heaven's sake, do cease your bickerings. Each one of you think you are more clever than your brother. But the children of light can clearly see you are pushing your head into a confused fog, and are fearfully deceived. Let us return to a spiritual and heavenly atmosphere, where the south wind softly blows, and gentle breezes from the eternal hills shall refresh our weary spirits.

The writer of the following note lives in a dark Roman Catholic and Arminian district. She loves Christ—she admires the truth—she longs to see the Gospel kingdom grow. See how her soul is set on fire. She says:—

Beloved Brother Banks.—Once more, after a long silence, I take my pen to address a few lines to you. I have not forgotten you, but feel it in my heart to weep with you in your trials, and rejoice with you in your joys; and at the mercy-seat I feel it a privilege to pray for you, that our God will uphold, and strengthen, and support you in your work of faith and labour of love in the churches.

I would to God there were some like-minded unto you at B—. The Lord, in answer to my poor prayers has given us a nice large room to meet in; but I must have given it up, but for the zeal and perseverance of our dear brother Matthews, of Hadleigh, who has come, or sent supplies, once a month. I must believe the hand of the Lord is in this. Oh! dear brother, do pray earnestly for us, for the prospect is very gloomy. When we have preaching there is but few come to hear. May the Lord fire the souls of his dear servants at I— with Divine love, and send them here to preach the ever blessed gospel. Oh! that my God would hearken unto my cry, and send a Nehemiah into this place to build the broken walls of Jerusalem; but whether he see fit to grant my request or not, this I know, it is good for me to draw nigh unto him, and by his gracious help, I will cry unto him for this great blessing day and night, and give him no rest. Yea, and I do believe with the poet; it shan't be said that praying breath was ever spent in vain.

Dear old M— is still in the body; he is well in body; he is well in health; only weighed down with weakness and old age. My soul feels it good to visit him. He is waiting till his Lord shall call him. Going to see him the other day, I wished him a happy new year; he said with a smile, "Ah! if my dear Father should call me home, I shall indeed have a happy year."

Dear Sir,—Have patience with me a little longer. It is of my dear partner I wish to speak. Many, and deep, and cutting are the exercises of my soul on his account. There is a something in him that makes me hope, and sometimes believe, that the dear Lord has never meant him to be lost. But oh! the enemy is in him sometimes.

When the accident occurred, I wrote the following in a little book, in which I sometimes try to record a few of the many mercies I receive at the hands of my covenant God.

"Jan. 5th, 1861.—This day my dear Lord has blessedly interposed for me; and spared the life of my dear husband: he fell from his cart on his head, and cut it, and hurt his neck very much; it seems almost a miracle he was not killed upon the spot.

Oh! my God, I thank thee; it was thy hand alone that saved him. Thou dost watch over him; and hast many times delivered him from the jaws of death. Ah, Lord God, may sinful dust and ashes plead with thee? Is it because thou art determined to save, thou dost watch over his path, when Satan's blind slave he is sporting with death? Oh! I beseech thee, in the name of my precious Saviour, cut him not off in his sins; but spare his life until thou hast revealed thyself unto him! Oh Lord, from whom cometh every good gift, give me more grace, faith, love, wisdom, and patience; for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory. Amen."

THE PROPOSITION OF MR. JAMES WELLS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Conscious that the churches owe much to your labours in conducting the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, I felt, as some more have felt, that without being to any one any material expense, a *hundred pounds*, or guineas, may, by the united kindness of the readers of the *Vessel*, be got up and presented as an encouragement to you. I hoped it would, ere this, have been taken up, but perhaps I was wrong in not signing my name. I had but two reasons for not signing my name. One was that I did not wish to be thought the proposer of such a present to you, as I could, as I thought, work better anonymously, as I should not in that case appear to stand before any of the brethren who may help in so good a work; and the next reason is that as so many are prejudiced against me (for what precise reasons I must leave such to judge), my name would hinder more than help; but, upon consideration, I think it is best to say that I am in just the same mind as last month, when I signed myself *Nobody*, and my proper name is

JAMES WELLS.

Jan. 23, 1861.

[We feel bound to state that this proposition has come from our brother, JAMES WELLS, without the least thought, hint, or suggestion on our part. We sincerely thank him for his kindness. Some suggestions have been forwarded. One before us now is to this effect:—"That public meetings be holden in different parts where pastors and people are favourable, and that the Editor there give a full history of the rise and present position of the *VESSEL*; and that all contributions be placed in the hands of Mr. James Wells, until the period can be fixed for the accomplishment of the proposition." We only announce the suggestion. A preliminary meeting will be holden in Unicorn Yard Chapel, on Tuesday, Feb. 12, to which all friends are invited. Tea at 5.—Ep]

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

MR. JOHN CORBITT'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You wish me to give you a little account of my journey to and from America. And for the information of your readers and the glory of my God, I must endeavour to shew you a little, first, how I was deceived in my passage. Before we went on board we anticipated a very pleasant journey, and bought two new large print Bibles, myself and wife intending to read them through on our voyage. I expected I should be sure to command some control over my fellow-passengers, for I was told that the captain and mate were favourable to religion; and I was promised a very respectable apartment in the ship; and told it was under Government inspection, and carried only a limited number of passengers. With these impressions we sailed from Liverpool, on the 9th of May, in good order, and expected to go so all our journey. But when we arived in Queenstown, Cork, in Ireland, lo and behold, the Government inspector did not appear, and our respectable apartments were crammed with the lowest of Irish emigrants, without respect of person or place; and their limited number appeared to be all they could possibly get in, and we could obtain no redress. So we found the necessity of employing secret prayer, and patience instead of preaching and reading the scripture, as we had anticipated. On Sunday the people seemed the worse, for they spent the whole day in rioting, singing songs, fiddling, piping, and dancing, until we became so sickened, we wished for a back door to run away from this scene of horror. In the morning I heard a dumb dog read a sermon in the cabin from the words, "Cast thy bread on the waters," &c. I knew him by his works, for the next day I saw him playing at quoits, and heard him say he did not care a — for anything so long as he had a good drop of ale or brandy. So much for his reverence. In the evening I preached to a few in the sailor's mess room, and as we returned the people seemed all mad, with very few exceptions.

Oh! what a scene of horror was this to our souls; we were truly vexed with the filthy conversation of these wretches; and all the redress we could get was to fill our ears with wool, creep into our hammock, cover our faces over, and lay our heads in each other's bosom, and breathe out our secret prayer to God. So numerous, ignorant, and riotous were the people, that we thought the authorities were afraid to control them for fear of a mutiny. I am sure that the chief mate was a man of God, for on the Monday evening he met us in the engine-house to hold a prayer meeting; he gave out a hymn and pitched the tune; several came to help sing, and we were encouraged to hope for an hour's comfort, but the mate was called away on duty, and I left to conclude the meeting. He had no sooner gone, however, when, before I could read the next two lines, my singers and musicians struck up the rudest and wildest Irish romance or song, and kept it up so loud and long, that I saw it was no use. When they had finished they turned coolly upon me and said, "why did you not go on with your prayer meeting, we do not wish to hinder you." Necessity taught me patience and prudence, and I replied, "I wish you a pleasant journey, and much prosperity in your enterprise. Good night." Thus my preaching and praying was rejected by man. But we found access to God in private, and some comfort in the remembrance of who it was which made us to differ. This produced a humble and grateful feeling.

We were now on the Atlantic ocean, facing a strong head wind, and passing some cross seas, so that the ship seemed sometimes as if she was going up to the clouds, then as if to dive to the bottom. In this state we crept to our hammock again, and creep-

ing in each other's bosom we prayed ourselves off to sleep, and never slept more comfortable on land. We never felt the least fear, had but little sea-sickness, and should have enjoyed our voyage had we had Christian company.

On the 21st of May, after eleven days and a-half on the waters, we arrived safe at that noble and naturally fortified city, Quebec; and a noble scene it is; a pity to pass it over thus, but prudence and space forbid me enlarging. I had caught a cold, and had a very sore throat. We took the train as soon as arrangements could be made: it was waiting for us, and about 7 o'clock we started, and arrived at Richmond about midnight. At Montreal we arrived in the morning, before which we passed through that wonder of the world, called Victoria Tubular Bridge, two miles in length across the river Lawrence. We left Montreal about 10 o'clock in the morning, passing through part of Lower Canada. This is the most miserable country I ever saw; the land, the cattle, the buildings, the people, the woods, present nothing but poverty for some 100 miles or more. We arrived at Coburg at 8 o'clock in the evening. The face of the country was changed much for the better about 20 miles before we reached this place. Here we were detained three nights and two days before we could get a vessel to take us across the Lake Ontario. Our Queen's birth-day lengthened our stay here; so loyal are they that no business is carried on that day; even the chemists refused to sell me some medicine, and I was very ill, my throat getting worse, and no remedy could we obtain. Coburg is a pretty town, fast growing into importance; it has a large railway station on the south-west, and a good harbour on the north-east—with good buildings and wide streets. We went on board a vessel about 1 o'clock in the morning, to cross the Lake Ontario for Rochester, about 80 miles across. We arrived at Rochester about 9 o'clock in the morning, just in time to be too late, and had to wait 9 hours for the next train, and I being so ill was compelled to go to bed all day. We were about 30 miles from the Niagara falls, but being so ill I did not go, though I had a desire. I was, however, just able to take the train in the evening of the 25th. We arrived at our children's, at Phelps, that evening, quite exhausted, so much so that we both believed that another night's travel would have finished me off. However, providence provided for me a skilful doctor, who, by God's blessing, made a good cure, after three weeks confinement to the house, during which time I was greatly blessed with the presence of the Lord, so that I had no will, nor fear; to be here I found would be Christ, and to die would be gain. The words, "Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield and exceeding great reward," and "Fear not, worm Jacob, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," were constantly echoing in my ears, with these words, "This affliction is not unto death, but for the glory of God," and "I shall not die but live, and declare the works of God." I was constantly visited by some professors, and invited to preach in all the churches in the villages. Several of the gentlemen came with their carriages to drive me out for the benefit of the air, when I soon began to mend. Certainly I never met with so much sympathy and philanthropy as in this country from strangers. But I felt no union to any of the people, save the old school Presbyterians with whom I could go heart and hand in everything, but baptism, and this point we did not dispute, though I plainly told them my sentiments.

I was four Sundays before I was able to preach: on the 5th, being June 24th, I preached to a well assorted audience, in the old school Presbyterian Church, with much liberty and acceptance. In the afternoon, we had all our children, fifteen in num-

ber, round us reading the Bible and praying together. This was an affecting scene, and I felt disappointed that I was not able to preach more in their hearing, as I knew I should soon leave them. But I knew the Lord's way was the best way, and these lines settled me on that point,

" 'Tis the Lord enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all Divine—
That bath an undisputed right,
To govern me and mine."

Previous to this we had visited Newark, where my daughter and family reside. We were well received by the farmers round them, and were almost daily invited out to tea; I made it my constant practice to talk all I could about Jesus, and concluded with reading the Bible and prayer, and I always had good audience, and they expressed themselves well pleased, and wished that I could stop and live with them. Newark is one of the prettiest towns I saw. In one of the streets is a row of cherry trees growing between the carriage road and footpath, and they were full of ripe fruit when we passed them, so that any one might help themselves to a handful as they pleased.

On the evening of June 27th, the minister and elders of the old school Presbyterians met us at our daughter's to hold a special prayer meeting, and they all expressed their regret that I could not stop longer to preach amongst them. But my engagement was before me, and I determined to be home in time, if possible.

JOHN CORBITT.

No. 5, St. Catherine's Plain, Norwich.
November 29th, 1860.

(To be continued.)

"NEW YEAR'S MEETING."

WHITTLESEA.—This being the seventh anniversary of our much esteemed minister's labours amongst us, he wished to recognise the dealings of our God with himself, and with us a church, during the past seven years; and to raise another Ebenezer to him, in whose service our souls have often been made to delight. In the afternoon we were favoured to listen to the soul-stirring truths of the gospel of God from the lips of that valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, Mr. J. Bloomfield. It was his first visit amongst us, and truly the hearts of the worshippers in our beloved Zion, were made glad, while he spoke warmly and truthfully to us from that sweet portion of God's word, Zech. ii. 11. At five o'clock, the members of the church (upwards of 80 in number) partook of tea; after which, the evening meeting commenced with singing, and prayer was earnestly presented to God by Mr. Bloomfield; when Mr. Foreman, in the name of the church and congregation, presented Mr. Ashby with another New Year's token of their love, and regard of his ministry, and untiring labours in our midst; which was suitably acknowledged by Mr. A.; when he gave a statement of some of the Lord's dealings towards him from his call by grace in the year 1831, to the present time. Mr. W. H. Ibberson then gave a short address by way of friendly congratulation, when Mr. Bloomfield spoke to us very instructively upon the "gospel ministry" followed by Mr. Foreman of March, who spoke to us a church by way of admonition and encouragement. Thus our God has preserved and blessed us to enter upon a "new year," hoping to have the evidence of his divine favours resting upon the word of his grace in our midst until "the end of the year." A LEARNER.

DEAR BROTHER.—I write to remind you that we hope to see you on New Year's day. Allow me to say, as I have served a kind of apprenticeship of seven years, (though still a very poor workman,) and as I have no wish to leave my good Master's service, nor to break my connexion with the members of his family, seeing our union really seems to be made stronger by time, and as many have been born into the family since I have been in my Mas-

ters service, and their child-like manners seem to him over my heart to love them, for their own, as well as for his sake. And then the forbearance that my master has shown, really surprises me, when I look at the inferior character of my work. And what surprises me more is, that my master should even commend my work, (not generally it may be) but he does sometimes do so to the family. So you see, my brother, I wish at the end of the seven years, to make public acknowledgement of the favours I have received from so good a master; and shew my willingness to serve in his family; still I have been thinking, if two or three of my elder, or more advanced brethren who are employed in the service of the same excellent master would come and take a friendly meal with the family, they might say a few words that would both please and strengthen the bond of love, and not be unacceptable to the Master; might it not be done thus? as our brother, John Bloomfield, (of the Metropolitan district,) stands so high in the master's favour, he would tell us, in the afternoon, all he may be at liberty to tell about his PERSON, WISDOM and RICHES, as then, we expect many others besides those of the family, and I hope it may move many of them with a desire to become inmates of his large household. And then when we have our friendly meal perhaps our elder brother David may say a few living words to the family assembled.

In the evening, when I hope many will be there, besides those of the household, I thought I might say a little about my master's kindness to me, when he found me as a poor abject homeless wanderer, and spoke kindly to me, and took hold of me with a friendly hand, and gave me shelter from the storm that seemed ready to overtake me, which must have ruined me for ever. Then I might tell a little about how I became a servitor in the family, and about the instruction my master gave me, until he made me a kind of under-steward in the family. And you must know when my master took me into the household, he did so with an understanding that I was to be his servant, not the servant of his children. Perhaps you may think it is a little pride of mine to make this distinction: well, be it so; if I am willing to serve in the family, but I never call any of them master. Well, after I have made known a little of my loving master's conduct to myself and that part of his family I am now with, I thought brother John B. would tell us something about the work a servant is expected to do, and then my worthy brother Edmund might say a few loving things to the family, and tell them how they are expected to honour their fathers, to love one another and to regard the rules of house. And then our elder brother David might speak to those who constantly surround the gates, and attend upon public service but do not come into the house to partake of the family meal, although the master has given his servants such orders to invite all that love his name, and wish to share his bounties. So that thus, if the good master so will, it may induce some to come in and test his love. However, I wish the first evening of the new year to be dedicated to his service, hoping many of the household of faith will be there. One thing pleases me much, my master has promised to be present, and I hope he will preside, so that all will be nicely in order, and I hope good will be done. I remain, your fellow servant in the employ of the best of masters.

DAVID.

To Edmund, Under Steward of the testimonies of Zion.

Whittlesea, Dec. 21st, 1860.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.—Sunday evening, December 30th, 1860, our Pastor, Mr. Pells, preached from 49th Isaiah and last part of 21st verse, "These, where had they been?" after which, he immersed five believers in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, to whom alone be all the praise.

OUR POOR BAPTIST CHURCHES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

DEAR SIR,—Among the articles contained in your January number, there is one which prompts me to make a few remarks, as it certainly seems to call for some expression of feeling, and ought to awaken in the breast of every Christian who reads it, the deepest regret. I refer to your report of an abortive attempt to establish a fund for the relief of poor Baptist churches. You state that the publication of that report was the result of a promise given for its insertion, and that otherwise you would have buried in oblivion such humiliating evidence of the lack of Christian philanthropy in our denomination. But would it have been right so to do? Surely, under any circumstances, it ought to have been given, if haply it might shame the Churches out of their monstrous apathy; but it seems to me, that you would have been justified in speaking out in words of strong and burning remonstrance, at such indifference as it seem to indicate; is it not written "open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy?" My acquaintance with the facts of the case being confined to the report, I may be mistaken in supposing the objects contemplated by those who originated the Society to include the relief of those who labour in the word and doctrine; but be that as it may, if the Lord Jesus identifies himself, as he certainly does, with the least of his brethren, to whom kindness has been done, or from whom it has been criminally withheld, how can he look without abhorrence on the neglect of those who suffer their brethren to pine and faint under the weight of burdens which they have not strength to bear alone; or, who fail to sustain the men who are called to labour in the Lord's vineyard, and whose care for the souls entrusted to their ministrations, involves many anxieties, and often much sorrowful experience? Has not the Lord ordained that those who preach the gospel should live of the gospel? And surely it is no great thing, if those who sow to the churches spiritual things, should reap carnal things. No doubt cases of need often occur, such as would call for relief from an established fund, especially where the people are too few and too poor to raise entire support for their minister; and in some instances he might (and for aught I know, does) labour partially for his own subsistence: and happy for him if he can do so without suffering in the respect and dignity of his official position, or sustaining spiritual loss by worldly entanglements. And if, after all, necessities arise, which call for the sympathy and friendly help of fellow Christians, surely it ought unhesitatingly to be rendered; are they not all members of one body, and in what condition must the body be, if when one member suffers, the others have no sensibility to pain, no promptings to relief? How beautiful is that representation of the church at Jerusalem, where it is said, "neither was there any among them that lacked!" But how was it? But because "great grace was upon them all." And when at a subsequent period, these same saints were tried by a reverse of circumstances, with what eagerness and pleasure does the apostle speak (2 Cor. viii.) of the grace of God in its operation on the churches of Macedonia. "How that, in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy, and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." So that, to their power, and even beyond their power, they spontaneously contributed to the necessities of their brethren; cheerful givers they were, and "God loveth a cheerful giver." I have sometimes thought to this effect: suppose we were to take five hundred mechanics, and the like number of professing Christians, and ascertain the amount of pecuniary sacrifice made in the course of a year by the former, with that made by the latter we should probably arrive at some painful, humiliating, instructive inferences. The one spends freely, cheerfully, on the gratification of present desires—and no wonder—because present enjoyments bound his expectations.

The other too often spends needlessly for self, and while professing to be dead to the world, is at best but partially so; and while confessing to expectations of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading, the result of a sacrifice of infinite value, can hardly afford the sacrifice of a trifle to indicate the sense of obligations which are unspeakable; and, in some instances, gives grudgingly, and with a parsimony which one might be tempted to call execrable. But, sir, what astounded me in reading the report, was, that after the formation of the above-named fund had been announced, it should have received no countenance from the Baptist ministers of London, and that hardly any could afford a sermon, or allow the use of their Chapels to further an object so deserving their support and sympathy. Surely both Peter and Paul would have rebuked their indifference; the one by exhorting, "see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently;" and the other by enjoining them to look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others, while that Boanerges, John, would have thundered in their ears, "whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother in need, but shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Pray, Sir, do not let this matter be consigned to oblivion, let the originators of the attempt make another effort, and if it be an earnest, persevering, and prayerful one, it may lead to a more satisfactory result, and if so, this will not have been written in vain, and it shall have the addition of a mite from

A CONSTANT READER.

London Road, S., Jan. 7, 1860.

[We have written, and spoken too, "words of strong and burning remonstrance," but the floods of apathy, and the showers of indifference, have been so perpetually poured upon our zeal, that its flame has become almost extinct. We add but one word. Our heart is too full of grief over these things to be allowed to give vent, or many words would flow; but, we must express our long and deep conviction, that, if this state of isolated indifference, selfishness, pride, and cruelty, is permitted to spread among us, as it has done the last few years, many more of our churches will be lost in the swamps of free-will and creature-worship! Oh! ye God-fearing, truth-loving men, when will you arise, and shake off the dust? Ed.]

CARLTON, BEDS.—On the last Sunday in the old year, Mr. E. J. Silverton baptized 12, all of whom we trust were the children of God, in the river Harrod; there was 50 years from the eldest to the youngest, these were grandmother and granddaughter. It took place in the afternoon; we had present about 800 or 900 people; it all passed off very well, and we feel that God was pleased and honoured. Last year we had added to the church, 57; and the year before 50. The gospel preached at Carlton has had a most mighty effect upon the villages round. Some sermons have been made very powerful to sinners. We are a poor people—but it is better to have poverty and God, than riches and no God.

HOMERTON ROW CHAPEL.—A New Year's Meeting was held in the above chapel on Tuesday evening, January 8th. The choir was taken at 6.30., by the minister, the Rev. W. Palmer, who delivered an admirable address on the new year, in which he spoke of the great and undeserved mercies of God, and exhorted believers to trust in him, seeing he had done such great things for them in the past. The following ministers then addressed the meeting: the Rev. J. Bloomfield, upon the character of Enoch; Rev. J. E. Cracknell, Noah; Rev. J. Foreman, Abraham; Rev. J. Hazelton, Melchizedec. The speakers entered fully upon the acts and characteristics of these Old Testament saints, shewing how instructive, and in most respects, worthy of imitation they were by all the true

people of God. The chapel was well filled; and the meeting was altogether a most solemn and edifying one. The addresses were taken in short-hand, and will be published in "New London Pulpit."

GLEMSFORD.—Ever since you were here, my deacon, brother William Ford, has been inquiring if I have written to you a statement of our financial position, hoping you will try to get us a little help. I know we need help, if you can squeeze out five pounds, or even a sovereign, I shall be heartily glad. Here is a rough statement of our affairs. God has done wonders for us, but the present state of things press very heavily upon our poor population. Your's, dear brother,
JONATHAN MOSE.

January 16th, 1861.

Total cost of Chapel, and School Room erected since, with Trust Deed and Investment for Particular Baptists, holding Strict Communion ... £450 0 0
Reduced in eighteen months by the Congregation, and local effort to ... £195 0 0
£70 of which is due to our builder, and which we are pledged to meet in the spring of 1861.

[We heartily wish it was in our power to help these hearty Suffolk Gospelers. We hope somebody will that have the means.—Ed.]

SAXMUNDHAM.—A tea and public meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel in the above place on Thursday, Dec. 27th, 1860. A truly Christ-exalting sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. Collins, of Grandsburgh; after which about 140 partook of tea. In the evening, a public meeting was held, when Mr. Collins took the chair, filling it in his usual enlivening and interesting manner. Speeches were delivered by the following ministers: Kerridge, of Carlton Road, Norfolk; Brand, of Aldringham; Butcher, of Leiston; Jones and Barnes, Saxmundham; and Baker, of Tunstall. The subject was "Divine Providence." The large audience seemed much interested by the different addresses, and by the striking remarks of the chairman between them. In the closing speech by brother Arthur Baker, (the Indian Soldier,) were some most remarkable instances of the preserving care of providence over himself during that part of his life spent in the army. Our little cause has much improved during the past year; the Divine blessing attending the energetic labours of our beloved pastor, Mr. Frith. Some are saying—give us place that we may dwell with you; still our cry is, "O Lord, revive thy work, and let it appear in our midst."
J. C.

DARTFORD.—January 7th, the Friends held their Annual Meeting. Mr. J. Foreman preached in the afternoon—"The Lord enabled Him to bring forth some Precious things." A sacred unction rested on the Word; a sacred sweetness was felt in the souls of many who heard. The Friends and myself desire to express our united thanks. May the Shepherd of Israel sustain and sweetly refresh his own soul through his declining days! A public meeting was held in the evening. Brother Neville (of Sutton-at-Hone), Brother Moore, (late of America), and Brother Topley (of Woolwich) spoke on the goodness of the Lord. I wish to express our united thanks to the neighbouring churches (especially my old friends at Carmel Chapel, Woolwich), for the kindred spirit showed on that occasion. May the bonds of love be strengthened, and the blessedness of the brotherhood be more extensively engaged.
J. PLAYER.

NOTTING HILL.—JOHNSON STREET CHAPEL.—A service commemorative of the opening of the above chapel, was held on Tuesday afternoon, the 15th inst., when James Wells delivered a delightful sermon upon the "Sealed Book." A large company sat down to tea. At 6.30 a public meeting was held, presided over by the minister of the chapel, our

brother, P. W. Williamson, when the following ministers spoke upon "The opening of the Seven Seals."—Messrs. J. Wells, J. Foreman, Bloomfield, Plack, C. W. Banks, and Pells. The subject was treated by each speaker in an able and impressive manner; the historical events supposed to be referred to in these seals were reviewed; and the spiritual bearing of the mystic horses and their riders, and the different events described in Revelation vi, were brought out with great solemnity. The cause at Notting Hill, under the pastorate of Mr. Williamson, is evidently in a prosperous condition. The attendance was remarkably good both in the afternoon and evening. The interesting and instructive speeches delivered on this occasion were taken down in short-hand; and will shortly be published in the New London Pulpit.

TRING.—EBENEZER CHAPEL, WEST END.—On Tuesday, January 8th, our Brother Pells, of Soho Chapel, London, again favoured us with a visit, and seemed full of life and spiritual vigour both in the afternoon and evening of the day when he preached to us the glorious gospel of the blessed God. We have had a little revival in our midst and several added to the church since our brother preached to us in October last. We are anxious to have our chapel free from debt and a stated ministry; for the most part our Brother Ricketts, of Langley, supplies our pulpit, and not without tokens of the Divine blessing.

MAYFORD, near WOKING, SURREY.—On Monday, January 21st, we held our annual New Year's Meeting, on which occasion our brother, Mr. Pells, of London, preached with great acceptance in the afternoon, after which we had a social tea, and in the evening a public meeting, Mr. Stevens, (Pastor,) in the chair; and then addresses were delivered by ministerial brethren, as follows:—Stim, Pells, Lambourn, Joy, and Turner; thus we spent a comfortable day, and our happy meetings were brought to a close soon after eight o'clock.

ANDOVER, HANTS.—I send you a brief sketch of our little cause at Andover. It appears that our dear brother in Christ, Mr. G. Dyer, being found, in the wonder-working providence of God, located at Andover, had his soul stirred up to preach the glorious gospel of Christ to his fellow men; opened his own house, and for nearly two years, preached the gospel to all who came. The result has been truly blessed; many of God's hidden ones have been brought out of nature's darkness and others have been led by the Spirit into those higher paths of experience, in which they have found Christ all and in all to the believer. The church, over which our brother now is pastor, numbers 34 members: they assemble in a large upper room, facing the town-hall; and, Mr. Editor, it would rejoice your heart to witness, as I have done, the love and union which reigneth in the hearts of pastor and people; they have in their midst the elements which alone can bind living souls together—the Priest, the Altar, and Holy Fire—without these three things, no pastor or people can stand together long. On Dec. 26th, they had a social tea meeting; about 80 met together, and, after tea, the deacon, Mr. Lines, presented the pastor with Dr. Gill's Commentary, in six volumes—observing that he believed their pastor got his supplies from a higher source than Dr. Gill, but it was an expression of the high esteem in which they held their pastor, for his integrity and honesty in the truth. The brethren then addressed the meeting upon the nature of Christ's kingdom;—which brought to a close one of the happiest days I have ever spent among the saints of God.
J. W. DYER.

1, Sutherland-square, Walworth.

BEXLEY HEATH.—**BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—A new year's thanksgiving meeting was held in this place on Wednesday, January 9th, when Mr. Cracknell, of Blackheath, preached a good discourse, after which the friends took tea in the chapel. A public meeting was commenced at six o'clock; the pastor, Brother Wallis, in the chair. Heart-stirring and soul-eloating speeches were delivered by Messrs. Auston, of Lessness heath; Cracknell, of Blackheath; Skelton, of Bexley heath; and Carman, of Crayford. It was announced that a private subscription had been raised to present to the pastor a new-year's gift. The dawn of brighter days has commenced. —*Gospel Times.*

IRELAND.—In a note from Mr. Medhurst, we find the following, which we quote as an example to all young men of persevering industry. He says:—"I am well; the work of the Lord is prospering in my hand. Our congregations are crowded. We are baptizing constantly. I am preaching the *old* gospel every day in the week throughout the country, besides writing for about 13 periodicals each month. The Lord is my helper, rock, joy, and defence." We hope it is the good old Gospel, and that thousands of our young men may be as strong to labour, as industrious, and as successful as this young man has been.

CHELSEA.—In Westbourne street, near the King's road, stands "Carmel"—once the happy scene of good John Stonson's deep and hard-studied ministrations. Since his departure for a holier sphere, the cause has been greatly favoured, the truth has been maintained, and it is now in a flourishing state. The annual meeting was held on Tuesday, January 15, when Mr. John Bloomfield preached Christ to the people; and in the evening, the grave Samuel Milner, the earnest Thomas Chivers, the excellent John Brunt, of Colnbrook, and the pastor, addressed a numerous meeting. All appeared exceedingly happy. —*Gospel Times.*

ROTHERHITHE.—Jan. 10th, 1860.—Dear Brother Banks.—Allow me a small space to inform my kind friends, who assisted me in paying nearly £250 off the debt incurred by the erection of our Chapel, that on account of the late painful division amongst us, I, and good brother Romang, with our friends, have decided to give in, and give up possession of the place, as we find the burden is too heavy for us to be. We are worn out with weeping and sorrowing for "the divisions of Reuben." We did hope, by our proposition at our anniversary public meeting, of reconciliation—that our breach might have been made up—but in vain. I am happy to say they have nothing against my moral character, so I trust there will be nothing against my future acceptance in the churches, and future usefulness. Family quarrels will arise, but the lament is, that "a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city." Yours in the valley of Achor,
I, Albert-terrace, J. BUTTERFIELD.
Anerley, Surrey.

GRAVESEND.—Sermons on behalf of the cause of truth in Zion Chapel, Peacock-street, Gravesend, were preached on Sunday, January 10th, by Charles Waters Banks. This pretty place of worship has been enlarged; a highly respectable body of people therein assembled; and if the Lord is pleased to send them a suitable and successful and suitable pastor (for which they are earnestly praying), there is no doubt but the interest in that place will prosper, and be more than ever useful. —*Gospel Times.*

DUNSTABLE.—A report of the special services and the public meeting holden on behalf of Mr. Halifax has reached us. That meeting was

instrumental in bringing some two or three of the Trustees to sign an agreement to pay their part; but, before long, the matter will be more plainly before the churches. Until then, we tarry. We are exceedingly unhappy in reviewing the letters and reports which reach us from all quarters, detailing events most dreadfully injurious to the well-being of our churches. Where shall we look for one to stand in the gap, and instrumentally arrest the raging of these evils? The want of forbearance, of humility, of Christian charity, and of holy Gospel love, in high quarters, is the main cause. "Satan among the saints" is a tale too true; but when the "Watchman" will publish it we cannot say. He finds, as we have found for years, there is but little support for works of truth.

BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.—**FREE-NEZER CHAPEL.**—The eighth anniversary of Mr. T. Chivers's ordination was held on Wednesday, December 28th. A sermon was preached by Mr. James Wells, in the afternoon, from "the Prince of Peace." At the conclusion of the service, a tea meeting was held; after which a public meeting, when the minister, Mr. Chivers, presided, and was supported by the following ministerial brethren: G. Wyard, J. Bloomfield, W. Caunt, C. W. Banks, Bowles, Butterfield, Flack, Meeres, Webb, and others. The chapel was crowded. Mr. Chivers delivered a most grateful opening address, and said the past year had been one of peace, one of happiness, and of prosperity. He rendered thanks unto God, from whom all blessings came. He trusted he who had hitherto kept him, would preserve him till his work was done below, then he anticipated receiving the reward, "a crown of righteousness," which the Lord hath prepared for all that love him. He felt the friends present would bear him witness, that he had not swerved from his principles—he had maintained the truths he professed in their vitality both in doctrine and in practice, and God forbid he should ever lower his standard. The subject for the evening was "Immanuel," on which the ministers spoke with considerable power.

CLOSING NOTICES.

A NOTE FROM MR. GEO. WYARD.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me to say a word to the Strict Communion Baptist Churches, in and around the metropolis. It is simply to direct attention to an announcement made on the covers relative to a meeting to be held at Zion Baptist Chapel, Florence Place, New Cross Road, Deptford. (See page wrapper.) The meeting is intended to be a kind of representative of Strict Baptist Churches, holding particular redemption by the life and death of CHRIST, practising Strict Communion, and believing that spiritual faith is the gift of God, and not the duty of any one to have, any more than it was the duty of Adam to be before God created him; it is hoped, therefore, that none others will assay to sit down with us on that solemn occasion. I have already the promise of between twenty and thirty pastors to be present at this spiritual festivity; the names of some appear on the wrapper. It is particularly wished that these good brethren will somewhat explain the character of the meeting to their several flocks, and press upon them that 10 or 12, or more of their members be present on the occasion, that so we may have a demonstration to the effect that strict communionists are not all dead, and that there is yet some life and blood in their veins; and a deep concern to keep up New Testament order. The meeting will, therefore, be a representative meeting; and might be repeated throughout all our churches of like faith and order. Supposing then there be 25 pas-

tors present; and each of their churches consisting of 150 members, we shall have present representatively between three and four thousand communicants on Strict Communion principles.

GEORGE WYARD,
Minister of the above place, with Christian salu-
lation.

Jan. 18th, 1861.

THE WIDOW OF THE LATE JACOB HUNT.

Dear Brother,—With gratitude I acknowledge the receipt of further sums on behalf of Mrs. Hunt. These tokens of God's care in the kindness of friends who have helped her in her time of need have deeply impressed the widow's heart; while the blessing of the Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless will not be withheld from her benefactors:—Acknowledged last month, 18s.; A Father, 5s.; A Widow, 1s.; A. W. Hearn, 10s.; John Carr, 10s.; W. Bather, Colchester, 10s.; Relieving Officer (W. of London), 2s. 6d.; Mr. John Payne, 5s.; Mr. Gibbin, 1s.; J. W., Putney, 6s.; Mr. Thurston, Croydon, £2; C. Elston, 10s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; A Widow, 2s.; M., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Pells, of Soho, and Friend, 6s.; G. Rayner, 5s.; Samuel Broome, 10s.; S. J. and E. Walker, 2s.; and J. A., 2s. 6d. The Widow has received—Mr. Driver, 2s. 4d.; Mrs. Leach, 4s. 2d.; and R. A., Haggerstone, 5s. 3 Friends by C. W. B. 22s. 6d. Halstead, Jan. 21, 1861.

SAMUEL KEVAN.

MEMORIAL.

MRS. MARY HOW, a sincere disciple and follower of Christ, for more than 64 years, died at Hastings, the 19th of December 1860; in the 84th year of her age. She had been afflicted about nine months, during which time she said the Lord was purifying her soul; and she would not have been without on any account. This she told her daughter, who was with her. She had one assault a day or two previous to her death from the enemy, to whom she said, "depart from me Satan; I am dying in the Lord." From that time she was perfectly peaceful, and resigned to God's will, longing for the Lord to take her, saying, "Come, Lord, and take me." Her daughter was praying over her, and entreating the dear Lord to take her to himself, in which she joined by moving her hands up and down—until the nurse said, "She is gone," when her daughter returned thanks to the Almighty for so kind an answer to her petitions, believing her dear mother was gone to join the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven.

Mrs. How had been formerly a follower of Mr. Huntington; but for many years since a member of the Baptist cause, East Hill, Hastings, under the ministry of D. Fenner.

OUR REVIEW OF "ZION'S WITNESS."

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you permit me to say a few words to Mr. Smith, who, in his critical review of "Zion's Witness," has written much to prove that God chastises his children for their sins?

Now I suppose Mr. S. will admit that such is the condition of every man as he stands in Adam—his corrupt head, that he can do nothing but sin; and that continually: and such being the case, there cannot be a moment's cessation of his being chastised. But possibly Mr. S. means that God only chastises for those sins which are of an aggravated nature. If so, then who can draw the line of demarcation and tell us where chastisement is to commence? My dear sir, is it not a great and consoling truth that Christ bore ALL our sins in his own body on the tree, and for ever put them away by the sacrifice of himself? Aye! even including those for which Mr. S. maintains we are chastised. When I sin I feel no chastisement but that which arises from the very sin I commit; which generates in my spirit a sense of shame, regret, self-loathing,

self-abhorrence, and a grieving the Spirit of Christ within me; and which if any man possess not, he is none of his. Thus if a child of God is chastised continually—not for, but from, the existence and power of this mystery of iniquity, which will continue to work in his flesh as long as he remains in the body.

And now, Mr. Editor, let me ask you candidly, do you not believe that all the self-condemnation, regret, self-loathing, &c., did not pretty nearly chastise Peter, for his aggravated sin, in cursing, swearing, and wilfully lying? No doubt they did—but how did the blessed and compassionate Lord himself treat his child? Not a single stripe nor unkind look. On the contrary, one of the most powerful looks of love we can imagine, sweetly melting his heart and receiving him graciously—illustrating a most comforting word of truth, namely, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father;" not if any man sin he shall be visited with stripes; no! blessed be his name, the stripes were visited on him by which we are healed: and let Mr. S. think as he may, this is the legitimate exposition of the scripture alluded to, which every unprejudiced and godly mind must acknowledge. I shall conclude my few remarks with the favourite lines of Toplady, that well instructed scribe in Christ.

"Payment God cannot twice demand;
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

Doubtless Mr. Smith has sung them many times most heartily. Yours to serve in the cause of truth.

EBENEZER.

"A Warning to Ministers and Churches: being a Statement of Facts relative to the Sale of Garner Chapel, Clapham." London: published by James Paul, Chapter House Court. Price 2d.

The large amount of letters and statements which have been published with this painful affair, has given rise to considerable anxiety in the minds of many of the Lord's people. This pamphlet proposes to set the whole matter before the church and the world in a concise and consecutive form. Letters from Mr. John Foreman, Mr. James Wells, Mr. Odling, Mr. H. Hall, and others are here given. In the sale of Garner Chapel, a great mistake has been made, beyond all question: a careful perusal of this small pamphlet may show more clearly than we can do whence this mistake has arisen. We hope neither the cause of truth, nor Mr. Hall, will suffer from it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WRITERS, whose letters are neither noticed nor inserted, would not be angry if they could see the heap. Among them are the following—"Spurgeon's Portraits of Christ," (not read.) J. Hooper, Barnstable, with letters. John Jefferies. William Garrard. Albert Brown. James Wells. A long epistle by E. Samuel (author of the "Triumphs of Christ on the Cross,") on the Sonship. "A Lover of Good Men," Walworth. G. Murrell, St. Neot's. John Barrett. The "Eternal Generation of Jesus," by Isaac Ambrose, kindly sent by W. Wilson, Rislely.—John Plummer, of Janner's Lane, Kettering, is willing to supply any destitute churches.—We deeply feel for Mr. Mules; his beloved partner is gone to her rest. Mr. Mules has been laid low in deep affliction. His residence is 13, Union Place, New Kent Road.—Our brother Hall's letter to us, if inserted, would only bring forth replies again. In all quarters we find strong sympathy for Mr. Hall and the church, who were compelled to leave Garner; but these painful events are now so common, we are sick to the heart at reading and hearing of them; if truth is not falling in the streets, we are mistaken.—Joseph Greenslade, Devonport, rejoices in Zion's prosperity there.—Wm. Frith, Saxmundham. "Dr. Campbell's Article on Progress." (We have seen it.)

The Rod and the Rock.

"Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel."

You know the sad plight the Israelites were in when God spake these words to his servant Moses. They had not long been brought out of Egypt, and but recently, by the arm of the Lord, passed in glorious triumph through the Red Sea. But as it is with us so also it was with them. As soon as one difficulty was surmounted, another stood in the way; as soon as one danger was passed, another presented itself; as soon as one enemy was vanquished, another appeared; and as soon as one trial was over, another came on. And in these ways we learn what is the greatness, both of the wisdom and power, of our gracious and faithful God.

Now is the time of Israel's trouble; now is the time of Israel's trial. In the great wilderness of Zin the people are faint, and perishing for want of water; and as in time they had done before, so again now they strive with Moses, and tempt God. But Moses, being great in faith, betakes himself to prayer; and again the prayer of faith with God prevailed. As one of our poets (named Irons) has said, in reference to one of the miracles wrought by God—

"No way was found 'till Moses prayed;
The prayer of faith could seas divide."

Just so; that's it exactly. So then no water was found until Moses prayed; but no sooner had the prayer of faith, like a flame of fire, ascended to heaven, than God opened the everlasting doors, and came down himself to give the answer. The Lord called to Moses, told him what to do, and where to go, giving him this promise to lean upon, and cheer him onward in the way set before him:—"Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb."

Let us now come to the first branch of our subject, namely, to declare what the Lord the Spirit may enable us concerning the rod with which Moses smote the rock in Horeb. In doing this we must go back a little; but not too far. Very well, then, we'll begin here. Moses has just put down his shepherd's crook, and with his feet bare, and his face hid, stands on holy ground, wrapt in trembling awe, before the mountain of God, even Horeb. He has seen the glory of "I am that I am" in the bush; and from him, in the most solemn manner, received his commission and credentials. This was a great work, a momentous charge, at which he trembled, confessing his insufficiency. At

length he is made willing to go at God's command, and do, and suffer, in his righteous cause. But ere he departs the Lord gives him some signs of his power, assuring him that he would go with him, and by him effect the deliverance of his chosen people, who were oppressed and persecuted in Egypt. "And the Lord said unto Moses, What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod. And he said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it. And the Lord said unto Moses, Put forth thine hand, and take it by the tail. And he put forth his hand and caught it, and it became a rod in his hand: that they may believe that the Lord God of their fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath appeared unto them." It is true that even after this Moses hesitated, and made excuses, (even he was not an eloquent speaker), at which God became angry, and sharply rebuked him; nevertheless, he appointed Aaron his brother to go with him, saying, "And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people: and he shall be, even he shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God." Moreover, the Lord added, "And thou shalt take this rod in thine hand, wherewith thou shalt do signs." This was enough. Moses anon arranges his affairs in Midian, bids his friends farewell, and travels on, in faith and hope, to the land of Egypt, to demand of the tyrant king, in the name of the Lord God, that he give up his slaves, and let the oppressed go free. This he at first refused to do, but after fearful works, in signs and wonders, in lightnings, and thunders, in plagues, and blood, and death, he bid them depart; and out they came, never again to return. But now this is what we want to make prominent—that all that Moses did he did with his rod. We are aware that God did some of his signs and wonders without him (for he could do with him or without him as seemed good in his sight), yet generally God worked by Moses, and Moses worked by the rod, which, God having made into a serpent, and back again into a rod, is emphatically called the rod of God.

We must now move onward, and run a little faster, towards the glorious deeds recorded in our text. Look, men and brethren, there stand Moses and Aaron, in the presence of Pharaoh and others. Moses, at God's

command, gives the rod to Aaron, who casts it on the ground, and in the twinkling of an eye it becomes a serpent. How wonderful, say some men; but did not the Egyptians do this, too? Certainly, they did something like it; and, for aught we know, they might have been permitted, on the principle of the lying spirit, to do the miracle itself, that the power of God might be more fully shewn forth. Yet know this, sirs, the rod of Aaron swallowed up all their rods. Aaron's serpent ate up all their serpents; and this was significant enough, if they had rightly interpreted it; for it was the sign that God would swallow up all the power of Egypt, set his people free, and destroy their oppressors.

It is now necessary to get beyond the sign, and lay hold of the thing signified by the rod, for, after all, the rod was no more than the outward and visible sign. The outward and visible sign of what? Of what? Of the power and authority of God as proclaimed by Moses. Furthermore, the rod was the outward and visible sign of that inward and spiritual grace of faith which God had planted, and caused to grow up, in the soul of Moses; and from henceforth we shall thus consider it. Lord help! When Aaron cast the rod upon the ground, Moses, by the prayer of faith, brought God down in his power, and he changed it into a serpent; and so all the way along, in all the signs, and wonders, and plagues, that afflicted and affrighted the Egyptians, from the turning their waters into blood, to the death of their first-born, Aaron held up the rod the sign; Moses by faith in the thing signified prevailed with God, and God in all things, with his bare arm, and naked bow, triumphed gloriously.

Now, then, the iron yoke of bondage is struck off, the oppressors conquered, and the ransomed of the Lord, led by Moses, are on their way to the land of their fathers, having been oppressed and persecuted for more than four hundred years. But, look! what is that those men are bearing along with so much care? Let us draw a little nearer. O I see what it is. It is a coffin, and contains the bones of Joseph. How kind and faithful to the mighty dead. Thus was fulfilled the dying command of Joseph—that he might be embalmed, and when his children left Egypt, as God had promised, carry him up with them, and bury him in Canaan, that his bones and dust might lie and mingle with the bones and dust of his fathers. What an act of faith in the promise of God; as we read, "By faith, Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones." We go on: Israel are pursuing their appointed way, they draw near the Red Sea. Pharaoh's heart is again

or retake his liberated captives. Therefore, with his horses, and his chariots, and his strongest and bravest men, the flower and pride of his land, he again dares to attempt what the Lord God of Israel had said, Thou shalt not do, and, in the attempt, himself and his armies are dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel that is hurled against a wall; and this, too, with a rod in the hand of a man, even the man Moses. You know what we mean, and, therefore, we stay not to explain. In the valley of conflict the Lord again proves himself to be terrible in battle. The people see their danger, but see no way of escape. Before them the troubled sea forbids their advance; the rocks and hills on their right and left they cannot get up; behind them are the hosts of Pharaoh dashing on to kill and destroy. In the midst of all this Moses falls down upon his knees, and cries to God to fight for them and deliver them. And 'tis done—'tis enough—Moses conquers. By faith he has moved the heart, the hand of God. He's heard, he's answered. He rises up from his knees, and shouts at the top of his voice—"Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of God, which he will show to you to-day; for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." In a few minutes order is restored, and the vast multitudes of men, women, and children, are quieted, and calmly wait their expected salvation. The armies of their oppressor are at hand; they come nearer. Their swords are drawn; their battle-axes are lifted up; their bows are adjusted. But hark! a voice from the excellent glory speaks to Moses, and Moses speaks to the people. The order to advance is given. Moses takes the lead, with his rod in his hand. He's at the sea; his feet even touch the water; he stretches out his rod over it, and the waters flow hither and thither, forming walls on either side, and leaving its bed a dry way for the ransomed of the Lord to pass over. The Egyptians pursue; they, too, are between the walls formed by the congregated waters. The Lord troubles them. He blows off their chariot wheels. They are terrified, exclaiming, "Let us flee from the face of Israel; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians." But, alas, for them it's too late. The fearful chasm is closing. Israel are all safe on the other side of the sea. The rod by Moses is again stretched out, and in a moment the walls fall down with a terrific roar. The cries, and shrieks, and groans of the fallen, for a short time rend the air, and affright even its prince with his legions. Another doleful groan, and the stillness of death follows—they sink like lead in the devouring waters, and sink to rise no more, until the sea, and

earth, and death and hell, shall give up their dead. Again, the air is rent; but this time it's with a song of thanksgiving and praise, ascending to God from the hearts of a saved and joyful people.

Let me now, passing by all the rest, take you to the wilderness of Zin; the people are feeble and faint for lack of water. Moses in answer to the prayer of faith, has received his orders from God: and now with the chosen elders takes his departure for Horeb. At length they arrive at the place, and stand before the appointed rock. With some difficulty Moses climbs up its rugged sides, even to its top. There he stands with the rod in his hand, which is lifted up toward heaven. The elders below, with anxious gaze and prayerful hearts, wait the result. There is now an interval of breathless silence. Moses is not alone on the rock; no! the promise is made good; for God is with him; and all the elders are aware of it. Moses smites the rock with his rod, and streams of water flow out of its riven sides. Amazing deed! triumphant faith! glorious power! all of which were of God. Moses and the elders, having drunk and refreshed themselves, make haste back to Zin, where they find the people, men women, and children, all on the stir with their vessels and pitchers, dipping up the water. Some were dipping it up with their hands; and others down upon their hands and knees drinking in the pure, refreshing streams. Thus you see, at God's command, the waters congeal into rocky walls, and rocks dissolve into streams of water; and in these wonderful ways he saved, and supplied, his chosen and beloved people. We shall only mention one miracle more, and then draw to a close as far as concerns the rod. The people have drunk, and are strengthened, and immediately orders are issued to prepare for war. How much this is like ourselves. God gives us to drink of his love, and then says unto us—Rise up! the enemy is at hand; go do, suffer, and fight for me. In Israel's case, Amalek was the enemy approaching. Young Joshua is appointed by Moses to choose his men, and lead them to the conflict. In a short time the armies are set in order, and advance towards each other. Moses again wields his never-failing weapon, the weapon called ALL-PRAYER. Taking with him Aaron and Hur, he ascends a hill near at hand, to plead with God. What an example for us! The contending armies commence the struggle; it is a hand-to-hand fight; and the battle is decided by the sign. Moses is on the hill with the rod in his hand, which is up toward heaven, and the Israelites prevail against their foes: The Amalekites halt; they fall back; they retreat; they flee before Israel! After awhile the arms of Moses get weary; and as they

come down with the rod, the Amalekites recover themselves; they turn round, and again face their pursuers. The arms of Moses are getting lower; they come down; they drop at his side. The Amalekites, with a cheer, again charge; and after some daring feats of valour on both sides, the Israelites are defeated, and driven back in confusion. Something must be now done, or Amalek will soon clear the field, and about the victory. The rod must be lifted up; for the sign, and the grace signified, move up and down together: consequently Aaron and Hur take a stone, and place it under Moses, on which he sits. This done, they raise his arms, they lift them higher, and as they ascend with the rod, Joshua and his men are fired with fresh courage—they stay up his hands, and the men of Israel rush towards their foes. High waves the rod: higher God has raised the faith in Moses. The Israelites dash on—they cheer—they charge—producing terrible havoc, and fearful disaster. Things are all right on the hill. Another cheer—another charge, and anon, the Amalekites flee in every direction, and victory is declared on Israel's side.

Just one remark more, and with it we'll finish this branch of our text. There was but one rod, and there is but one faith. What Moses did on earth, he did by his rod; what he did in heaven, he did by his faith; yet the excellency of the power was not of the rod—was not of faith, but of God; for he did all that was done. The rod without Moses could do nothing; Moses without faith could do nothing; and faith without God could do nothing. Well then, it comes to this, the man that has faith can move God; and with Him all things are possible. Oh! what wonders faith has effected; nay! what wonders God has effected in answer to the prayer of faith. And be it remembered that faith in all ages has been the same. In our fathers, the patriarchs, the prophets the apostles—in all who have died in it; and in us if we have received it. It comes from God, lives upon God, and is great or little as God operates upon it. Faith, precious faith, why it overcomes the world, conquers sin, vanquishes Satan, and looking to Jesus, receives all its strength and comfort from him. Are we in bondage, we cry to him, and he knocks off our chains; are we in danger, we cry to him, and he makes a way for our escape; are we in trouble we cry to him; and he comforts us; are we in temptation, we cry to him, and he makes the tempter flee from us; are we in want, we cry to him, and he supplies all our needs. Faith! it will make any sacrifice for Jesus, and do and suffer all things for his sake. Faith! yes faith;—it will live in dungeons, in prisons, in lions' dens, in furnaces of fire, in storms, in darkness, in

famine, in pestilence, in persecution, in war, in losses and crosses, disappointments and afflictions of every sort and kind. In short, faith is a principle that never fails; yea, moreover, instead of failing under oppression and pain, the more it's tried, though it be with fire, the stronger it becomes and the brighter it shines. By faith, says the believer, I know my sins are laid on Jesus, and expiated by his blood. By faith I know all my transgressions are forgiven; by faith I know I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by faith I commune with God; by faith I rejoice in Jesus with joy unspeakable and full of glory; by faith I receive the consolations of the blessed Spirit! Faith! the gift of God. Why, if it be no larger than a grain of mustard seed, it will remove mountains of sin and guilt; and when grown up to its full stature will overcome hell, and earth, and heaven. The shield of faith will quench all the fiery darts of the devil; the ear of faith will be deaf to all the calls and offers of the world; the eye of faith will be blind to all earth's pomps and vanities; the feet of faith will not run with the sons of Belial in the broad road that leads to death and hell; the mouth of faith will not taste the cup of worldly pleasure; the heart of faith will not feel the delusion and fading joys of the ungodly. And now last, though not least, the hand of faith will wield, in the glorious war, no sword but the "sword of the Spirit."

We have said that faith will overcome heaven; and we now give one instance in proof. See you not, *holy brethren*, that woman: she is in trouble, and from Jesus seeks relief. She crieth after him: his disciples rebuke her, and request the Lord to send her away; but for all this she crieth still the more. Her's is an urgent pressing case. Again and again she crieth out, Have mercy upon me, O Lord,—have mercy upon me, O Lord, "But he answered her not a word." She, however, will not give him up—will not let him go. Faith never gives up; and the greater the need, the louder the cry. She urges her plea, "Lord help me. But he said unto her, it is not

meet to take the children's bread, and cast it to dogs." This would have been enough for some; they would have turned round on their heel and walked off in a rage. Not so this woman. No! the seeming denial only makes her more in earnest. If the loaf is denied her she will pick up the crumbs,—so under the table she creeps, saying, "Truth Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their Master's table." Somehow or other there is wonderful power in these words—they quite overcome the Saviour. This is taking the kingdom of heaven by violence. It is equal to the power and importunity of Jacob, when he laid hold of God, who wrestled with him in the form of a man, and cried out, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." The blessing he obtained, and so also did this woman. What did she obtain?—the crumbs? No! no! not the crumbs, but the entire loaf, and that too of the best kind, made from the finest of the wheat; the cup of everlasting love is thrown open before her, and all her desires fully satisfied. God grant that we may have kindred feelings to those of the woman of Canaan, when our blessed Lord said unto her, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." We here leave the rod, and pass on to the rock. Be careful, brethren, of your rod—your rod of faith. Never attempt anything without it; if you do you will surely fail. Carry it along with you in your journey from earth to heaven. It will answer all purposes. What feet, hands, ears, eyes, nose, mouth, heart—what all these are to the body, faith is to the soul, as says blessed Paul, "The just shall live by faith." Again he says, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Oh! that we had more of this precious faith; then should we more love, and better serve Him who is its author and finisher. "Lord increase our faith."

AN EVANGELIST.

CONVERSION TO GOD.

A TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE ESSENTIAL TO THE PRESENT TIMES OF EXCITEMENT IN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS.

(Continued from page 35.)

It is sweet and profitable for the Lord's dear people to remember special mercies and deliverances. Thus there were certain feasts appointed under the law of Moses, as the annual feasts of the passover and unleavened

bread; also the feast of tabernacles, "Ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all that are Israelites shall dwell in booths: that your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths,

when I brought them out of the land of Egypt. I am the Lord your God." We find that Jacob erected a pillar, "And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it." Joshua built a memorial, "And those twelve stones, which they took out of Jordan, did Joshua pitch in Gilgal. And he spake unto the children of Israel, saying, when your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, saying, what mean these stones? Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land." These monuments were set up to remind their descendants of what the Lord had done on behalf of their forefathers. Oh! how many memorials has the Holy Ghost reared in the hearts of God's elect! Often has that precious scripture, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me," been their experience through peculiar difficulties and peculiar deliverances; therefore most of the living family of the Lord Jesus are poor outwardly and literally. "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord."

"Poor and afflicted," yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King;
'Through sufferings perfect,' now he reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

KELLY.

They are often in debt and sensitive as to the honourable discharge of all they owe. Oh! what groans, sighs, heart-aches, and griefs has the contraction of debt caused many of God's people. Samuel, in speaking of David, truly describes them, "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them." And yet the dear Captain of our salvation is pleased to command and take charge of such a company, and bring them by grace through all their afflictions and trials. I am a living witness that he is a hearer and answerer of prayer. Let me mention three circumstances, although their number is legion. Sometimes our judgments are warped, and I think the Lord permits the devil so to present things to the mind, and to carry his point too, that by yielding, as Joshua did to the Gibeonites, "And the men took of their victuals, and asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord." We thus bring trouble upon ourselves, and are made to cry unto the Lord, and to feel that there is none who can deliver but him. It was so again and again with the children of Israel, who were a true type of the Christian church; the Lord after delivering them, says by the Psalmist, "Let them not turn again to folly." Alas! alas! our corrupt nature is folly in the abstract.

Some years since I took a large house, at a heavy rent; laid my plans and schemes, but did not wait in reality on the Lord: to pray about a matter is one thing, but to be willing to be guided by him, and to say from the heart, "Not my will but thine be done," is quite another. The result was nothing but perplexity, difficulty and sorrow. If ever I groaned out a prayer to the Lord it was then: all was dark and gloomy in providence, my way was hedged up; I had an inexorable landlord, and no ray of light or hope from any quarter; the very opposite of what the Psalmist speaks of the worldling was my experience, "Their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart could wish." Psalm lxxiii. 7. None but God could deliver, and, bless his holy name, he did deliver, and in a marvellous way. He sent a man from Ireland, who took the house off my hands, and then I had a complete emancipation,—“Bless the Lord, O my soul.” I would exhort my brethren in Christ to observe and practise two things. 1st,—honestly ask counsel of God in every strait; and 2nd,—keep as free from debt as possible: Paul said “owe no man anything.” Did Christ or his apostles ever contract a debt? Try then, as much as lieth in you, to practise the gospel precept, and do not listen to the suggestions of your fleshly mind, nor Satan’s devices. Truly wisdom’s ways are “ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” However minute our affairs, whether as to temporal or as to spiritual trials, the Scripture declares that “In all their afflictions he was afflicted,” that Jesus Christ is a sympathetic High Priest. He has the same heart now he reigns in heaven, as when on earth he said to his disciples, “It is I, be not afraid.” As Hart sings,—

“That human heart he still retains
Though throned in highest bliss;
And feels each tempted member’s pains,
For our affliction’s his.”

That is a precious word of advice the apostle gives, “In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.”

I once had a difficult piece of machinery to correct, and after great labour, many, very many repeated trials, having exhausted my stock of patience and knowledge, I was inclined to give it up as incurable. The circumstances connected with the case were peculiarly trying. My last resort (such was my thoughtlessness and backwardness to acknowledge God in every thing and in every trial, instead of looking up first) was prayer, for skill and wisdom. “In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.” Prov. iii. 6. The promises of God are absolute, “he shall:” and so I found it; almost instantaneously I saw the

error and corrected it. I mention this circumstance to encourage the lambs in the fold to unburden all their cares and concerns, temporal and spiritual, to their precious Lord Jesus, for he says "Casting ALL your care upon him for he careth for you."

I will now mention a remarkable interposition of my covenant God. It is the duty and privilege of every man of God to have a family altar. I tremble for those who profess to be the followers of the Lamb, and some who can talk and pray publicly, but never assemble as a family to acknowledge God: "Pour out thy fury upon the heathen that know thee not, and upon the families that call not on thy name: for they have eaten up Jacob, and devoured him, and consumed him, and have made his habitation desolate." "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked but he blesseth the habitation of the just." But oh! what blessings in harmony, and protection, and a thousand other ways descend on those who fear and love the Lord, and who walk in the steps of Abraham, of whom God said, "I know him that he will command his children and his household after him."

The shop of a watchmaker is peculiarly tempting to thieves, and so I found it. I retired to rest, as usual, on a Saturday night, in the month of May, 1839, and all I was possessed of, or nearly so, was a goodly amount of property belonging to other persons, which was then in the shop. Between one and two o'clock, my wife, who was then near her confinement, awoke me with the unwelcome news that she was sure men were in the house; at first I could not satisfy myself that it was so, but after a little while, I heard them distinctly remove the bar of the shop door: my wife made me promise not to go down by myself. I gave the alarm; got a policeman, and found the robbers were disturbed in the very nick of time; not a single thing was missing, although another five minutes and I should, to all appearance, have been utterly ruined. Three men were seen crossing the street the time. The cause of my wife's hearing them was a simple one. The burglars not being able to see the key hole as soon as they came to the door, they hacked out a pane of glass unnecessarily, and then my wife sleeping tenderly, her suspicions were aroused, and we were preserved. Surely, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Praise be the Lord for his tender, watchful, loving care. I call upon all families who love Christ, to erect an altar unto the Lord.

My youngest daughter was born a few days after; we thought Rhoda (according to Acts xii. 14) a suitable name, as a memento of a great and gracious deliverance. Praise the Lord!

I shall now advert to my spiritual warfare. There are seven pieces of armour mentioned by Paul in the 6th chapter to the Ephesians, viz. *the girdle, breastplate, shoes, shield, helmet, sword, and all-prayer*. Seven is a perfect number; and thus the child of God is perfectly armed by the Lord for all his spiritual conflicts; but there are none for the back, as John Bunyan says; we are commanded to go straight forward. About this time I had a strange and singular experience. I perceived, after the trial, that it came direct from hell; but being young in the way, I was ignorant of Satan's devices and policy. We had the Lord's supper once a month, and being deacon of the church, my duty was to take the bread and wine to each member in a certain part of the chapel. Month after month in going to the ordinance, my mind was filled with the most horrid blasphemies; yea, all the artillery of hell seemed to be let loose upon me: one of my weapons was all-prayer; it had no effect, that is apparently. Paul had such a thorn in the flesh, "There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me." The answer was (not to remove, but), "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Well, the apostle says, "Above all take the shield of faith." Is it at our command? No! Christ is the author and finisher of faith, and all those who are taught by the Spirit, will agree with Peter when he said, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Now it turned out to me in this way; as I was singing at the Lord's table the last hymn, the last verse, the last line,

"And Christ shall be my song,"

came with power. Oh! there was such night, joy, peace, love, and liberty flowed into my enraptured soul—that, had I millions of souls, I felt every power, every faculty of each would be far too little to express the greatness of the dear Redeemer's love; as Dr. Watts sings,

"The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below"

I have been favoured at times with much sweet personal communion with the dear Lord Jesus; I have had glorious glimpses of his adorable person, blood, and righteousness; I have had melting seasons; yes! seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; most frequently in a sovereign way, that is when unlooked for and unexpected. Oh! the hills and dales in this neighbourhood, could they speak, would testify that often under the canopy of heaven has "He brought me to the banquetting house, and his banner over me was love."

Often would I have clapped my glad wings and have flown into his eternal bosom of everlasting blessedness; I could join with the Psalmist when he said, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest." But I must, like Peter, James, and John, come down from the mount, and again be put into the devil's sieve. I have just been speaking of the shield of faith; now I wanted the sword of the Spirit; thus every weapon offensive and defensive is necessary for the conflict. Our Lord Jesus used the sword, when the devil came to him in his three-fold temptation: he repelled each attack by "Thus it is written." Oh, that the Lord's people were diligent searchers of the word, so that in the hour of need, having their armour bright by use and exercise (Heb. v. 13, 14), they, in the strength of the Lord might quit themselves well in the battle.

One Sunday morning I had a fiery dart from the enemy of souls in this way: he suggested to me, "Thou hast committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost;" and he backed up his accusation by presenting to my mind my former state as a Unitarian. Being skilled in his infernal art, he tempted me to believe that there was no promise in the Bible for such, and that although the blood of Jesus Christ indeed cleanseth from all sin, yet that sin was not, and could not be blotted out even by the precious blood of Christ. Being entangled in this net, and having never before been exercised with such a sore temptation, I began to conclude that all was over as to my salvation; the Bible was to me as a sealed book; the heavens as brass; the sweet

golden promises for *others*, the blood was availing—but not for me. Thus was I shut up and could not come forth; darkness that was felt was on my soul; none, none! could help but Jehovah alone; and how could it be accomplished was a mystery I could not solve. But the dear Lord who said "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it:" and "in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted"—the Lord came once more to my relief in the sweet application of what Manoah's wife said to her husband, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt-offering and a meat-offering at our hands; neither would he have shewed us all these things." Then that which was designed by Satan to drive me into black despair, was made a special blessing, for it caused me to unite with the Psalmist, "O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory." Notwithstanding these varied exercises of darkness and light, faith and unbelief, bondage and liberty—as Paul saith, "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh"—as yet I did not understand, nor had I the experimental knowledge of, the sealing of the Spirit. This I hope to speak of in my next, if the Lord will.

Farewell to the present. From your loving brother in the best of bonds,

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

Barnstaple.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE DELIVERED IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BLANDFORD, DORSET, JANUARY 22ND, 1861.

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The Psalmist says, "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generations following." May the Lord, through his Spirit, open our eyes to behold the spiritual Zion—this Church of the living God! May he open our understandings to consider *her* bulwarks of eternal strength; *her* palaces of rich and unfailing comfort; and *her* towers erected for her Watchmen, and on which must be raised up "the standard for the people."

We must look to the foundation first. This Church of which we are to speak is said

to be "the pillar and ground of the truth:" TRUTH stands upon her and is supported by her; all truth worth defending is in her. If then, the Church be the very foundation of truth, how important must it be to know the real foundation upon which the Church herself doth rest. Peter makes that noble confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus says, "On this rock will I build my Church." Man's Church may be built on name, or profession, or opinion. Some party cry may be the rallying point; and natural men, from worldly motives, may gather themselves together, and organize "a church." It is

not Christ's Church at all. The foundation which God hath laid in Zion,—the one foundation, the tried and precious foundation,—is the one sacrifice of his own beloved Son, who was manifested in this world to take away our sins, and who laid the true foundation in his own death upon the cross. Whosoever can look to him and say, He bore my sins in his own body on the tree, is built on the real foundation; but the very value of that great atonement depends on the character of the sacrifice; therefore, must the soul resting in Jesus, be able to add, "Thou art the Christ, (or the Anointed One,) the Son of the living God." And we know further, that "flesh and blood" cannot reveal this to any of us, but "the Father which is in heaven." This thought carries us back then to a more ancient time than that of the manifestation of Christ in the world; for we ask why Christ came into the world? and the true answer is, because he loved the Church, and came to give himself for the Church. Yet if God's eternal love be the source of all our hope, it is most important to see that the gift of Jesus to die for us, is the great *means* of our redemption. The means which covenant love had provided, and therefore the true foundation which covenant love had laid, and that rock on which Christ declared he would build his Church.

The Church, then, is to the world what the jewel is to the casket. The world is to the Church what the scaffolding is to the building. The Church was set up from eternity in God's purpose. He made the world as the grand arena in which he would carry out his designs; the great platform on which, in the sight of a universe, he would exhibit his grace, wisdom, and power! If this be true, we are to expect this Church of the living God set forth from the very beginning of the history of this earth in the record of God's dealings with it. We look to the Scriptures of truth, and there we find an inspired account of this world's most early history: an account of God's creating it; of man placed in it; of man's fall from original purity; of his being driven out from the presence of his Creator; and of the promise made, in rich grace, of a Deliverer who should bruise the serpent's head. The history of God's dealings with his creatures is continued in this blessed book from age to age. We see light opened out, one degree after another, as the time passes on. We read the history of Israel, a chosen and peculiar people, a type and picture of the Church, we learn how the Lord chose that people in Abraham; delivered them by Moses; established them as a nation under David; and enlarged them in peace, and wealth, and dominion under Solomon. When we get thus a general outline of

truth, we go back and study particular portions, and we find the general outline filled up with the minute detail, in some of the figures, or types and pictures, with which the word of God abounds.

The Church is spoken of as a GARDEN. "a garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." This garden abounds in various plants. "Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits: camphire, with spikenard; spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices." There is provision made for the watering of each and every plant. This is the continued working of God's Holy Spirit in the Church and in the soul of each living member. "A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon." Then we have next the providence of God bringing varied experiences of sunshine and shade, light and darkness, trial and comfort, into the path and about the dwelling of each believer. "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

The spiritual truth in each part of this beautiful figure is very precious. The Church is enclosed from the world: the fence is the everlasting love and the almighty power of God. "I will be a wall of fire round about her," says the Lord, "and the glory in the midst." Each member of that Church is a plant known by the Lord individually, taken out of the wild wilderness outside—the world lying in the wicked one—and as a plant of the Lord's planting, introduced into the garden. In the Church, as a garden, is all the varied and all-sufficient provision for the wants, the training, the perfecting of each member as a plant.

The Church is spoken of as a TEMPLE. Solomon's temple is the picture. David desired to build a house to the name of his God. He was not permitted; but the Lord raised up Solomon his son, to build the Lord's house. The plan is received from God himself; it is given to David by the Spirit. David gives it to his son. In due time Solomon employs the workmen; they go to the quarries and hew the stone, and to Lebanon to cut down the cedars. The blocks of stone are hewn, squared, and polished. The pillars and beams of cedar are made ready. Every part of the necessary material is provided, even to "the tacks" on which the curtains are hung. All is prepared at a distance from the site on which the building is to stand. When all is ready, then all is brought together—not a block of stone—not a beam or pillar too many, and none too few. The building is complete, and then the glory of the Lord fills the house of the Lord. Jesus by his Spirit sends to the old quarry of

our human nature, thence he brings his own blocks—he carries out by his word, his Spirit, and his providence, what we may call the hewing and squaring, the chiselling and polishing; and he will complete at length all the materials of his Spiritual temple. Of that temple, true believers are the “lively” —or living—“Stones;” when all is ready, the great temple will be erected. This is to be done in the day of “the manifestation of the Sons of God.” And then the glory of the Lord will fill for eternity that great temple—“the house of God, which is the church of the living God.”

The Church is spoken of as a *bride*. “The bride, the Lamb’s wife.” She is such by gift, by purchase, and by consent. Given to him by the Father—“thine they were, and thou gavest them me.” His by purchase—“the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.” His by consent—not the consent of a natural will which man still possesses, and by the power of which he can come and give himself to Jesus. There is no such will to choose good left in our utterly fallen nature. There is, however, the consent of a new will when God’s people are “made willing in the day of his power.” The bride’s marriage-day is coming—it is also her coronation-day. She will then be received by King Jesus and presented unto the Father; sit down with the kingly bridegroom on his throne, and reign with him in glory for ever and ever.

The Church in her true state is elsewhere spoken of as a *House*. The Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch.” Jesus left his *house*, not houses—the church is *one*. Every man his work. Not a few amongst them, but each believer some work to do. We are all called upon to serve the Lord in some way. Watchfulness is needed.—Why? Because the master is coming! There is danger of sleeping. Shall he come suddenly and find us sleeping? Would we not rather be found busily occupied in the work he gives us to do?

[The above is a mere outline, sent us by a friend, of one of three lectures delivered by Dr. Bell, on three successive evenings, at Blandford, the subjects being *Christ—the Church, and the Christian*. Dr. Bell’s papers on Canticles will be continued and completed, (if the Lord will); but for the last few weeks he has been travelling from place to place on a preaching tour. He has been through Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, and also preached in Kent at Canterbury and Sturry. We understand he has preached every night, save Saturday, and generally thrice on the Lord’s day; and that the Lord has given him great acceptance, and the word has come with power. His place at Lynmouth was kindly taken by a dear brother, Mr. Zeigler, from Exeter, and he likewise has been much blessed. The chapels at Lynton and Lynmouth are always filled, and much of the Lord’s presence is experienced. We have been asked to direct attention to a sermon of Dr. Bell’s—“The Shepherd and his Sheep”—in last month’s *Gospel Magazine*.]

OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST!

WHAT HE WAS, WHAT HE IS, WHAT HE WILL BE—

“THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.”

In that most blessed chapter, the first of Paul’s Epistle to the Colossians, we have at least four special subjects of the choicest and of the holiest import and character that ever the mind of man can be led into:—the first is, the grace of God in delivering the elect of God from the power of darkness, and translating them into the kingdom of his dear Son, or as the margin saith, “THE SON OF HIS LOVE!” The second is, the PERSON OF CHRIST—“THE SON OF HIS LOVE!” Of whom the apostle plainly speaks, when of our lovely and lofty Immanuel, he says, “Who is the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature.” After these mighty words comes a sweet and sacred description of the great works achieved by this gracious and glorious person. Every sentence is full to the brim of heavenly knowledge, and of wisdom most delightfully edifying to all whose minds are prepared by the grace of the Spirit to receive the treasure hidden in the glorious field of truth. Thirdly, there is then the great

medium by which God will make known the riches of the glory of this mystery. That medium is declared by Paul in three words, “WHOM WE PREACH.” And lastly, the persevering power by which this preaching is rendered effectual, and the great ends to be answered by it, are given in the closing verses of the chapter, warning every man, teaching every man, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.” And who among us can subscribe to the finishing sentence, “wherunto I also labour, striving according to his working, who worketh in me mightily?”

I certainly have a secret and heart-melting desire to look into the glories and perfections of CHRIST’S PERSON AND WORK, first,—for my own soul’s sanctification and satisfaction; and secondly, for this great end, that I might PREACH HIM as revealed by the SPIRIT of God, and as written in the word of God for our comfort; and for the ingathering of them, whose names are in the book of life. If then I might dare to

speak of CHRIST in this threefold manner,—
 1. *WHAT HE WAS*: 2. *WHAT HE IS*: 3. *WHAT HE WILL BE*: I would only do so by using the words the Holy Ghost has furnished. I might say he was a prophet:—he is a priest:—he will be a king: but, I fear to speak in any way exclusively, except where the Scriptures give the power. I would here simply note, the apostle speaks of CHRIST as he was:—the GREAT TREASURY of all the stores of grace, of life, of wisdom and of saving power:—“it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.” CHRIST also was God’s GREAT WORKMAN: “for by him were all things created, that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by him and for him:”—how expressive of the existence of his person, of his godhead and of his eternal power! And then comes a kind of climax,—“And he is *before all things*, and *by him all things consist*.”

CHRIST is here represented in his eternity—“He is before all things,” “Who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.” CHRIST is also here represented as the creator of the universe; and the upholder of every creature; higher than all, he is declared to be the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature. “The first Person in the Godhead is called *invisible* to the Patriarchs; but the SON frequently appeared as a *preludium* to his incarnation.”

Contemplating this great subject, my mind was led to that capacious and encouraging scripture, Col. i. 27,—“To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is CHRIST in you the hope of glory.” Here I stood for some moments astonished at the fulness of the expression: at length it opened up in three distinct branches.
 1. Here is heaven’s great mystery, called

“the riches of the glory of this mystery,” which, from other different scriptures, led me to conclude that “the riches of the glory of this mystery” lies in four departments principally:—

1. In the persons in the Godhead.
2. In the purposes of the eternal councils.
3. In the promises of the everlasting covenant.
4. In the powers put forth by each and every person in the Godhead for the full salvation of the whole election of grace.

Meditation upon these Biblical themes is precious food to the souls of God’s people, when the good Spirit leads them into these secret chambers.

In the second place, you have the willingness, yea, more, you have THE WILL of heaven to unfold this mystery—to lay open its treasures by the gospel, through the Eternal Spirit. And, then, the experience of the same is declared, “which is CHRIST in you the Hope of Glory.” The unfolding of this mystery by the gospel has set thousands and thousands of mighty minds at work: some have tried to reach too high; some have fearfully erred, and taken the lead in departing from the truth; not a few have been led most safely into the acknowledgment and into the enjoyment of the mystery, and some of their testimonies may be given to the church for her comfort and establishment, when the hard and obstinate spirits of some men are torturing the tender spirits of many who believe in Jesus. I feel a heart to pray that I may be permitted to render unto Zion this little service, and that a single eye to my Master’s glory, and a pure desire to be useful to the saints, may regulate and influence their sometimes sorrowful servant,
 THE EDITOR.

I hope in April to give a few comments from a table of ancient divinity most richly spread.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

THE SONSHIP OF THE SAVIOUR.—No. VI.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS,—Having received from the Editor of the VESSEL a hint that this controversy is unprofitable to the readers of the VESSEL, and as the VESSEL ought to be under the entire control of its Editor, who for so many years has so successfully conducted the same, and has thus so well established the fact of his ability as Editor, I hold that those who write therein, after having had reasonable opportunity to speak, ought not either to be offended or complain if the Editor step in and change the subject. There are two things at which every writer ought to aim—the good of the souls of men,

and the prosperity of the VESSEL. Whenever, therefore, in the judgment of the Editor, impediments to these ends are unnecessarily thrown in, it is for the Editor to use his authority; and that the Editor of the VESSEL has been and is to the uttermost liberal to us all we cannot deny; and if he (as he often does) sometimes submit to us against his own feeling, we must also, as a matter of right, sometimes quietly submit to him. I had much more to say, my good Theophilus, to you upon the Sonship of the Saviour, and thought I should go quietly on and have my say out, but have no right to claim space in

the VESSEL for that which readers do not profit by, as there are plenty of other ways of sending forth the same truths; so this letter, I suppose, will close, at least in this form, my remarks upon the Sonship of the Saviour. I can say that the more I search the Scriptures, the further I am removed from the *heathen fable* of eternal generation. Was there ever under heaven such a piece of consummate delusion as is contained in a piece in Feb. VESSEL, by the late Dr. Carson, and sent to the VESSEL by Mr. Medhurst? Just look at it. It is this: that if the Holy Spirit be the Spirit of the Son, then that *relation* must be *eternal*. Was ever anything by any learned Doctor more preposterous than such reasoning. The Holy Spirit was *given* to the Son of God, and so there was when the Holy Spirit was not given, and yet the Doctor says that *relation* is *eternal*. If the Doctor had said the eternal three Divine Persons are essentially and eternally one, we could have understood him, but when he confounds essential existence with gospel relationship, we are deluded. The Holy Spirit could not be given to Christ as God, but only as the Son of God. "This is my beloved Son," said the Father at Jordan, and at which time the Holy Spirit, in visible form, rested upon God's beloved Son. But, says the doctor, was not the Holy Spirit's relation to the Father eternal? Well, good doctor, what do you mean? If you mean God the Father in his essential essence as God, we answer, without hesitation, that the eternal three are essentially and originally one, but if you mean the Father as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, then we answer that this relation of the Holy Spirit to the Father is eternal only in the same sense that the human nature of Christ is eternal—namely, in God's eternal purpose and counsel as the Lamb who was verily fore-ordained before the foundation of the world. Beware, my good Theophilus—though I may not speak to you again upon this subject—beware of this piece of heathenism, this eternal generation system. It is the spirit of error—it is a denial both of the proper Sonship and of the Godhead of Christ.

I cannot close this short letter without just a word upon the opening address of the *Gospel Standard* of this year 1861. *The question* (says that address, page 10), *now really is whether Jesus Christ be the Son of God or not*. So says the said address. I could hardly believe my own eyes. What, said I to myself, is the Editor of the *Standard* so utterly unacquainted with the sentiments of his opponents as to charge them with questioning whether Jesus Christ be the Son of God? or does he delight in deluding his followers by wholesale? or is his cause so bad that he is obliged, in order to gain the victory, to resort to a wicked and

wilful falsehood? or does he not mean all he says? or was that sentence an oversight? I must leave it, and see if he treat us a little more kindly as he goes on. Ah, no, worse and worse. O you poor deluded men who dare to read the VESSEL, or anything else besides the *Standard*, and think for yourselves, hear what the *Standard* saith:—"We," not editorial *we* merely, but the whole of the *believing* family—that is, I suppose, the whole family of eternal generation believers—"we have life, and blessedness, and fellowship; we can see the truth," &c., &c.; but you who dare to believe that God, not the Son of God, but God, was manifested in the flesh, and that that holy thing born at Bethlehem was the Son of God; that he who was baptized in Jordan was the Son of God; that he who was transfigured was the Son of God; and that the Centurion was right when he said, truly this was the Son of God, and that we have an high priest entered into the heavens—even Jesus, the Son of God—you who believe this, the *Standard* (dare you question such authority?) *assures* you that you are walking in darkness and error; that you know not that only begotten Son who is full of grace and truth; that you have no life; that you are blind, and of a bad and bitter spirit. Well, now, I think, my good Theophilus, it was time I left off writing, for you see the *Standard* sets us down as unconverted men; so, of course, as the *Standard* believing family have all the life, and light, and truth, and power, on their side, they are, of course, planting churches all over the land, raising up especially among the teeming populations of the north of England large churches, thousands being plucked as brands from the burning. It must be heaven, to hear one of their ministers preach; their success everywhere must be astounding! Would that I knew where it was, I would go and see; only, alas, the *Standard* assures us that we cannot see where *they are*. Well, there may be some truth in this, but they can see where we are. Well, then, as they have all the savour, and the life, and the light, we hope they will *pray* for us, unless they deem that we are too far gone. Well, now, as I have hinted, it is quite time for deadthings to leave off talking; and I hope we are not taking false comfort from the notion (ah, notion again) that the *Standard* people are throughout the land doing immense good, and when I see this I will believe every word they say about their superior light, and savour, and power, and fellowship; yet I will not *positively* promise to believe that all the VESSEL readers, and that all the *Herald* readers are dead in trespasses and in sins. I will say I have met with some good Christians among the *Standard* people, and I have met with some good Christians among those who do not subscribe to the *Standard*. This

may seem impossible, but it is a truth. But I forget I am blind and unable to judge. This, of course, is very galling, and so saith the above address of the *Standard*, that its remarks are to be *galling* to its opponents. Why, of course, they are. Is it not galling to be cut off from all hope and help? Why, of course, it is galling to be so put down that one dares hardly to sign oneself even

A LITTLE ONE.

Queries and Answers.

[AT all times we shall be glad, as far as the Lord enables us, to meet the wishes of our correspondents, in answering their enquiries. Let the questions be written distinctly, and as concise as possible.—Ed.]

[QUESTION.]

WHAT DOES PAUL MEAN?

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, the 4th chapter, and 5th verse, we read thus, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Now what baptism are we to understand intended there? Is it the baptism of the Holy Spirit; or, water baptism by immersion—or what some call baptism by sprinkling? Your answer to the above will much oblige, your's truly,

A READER OF THE VESSEL.

Rochester.

February 7th, 1861.

[ANSWER.]

It always gives us pleasure to accede to the request of an honest inquirer, by imparting any information within our power to communicate.

In reply to the query of our friend from Rochester, we observe,—the apostle in the place alluded to in Ephesians, is enforcing the grand doctrine of unity, "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Blessed words! Would that the Holy Spirit may inscribe them in the hearts of all the Lord's ministers and people, so that the unity of the Spirit in the truth may be realized and stand forth in undoubted development. To give us to see the necessity, force, and beauty of this heavenly unity, the apostle strings together, in harmonious combination, a cluster of unities, in distinct objections. One Lord, who was, and is, and is to come. "One faith," the faith once for all delivered to the saints. "One baptism," of which all the church of God are partakers, as the Divinely appointed visible token of a profession of faith. One covenant God, the Father of all the holy seed: all this is that we may all, through the grace given, realize the unity of the faith, so as not to be carried about by every wind of doctrine, but to speak the truth in love.

The baptism in verse 5, cannot mean, as it appears to us, the baptism of the Spirit,

for wherever the baptism of the Spirit occurs, it is denoted by its sure mark and adjunct, to denote that it is the baptism of the Spirit, as in Matt. iii. 11, "He shall baptize you WITH THE HOLY GHOST and with fire."

It cannot mean sprinkling, for there is no mention made of such baptism in the Bible, which is an invention of man, introduced ages after the apostles. The baptism is that which the word truly rendered always means, according to the greatest Greek scholar that England ever saw, Richard Porson, late professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, whose words are on record, that the word rendered baptism, means "a total immersion." Therefore the one baptism in verse 5, means A TOTAL IMMERSION.

BLIND, YET SEEING.

WORTHY SIR,—Yours I received, and return many thanks to you for your kindness and prayers. I am blind, but, bless God, content. All that he doeth is wise and just—all that comes in His will is welcome. His choice is better than mine. Eyes might have blinded, but blindness shall enlighten me. God hath not cast me off, but called me aside into the invisible world. There Jesus Christ is the only sun. Mercy is as a sea of infinite sweetness for faith to bathe in—the promises as green pastures of comfort. God himself is the dew that makes a spring of graces in the heart. Heavenly truths are the firmament over our heads. The pure air is the Holy Spirit, breathing in saints and ordinances. In this world the blind have a prospect, and may see the land afar off, which lieth beyond the line of time in another world.

I may say it is good being here. I cannot see outward things, but the new creature in the heart is a better sight than all the world. I cannot read the letters in the Bible; but, if I have the quickening spirit, it is enough. The promises may bud and blossom into grace, and notions may fire and be inflamed into holy love. The veil is upon my eyes, but my work is to rend off the veil of time from my heart, and to look into eternity—to put back all creatures, and to have all in God—eyes and all—and this is the greatest possession. If I have all things in themselves, I have them but in a finite sphere; but if I have them all in God, I have them eminently and in a kind of infinity.

In waiting, I wait upon the Lord till he incline and give me eagle's wings of faith and love to soar up to Him—near enough to Him I cannot be. Oh! that I were un-earthed and unselfed that my soul might be

in perpetual ascension to Him, my love going forth in raptures after Him. Oh! for the circumcision of the heart. If the film were off my eyes, I should see the outward world; but if the flesh were off my heart, I should love the blessed God, which is infinitely better. Through grace I hope to come to that blessed region where God is all. In His light we shall see light, and in His love we shall be for ever inflamed to Him.

But I forget myself and run out, but not beyond the pardon of my good friend. My kind salutes to yourself, and begging an interest in all your prayers, I take leave and subscribe myself your obliged friend and servant,
EDWARD POLINILL.

[The author of the above (it is believed) lived at Burwash, in Sussex, about the year 1670, and was the author of a book entitled "PRECIOUS FAITH" and others, which was printed in 1675.—ED.]

THE PATRIARCH OF THE PORT OF MALDON.

At Maldon, in Essex, there has long resided a patriarch indeed—a choice, ripe, and well-established Christian minister, known by the name of WILLIAM COLLINS,—whose ministry in the gospel has been a blessing to many of the Lord's people; and his memory will be holden in sweet remembrance for ages yet to come.

He has recently gone to his rest. "JOSHUA," of Chelmsford, has written his *Memoir*, and in rather a noble looking octavo it is printed and published by George Piper, of Chelmsford; copies may be had of Mr. Warren, of Maldon; of Mr. Cowell, of Chelmsford. We pass, for the present, any notice of the beginning and progress of this good and gracious man, because we wish to give our readers "HIS END"—which is one of the richest portions of the book, and is described by the writer of the *Memoir* in the following words,—

"It was said by Mr. Collins, in the summer of this year, 'I have no more doubt my being glorified with those in glory, than that I am sitting here; for the God of glory has sealed pardon home upon my heart, and given me that saving faith in his dear Son that works by love to confirm its heavenly birth. And salvation once sealed is eternally secure.'

"But it was now the autumn of the year, when the falling leaves of the trees, and the enfeebled frame of this forest oak, alike indicated that their fruit-bearing end was at hand.

"Thus, on Sunday, the 18th of November, 1860, my dear wife and self went over to Maldon, to gather the vintage gleanings of truth, if perchance, some 'handfuls of purpose' were yet in store for our souls.

"It was on one of his accustomed Sundays for speaking; but all was still. 'Tis true the dear people of God were there. Unconscious of his great and sudden illness, they had, as their custom was, gathered together for worship. But there they sat, absorbed in thought, silent in meditation, musing upon the solemn scene. A mingled feeling of joy and sorrow pervaded the

assembly. The great chair in the corner was vacant; the well and long-used Bible was shut, and not a sound disturbed the unusual quiet: the sheep were below—the undershepherd above. One by one went up to see him, and all came down the wiser for the visit. The good old nurse, who had known the Lord for thirty years, said she felt it quite an honour to wait upon the dying saint.

"It appeared that on the previous Wednesday week he had walked to his daughter's house, a distance of nearly a mile; but on the following, namely, November 12th, 1860, he was suddenly seized with sickness. He knew at once that it was a messenger sent to announce to him that the time of his departure was at hand; but, such was his perfect composure at the prospect, that, seeing his dear and only daughter was alarmed at his appearance, he said, 'don't be frightened, *it's only death!* it must come, and I have no objection.'

"Ah, death was his to triumph over, as numbered among the 'all things' swallowed up in the victory of Christ; and therefore on the approach of death his mind was kept in perfect peace, stayed upon Israel's God.

"His malady increasing, the doctor was sent for, whom he particularly requested him not to give him any opiates. He did not want his senses to be stupefied by drugs. Indeed he was so persuaded the doctor had no healing medicines for him, that he could scarcely be prevailed upon to take them. He knew that in dying he should 'die in the Lord,' therefore he was ready and anxious to depart. How grand is a saint's entrance into glory, upon the merits of Christ's holy life and obedience, adorned with his righteous robes, and crowned with his victorious honours. And this was the blessed portion of William Collins; so, that when it was the writer's turn to go up and see him, in answer to the question how he was? he said 'I find it always well.' The fact is, he was so living in the sight of the Lord's countenance, that not death itself could make it ill with him. He was so blessedly realizing

the presence of Jesus, that it was as he had said in one of the many hymns of his own composing,—

When wilt thou come to me, O Lord?
O come my Lord most dear;
Come nearer, nearer, nearer still,
I'M WELL when thou art near.

"It is true he was brought very low, but that was in weakness of body; in his soul he was 'strong in faith, giving glory to God.' And thus he said again, 'I am brought very low, but I live in Him; it is love everlasting still.' Nevertheless, weak as he was, it is marvellous that his sufferings were so little, considering the powerful frame that had to be reduced. His faculties, also, were in full vigour to the last, having a better memory at ninety than the writer had at half that age; and he could, even when past ninety, see of an evening to write and read by the aid of a rushlight. But these eyes were now dim in death.

Upon a second visit to his bedside with my dear wife, who was also a witness of his "faith and patience, in answer to a question upon his 'good hope through grace,' he aroused from his slumbers, and with a strength 'renewed like the eagle's,' gave a clear and loud utterance to the following conclusive testimony:—"My dear friend, I have known my justification before God, by faith in a precious Christ, for nearly seventy years, so that there's nothing wrong now between a holy God and me, a vile sinner."

"What! 'nothing wrong' between God and the soul? No, nothing. For reconciliation with the Father by the obedience of Christ makes all things right. Oh, what a blessed and happy position; nevertheless, 'being still in the body,' he felt constrained to add, 'and me a vile sinner!' thereby acknowledging his need of salvation to the last; and so agreeing with his adversary as to stop iniquity's mouth, and prevent the enemy from 'exacting' upon him. These are among the wonderful doings of our God, who will not only deliver his people from the six troubles of their lives a thousand times told, but, also, from this seventh and last. So that in coming to their grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in its season, they shall realise the blessedness of possessing 'peace in their tabernacle,' and finding the 'beasts of the field' to be at 'peace' with them. (Job v. 23, 24.)

"Moreover, in such holy keeping was this saint, that he was 'careful for nothing.' Not a murmur escaped his lips; he never once turned round in his bed; and when I asked him if he had anything to say about his temporal affairs, he replied, 'Nothing, nothing, nothing; the Lord will manage all my affairs for me.' What an instance was here of the power of God to give his beloved peace and quietude in the prospect of death.

And when it is remembered that all the noise and strife visible in the world without is but an epitome of the unseen conflict within, how 'great' must 'have been the grace of God in thus subduing in the heart of William Collins 'all things unto Himself.' But so it was; for there he lay as peaceful in the arms of death as a reposing babe upon its mother's breast. Not his soul only had become 'weary of life,' but also his body, as is evident by his saying, 'he felt tired.' Thus, ready to be 'clothed of mortality, and very happy in 'the prospect of that 'immortality' he would 'put on' when he should rise again from the dead, with the gospel word 'grace' [this was the last word he uttered], upon his lips, and the old patriarchal 'faith' in his heart (Heb. xi. 13), he fell asleep in Jesus, Nov. 22nd, 1860, aged ninety years and ten months. Brother John Knight closed his now sightless eyes, and time was at an end with him.

"Blessed and holy are all the righteous dead that die like him in the Lord.

"He lived a debtor to free grace;
Rejoiced in sins forgiven;
Died in his Father's fond embrace:
And fled from earth to heaven."

We shall further notice this precious record of one of heaven's ransomed jewels.

THE LATE MRS. ODLING.

MARY ANN, the beloved and affectionate wife of William Odling, after 40 years union in this vale of tears, sharing in each other's joys and sorrows, departed this life January the 9th, 1861, aged 74 years.

In December, 1858, she was taken ill; nature seemed breaking up, and to all appearance rapidly sinking; she lived seven weeks without food, given up and left by the doctor as a hopeless case, and considered so by her attendants. To the astonishment of all God raised her from the dead! She gradually became better in health than she had been for years. But now came her time to go to rest, and after three days illness, she peacefully and imperceptibly fell asleep in Jesus.

"One gentle sigh each fetter breaks,
We scarce could say she'd gone!
Before the willing spirit takes,
Her mansion near the throne."

For her to live was Christ, and to die was gain.

In 1816, God met with her in York street Chapel, St. James's, under the gospel, by the great John Stevens, and showed her her lost and ruined condition by nature—the vanity of all earthly things—and, eventually, brought her to Christ, washed and made her white through the blood of the Lamb, saved her by his grace, and fixed her on the Rock of Ages. She lived a life of faith on the Son of God, whom she loved because he first loved her—till the time arrived for her to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better. Her esteemed friend, Mr. John Foreman, paid the last respect over her mortal remains, in Kensal Green Cemetery, January 15th, where her body rests till the resurrection morn. There

"She sleeps in Jesus, and is bless'd;
How sweet her slumbers are;
From sorrows and from sins released,
And every hurtful snare." W. O.

Reviews.

"*The Reviewer Reviewed Again*; or, Strictures on Mr. Philpot and the Doctrine of Christ's Sonship by Eternal Generation," &c. By W. Palmer, Homerton. London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster-row. 1860.

How beautiful that exhortation of Paul to the Ephesians, "Grieve not the HOLY SPIRIT of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you with all malice; and be ye kind one to another; TENDER-HEARTED; forgiving one another, even as God, for CHRIST'S sake, HATH forgiven you." Yes, that is most delightful! And when the Church of CHRIST, and the ministers of CHRIST, and all true believers in Christ, get as far into Paul's epistle to the Ephesians as the end of this fourth chapter which we have quoted, then will the exclamation break out again, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Then will the daughter of Zion verify the oft-repeated prophetic anthem, "*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!*"

This excellent and very large prophecy of the exalted estate unto which the gospel ministry shall arrive, stands in great contrast to all we at present see and hear of the men who are reckoned as leaders of the dispensation in which we live! The very existence of such a book as this "*Reviewer Reviewed Again*," leads us at once to a double conviction of a most painful kind:—1. That the ministers of Christ are fearfully at variance; they are not like a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot; they are not *striving together*; but they are rending and tearing poor Zion into a thousand divisions, and doing ill service to their Master. 2. It is also evident that they are reaching after some degree of supposed pre-eminency in Divine mysteries which, in their imperfect state, they will not attain unto.

Is not some strange spirit hereby diverting them from their one great mission—even that of PREACHING THE GOSPEL? Instead of their eyes, their hearts, and their consecrated powers all being turned towards their fellow-men, as was Paul's when he said, "*If by any means I may save some*," they are occupying their present time, and their given talents, to the publication of one another's infirmities, unhappy tendencies, and unbecoming partialities. Oh! that we had

the power to put an end to this strife and debate, and of instrumentally uniting the living servants of the LORD in one grand gospel union, all aiming at one great object, the increase and consummation of the building of the house of mercy!

We are determined to condemn neither Mr. Philpot nor Mr. William Palmer: they are fathers in the Christian Church in this day; they are ministers of Christ's gospel; they are among those to whom, by and bye (we hope and must believe), the Lord will say, "Well done, good and faithful servants;" they have been a blessing to Zion in their different spheres; they are men of considerable mental and ministerial powers; yea, they are brethren in CHRIST, and *in Him* by faith they live, for Him they labour, to Him they go in earnest prayers, and with Him they expect to dwell for ever and for ever. They have their different *makes*, their opposite *modes*, their varied *manners*; but, in all the *essential* glories of the gospel, we must think their minds are one. How noble it would be if this dignified J. C. Philpot, this giant-minded William Palmer, with the elastic and energetic James Wells, the sober-minded, long-headed William Crowther, and others whom we might name, if they could all be formed into one united army, all merging petty differences, and all concentrating their bountiful gifts in one work—the unfolding the way of life to their dying fellow-men! Aye, it would be a high and happy day indeed could this be seen; but the poet's words will press themselves upon us here,—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will."

"*The Reviewer Reviewed Again*" is, beyond all question, a powerful pamphlet. The brains and the books of ages and of generations have been searched and sifted, and sentences suited to the author's views have been extracted. The thoughts and the testimonies of many of the Lord's servants, of both ancient and modern times, are given; Mr. Philpot's reviews have undergone the severest examination; and a pamphlet, of some seventy-two pages, as full of argument and of reasoning as an egg is full of meat, is the result.

We have no doubt but that this book will shake the faith of many who are unstable, and whose souls are not vitally united to JESUS CHRIST, of whom Moses spake when

he said, "The *Eternal God* is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" (upon which beautiful words Trapp gives the Hebrew thus:—"The *God of Antiquity*—that Ancient of Days—that Rock of Ages, who is before all things, and by whom all things consist; who is the *first* and the *last*, and beside whom there is no God"). But our firm conviction is, that where God the Holy Ghost hath revealed the PERSON of God's ETERNAL SON in the wounded heart and quickened soul of an elect vessel of mercy, not all the arguments nor reasonings in this world can ever remove from such a soul that JESUS CHRIST is THE KING ETERNAL—immortal: (in His Deity and Eternity) invisible—the only wise God—to whom be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen. Mr. William Palmer has certainly bestowed great pains upon this work, and as a talented critique, it is masterly and full of information; but we are grieved that such a book should exist at all, not that we fear the light, but because we know neither Mr. Philpot nor Mr. Palmer can define this mystery. We must here close for the present.

Jacob and Esau. A Sermon preached Dec. 16th, 1860, by the Rev. William Landels, at Regent's Park Chapel.

THE chief object of this sermon is to prove that the love and hatred here spoken of, relate not to the persons of Jacob and Esau, but to the *nations* of Israel and of Edom; and that the love here declared to Jacob has nothing to do with *eternal* things, but merely to national and, what the sermon calls, Messianic privileges; and that the hatred to Esau, means national disregard, or exclusion from the Messianic privileges; that the favor of God was as open to Esau as it was to Jacob. The sermon also kindly *apologises* for the Almighty in choosing one nation but not the other—and the apology is that God *could not* choose more than one nation, and that he chose Jacob, for wise reasons, in preference to Esau. "But he," the sermon says, "has not told us the reasons." Also, the sermon goes on to say, that the argument in the 9th of the Romans is not whether the Lord loves sovereignly,—but that the argument in the 9th is to shew the *insufficiency of Abrahamic descent for salvation purposes*; that although they were of Abrahamic descent, yet if they *would not* come and partake of Christ, then they would be the cause of their own condemnation. And this sermon also delights itself very much in the thought that the love of God is boundless. Also the reported author of this sermon, Mr. Landels, at least the sermon is in his name, but we should hope he is not the author of such rebellion against the Most High, and of such fearful delusion which this sermon

contains,—but, at any rate, the sermon is in his name; and supposing Mr. Landels to be the author, he does make, at least, one honest confession. On page the 4th, he puts the sovereignty of God in a most terrible light, and after distorting the same, he speaketh thus, "I thank God that it is not in the *power of my nature* to entertain a belief so monstrous." And so the author, whoever he is, goes on proving himself to be on good terms with himself, and with everybody else (save and except the *hypers*). But while he is thus such a man of peace, he is at a most dreadful war with God's truth, and at deadly enmity against the counsels of his Maker. Yet there is no fear whatever of the sermon deceiving any, except those who are already deceived. *Intellectual* the sermon is—but as to anything spiritual, as well may we expect to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.

We will now proceed to shew that this sermon of Mr. Landels' is as false as it is feasible, and as delusive as it is ingenious.

The apostle's argument, according to this sermon, is this,—that he (God) can *righteously reject the children of Abraham, who will not by faith accept the Messiah; such is the drift of the whole chapter*. So speaketh the sermon, but does it speak truly? we trow not: that so far from this being the drift of the whole chapter; so far from the apostle leaving matters, as this sermon does, floating upon the uncertainties of the *will of man*, the apostle, in the very outset of his argument, cuts up the will of the creature in the matter root and branch, and that in a very short sentence, and it is this, "*In Isaac shall thy seed be called.*" Now how does the apostle explain this sentence? Does he rest the matter where the sermon rests it? We answer, No! The apostle's [explanation is that the children of the *promise* are counted for the seed. Now we ask, was not Isaac a child of promise solely and entirely by the good will and pleasure of God? had man's will any hand in it whatever? And if this, as the apostle shews it is, is to be the pattern of all the saved, "For in Isaac shall thy seed be called." In Isaac, means after the order of Isaac, and this is the order, "At this time will I come, and Sarah SHALL have a son." Jacob is loved after the same order, and though the sermon says this love had nothing to do with eternal things,—yet Jacob got to heaven by this love; and in that love he found his election of God. Nor does the apostle hide the truth, that Esau was hated; no reason is assigned why Esau was hated, any more than a reason is assigned why he loved Jacob. We shall perhaps get a word upon that presently. And so far from the apostle arguing merely upon the insufficiency of Abrahamic descent for salvation purposes—he goes beyond this, he cuts

up all the pretension to the very thing which the sermon in review contends for, namely, that it is left with man whether he will be saved or not; whereas the apostle says, "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." The sermon tells us that God, for wise reasons, chose Jacob in preference to Esau, "but he has not," says the sermon, "told us the reason." Thus does the sermon smother up the doctrine of Divine sovereignty; for it certainly is not true that he has not told us, if not the reasons, yet he hath told all the reason we can ever want to know. "He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy." This is the primary reason everywhere, and with that reason we shall be content; that it is according to the good pleasure of his will, and "whom he will he hardeneth." He hardeneth *sovereignly* and *justly*; sovereignly in deciding as to *who* the persons shall be who shall be left under sin; and justly, as all so left are sinners, and so are left as vessels of wrath, fitted by their fall in Adam to destruction, being by nature children of wrath. And it is only after the order of the sovereignty of mercy, that one soul can be saved; nor can the righteousness of faith in Christ Jesus be rightly followed after in any other way: the order of Christ's priesthood is perfect and eternal.

So then, here is in the 9th of Romans, the promise of God—the love of God—the mercy of God—the will of God—and the saved people of God, Jew and Gentile—and yet all this means only a national regard to the Jews, and national disregard to the Edomites; the regard and disregard called respectively love and hatred. So much for flesh and blood preaching; so much for that nature possessed by the author of the sermon, which can distort the truth of God, and revel in delusion, and utter error against the Lord, to make empty the soul of the hungry, and to cause the drink of the thirsty to fail.

"The love of God," saith the sermon, "is boundless." True! but while it is boundless substantially, that is in itself—yet, objectively it is sovereign, or else it would embrace both fallen angels, and all the human race.

God is love. True! but he is love not from necessity of nature, but from choice; he loves not because he is obliged to love, but he loves because he will.

Thus, the apostle and Mr. Landels are as opposite to each other as darkness and light; the apostle came by his religion in a way that made him well understand its origin, its nature, its order, and its end. How is it, then, the apostle sets aside the will of man, and sets up the will of God—but Mr. Landels sets up the will of man, and sets the will of God aside?

We hope to give a word more upon this subject next month.

The New London Pulpit. Volume I. London: R. Banks & Co., 5, Chapter House-court, Paternoster-row, E. C.

THIS is a handsomely bound volume, embellished with six photographic portraits of our brethren J. A. Jones, J. Foreman, James Wells, J. Bloomfield, J. Pells, and C. W. Banks. The likenesses are most excellently executed, and give much credit to the artist. The volume contains a large and varied amount of good sound gospel truth, and being got up in such a very tasteful manner, it will form a very suitable present from one Christian to another. We think the best notice we can give is a synopsis of the contents of the volume now before us. It is as follows:—Seven Addresses on Elijah, by the brethren W. Chamberlain, W. Caunt, Thomas Chivers, Geo. Webb, R. S. Bird, J. P. Edgecombe; Paul's Great Question, by John Bloomfield; The Destruction of the Vails, by John Pells; The Blessing Promised, by J. Alderson; the Ordination Services of Mr. John Bennett, at Enon, Chatham; The Nature of a Gospel Church, by C. W. Banks; Mr. Bennett's Remarkable Experience; the Charge to the Pastor, by Mr. James Wells; Sermon to the Church, by J. A. Jones; Commemorative Meeting at Soho; Mr. John Pell's Settlement; A Good Minister of Jesus Christ, by Mr. John Foreman; A Faithful Minister of Christ, by Mr. Samuel Milner; The Ministry of Reconciliation, by Mr. William Palmer; The Ministration of the Spirit, by Mr. S. Green; Consummation of the Ministry, by Mr. Geo. Wyard; The Way of Salvation, by Mr. Myerson; The Necessity of Salvation, by Mr. William Flack; The Blessings of Salvation, by Mr. Butterfield; The Way God brings Sinners to feel their Need of Salvation, by William Webb; The Church in her Royal Array, a sermon by Mr. James Wells; Mr. P. W. Williamson's Address; Mr. Woollacott on the Brand Plucked out of the Fire; Mr. Griffiths, of Hayes, on the Change of Raiment; Corner-stone of J. A. Jones's Chapel, with the singular addresses of the two elders—Messrs. John Foreman and James Wells; Addresses by W. Crowther, Pepper, Attwood, and others; The Christian Established, a funeral sermon by Mr. Thomas Chivers; Salvation by Grace, a sermon by Francis Collins; and a number of other sermons by Dr. Bell, Cracknell, C. W. Banks, B. Wale, &c.

The Gospel Times, in reviewing this volume, says,—“Altogether this volume may be considered a fair representation of the varied talent among that honourable and useful class of ministers—The Particular Baptists. The price is 4s.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

MR. EDITOR,—I see by this month's VESSEL "Ebenezer" has written a few lines to me

upon the subject of my letter in Nov. number. He does not endeavour to refute what I advanced in that letter upon the subject of non-backsliding, which was the chief point I wrote in refutation of, but the latter point—viz., God's chastising his people *for* sin, he takes up in order to disprove; he has done this in a kindly spirit, and I will endeavour to answer him in the same.

I look upon it as a mere quibble to say God does not chastise *for* sin, but *from* sin—for I believe both are equally true.

It is true what he asserts—that when God's people sin (I mean, of course, wilful and aggravated offences), they suffer from them, in all that remorse, shame, and self-loathing, which is peculiar to a heaven-born soul, in whom is deeply implanted that godly fear, which preserves from total and final apostasy. This is one way, and perhaps the most general way the Lord takes to correct and reprove his erring, backsliding children.—“Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backsliding shall reprove thee.”

But, after God's people have been thus reprov'd deeply in their own consciences, do they always return to the Lord with all their heart, and for the future avoid those snares and temptations which have been the occasion of their falling? I believe not—at least I know I have not—and I say it to my own shame and condemnation. Well, what has been the consequence? The quarrel has been kept up between me and God. If a look of his love will not recover us from relapses into sin he will show his anger. Yes, anger. Does not Ebenezer believe God's anger was kindled against David, *for* numbering the people?—against Solomon, *for* his defection in heart and life? If we by wilful sin raise up a brazen wall between God and our souls so that we cannot see his smiling face, and he will not hear our prayers, can we complain of God?—can we attribute it to Divine sovereignty?—Men may, and do, but I will take no part with them upon such fallacious ground.

It appears to me the Israelites had resort to this carnal reasoning by way of extenuating their sin, but the prophet Isaiah leads them to the true source of all their sufferings.

“Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear. But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear.”

Ebenezer supposes, that because God laid all the sins of his people on Christ, the surety, he cannot chastise them *for* overt and wilful acts of sin. But why not? There is nothing penal in such chastisement. True,

“Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding surety's hands;
And then again at mine.”

But chastisements are not payments; they are, (however severe), loving corrections, as that word in 18th Psalm is rendered in the old version. If God sustains the relation of a Father to us he will maintain his own honour as well as reveal his eternal love.

Strange, that I cannot chastise and correct

my child, when he spurns my authority and grieves my spirit, because I love him, and cannot cease to love him. The idea is preposterous in nature, and I am sure no less so in grace.

True, if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father. So my child may say, “If I do wrong I know my father will forgive me.” Ah, but he knows something else, also—that I shall visit his transgressions with the rod, and if he still persists in his course, many stripes will be laid upon him—he knows that; and is as often deterred from sin by the effects which are sure to follow as he is allured from it by love and kindness.

I would remind Ebenezer that it is no difficult matter to draw the line of demarcation as to where chastisement is to commence.

The difficulty only presents itself when we begin to theorize and speculate upon Divine truth (and there is too much of that in the present day). Let us watch our own hearts, and watch Divine dealings with us, and I warrant you we shall know not only *where* it commences, but *when* it commences. “Our inevitable and daily frailties do not produce this,” (as Archbishop Leighton says,) “but either a course of careless walking, and many little unlawful liberties taken to ourselves, will rise and gather as a cloud, and hide the face of God; or some one gross sin (especially if often reiterated) will prove as a firm stone wall, or rather as a brazen wall built up by our own hands betwixt us and heaven, and will not be easily dissolved or broken down. And yet till that be done the light of his countenance, who is the life of our souls, will be eclipsed, and withholden from us.”

This is one way the Lord mercifully chastises his children *for* sin; but if this do not succeed, the Lord often uses enemies to effect his purpose. He used the Assyrian monarch to chastise his ancient people. They were his rod, and the staff in their hands was his holy indignation. The Babylonians were used as a rod to correct Israel for their idolatry, and David was chastised, *for his sin*, by the rebellion of his unnatural son—by the cursing of Doeg, and in many ways I cannot dwell upon; and I have no doubt David read his sin in his punishment. I am sure I have thousands of times, and Ebenezer too, if his heart has been made tender in the sight of God. In closing, then, I would say to Ebenezer, your distinction, *from*, and *for*, is nowhere recognised in the Scriptures,—is contrary to the general experience of God's saints in all ages; and, as far as theory goes (taking the raw, crude idea, as it is too often maintained), that God don't chastise his children *for* sin, is bad in its effects—as calculated to lull the conscience to rest in carnal security and sinful departure from the Lord.

And if Ebenezer, and others, have such strong faith as not to be hurt by it, the advice I would give is—“Have it to thyself before God, but take heed that thy liberty do not become a stumbling-block to them who are weak.”

Your chastened, and oft-afflicted brother in Christ,
THOMAS SMITH.

ANOTHER HAPPY DEPARTURE.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I send you a few lines respecting the death of Mrs. Kirby, who departed this life January 19th, 1861, aged 73. If you can find a corner for them they may be a comfort to those who are still on their way to glory; for part have crossed the river,

'And part are crossing now.'

And it is sweet when we are reading the memoirs of those who are gone before, if we can trace out that we are travelling in the same road.

Our dear sister was one who had often enjoyed reading of the happy departure of those who had finished their course with joy; and it is with a view that the like blessings and favours may be enjoyed by those who are still journeying to their Father's house above, I send this. And oh, may it be ours to be partakers of those who through faith and patience now inherit the promises; although the way may be rough and rugged to our feet, yet it is a right way to Canaan's happy land; and we, when faith is changed to sight, shall know the ways of God were right.

The departed was one who in early life had strong convictions that she was a sinner; and had, until the Lord was pleased to open her eyes, led a moral life. But much was to be done to bring her to Christ; and it was not until the heavy hand of affliction was laid upon herself and her dear husband (who the Lord took to himself), that she was brought to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner! For having lost her all in her dear husband as a Christian, although she did not know the savingly, yet the grace of God shone so brightly in him, that the Saviour she once despised, she was brought to own and fly to him who could alone save. The means of grace were now sought after, and under the ministry of Mr. Pace (who then laboured at the Baptist Chapel, New Land), her soul was fed; Christ became precious to her soul; and being led to see baptism was a command of Christ enjoined on all his followers, she was led to go through that soul-cheering ordinance; and she was joined to his church and people; having been made "willing in the day of his power," her language was, "Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God;" and for the space of thirty-five years stood an honourable member of the church of God, and about the same length of time remained a widow. Her outward circumstances being very poor, she often was cast down, and feared she should want; yet she knew she had a treasure that poverty could not deprive her of—"Christ in her heart the hope of glory;" and although the afflictions she was called to meet here frequently cast her down, still

the Lord often indulged her with his presence; so that her light afflictions, which were but for a moment, worked out a far more eternal weight of glory; and it was not until five years, when again upon a bed of affliction, the Lord was pleased most sweetly to assure her that bread should be given and her water should be sure; and that he would provide. She was then brought to leave all things in his hands, feeling that God would be her guide even unto death, and could sing,

"Father, I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest."

After that illness, she was sweetly led to believe that in all her trials and sorrows, He that had helped in times past would help in times to come, and would never

"Have taught her to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought her,
To put her to shame."

Her last illness was short. It was her desire for some time past that she might not be long, and the dear Lord was pleased to hear her prayer. She only kept her bed eleven days, so gently did the Lord take her tabernacle down, thus dealing with her in tenderness and love; though for some time suffering great darkness of mind, often longing for the same enjoyment that she was favoured with in former illnesses. But the Lord, who had been so good to her all her life through, would not suffer the enemy to harass and distress her long. About a week before she died, I went to see her, and found her very low. Having read the fifth chapter of Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians, and made some remarks upon the same, and drawing near to the Lord in prayer, the Lord was pleased to break in upon her soul with such light, that she felt him to be the altogether lovely, and she continued in the same happy frame until the Lord took her home. On the morning of the day on which she died, she broke out in the language of the poet,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul;"

but could not finish the hymn. Her daughter asked her if she should finish it for her, to which she replied, "Yes;" and when coming to these lines,—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me,"

she repeated them again, and seeing her daughter weeping, told her not to weep, for the Lord would provide. The same evening she sweetly breathed out her soul into the hands of Jesus.

Thus lived and thus died our dear sister, resting her hopes for time and for eternity upon Christ, the rock of eternal ages.

S. EVANS.

Canal Side, High Wycombe,

Feb. 19th 1861.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THE CAUSE OF CHRIST AT GUILDFORD, AND THE STATE OF OUR CHURCHES GENERALLY.

It is cheering, amid the bitterness of spirit and party strife, so prevalent in the present day, to find the work of the Lord in the erection of the building of mercy is still going on; here a stone and there a stone being taken from the quarry of nature, and shaped and fitted by Infinite Wisdom to occupy the exact place in the spiritual house whereunto it was predestinated. An evidence of this has just been furnished at Guildford. During the past year many prayers have been offered up to the Great Head of the Church that he would be graciously pleased to look down and visit his vine that he hath planted in this town, and revive it. And as praying breath is never spent in vain, answers have come down. The church worshipping in the meeting-house, situated in the Barrack Field, had been bereft of a pastor for some time; the Lord, in mercy, sent among us Brother Cornelius Shin, from Hailsham; his ministry was blessed, an invitation was given him, he accepted it, and became the pastor. And, as the first fruits of his labours among us, four believers have made a public profession of their faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and were baptized on Lord's-day evening, January 27th. Our pastor preached in the morning of that day from the words—"For as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against." Acts xxviii, 22. In the evening Brother Smith, deacon of the church in Wattisham, Suffolk, read the Scripture—Acts viii, 26 to 40, and ii, 37 to 47—and implored the Divine blessing. After which our esteemed minister delivered an able discourse from Jer. vi, 16:—"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." As a Protestant, and the despised Baptists are the only true Protestants, according to Chillingworth,—for he declared the Bible, the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants,—he adhered to the testimony of the Bible, and proved from its inspired pages, 1st. Who were the proper subjects for baptism, namely, believers, both men and women (Acts viii, 12) and even children, if they give evidence of being regenerated. Acts viii, 37. 2nd. The mode of baptism, by immersion, and no other, can be proved from Scripture, and therefore it is the only way which obedient Christians can follow. 3rd. The design—to show forth the burial and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, and also a death unto sin, and a new life unto righteousness—in other words as an emblem that old things have passed away, and all things have become new. It was a faithful exposition of God's word. Our meeting-house was filled to overflowing, and Christ honoured his own ordinance by causing a gracious influence to be experienced by his believ-

ing people. Since then another sister has come forward to express her desire to walk in the ordinances of God's house.

Another evidence of the Lord's blessing is the union which prevails among his people in the town. A united prayer meeting is held every Monday evening with the church over which Brother Hillman is pastor, and the Calvinistic Independent Church, which works harmoniously. Also, a meeting for all denominations is held weekly at the Public Hall, from which there is reason to believe good has resulted.

Before this notice is closed, may it be suggested that a portion of time should be set apart by the Baptist churches throughout the land, for special prayer to the Great Head of the Church, that he would be graciously pleased to grant a spirit of unity to his believing people? The time has not arrived when we shall all see eye to eye. The minds of men are differently constituted, and therefore we must bear and forbear, at the same time strictly adhering to what God has required in his word as the only way by which poor sinners can be saved: and while the truth, the whole truth, doctrinal, experimental, and practical, is earnestly contended for, that it may be done in a spirit of meekness, of love, and of the fear of the Lord, always remembering that no man can quicken his own soul, and that the seeing eye and hearing ear are both alike from God; and that if he in the display of his sovereignty bestow these blessings upon one, and withhold them from another, it is not for the recipient to exult over his fellow-worm who has not been thus favored, but to remember the difference between them is all of grace from first to last.

This suggestion is made with the hope that it may be laid upon the mind of the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, and that he may be led to bring the influence which God has given him in the Church to bear upon the subject, that the distressing controversies which are distracting the Church and bringing leanness into the souls of God's people, causing the weak to stumble and the way of truth to be evil spoken of, may be banished from us, that our most scriptural section of the Visible Church may shake itself from the dust and arise and gird itself with gospel armour, and go forth to fight under the banner of our glorious Captain against the hosts of the Devil; that aggressions may be made continually upon his infernal territories, and the prey that he has carried away captive may be delivered, and thus fresh additions made continually to our all-conquering Lord, through our instrumentality.

[In the spirit and sentiment of this paper we heartily concur. We have desired an opportunity of proposing that all our Baptist Churches unite in special prayer to the Lord for his Spirit to be poured upon us. We are certain that there is more of carnal pride

and vain boasting than there is of unctuous power among us—with here and there an exception. The bitter spirits, the prejudices, and the presumptuous professions of the day, are, (to us, who by letter and observation, see more than many,) most lamentable; they are eating up the strength and vigour of our churches to a fearful extent. Let the suggestion of our Guildford correspondent be well considered.—[Ed.]

MR. J. CORBITT'S JOURNEY TO AMERICA.

JUNE 28th.—We had to take leave of our dear family; as many as could accompanied us to the station; the Presbyterian minister also met us there: here sorrow, joy, tears, and smiles were plentifully mingled. Our late pleasure at meeting was now turned into sorrow at having to part again so soon; we held each other's hand, and embraced each other, until necessity pulled us asunder; and the thought that we should never meet again in this world was a thorn in the flesh indeed. But we had no time to reflect, we were hurried into the cars, and off in a moment at the rate of about 50 miles an hour. We passed through Geneva and Waterloo, two most beautiful villages, and exceedingly good land too. Now we enter some dreary woods, some eminently high rocks, some wide stretched lakes of water, some noble cities and towns, all which lead me to contemplate how grand, glorious, and great the independence of him that produced all these varieties out of nothing; then to think that he is my Father, and I a joint heir with him who is the heir of all things; by this relationship I am Christ's and Christ is God's, and in that sense all things are mine.—“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that in me dwells, bless his holy name, and forget not all his benefits, who crowneth thy life with lovingkindness and tender mercies.” Here we took in two of the wonders of the world. A little Miss Dutten, the American dwarf; and a lady called the American giantess; and truly the variety of the works of God in the same species was never more conspicuously seen; the dwarf, 18 years of age, only $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, not deformed, and as handsome, sharp and witty as many. The giantess was over 7 feet high, and all her limbs proportionate in size; I stood beside her as she walked out of the carriage, and had to look up to look her in the face. Here I felt a gratitude to God for making me a proportionate size, so as not to render me useless to society, by bulky or diminutive sizes, as I plainly saw these were; we are wonderfully and fearfully made, and whilst we contemplate the variety of size, intellect, strength, and activity, we never need go from home to prove that our God is a wonder-working God, sovereignly dispensing his favours as he will. We now push on amidst wonderful scenes of nature. There is a monster wood of noble timbers, stretching their bows one above another, as if they were trying to see who should climb to heaven first. There is a nice cultured field, full of all sorts of stores, to reward the industrious hand that cultivates it. I could but remember Solomon's words, “He that tilleth, his hand shall have plenty of bread.” Now we enter a forest of confusion, where all the trees had been cut down about four feet from the ground, the bush all consumed by fire, and the stumps all as black as charcoal. This reminded me of the last great day when the earth shall be burned up. I could but remember Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of salt as I gazed upon these scorched roots, once noble and grand trees in the forest. Thus time, disease, and death will fell the loftiest head and proudest heart: my soul hope thou in God, for all things else will decay. We next came to little falls, where were mossy rocks hundreds of feet in height ornamented with the purest green trees, shrubs, interspersed with numerous small living streams of water flowing from hundreds of chinks in the rock,

uniting one with the other as they run down, and forming a mighty stream, like a river at the bottom, which bears away the commercial commodities of the town without murmuring: the solidity of the rock reminded me of the Rock of Ages, the pure green, of his human nature, the multitudes of streams, of those pores opened in the forehead of Christ by the crown of thorns, their united operations, to the hole in his side opened by the soldiers spear, and the river at the bottom, of the effect of his death which carried all the sins of his people away into the land of forgetfulness: the precious blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

We now enter Saracuse, a large junction town, the railroad runs right through the main street, and is used by foot-passengers and carriages of all sorts without any protection, the Yankees, I suppose, considering that those who cannot take care for themselves will be as well out of the way. This place is famous for manufacturing salt, and full 50 acres of ground are covered with wooden sheds, where they boil and cleanse it for use; there is no room for idle persons there. Hard work, hard fare, ragged clothes, and insolence appear the general feature of the lower orders of the people, and the higher orders seem to think everybody fools but themselves, and their wisdom appears only in their insolence; they seem to have set up for sharpers before they have learned common sense.

We next arrived at Rome, where we had to wait three hours for the next train. Here we had to witness the wits of some of those sharpers that constantly infest the seaports, canal, and railway stations, to obtain something from travellers by deceiving them; they no sooner knew that we had stepped short of our destiny, than they came round us like wolves to their prey. One tells us we can't get through to-day; another advises us to take a horse and carriage, and cross the country; a third invites us to accompany him to his hotel, and dine; another guesses we had better have a lodging for the night. And there we stood and watched our luggage, and answered them not a word. When I turned away, my wife said she heard one say to another, “It is no use us talking to that old fellow, for he won't take any notice of what we say,” and off they turned. I had great reason to bless God that he had delivered us from the flattering swindlers. Rome is a noble town, large station running through the wide street, fine buildings, large shops of all sorts of provisions, with a large navigable river. At 3 o'clock we started in another train, passing through 15 miles of luxuriant pasture and arable land, laying on a nice descent as far as you can see. At 4 we arrived at Utica, and took the train on the Black River Railroad for Boonville, passing through a large dairy district of good pasture land, where there was from 50 to 100 cows grazing on each farm. We arrived at Boonville at 4 o'clock, and Mrs. Corbitt's brother met us at and took us to his farm, where we read the Bible, mingled our prayers, and lifted our hearts to God in thankful praise for the mercies of that day, having travelled more than 200 miles, and felt myself strengthened by my journey. We retired to rest, considering ourselves much nearer old England. Here we stopped for a week, and much enjoyed the country air, although I was not well.

On Sunday, July 1st, 1860, I preached twice in the Baptist Chapel, at Boonville, to what they said was increasing congregations. The people came from long distances to hear the Englishman preach, as publicity had been given; and certainly I had the attention of my hearers; I did not see one asleep, yawning, or looking at the clock; they all seemed engaged: some wept, some seemed alarmed, some smiled, and others sat and stared like statues: some might not approve, for certainly I tried to lay the axe as near as possible to the root of the tree; and many expressed themselves well pleased, and very kindly invited, and strongly persuaded me to stay longer with them. But I was not strong in body, and had no liberty in my own soul; there were showers in the season, the dew did not hang

the branches, I was not in that spirit I love to be on the Lord's day. I remembered my dear friends at Norwich, and determined to be at home according to my promise if possible.

Friday, July 6th.—We started from Boonville for New York, more than 250 miles journey. The country all the way presented a beautiful scenery. We arrived safe at Albany about 3 o'clock, and had to stop there four hours. A noble city is Albany, large buildings and shops, similar to London; most of them are wholesale; I could not purchase a small piece of bacon without buying a side. We started from here in the evening at 7 o'clock, in the steam ship, *Hero*, and arrived at New York at 6 o'clock the next morning, having had a most pleasant voyage down the Hudson river; the grandest scenery I saw in America was this. We passed our *Great Eastern* steam ship in the river. She made everything round her look small and mean. I compared her to a swan, when it first follows its young ones on the water, it looks as if it would swallow a score of them. We had only six hours to stay at New York, and that was quite enough, for I saw nothing to attract my notice, I heard no sounds to charm me; you might have written *dollar, dollar—self, self—world, world*—upon everything I saw or heard there.

July 7th.—At 12 o'clock, we put out to sea in the ship called the *Kangaroo*, for another trial of our faith and patience. Oh! how we grieved when we saw the numbers of persons, and the kind of creatures coming on board.

No 8, St. Catherine's Plain, Norwich.

February, 1861.

(To be continued.)

SOHO.—SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT. A tea and public meeting was holden in this chapel on Tuesday, February 5th, to commemorate the ninth anniversary of Mr. John Bloomfield's pastorate over this church. A large number of friends gathered on the occasion to tea, and at the time of the commencement of the public meeting the chapel was well filled in every part. A goodly number of ministerial brethren were also present to countenance and encourage the pastor. Tea being concluded, the evening meeting was opened by singing,

"Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake," &c.

Mr. Bloomfield, who presided, then read the 67th Psalm; and young Mr. Griffiths, of Hayes, (formerly a member at Soho,) offered up a very earnest and affectionate prayer on behalf of the church there. The Chairman said he had just received a note from Mr. Topley, who was to have opened the meeting by speaking of "the cause at Salem, and why I love it," to say that he was unable to attend. He (Mr. Bloomfield) was exceedingly sorry, for he had always found Mr. Topley a man of God, and a sincere lover of his cause generally, but especially at Salem. It was expected on such occasions that some few remarks on the past year would be made. He wished to utter words of soberness and truth only—words that would bear the strictest investigation. He had no desire to flatter the church, the deacons, or himself. It had been remarked by several of his ministerial brethren, who were at his residence a few days since, that their public meetings for the past twelve months had been characterised by a spirit of soberness, and a becoming solemnity, which had not always been realized at these gatherings. He hoped this meeting would maintain and strengthen that character—free from gloominess, yet pervaded with a solemnity of feeling. He felt himself more than ever a debtor to sovereign grace. He never had more reason to believe the Lord brought him to Salem than he that night had. They had enjoyed a year of undisturbed peace. He had had his trials and his sorrows; but still he was walking in much peace with his church, and with the officers of the church. He had no feelings towards his deacons but those of sincere affection: they never gave him a discouraging word, but if they could encourage him in his labours, he always

found they were anxious so to do. They had during the year past realized a large measure of brotherly love; he sincerely wished he could see more among the churches generally. Last Sabbath he preached from the same text as he did when he commenced his pastoral labours there; it was not the same sermon, but it was the same doctrines; no change had taken place in his views from what they were when he entered on his pastorate. Nine years ago he told his brother Foreman, that should any alteration occur in his views either as regarded discipline, or doctrine, he would immediately, as an honest man, resign his pastoral charge. He repeated that promise now. He was a thorough Calvinist, but not an Antinomian. They had also increased their number of members during the past year. Salem had never been in a more healthy, united and loving state than it was at present. For this they had great cause to be thankful. Touching some matters, he was aware he differed from some of his ministerial brethren. John Stevens, his worthy predecessor, said shortly before he died, if he had his time to live over again, he would be a different man. Not as it respected doctrinal matters; but he referred to the indifference with which he had looked upon missionary and Sunday school labours. He (Mr. Bloomfield) was a strong advocate for these means. He knew there were many things connected with existing Societies that he could not contentenance; but as far as he could, he would endeavour to rectify the wrong, and not leave a good work entirely, because there might be some things connected therewith that he could not agree to.

Mr. Pells, of Soho, spoke of "Unity in the church, and how to promote it;" showing what was the true church of Christ, and gave some practical suggestions how to promote unity among the brethren. Mr. George Moyle followed upon the same subject in an able and well-arranged speech. Mr. Thomas Chivers disanted upon "Stability in the ways of God, and its importance," noting four particulars necessary to this stability—knowledge, estimation, justification, and love. Mr. John Foreman, in his usual quiet and forcible manner, spoke of "Brotherly love, and how to promote it." Some good Christian advice was given touching the behaviour of church members one towards the other. Let them be of one heart; conducting themselves so as not to excite suspicion one of another. Let there always be in a church the right of membership recognised. Cultivate Christian love; always be ready to give an explanation to a brother. Never withhold the right hand of fellowship. Promote and practise a steady adherence to what we profess touching the church: maintain and observe what belongs to you as members: *endeavour always to fill your seat*; do not continually grieve your pastor's heart by apparent indifference and coldness, [very good]. Wear a cheerful and Christian countenance, and never be backward in recognising a brother—speak and be spoken to. Mr. G. Wyard had a large subject, and little time.—"The truth of Christ, and how to disseminate it." The truth is (1,) all that God is; (2,) all that Christ is as the Christ of God; (3,) all that the Spirit is in his official character; (4,) all that the Bible is in all its variety of forms; (5,) all that the law is; (6,) all that the Gospel is: define these, and you have the "truth of Christ." "How to promote it:" by preaching, speaking, praying, writing, reading, teaching, and exhortation. Every Christian can assist in disseminating the truth by one of these means. Upon each particular Mr. Wyard briefly touched as well as time permitted. There's a subject for ten minutes! Mr. Williamson was to have spoken on "The prosperity of the Church, what it is, and how to seek it;" but it being nine o'clock, he very judiciously declined. The speeches were spiritual, practical, and interesting. Besides the ministers who spoke, there were also present Messrs Flack (editor of the new monthly, *The Christian Pathway*), Webster, Slim, Rayment, Anderson, Alderson, Green, and others.

LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It was announced that we should hold a public meeting on the 23rd of January. Many of our friends prophesied it would be a failure, being the first held in the depth of winter in this place; but, like most of the fears of God's people, they proved groundless. The day came, and with it a thick fog—yet 300 sat down to tea; having a will, they found a way to be there. Nearly 800 were present, in the evening, at the public meeting. The chairman, Mr. R. E. Sears, commenced the service by giving out the hymn,—

“Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new born King,” &c.

Mr. Baldwin intreated the presence of the Lord; after which, Mr. Sears delivered a short address and then called on Mr. Hill, of Stoke Ash, to speak on “The Angels’ Song.” It was evident that his Master was with him; our brother had evidently studied his speech; whether he spoke of the angels’ singing at the birth of Christ, and proclaiming God’s faithfulness, love, and glory; or whether he spoke of angels’ singing over the repenting sinner, carrying the fragments of the broken heart to be healed, and fetching from the throne a golden goblet to catch the precious tears—all was marked with truth and savour; it will long be remembered. In the place of our brother Collins, who was absent, brother Baker addressed us: he has fought for our good Queen; he has, too, fought hard for the devil; may he long, long fight for Christ. Mr. Hoddy, of Horsham, spoke with feeling and power from “The Lord our Righteousness.” Many regret that we had not a short-hand writer to take these valuable speeches. What subject can give more delight to the speaker, and more joy to the hearer, than the “Lord our Righteousness?”

“Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.”

Mr. Brown, of Fressingfield, spoke from “His Name, Wonderful.” Our’s is a wonderful Christ; wonderful in his person; wonderful in his life and death; his love is wonderful, his grace is wonderful; but perhaps the most wonderful thing in Christ is that he should stoop to save me. Mr. Frith, of Saxmundham, gave the last address, upon the super-excellent name of Christ,—“A Name above every name.” The service was made the more pleasant by the singing of several pieces suitable to the subjects,—the last being—*Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.* Dear Mr. Editor, can we not from our hearts say—amen, be it so, O Lord? Your’s very truly, with Christian love, THE CHAIRMAN.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ENCOURAGEMENT.

MEOPHAM, KENT.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Thursday, January 25th, 1861, the teachers of the Sunday School in connection with the above place, held their Annual Tea Meeting; tea was partaken of by a goodly number of friends, in a pleasant and social manner. After tea, the superintendent of the school, Mr. T. French, stated that the teachers, in conjunction with a number of friends, had unitedly raised a subscription for the purpose of making a present to the pastor, Mr. J. Lingley, to be given him on that occasion; he therefore handed it to him (the present was a purse containing £8), as a small token of their affection and esteem. The pastor made some observations relative to the work of the ministry, stating it had been his constant aim, first, to have the sanction of his Divine Master; secondly, that of his conscience; thirdly, to live in the affection and esteem of his friends; and he felt that this, by him, unlooked for and unthought of, act of kindness on the part of his friends, was a manifest proof of the last mentioned desire: he acknowledged his satisfaction of the same, and heartily thanked them all. An interesting service was held in the evening, presided over by the pastor. After the introduction, the superin-

tenant gave his annual report of the school for the past year; the items of which as stated by him, and the accuracy of the accounts given, brought great credit to him for his diligence and strict attention to the duties of his office: he then dropped a few remarks in reference to the visible fruits of their labours in the school, stating his regret that their success had not been greater than it had, but still that they were not without instances of the blessing of the Lord upon their labours in regard to the children. In the course of his address he read two letters from abroad, concerning children who were formerly in the school, but who, with their friends, had emigrated to distant parts: the first was from a little girl eleven years of age (now in America), written by herself to her teacher, the contents of which proved very interesting, as she therein related in the most frank and open manner, her exercises of mind in regard to spiritual things, and, amongst other things, stated the time when she first really in earnest cried to the Lord for the pardon of her sins, which fact was particularly pleasing to hear, coming as it did, from one so young. The general tenor of her own simple relation, gave good reason to hope that the Lord by his Spirit had, by means of Sabbath School instruction received by her, taught her her state as a sinner in the sight of God, and led her to Christ as the only refuge for sinners. The other was from a father of a child (somewhat older), from New Zealand, relating the illness and death of his daughter; the accounts by him forwarded of the state of her mind in reference to Divine things, also were calculated to give some pleasing hope that Sabbath school instruction had been made a blessing to her—and that she is now in that land were the inhabitant shall no more say “I am sick.” The meeting was subsequently addressed by friends A. Dalton and J. Martin, who delivered very appropriate speeches for the occasion; after which, the pastor made some remarks touching the great utility of Sunday schools, mentioning some of the many advantages proceeding from them, and the influence produced upon the state of things in general by them, and declaring his continued attachment thereto. Thus closed a very interesting meeting.

BILSTON.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—There seems to be a long controversy amongst our great men respecting the Sonship of the Saviour, which is a great mystery. I have thought of poor Franklin, who, some years gone by, embarked to find out some unknown country, which no man had yet found, but the poor man got lost in the frozen mountains of disappointment—which, I believe, will prove to be the case with this controversy. I think if our ministers were to endeavour to teach the people how the scriptures harmonize, it would be more profitable than these great controversies. It has been a custom with our minister (Mr. D. Lodge, of Willenhall), ever since he has been amongst us, to show us how the scriptures do harmonize the one with the other. Had I a retentive memory I would give your readers an outline of his discourses. One Sunday his text was “And ye will not come unto me that ye might have life:” “No man can come unto me, except the father which sent me draw him.” Another was, “Who gave himself a ransom for all; to be testified in due time:” and another “he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for our’s only, but also for the sins of the whole world.” These and many similar texts are what he has favoured us with for a long time. I trust I can say he is no duty-faith man, and yet no man presses Christian duties more than he does; and from what I can gather from the whole of our church, they seem to approve very much of his manner of preaching. I can truly say since we have met at the Temperance Hall, Bilston, the Lord has gone out before us in a way of mercy. Our neat little chapel is nearly finished; although myself and a few others left the old chapel for conscience sake, I trust we have suffered no loss.

T. J., a Constant Subscriber to the Vessel.

DEPTFORD.—**ZION BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—On Tuesday afternoon and evening commemorative and representative services were held in the above chapel. In the afternoon the ordinance of the Lord's supper was administered and addresses delivered by Messrs. Jones and Foreman, and several offered prayer. At 5 tea was provided for a numerous company; and at 6 a public meeting was held, Mr. G. Wyard, minister of the church, in the chair. The chairman having briefly stated the present position, which is, we are happy to say, most satisfactory, called upon Mr. Milner to address the meeting on the words, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved'; on which solemn subject he spoke at some length. Mr. Dickerson followed, upon the words, 'He that believeth not shall be damned,' after which Mr. Wells spoke on the words, 'He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.' During Mr. Wells's address, and while he was stating the positive declaration of scripture that the damnation of the lost shall be eternal, in the same manner as the salvation of the blest shall be eternal,—a person in the gallery interrupted him, declaring that Mr. Wells was not preaching the truth; for we were told in the Bible that the 'wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life,' evidently, by his remarks, implying that the damnation of the lost was not eternal. The chairman, however, called him to order, and Mr. Wells proceeded with his remarks. This interruption is a sad proof of the spread of error in the present day, and an additional reason for Christians to speak out boldly and fearlessly the great truths of the everlasting gospel. Mr. Palmer offered a few remarks in conclusion; the subject allotted to him was, 'The law is holy, just, and good; but I am carnal; sold under sin:' but he declined entering upon so important a matter then, the time being exhausted. Collections were made after the service towards the erection of school rooms in the rear of the chapel, which are to be built early in the spring. Altogether this meeting was of a most remarkable character. No less than between forty and fifty ministers of Particular Baptist Churches were present; and the attendance of friends was most gratifying. The chapel was literally crowded to the very doors. It is comforting to the Christian amid the prevailing errors that characterize the present day to find that, as in the time of Elijah, so now, the Lord has thousands that are true to his name. We purpose giving a verbatim report of the evening speeches in 'New London Pulpit' in a few days.

THE REV. J. J. WEST'S SERMON FOR

CHRISTIAN BLIND RELIEF SOCIETY.—On Thursday evening, February 7th, the Rev. J. J. West, M.A., Rector of Winchelsea, preached a sermon in aid of the above society in St. Andrew's Church, Prince's-street, Lambeth. His text was "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." The Lord enabled him to preach the great, grand, and glorious truths of the everlasting gospel with such sweetness and power, that many were constrained to exclaim, "This is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven to my soul." It was a soul comforting sermon; and it was clear to many who heard it that the preacher had been trained for his work in Christ's college, where the ever blessed Spirit is alone the Teacher. It will be printed, and I doubt not that many a soul cast down by sin will be comforted and built up in their most holy faith by it. At the close of the sermon, Mr. West made an earnest appeal on behalf of the poor blind, and gave out the following lines, which were sung most heartily by the congregation (written expressly for the occasion).

" Help the blind of every nation,
Ye who still enjoy your sight;
'Tis in wisdom God afflicts them;
What he does is always right.

Help the blind! ah, shew them pity:
Troubles line their earthly road;
While they journey all in darkness;
Nature does no light afford."
But in yonder heavenly mansion,
Shall the Christian blind appear;
With immortal eyes beholding
Beauties all Divinely fair;
And for ever
Join to sing Jehovah's praise."

A collection was then made, which amounted to £9 3s. 3d. It must be truly pleasing to every true Christian mind, to hear of such faithful ministers in the Church of England; men that are not ashamed of the discriminating truths of the gospel; such a gospel as Hawker, Romaine, Toplady, and others, preached with all their power. May the God of all grace still preserve this champion of truth; may he more than ever be "determined to know nothing amongst men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified," and may he be long spared as a pillar of the church of God—is the prayer of
J. MITSON.
28, Stamford-street.

RIPLEY.—On Lord's-day, February 11th, 1861, being again favoured with an increase to our little hand, where love and harmony severally reign, our brother Drake preached and baptized in the morning, taking for his text, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." He spoke sweetly of love being the mainspring of all our motions in the ways of God, and causing them that feel it to run in the way of his commandments with energy and delight. He then baptized, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, two young men, who gave a satisfactory statement of their love to the Lord, his people, and his ways.—J. MERYET. [Want of space compels us to omit the verses.—ED.]

WALWORTH.—**EAST STREET CHAPEL.** The 68th anniversary of the establishment of the Sabbath schools connected with East Street Chapel, was celebrated on Tuesday evening, Feb. 12th, in the new and commodious school room adjoining the Chapel. Mr. Alderson occupied the chair, who observed in his opening address that his own father was once a scholar in East-street Sunday school. The report read was of an interesting character. The school is in a very prosperous condition: the number of both teachers and scholars had increased. One little girl, aged 8, who had died during the year, gave cheerful evidence that she knew and loved Jesus; she died in sweet peace of mind. Another scholar, a lad of some 9 years, who had also died during the year, gave evident signs that saving and sovereign grace had reached his heart; for though young in years, he had a clear knowledge of the way of salvation; he departed triumphing in Jesus. The father of this lad, who had before this lived entirely negligent of the ways of God, was so wrought upon by the solemn reality of religion as manifest in the happy departure of his son, that (as he said himself to the child's teacher), 'God has made his death my life.' The school has now about 250 children, and a company of energetic and devoted teachers numbering nearly 20. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Wyard, Cracknell, Pells, Meeres, Maitland, and others. The new school room, which was prettily decorated with mottoes, was crowded. Mr. Alderson, who is fulfilling a three months engagement with the church here, is well received, and signs of peace and prosperity are not wanting.

A GOOD OLD SOLDIER GONE HOME.

SAMUEL ANDREWS, of Lower Norwood, nearly 60 years a faithful soldier, under the banner, "Jehovah Nissi," was called by his captain to take possession of his inheritance and his crown, and to rest from his labours. He left the field of conflict after a short but painful affliction, December 29th, 1860. He was buried in Norwood Cemetery.

The Choice Experience of Mrs. Rebecca Combe,

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE REV. DAVID CLARKSON (PURITAN);

DELIVERED BY HER ON HER ADMISSION INTO FELLOWSHIP WITH THE CHURCH THEN UNDER THE CARE OF THE LATE REV. THOMAS GOUGE, LONDON.

In giving an account of the dealings of God with my soul, I desire truly and sincerely to repeat the state of the case. I am sensible it will be in much weakness, but I hope my end is that God may have the glory of his own work, which he hath wrought on so mean and unworthy a creature as myself.

I had the advantage and invaluable blessing of a religious education, both my parents being eminent for wisdom and grace. Under the instructions of my good mother I had early and frequent convictions, though these impressions lasted not long, for I wore them off, either by a formal engaging in religious duties, or by running into such diversions as were suited to my childhood. But my convictions being renewed as I grew up, and it being impressed on my mind, that this way of performing duties, by fits and starts, merely to quiet an accusing conscience, would not satisfy the desires of an immortal soul, capable of higher enjoyments than I looked up with—this put me on serious thoughtfulness what method to pursue, in order to bind myself to a more stated performance of those duties which I was convinced the Lord required of me. Accordingly I made a most solemn resolution to address myself to God by prayer, both morning and evening, and never on any occasion whatever to neglect it, calling on the Lord to witness against me if I broke this solemn engagement. But alas! I soon saw the vanity of my own resolutions; for as I was only found in the performance of duty through fear and as a task, and having once omitted it at the set time, I concluded my promise was now broken, and continued from that time in a total neglect of prayer, till it pleased the Almighty Spirit to return with his powerful operations, and set my sins in order before me; then my unsuitable carriage under former convictions, together with my breaking the most solemn engagements to the Lord, wounded me deeply indeed. I was tempted to conclude I had sinned the unpardonable sin, and should never be forgiven. Yet, in my greatest distress of anguish of spirit, I could not give up all hope, having some views of the free and sovereign grace of God, as extended to the vilest and worst of sinners, though I could not take the comfort of it to myself. My sins appeared exceeding sinful; I even loathed myself on account of them, and was continually

begging a deeper sense and greater degrees of humiliation. I thought I could have been content; yea, I was desirous of being filled with the utmost horror and terror of which I was capable, if this might be a means of bringing me to that degree of sorrow which I apprehended the Lord expected from so vile a creature; the heinous nature of my sins, and their offensiveness to the pure eyes of his holiness, was ever before me, insomuch that I thought I could not be too deeply wounded, or feel trouble enough. This put me on a constant and restless application to God through Christ, from whom alone I now saw all help must come. I had tried the utmost I could do, and found it left me miserably short of what the law required and I wanted. I was convinced that an expectation of some worthiness in myself as the condition of my acceptance before God, was that which had kept me so long from Christ and the free promises of the gospel; and, therefore, as enabled, I went to the Lord, and pleaded those absolute promises of his word, which are made freely to sinners in his Son, without the least qualification to be found in me. I was enabled to urge those encouraging words (Rev. xxii. 17), "Let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely;" also (Isa. lv. 1), "Without money and without price;" with many more of like nature.

I desired to come to Christ, unworthy as I was, and cast my soul entirely upon him, for I clearly saw that all that I had done profited me nothing—since my very prayers, considered as a sinner, were an abomination to the Lord. There was nothing left, therefore, for me to take the least comfort or encouragement from but the free grace of God in Christ Jesus, which I continued to plead with much earnestness, and found my soul enlarged beyond whatever I had experienced before.

Soon after I providentially opened a manuscript of my father's, and cast my eyes upon that part of it where he was shewing what pleas a sensible sinner might make use of in prayer; many things were mentioned which were very reviving: 'I was miserable, and that might be a plea;' 'I might also plead his own mercy,' 'the suitability, the largeness, and the freeness of his mercy,' 'I might plead my own inability to believe;'

(of which I was very sensible) 'I might also plead the descent of faith, it is the gift of God, and the nature of this gift which is free; 'yea, I might take the examples of others who obtained this gift, and that against the greatest unlikelihood and improbabilities that might be;' 'I might plead (and could plead further,) my willingness to submit to anything so that I might find this favour with the Lord;' 'moreover, I might plead Christ's prayer and his compassions—the work of his Spirit already begun;' 'that regard which the Lord shews to irrational creatures; he hears their cries, will he shut out the cries of a poor perishing sinner?' 'in short, I might plead my necessity and extreme need of faith;' a sense of which was deeply impressed on my soul.

On reading those pleas I found great relief; yea, they were to me as a voice from heaven, saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' I was enabled to act faith upon a Redeemer, and could give up my all to him, and trust in him alone for all. I was now convinced by his Spirit that he would work in me what was well pleasing and acceptable to God, and that he required nothing of me but what his rich, free grace would bestow upon me. Now was Christ exceeding precious to my soul, and I longed for clearer discoveries of him, both in his person and offices, as Prophet, Priest, and King: and oh! how did I admire his condescending love and grace to such a poor, wretched, worthless creature as myself. I was greatly in frequent acts of resignation to him, desiring that every faculty of my soul might be brought into an entire obedience, and could part with every offensive thing, and would not have spared so much as one darling lust, but was ready to bring it forth and slay it before him; in short, I could now perceive a change wrought in my whole soul. I was delighted in what before was my greatest burden, and found that most burdensome in which before I most delighted. I went on pleasantly in duty; my meditation of him was sweet, and my heart much enlarged in admiring his inexpressible love and grace, so free and sovereign to so withered a creature, which even filled my soul with wonder and love.

But this delighted frame did not long continue, for I was soon surprised with swarms of vain thoughts, which appeared in my most solemn approaches to God; and such violent hurries of temptation, as greatly staggered my faith, which was weak. Hereupon I was ready to give up all, and to conclude that I had mocked God, and cheated my soul; that these wandering thoughts, and this unfixedness of mind in duty, could never consist with a sincere love to the things of God. I thought my heart had

been fixed—but oh! how exceeding deceitful did I then find it, which greatly distressed me, and made me conclude my sins were rather increased than mortified; insomuch that I was ready to cry out, O wretched creature that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death! and in consideration of the power and prevalency of indwelling corruption and daily temptations which I had to grapple with, I was ready to say, 'I shall one day fall by the hands of these enemies.' But these discouragements were fully removed by reading some of my father's writings, where it was observed that 'A person had no reason to conclude his sins were more increased merely because they appeared more and became more troublesome, since this arose from the opposition they now met with from that principle of grace which was now implanted.' Hence I learned, that before, the flesh reigned quietly in me, and therefore, I perceived not the lusts thereof—but now all the powers and faculties of my soul were engaged against them, they gave me the greatest disturbance, and struggled more and more; also these words were impressed on my mind with an efficacious power, (2 Cor. xii. 9) 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' which gave me peace in believing that it would be to me according to his word.

Thus, after many conflicts, comforts, and supports, I determined to give myself up to some church, that I might partake of the Lord's supper, and have my faith confirmed in the blood of the everlasting covenant, which I hoped the Lord had made with me, since he had given me his Spirit as the earnest thereof. I accordingly was joined to a church, and in coming to this ordinance found great delight. My faith was strengthened, and my love increased from that sweet communion I then enjoyed with my Lord by his blessed Spirit, who often filled me with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Thus I walked under the sweet and comfortable sense of his love; and whilst in the way of my duty, I was indulged with such sights of the Redeemer's glory, and such a taste of his grace, that I frequently wished I might never go back to the world again.

But after all these manifestations (oh! wretched creature!) God in his providence called me more into the world by changing my condition: this new relation brought new affections, and new temptations, which, being too much yielded to, insensibly prevailed, and brought me into such perplexing darkness, that I want words to express it. I lost the sense of the love of God, and hence my duty was performed without that delight I once experienced, the want of which made me often neglect it, and especially in private, while I attended on public worship with little advantage or pleasure.

The consideration of this decay in my love, and the loss of those quickening influences of the Spirit, which I used to experience in duty, increased my darkness, and I had doleful apprehensions of my stato, and my inordinate love to the creature, and want of submission to the will of the Lord, in disposing of what I had so unduly set my heart upon, prepared me to look for awful things in a way of judgment from a righteous God, which I afterwards found: his hand was laid on that very object by which I had so provoked him; for a disorder seized him, under which he long languished till it ended in his death.*

This was a melancholy stroke, and more so as I saw his hand stretched out still; for I continued in an unsuitable temper, and without that submission which such a dispensation called for. The Lord still hid his face from me, and it is impossible to give a particular account of those perplexing thoughts and tormenting fears which filled my mind; everything appeared dreadfully dark both within and without. Oh! were it possible to describe it to others, as I then felt it, they would dread that which will separate between them and God. I expected if the Lord did return it would be in a dreadful way—by some remarkable judgment or other. But oftentimes from the frame I was in I could see no ground to hope he would ever return at all.

But was it to me according to my dismal apprehensions and fears? Oh, no! My soul and all that is within me bless and adore his name, under a sense of his free and sovereign grace who manifested himself unto thee as a God pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin. This was the title by which he manifested himself unto Moses, when he caused his glory to pass before him; and it was in the clear apprehension, and powerful application of this by the Almighty Spirit, that I was brought to admire so greatly the free grace of God thus discovered to me in so extraordinary a manner, that it even transported my soul with love and thankfulness beyond anything I had ever experienced in my past life.

The beginning of this alteration in my frame, was hearing the experience of one which I thought very much like my own, when the Lord first began to work in my soul. I concluded this person was the subject of a real and universal change. On this occasion I determined to consider my former experience. In doing so I found the blessed Spirit of all grace assisting me, and witnessing to his work upon my heart, inasmuch that 'Ere I was aware, my soul was like the chariots of a willing people.' I was

wonderfully enlivened in duty, and enlarged in thankfulness to God for thus manifesting himself, and directing me to those means which he had so inexpressibly blest beyond my expectation.†

Thus the Lord drew me by the cords of his love, and lifted up the light of his countenance upon me, so that in his light, I saw light which scattered that miserable cloud of darkness that had wrapped my soul so long; yea, he dispelled all those unbelieving thoughts which were apt to arise, on account of that low estate out of which he had newly raised me. It was suggested to me that this was not his ordinary way of dealing with such provoking creatures as myself, but that they are usually filled with terrors, and brought down even to a view of the lowest hell. Thus Satan endeavoured to hold me under unbelieving fears—but the blessed Spirit, by 'taking of the things of Christ and shewing them unto me,' prevailed over the temptation. I had such a discovery of the Father's love, unchangeable, free, and eternal, which was discovered in pitching on me before the foundations of the world; and the glory of the Son as proceeding from the Father, and offering a sacrifice of a sweet smelling savour, and in bringing in an everlasting righteousness,—which, by his Spirit he enabled me to rest wholly and alone upon, as the foundation of every blessing which I have received, or he has promised for the whole of my acceptance before God—for my justification sanctification, and full redemption. On this foundation he has enabled me steadfastly to rely, which greatly enlivens and enlarges my soul in its addresses to the Father, through the Son, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit—for pardon and strength against those powerful corruptions which still remain in my heart.

Oh, the love! the infinite, condescending, and unchanging love of the Father; and oh, that fulness of grace which is treasured up in my Redeemer,—to be bestowed on me by his promised Spirit: of which so much hath already been communicated, that my soul is even overwhelmed under the sense and consideration of it. The Lord appeared to me as resting in his love, and joying over me with singing, as it is expressed in Zeph. iii. 17.—which scripture with many others, has been so opened and applied, as make my

† This shews the benefit of communicating experiences.—'As in water face answers to face, so the heart of man to man.' Prov. xxvii. 19. And though this great duty is much neglected by Christians in the present day, yet I am persuaded the Lord would bless it for mutual comfort, quickening, and establishing: as the wise man speaks, 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend'; i.e. it gives him a whet, and, as it were, sets a new edge upon him. Good men's graces are sharpened by converse with those that are good—and bad men's lusts are sharpened by those that are bad.

* Her husband died of a consumption at Hitchen, but in what year is not now known.

approaches to him exceeding delightful,—and this sense of his love, lays me low in the views of my own vileness and unworthiness, and constraining me to love him, and live to him, and to give him all the glory of that change, which of his own free and sovereign grace he has wrought in me. There was nothing in me to move him to this: yea, what was there not in me to provoke him to cast me off for ever? But thus it hath pleased him to magnify his grace and mercy on a creature the most unworthy of any that ever received a favour at his hands.

I know not where to end! He has recovered me from amongst the dead, and he shall have the glory of it whilst I live. Yes! I will praise him, and tell of the wonders of his love to others, that so he may be honoured, and none may mistrust him. He has filled me with his praises, though he has not given me that natural capacity that some have been blessed with, to express what I feel and find of his work on my soul,—but this I can say, I have found him whom my soul loves; he hath manifested himself to me; and there is nothing I dread so much as losing sight of him again. His presence makes all his ordinances, and all his providences, and everything delightful unto me. It is impossible to express the joy of my soul in sweet converse with him, with a sense of love and experience of his presence, under the influences of the Spirit, whose office it is to abide with me, and guide me, direct, and comfort me for ever.

It is a sense of my duty, and a desire to follow the direction of that blessed Spirit that I request fellowship with you of this

church.† Amongst you my Lord has been pleased to discover himself to me, and to make the ministry you sit under exceeding useful and comfortable to my soul; by it I have been built up and settled on the right foundation, the righteousness of Christ, that Rock that shall never be moved. Your order likewise appears to be very beautiful and lovely, being as I apprehend most agreeable to the rules of my Lord. Hence I desire to have communion with you, that so by your example and watchfulness over me, and the other advantages arising from church-fellowship, I may find what I expect and earnestly desire in communion with you, namely, that I may experience fellowship with the Father, and the Son, through the eternal Spirit, whilst I wait upon him in the ways of his own appointment.

REBECCA COMBE.

Dec. 17th, 1697.

Her biographer adds the following account of her,—

‘This valuable Christian lived to a good old age. She was confined by illness for four years before her death, during which she had large experience, and greatly valued her stated habitual seasons for converse with God and longed much for the time when all hindrances and restraints should be for ever removed. She slept in Jesus, November 20th, 1744, aged 79 years, and her remains were interred in Bunhill Fields.

† A church in London, then under the pastoral care of Thomas Gouge, to which she removed her communion, and at the time of her admission gave this account.

FAITH—FRUIT—AND FLOWERS.

“A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE.”

WE have read the following sweet and truthful narrative in *Christian Treasury*, and enjoyed it so much, we wish to give it our readers, believing they will find it profitable. How remarkable are the Providences of our HEAVENLY FATHER, as the following paper proves. The writer says—]

“I WOULD not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sorrowful soul, or shewing mercy; for, if I am bound to pray for those in distress, I am surely bound to practise what I pray for.” These words of Herbert’s, in connection with the words of One greater than Herbert, even One whom Herbert loved to call Lord and Master, and into whose spirit he drank so deeply, “The poor ye have always with you, and whosoever ye will, ye may do them good,” were passing through the mind. Queries as to the universality and capability of Herbert’s resolve being carried out

in daily life had arisen, when the train reached its destination, and drew up under the elegant roof of the Paddington station. The usual bustle attendant upon the arrival of a train succeeded, during which the writer stepped aside for a few minutes, in order to leave with more comfort when the motley throng had somewhat dispersed. This was soon the case, and she was about departing also, when her attention was drawn to the agitated, distressed look of a poor woman, evidently moving in the very humblest class, and in addition bowed down with suffering. She was standing abstractedly, searching in her pocket, apparently in vain; but at length produced a clasp-knife, with which she turned hastily away, and was lost round an angle of a building. A vague but terrible suspicion induced the

lady to follow, and placing her hand on her shoulder, say, "You are in trouble: can I assist or direct you in any way?" The poor woman thus addressed, turned round, gasped for breath, and only replied by taking the hand laid on her shoulder, and placing it on her heart, when the lady was shocked to discover a fearful enlargement, apparently caused by the presence of fluid in the region. The heavy, unnatural pulsations, arising from disease of the organ, caused apprehension as to the effect of excitement in her case, when the poor sufferer gasped out, "Oh, my heart! oh, my poor babe!" Thinking she would recover most quickly alone, the lady left her to seek the child, after withdrawing the knife from her grasp, saying, "Try to compose yourself, and then come to the waiting-room." Looking in the direction to which she had pointed, not a babe, but a child of about four years old, was found, helpless as a babe, crouched beside a basket filled with flowers and lettuce. On taking the little one's hand, it was apparent it could neither stand nor walk, from spinal weakness. It was a cripple. A kindly porter conveyed the little one to its mother, who was by this time somewhat restored.

"Now," said the lady, "that you are better, will you tell me the cause of your distress, and what you were going to do with this knife?"

"Oh, ma'am," said the poor woman, "I see what you were afraid of. I see also that God has heard my prayer, and raised me up a friend. O that I should have mistrusted him for one moment!"

"You know where to look for sympathy in your trials?"

A bright smile lit up her pale countenance as, searching in her basket, she produced a tract entitled, "Looking to Jesus," said, "Here's my hope. I can't carry my Bible now, it's too heavy. I've parted with most things—even my ring—and so feared I should have to part with my Bible; but, bless his holy name, I haven't. All its promises are true: I've found them so."

She then related her situation. She and her child were out-patients of two of the metropolitan hospitals. She had been an in-patient for three months, and was now come up to undergo a surgical operation. In her ignorance of railroad travelling, she had entered a second-class carriage with a third-class ticket; and, of course, had been compelled to pay the extra charge. This had rendered her destitute, by taking the few pence reserved for payment of the 'bus which was to convey them to the hospital. Unable to walk, her distress at this discovery had induced the agitation referred to; and her only means of reaching the hospital was by the sale of the knife, which she was about to offer to a porter when first observed.

Fearing, from the avidity with which the little one swallowed a cake offered him, that the woman's exhaustion arose as much from want as disease, a porter was dispatched to the opposite side of the station for a little refreshment. And here should be recorded the cheerful alacrity with which all these officials waited upon these two helpless beings that morning. To paint the gratitude of this poor woman for these trifling favours would be impossible. She viewed the hand of God in all. "Oh, ma'am, sure he sent you here this morning. He says, 'While they are speaking I will hear.' Yet I did mistrust him. Oh! this does cut me so. What poor creatures we are when the Spirit is not in us." By this time the consulting hour of the hospital was drawing on. A cab was therefore called, and the poor patient little child was carried to it, and laid along the front seat. And here was observable the effects of true religion, not only in elevating the mind, but also in refining the manners. This poor woman, totally unacquainted with the conventionalities of society, apologized for being under the necessity of bringing her basket into the cab. When the lady remarked that its contents were really beautiful, she said, "They are four posies—two for my child's doctor, and two for mine, and the lettuces are for our dinner. I like to look at flowers, they remind me so of the Lord's goodness to us once when we were in great distress. We are ten in family. My husband is a good man, but his wages are low; and, owing to my long illness, we had one day nothing in the house, and my husband says, 'It don't do for poor folks to go on trust—they don't know as they can ever pay.' I didn't care so much for myself as for him. It seemed so bad for a hard-working man to be without a dinner. The time was drawing on, and we had nothing. All at once, I thought I would cut some of my best flowers, and send one of my boys with them to the station; for sometimes the gentlefolks in the best carriages will buy a posy. Well I sent him. Dinner-time came, and my husband came home; but there was nothing. I says, 'I think we must have a loaf on trust this once.' But he says, 'No: if there is nothing, let us have some of God's word, for that is meat and drink too.' Well, ma'am, we had just begun reading, when in comes my little boy, drops down into a chair, holds out his hand, and there was a bright new shilling. He couldn't speak, you see, for joy. I says, 'My child, I hope you didn't ask more than two-pence for them flowers,'—for that you know, ma'am, was the price," said the poor woman with much simplicity. "'No, mother,' he says, 'but the lady said I should have a shilling, for they was worth it.' So I see the Lord's

hand was in it. So we had a beautiful dinner, and some over."

On being asked how she contemplated reaching the second hospital if she were penniless, she said, "Oh, they would send us on." This led her to speak of the doctors. "They are so kind; if we was gentlefolks, and could pay them pounds, we couldn't have more attention. I pray the Lord to reward them for it. But all hearts are in the Lord's hands—everything bought for us with the blood of Jesus. When we come to him, he takes all our sins upon himself, and puts all his righteousness upon us, and all his love too,—no, not all his love, we could not bear it yet."

"Did you always feel thus?"

"No; I can say with David, 'It is good for me,' &c. 'Before I was afflicted I went astray.'"

Observing her shortness of breath, it was remarked that she was unfit to travel alone, particularly with such an afflicted child.

"No; what you say is true. The doctors say I shall die suddenly, and may do so at any moment. But my husband earns only twelve shillings per week, and he couldn't afford either the time or money to come with me. I know it an't a safe thing; but I am in the path of duty, and God can take care of my child, even if I should die on the road. Oh, he loves my child even better than I do." Here she gave the placid little face a mother's kiss. "I can trust it with him."

"Oh! woman, great is thy faith!" was the mental exclamation.

Time would fail to record all the precious words that fell from her lips. Drawing near the writer's destination, she expressed a hope that she should be sustained under the anticipated operation.

"Oh, ma'am, never fear; that coffee has made me feel strong enough for anything. I can't reward you for your kindness, but my God can and will."

On the writer's assuring her that she had already been abundantly rewarded, for that, in ministering to her carnal things, she had reaped her spiritual things, she said, "Oh, ma'am, only cleave to the Lord, he'll stand by you at all times, and in all things. The hotter the furnace, the stronger the love. Tell every poor tried one you meet with, never to fear if Jesus is their Friend. Farewell," she said, on bidding adieu; "We shall never meet again in this world. You know who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these that believe in me, ye have done it unto me.'"

Farewell, heir of glory! Sorrow and suffering are now thy portion; but a crown of glory awaits thee! Thou hast been tried, and hast come forth as gold. A few, apparently a very few, more days of trial and privation, and thou shalt sit down with the Father on his throne! May it be the happiness of the writer, from the confines of that blissful abode, to behold thee there!

As a further illustration of the truth of the text quoted above, it may be stated, that on the writer's alighting at her destination, she was about remunerating the driver of the cab for the extra distance to the hospital, when he generously said, "I will take the poor creatures for nothing." May this little act of disinterested kindness of this poor man be remembered, and plead for some little exemption for this class of men from those sweeping and unqualified charges of extortion and incivility with which they are too often assailed.

A. C. W.

CONVERSION TO GOD.

A TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE ESSENTIAL TO THE PRESENT TIMES OF EXCITEMENT IN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS.

(Continued from page 59.)

NOTWITHSTANDING those special deliverances in providence, and gracious manifestations of the love of God to my soul, yet was I often brought into "Doubting Castle;" for Satan would present to my mind the near resemblance of the tares to the wheat. "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way." Matt. xiii. 24, 25. Also the rebellion of Korah and his associates, as recorded in Num. xvi., and the particular sins of persons mentioned

in the word; and thus often he would bring my soul into darkness and condemnation: at other times he would so work upon my corrupt nature that I should feel the boiling up of spiritual pride to be so great, that no archangel's place in heaven would satisfy my proud desires: then again he would come in with his hellish suggestions of blasphemy against God, especially the Son and the Holy Ghost. What a mercy to have that dear scripture, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Now

how does he lift up this standard in the soul? Why by the revelation of Christ, and the application of his word and promises. Thus on three particular occasions I realized it. Once in the street, on a sudden I felt unspeakable joy by the application of this portion, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee;" and sure I am it was the witness of the Holy Ghost. Again by the road side, "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever;" and in this way faith triumphed over the law, as Paul writes to the saints in Rome, "Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God:" over conscience and its cravings, as in the case of David, when Nathan said to him, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die:" over justice with its flaming sword, "So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life:" the devil and his accusations, "The accuser of the brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night; and they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." Thus I was enabled to triumph in Christ. At another time I was overwhelmed with joy, swallowed up as it were in holy delight by the revelation of the Trinity, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost." Tears of joy and rills of comfort were mine. I had an experimental foretaste of glory; these verses of Dr. Watts' suited me.

"Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear
His grace removes my sin."

The Father's love in my election, "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God;" and giving me to Christ, as our dear Lord speaks in John, "Thine they were, and thou gavest them to me:" the love of the Son in the acceptance of my person, and in dying to redeem me, as Jesus himself said, "The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep;" "I lay down my life for the sheep:" and the love of the Holy Ghost in quickening me: "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins;" in revealing, as Jesus told the disciples, "He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine and shall shew it unto you:" in witnessing, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:" and

in his testifying power, "He shall testify of me." The love of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost enraptured every power and faculty of the new man, and was verified in my experience, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the WELLS of salvation;" not well, but wells, which were to me Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Strange as it may seem, the days of darkness were many; it may be summed up thus,—the world, the flesh, and the devil. I have ever found, and expect to find (until death, or the blessed coming of my all-glorious Lord), that the battle will continue, and the conflict will not cease, because the Canaanite is still in the land, as Kent says,

"The Canaanites still in the land
To harass, perplex, and dismay,
Brought Israel of old to a stand,
For Anak was stronger than they.
What God had designed they possessed,
Supported and kept by his hand;
Yet lest on their lees they should rest
The Canaanites dwelt in the land.

Corruptions, like vapours, shall rise,
Light, love, and delight shall be gone;
The sun shall be dark in the skies,
And hell, with its legions come on;
Yet all things shall work for their good—
Afflictions, temptations, or pain;
And still through the Lamb and his blood,
Their cause they shall ever maintain."

As at the miller's water-mill, the emptying of one bucket is but the making room for the filling of another, so it has been with me, causing me to exclaim with Hart,

"Oh! thou hideous monster sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!"

I believe the moments which are really the happiest of the Christian's life, are those when, under the reign of the Spirit, he can, like Mary, sit at the feet of Jesus, and say "Not my will but thine be done:" it is hard work to arrive here, to be brought into the stripping room, as we read in Zech. iii. 3, 4, "Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel: and he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment." Fallen nature never did, and never will like this. I had one such season under a severe trial with one of my apprentices; I was enabled to look up to my heavenly Father, and THANK him FOR the trial. We should seek for grace to glorify God in the trial, as the three Hebrew children did, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O King." The apostle tells the church at Ephesus, "After that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." Now the Lord's people often feel they can believe, but say they what is this sealing? I know nothing of the confirming power of

the Holy Ghost. This was the case with the old Christian woman whom I used to visit when a deacon of the church; she once told me she was kept in bondage, well nigh to despair for months; the devil continually tempting her with the thought and belief that she was a hypocrite, and that all her religion was hypocrisy: well one day it came powerfully into her mind that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Now, I will go, she remarked, to Christ as a hypocrite with all my hypocrisy. She did so, and felt the cleansing blood applied to her wounded conscience, and went on her way rejoicing. But I apprehend in the sealing of the Spirit of promise, there is an assurance given of our personal election, and a solemn ratification in the conscience of our union to Christ. It is desirable for all the church to have it, but more especially for those who are set for the especial defence of the truth, that in the hour of trial it may prove a shield and a defence for them: thus Noah had it, he "found grace in the eyes of the Lord," and amid the scoffs and reproaches of the world he built the ark, and that bolt which shut him in shut the whole world out; as Hart says,

" Though every part he might secure
With bar, or bolt, or pin,
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in."

Paul had it in an eminent degree, "I know in whom I have believed:" "I have fought a good fight * * Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day:" and again, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" also his triumphant appeal in the Romans, he begins the 8th chapter with no condemnation, and ends with no separation, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Yea, every one of the apostles, as far as we can judge by their writings, seem to have realized the witness in their consciences that they were the children of God by the sealing of the Spirit. This great blessing and sweet gift of the Holy Ghost was communicated to my soul in the following way. One morning, in reading that precious portion in Isaiah, "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom soul delighteth." I was led to contemplate the glory of the Son of God; I saw him one with the Father, in all the grandeur of his Divine attributes and perfections, absolutely, gloriously, and distinctly God—and yet the Son of God. The next view I had of him was his taking into union with his Divine person the nature of man. Thus I saw in the person of my beloved Saviour, the perfection of Deity and the perfection of humanity so united and so perfect the union

that words cannot express its blessedness. Thus the oath of Jehovah the Father, and all his precious promises to the Son, are based on this eternal union of the two natures, in one glorious person. After having by faith had a soul-ravishing view of the Son of God as manifested in the flesh—I saw quite as clearly that the church of God, that is every member of his mystical body, whether Jew or Gentile; or as Peter saw them in the sheet let down from heaven, all sorts of sinners encircled and enwrapped around by the glorious covenant of grace; they came from heaven by the decree of election and free grace, and they were taken up to heaven as manifested children of God (Acts x. 11—16), the Bride, the Lamb's wife. The sweetness of the revelation lied here: what the human nature of the Son of God was to his Divine person, so every member of the true church has the same standing in Deity, "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in me." So that we by faith are even now made partakers of the divine nature. Whilst I was lost in holy contemplation of the delight and pleasure the Father had in the Son, the following words came with irresistible power to my soul, "And thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life." The devil might as well have tried to dethrone Immanuel as to shake my confidence as to my personal election. Oh! what everlasting obligations has the Lord laid me under to praise and adore his blessed Majesty; one with Christ. What can equal it? And to have the solemn assurance thereof sealed upon the conscience by the Spirit of promise; why it enables us, as Paul saith, "Always to triumph in Christ." The Lord in his own sovereign and peculiar way was thus preparing me for the work of the ministry, so that I might be first a partaker of the fruits of the gospel, and having tasted, handled, and felt of the word of life, I can speak of those things which I have learned in the school of Christ experimentally since that special and ever-to-be-remembered anointing of the Holy Ghost. I have in the main realized my adoption; now and then the devil comes with his "IFS," and "MAY-BES," causing a little staggering, but soon, (blessed be God,) it is like the dashing of the waves against a rock. I feel, as Hopeful said to Christian in passing the river, "I feel the bottom and it is good;" and with the Psalmist, "He brought me up, also, out of an horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

Thus, amid daily infirmities and sins, often indeed feeling the plague spot of my old leprous nature—yet faith has a good hold

on the promises, on the finished work of Jesus, desiring to know no other heaven than to "know him and the power of his resurrection, and to have fellowship with him in his sufferings;" thus "for me live is Christ, and to die is gain."

I purpose, if the Lord will, to give an account of my call to the ministry in my next epistle.

The Lord be with thee, dear brother, in

the great work of preaching Christ, and bless abundantly the seed-royal. So prays, your's in covenant love,

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

ERRATA.—On page 58, 1st column, the 35th line from the bottom, instead of "was a goodly amount," read "with a goodly amount;" and page 58, 2nd column, 21st line from the bottom, instead of "night," read "Oh! there was such light, joy, peace," &c.

BIBLE MEN AND THEIR WORK.

SOME years since we commenced a series of papers drawn from the history of men whose names, times, and labours, are recorded in the scriptures of truth. Those papers we have reason to know were acceptable; but a series of trials and afflictions hindered us. We have long wished to resume them, because the instruction to be derived therefrom is solid, safe, and at all times of immense value. We must not promise anything: but we hope to continue them.

ELIHU—AND HIS MINISTRY

shall be the first of this new series. Upon the whole, Elihu's mission to Job, and his discourses upon the work of God in the souls of men, is as rich as almost any portion of the Old Testament records. Here is a beginning.

There is a singularity in the way in which the Spirit of God brings Elihu before our notice. Job's three friends had been a long time in hot and hard converse with him; and Job had continued to answer them. The thirty-first chapter closes with this sentence—*The words of Job are ended.* The thirty-second chapter commences by saying, "So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes." Thus a silence ensues; and this makes way for

ELIHU, THE SON OF BARACHEL, THE BUZITE, OF THE KINDRED OF RAM, to commence. And he commences (as Caryll would say—"in a great passion.")—"Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu; against Job was his wrath kindled, because he had justified himself rather than God. Also against his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job." It will be easily seen here, then, how full of weight this Elihu's answer must be: inasmuch as it is from God, and it is to vindicate the character and conduct of the Almighty in all he had done, or would do, towards the sons of men.

Let us first see who this man ELIHU is.

There are many questions about this person among the learned. It would be too great a diversion, and possibly an unprofitable one, to stay upon them. We have him here described, first, by his name. The Hebrew etymologists say this proper name Elihu signifieth, *he is my God, or my God is he.* And as he is described by his name, so by his nativity or parentage.—

Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram. His father's name, Barachel, signifies, in the Hebrew, *one whom God hath blessed*; or, *the blessing of God.* The son's name was, *my God is the Lord*; and the father's name was, *the blessing of God*; or, *one whom God hath blessed.* We may note a piece of holy devotion in the old fathers, in giving significant names to their children. And surely it may be of much use to give our children good and significant names, such names as carry a remembrance of duty or of mercy. When Alexander the Great met with a common soldier whose name was Alexander, he said to him, "Be sure thou do nothing unworthy the name of Alexander." His name had a great encouragement in it to gallantry in war. And it is noted of Diadumenus, that having obtained both the empire and the name of Antoninus, he said, "I will labour all I can, that I may not be injurious to the name of the Antonines." This should be much more our care and study, where holiness makes the name honourable. John signifieth *the grace of God*; and, as I remember it is the saying of one of the ancients, concerning a bad man so called, "Thy name is John, but thou art not John; thy name signifieth grace, but thou art not gracious." Ambrose said to the virgin Agnes, (or Ann) "There is chastity in thy name; do not contradict thy name." So Jerome, writing to Pammachius, which name signifieth *a fighter against all*, "Do thou (saith he) fight against all sin, against the devil, the world, and thy own corruption." The same author writing to Meletius,—which signifies, *honey, sweetness*,—

"Have thou (saith he) the sweetness of honey in thy manners." And to Probus he writes, "Thy name signifieth *honesty*; then be thou an honest man." The Apostle exhorts, (2 Tim. ii. 19,) "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." It is a great argument,—seeing all who profess the gospel are called Christians,—from Christ, that therefore they should adorn that most worthy name by worthy walking. And let me say to all those whose names signify anything of God, of grace, or goodness, Ye have a good and gracious name, let not your actions be a reproach to God, nor a shame to the profession of his grace. A good heart will make a good use of everything; and is provoked to have more than a name for that grace or goodness which is in his name, even to be really that which his name is. How should an Elihu, whose name signifies *he is my God*, labour after this holy assurance that *God is his!* How should a Barachel, whose name signifieth the *blessing of God*, be always praying and waiting for the blessing of God, or returning praise to God (both in heart and life) for all his blessings!"

"*Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzite.*" Here Elihu is described by his family, as before by his father. "The Buzite," that is coming from Buz. Yet there is a difference about that, some say he had that name from the place where he dwelt. We read of a place called Buz, Jer. xxv. 23. Others say he was called the Buzite from the name of his family; as he descended from Buz, the son of Nahor, Abraham's brother. Gen. xxii. 21. "Milcah hath borne children unto thy brother Nahor, Huz his first-born, and Buz, his brother. Master Broughton is clear in it, who gives this gloss upon the text: "Elihu, the Buzite, of Buz, Abraham's brother, son of the family of Ram, famous then for knowledge. Rebecca and Jacob seem to have left religion in Nahor's house." Jerome saith, "Elihu was descended from the second son of Milcah, whom the Septuagint calls Bauz; from him was Balaam the sorcerer, who according to the tradition of the Jews, was this Elihu spoken of in the book of Job,—at first, an holy man and a prophet, but afterwards an apostate." But I leave that as a Rabbinical tradition.

We have yet a further description of Elihu in the text.

"*Of the kindred of Ram;*" of the family or posterity of Ram. Who this Ram was is a much controverted by interpreters; nor is the controversy yet ended who this Ram was. Some say he was that Ram spoken of in Ruth iv. 19. But it is not likely that he was so ancient as Job; or, if he were, he would not leave the Israelites, (from whom Pharez was descended,) to dwell among the

Edomites. Others say that he was that Ram mentioned in Gen. xxii. 21. But neither doth this appear true; for then Elihu could not be a Buzite, but must draw his line from Kemuel, the brother of Buz. The Chaldee Paraphrase tells us, he was Abraham's brother; and to clear this it is said, (as our own learned annotators have given it,) that he had a threefold gradation in his name: first, he was called only Ram, which signifieth *high*; secondly, Abram, which signifieth a *high father*; thirdly, Abraham, which signifieth the *high father of a multitude*. But upon which to determine I conceive it impossible; nor is there any great matter in it. Only this seems clear, that the family of Ram was some great and illustrious family in those times; and we may take notice how distinct and punctual the penman of this book was in describing the pedigree of Elihu. And there may be two reasons why the Spirit of God directed him to be so. First, because he was but a young man; and, therefore, as Saul (1 Sam. xvii. 56,) when he saw David a young man, he asked after his parentage, "Enquire whose son this stripling is;" I would fain know his kindred. So the kindred of Elihu is thus distinctly set down, that he who by reason of his youth was little known as to his person, might be the better known by his ancestors or parentage.

Secondly. His parentage is thus distinctly set down, to assure us, that this is a true history; for some have made the whole book of Job to be but a parable, asserting there was no such real thing. But this one passage gives an undeniable proof that this was a real history, and the matter really acted. This person being described by his own name, and his father's name, and the next of his kindred.

From the consideration of the person who carried on so great a part in this business, "Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram," who was of a strange country, and if allied to Abraham, yet at a great distance; we may observe:

God did preserve a seed of religion, and of holy men to maintain his truth, among those who lived in dark places, and were wrapped up in many errors and superstitions.

There is in the discourse of Elihu a large and detailed description of the Almighty's manner of dealing with sinners—in bringing them to Himself:—there is no controversy in this: it is clear, it is conclusive; it is given with the confidence of the man who speaks from heaven: who comes as God's mouth. Let us well look to this. In these times Elihu's testimony is needed. Please God we will give it.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

NEW SERIES, LETTER I.—THE ORDER OF TRUTH.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS,—Shall I now give you a few words upon your election of God? Just reminding you, that God is *One* and *Three in One*; that he is not One in the same sense that he is Three, nor Three in the same sense that he is One; for this would not be a mystery, but a self-contradiction. He is One as to existency, nature and mind; but at the same time existing in Three Persons, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost. The Word was prior to his incarnation, purely a Divine Person; “the Word was God.” So that you were chosen in a Person purely Divine; and this Divine *Logos*, or Word, was in the fullness of time made (by incarnation) flesh, and thus became the Son of God; even *the* Son of the Father in truth and love. So that when he came into the world, that is when he was born, angels worshipped him. Now, my good Theophilus, you see how suited to you was the *order* of your election of God; you see that the Divine Person in whom you were chosen had the same knowledge of you as had God the Father; and so the Holy Ghost, as witness of that election, had also the same knowledge of you. See then how *safe* this election! Look at the three-fold cord of its certainty! Safe by him who chose you; safe in the Divine Word in whom you were chosen; safe in the Eternal Spirit. So that this Divine Word was there, and then relatively constituted your King and Ruler. And as it was foreseen that the fall would take place, this Divine Word was constituted also your Saviour, and so you are said to be “chosen in Christ Jesus;” and as the work he was in due time to do, and the glory that should follow, were then and there appointed, and as everything you can think of is included in these two departments,—the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow,—so as everything are included in these two, and as these were in eternity determined upon, we are said to be “blest with all spiritual blessings according to this election in him before the foundation of the world.” So that the blessings according to election are as certain as the election itself. And recollect, my good Theophilus, that no one has a right knowledge of the Saviour until he is brought to feel and see himself so lost that nothing but electing grace could originally have given him to Christ. When you were brought to know this, to be reconciled to it, to bless God for it, and to rejoice that your name is written in heaven,—you have left the gospels of men (which yet are no gospels) and gloried in the everlasting Gospel and immutable counsel of God.

You will, my good Theophilus, be careful to understand that the Old Testament saints worshipped Jehovah in this elective relationship; hence they approached him as the “God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,” and this by faith in this everlasting covenant-order of things, looking at the promised atonement, seeing in the light of Divine revelation the *day of Christ*. Here God was worshipped by an atonement not yet actually made; by a righteousness not yet actually wrought out; and by a complexity that did not yet actually exist. But where men get their authority from for saying God *could not* thus be worshipped, but that there *must* have existed a human soul as a medium through which to worship God; where they get their authority for saying Christ’s soul thus *must*, or did, thus exist, I know not. The seed of the woman was to bruise the serpent’s head; this would be a promise to come before God with, and that by a typical sacrifice, as we see in the case of Abel. And then again, we do not read that the Lord appeared to Abraham by a pre-existing soul, but by an immutable *oath*; and as the antediluvians looked to the *seed of the woman*, so Abraham, Isaac and Jacob saw the *day of Christ*. And so after this order did holy men in olden time, worship the God who had chosen and saved them.

You will also notice that this election is an election to conformity to Christ; and so it is written, that they are “predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren.” Now, of course, no creature can be made in the *essential* image of God; for this would be not to make a creature, but to make a God, and yet which could be no God, because it would be a created being; to be in the essential image of God is to be self-existent, infinite and eternal. Thus, my good Theophilus, you will see that Adam was made in the *moral* image of God; that is, in God is no wrong, no sin; so in Adam was no wrong, no sin; God made man upright, thus was he created in righteousness and true holiness, (and was thus, which for want of a better word I call) in the moral image of God. Adam was the figure of him who was to *come*; not the figure of him as he *then* existed, but the figure of him that was to *come*. Now Jesus Christ as the Son of God was in the moral and spiritual image of God; but then Jesus Christ was God as well as the Son of God, that is, that he was man as well as God, and God as well as man; and being both these in one person, he, as the image of God, was infallible, in-

defaceable, undefilable, he was not even peccable or liable to sin; perhaps it is not saying too much to say, that the first Adam was sure to fall; but be this saying too much or not, I am sure it is not saying too much to say that the second Adam was sure *not* to fall. The first Adam lost everything, the second Adam lost nothing. Now Jesus Christ as *man* had a *spirituality* of mind which the first Adam never had. Grace, the covenant of grace, was poured into Christ's lips, so that he loved God with an intensity, by the power of the Spirit of God, in a way Adam never could; Adam's love was perfect as a creature, but it was not supernatural; it was, of course, sinless, and was all the law demanded of him; but the Saviour as the Son of God, standing not only under the law, but standing also in the love of God, and in the bond of the new covenant, he was thus a representation of the mind, and holiness, and righteousness of God in a way infinitely superior to the first Adam. Now, my good Theophilus, it was unto this new covenant, this Gospel order of things, that the Old Testament saints were conformed, and herein they were conformed not merely to the *moral* image of God, but to the new covenant image of God, their life, and light, and holiness, and righteousness, and love to God, were of a Gospel kind; not by the law of works do and live, but by the law of faith, wherein they shall live. And thus you see they were not, and could not, be in the *essential* image of God, nor in the mere moral image of God, but in the spiritual, or which is the same thing, in the Gospel image of God. Thus you will see, that you do not need a pre-existing soul as a *pattern* for them to be conformed to; but the Holy Spirit quickened, and brought them into the love of God, gave them to see the day of Christ, and in God were all their springs, and God was their exceeding joy. And it is reasonable to conclude that Enoch and Elijah, in their translation, underwent in the body the same change that those who are alive at the last day will undergo: that is, that they passed out of their likeness in the body to the first Adam into that of the second Adam. And thus, my good Theophilus, as the body could be conformed to the image of the body of Christ thousands of years before the body of Christ actually existed, so their souls were brought into a supernatural life, light, love, holiness, and righteousness, though the human nature of Christ did not yet exist; but the manhood of the Saviour was present in the mind of God, as though it actually existed; and thus, while the people of God are not in the likeness of abstract Deity, yet abstract Deity, that is God himself, has come into an order of things to which his people are conformed; and as the people were chosen in Christ

Jesus,—who when the people were chosen was that "Word which was in the beginning, and all things were made by him, and the Word was God,"—he, the Word, being thus the head of the church, and as "his goings forth were of old, even from everlasting;" and as the chosen people were, on the ground of this relationship by election in him, and on the ground of his future work, quickened into eternal life, he being the head of this life, for "in him was life, and the life was the light of men," so being God, here he is called "the everlasting Father;" and thus are the people the offspring of the everlasting covenant; as the Saviour is the surety of that covenant, they are all in that covenant his offspring; to this covenant he keeps in dealing with his people down to the fulness of time; then "he is made of a woman, made under the law," and grows up out of his law place, and out of the grave, and builds the temple of the Lord. Thus comes the long looked-for Heir of all things, and takes his place as the "First-born among many brethren;" not first-born in order of *time*, but first-born in dignity and relation; he is the only Child who ever since the foundation of the world was born holy; yea, no other ever was or will be born holy; he is God's first begotten, only begotten, Son; none other ever was or will be born holy; none other is God and man in one person. Thus you will see that the work of Christ is a *testamental* confirmation of your election of God. Here the Testator dies, and so the *WILL cannot be altered*.

Now, my good Theophilus, do you *understand* me?—that your election was in Christ Jesus, who *when* you were chosen was a Person purely divine; that after this Gospel-order of things good men worshipped God, and thus put on the Gospel image of God; and that the Divine Word was constituted Head of all things; and that he did, to accomplish salvation, and bring about eternal glory, become a complex Person; and thus did he take the seed (spiritual) of Abraham up to put them down no more for ever. But do not, my good Theophilus, forget that while the Word was purely a Divine Person, yet that the term Word is a *relative* term, and no doubt bears reference to that Gospel by which all things were to be achieved. Hence we see in the 19th of Revelation, that in the progression of his victories, he is called the "Word of God;" and thus while personally he was purely God, yet being with the Father in the counsels of salvation, he was in this covenantly-constituted relation *with* God. For if you say (and a good minister has suggested this thought to me,) "In the beginning was God, and God was with God, and God was God," you at once see that it is not common sense even; and also such reudering leaves out his *relative* character

as the WORD. So that to understand this scripture you need neither a generated Divinity, nor a pre-existing soul. So believes
A LITTLE ONE.

THE HIGH CHURCH PRIEST, AND THE
ROMISH PRIEST.

Transubstantiation and Baptismal Regeneration.
A Conversation.

HIGH-CHURCH PRIEST—

BROTHER, forgive me if I ask
A little information,
Respecting what most staggers me,
Your transubstantiation.

Before your blessing, both agree,
The bread is *bread* alone;
But after that you gravely say
The bread is *flesh* and *bone*.

Yet when your priestly blessing's o'er,
The substance looks the same,
The same it feels, and nothing more,
Although you change its name.

'Twere very rude to doubt your word;
'Twere worse to doubt my eyes;
So pray explain what you have heard,
To lessen my surprise.

ROMISH PRIEST—

Before I venture to explain,
I have a question too;
But when you give an answer plain
I will reply to you.

You hold a doctrine like our own,
Not easy to believe—
That you can change an infant's soul
By water from your sleeve.

The *bread* we change was made by *man*;
This change while you deny,
You boldly do affirm you can
A *soul* new modify.

How does the water touch the soul,
And change its nature too?
Or, does *your word* affect the whole?
Will words or water do?

And when the child has pass'd the font,
What change is wrought within?
Have you, by such an act perform'd,
Destroy'd the love of sin?

HIGH-CHURCH PRIEST—

I own you press me rather hard—
I feel I'm in the lurch!
One answer must suffice for both,
So saith good mother Church.

'Tis pity when such *brethren* meet
The Churches should be two:
You certainly must come to us,
Or we must go to you.

ROMISH PRIEST—

Exactly so! But you are wrong
To think that we can change!
The Pope is kind—so—come along,
The matter we'll arrange.

Between the two it seem'd most clear
The difference was so slight;
He might the Papacy prefer
Who was a *Fuscycite*.

Soon, therefore, he who lov'd the *mass*,
Did o'er the *font* succeed:
And both to Rome resolv'd to press,
To satisfy the deed.

Letters from the Heart.

[We receive many letters, simply expressive of the sorrows or the joys of those hearts from whence they proceed. We purpose to pay more attention to them; because, as we are often thereby refreshed ourselves, we hope others will be also favoured.—Ed.]

SALVATION IS OF THE LORD.

DEAR BROTHER,—Permit me a small place in your EARTHEN VESSEL, so perchance my voice may reach some dear brother in the once crucified but now exalted and eternal Son of God, who ever liveth to make intercession for the lost sheep of the house of Israel, for it is by him and through him we carry on our spiritual commerce to and from the better land where our matchless Sovereign sits enthroned in beauty, and surrounded by the bright bands of glorious seraphs, together with a numberless number of the just made perfect, whose salvation is of the Lord from first to last, shouting in harmony with all the intelligences of heaven, whose voices ever hymn in deep love-tones the praises of him who hath loved and washed them from their sins in his own blood, and made them kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be all glory, and honor, and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.—Rev. i. 6, 7. And then what an endless peal of hallelujahs will shake the vaults of heaven—increasing with every fresh victory over sin, Satan, and death;—until the last vessel of mercy has been piloted into port, their bark for the long, last, eternal swell: when all the redeemed host are mustered together, no more for battle, but to proclaim the victory, and receive the spoils.—“Grace! grace! unto it.” Behold the conquering heroes! aye, more than conquerors meet at the throne of the Three-One Jehovah, to cast their crowns at the feet of him who said, “Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me.” John xvii. 24. To behold this glory, mortality must put on immortality: and that which was sown in weakness, be raised in power: yea, the power of an endless life for all that is seen here of that glory is but through a glass darkly; but “Fear not, little flock,” the glory is there, though dimmed by distance, the land afar off; but ere long thou shalt see the King in his beauty, face to face—and gild thy wings in the sheen of a Sun that never goes down; basking in the blaze of Zion's brightest glory.

One word more for the encouragement of the sheep, which are plagued by shepherds who enter not by the door of the fold, but climb up some other way; whose credentials will not bear the door-keeper's scrutiny—who preach a way that is not Christ, and

offer a life that is not eternal—who, till you saved, you are not safe, and the free gift MUST and CAN be purchased by man's wretched merchandize. Miserable comforters are they ALL who give the lie to God's truth. I dare not do anything for my soul's salvation, for that would dishonour my Father, offend my Elder Brother, and do despite to the Holy Spirit, who have pledged themselves in the councils of peace to save all Israel with an everlasting salvation. I must either go to heaven by this way which God has appointed, and honour him through grace, or not go at all; for whatever he required of me in the shape of doing, just takes so much off Christ, so that it would be I, not HIM. May the Lord Jesus Christ help us to cease from our own works, and let works to the effects, and not the cause for salvation; and then right sure I am that all they who are climbing up another way, will cease their fruitless attempts; and may the Holy Spirit lead them to Christ who alone is the way. I am, your's faithfully,

CHARLES WOOLLEY.

Wootton, Staffordshire.

A COMFORTING WORD BY THE WAY.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—As you have been on my mind for some days, I feel anxious to say, I hope you are well in body and soul, and that you daily realize the faithfulness of a covenant-making and performing God more and more; and that you do feel and find that as thy day, so thy strength has been. I feel more and more convinced the finished work is our only ground of hope, and succour, and the ground of rejoicing; the unchanging Jehovah who rests in his love, who is mighty and willing to save, through his dear and beloved Son, in whom he is ever well pleased, and who waiteth to be gracious, through and in him who is "THE WAY, the TRUTH, AND THE LIFE." What a precious hiding-place! What a secure resting-place!

"Our life is hid with Christ in God
Beyond the reach of harm."

Therefore is it we have not made shipwreck long since; upheld by his mighty power; preserved by his tender love and mercy. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me;" and surely had he meant to have destroyed us he would not have shewn us so much good; for his own sake not ours: "He will have mercy on whom he will;" "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." But when we feel a little of our vile ingratitude, we may well fear and feel unworthy, and truly we are; but a look of pity and love will break our hearts, like

Peter's, and crumble us in the very dust, and we would magnify the riches of free and sovereign grace more and more, and weep under a feeling sense of love and blood; truly it cleanseth from all sin, but the blessed Spirit must send the power: without him we can do nothing.

My dear mother is not strong, but, as usual, wonderful, through mercy. She says she often thinks of you, hopes you are well, and shall be glad to see you again (if it is the Lord's will). She sends her kind love to you and family.

My dear husband and Willy are well, thank the Lord; we are all monuments of his long-suffering, mercy, and forbearance—God grant we may be living and lively stones in his building: pray for our prosperity in the best gifts, and may the dear Lord water your soul with the dew from on high—cheer your soul with many love-tokens by the way—make you bold in the defence of the precious gospel to the glory of his name, and in the end may you have an abundant entrance into the fulness of his glory. Oh! how his smile will recompense the sufferings of this little while. But I must now conclude, with kind love to you, and all that fear God, and may his blessing rest upon you—prays the unworthy writer,

S. A. HODGKIN.

68, Creswell-street, Liverpool.

Feb. 20th, 1861.

A GOLDEN CHAIN OF GOSPEL TRUTH.

"Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified."

BELOVED, here is a chain of gospel truth; a golden, chain every link of it good, every link of it perfect! Why here the people of God are safe, "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate." So the dear Lord foreknew all his people before the foundation of the world. Yes! he knew his children, as Peter says, "Elect, according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ, who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world."

They are predestinated to be conformed to the image of Christ. Hence, says Paul, "Having predestinated us to the adoption of sons." As Jesus is the Son of God, so also is every believer.

They are adopted into the family of God; they are one with Christ; yea, as Christ says, they are his brethren; and the text again, "Christ is the firstborn among many brethren." So, believer, well may you rejoice, you stand upon your dignity, being

adopted, you are a son of God, "Being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called." "Called with an holy calling," says God by Isaiah, "I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine." Here is another golden link, "Thou art mine." I have called thee to glory, and virtue, now eternal life I freely give unto you, and ye shall never perish; you shall never come into condemnation: "Herein is my love manifested." Yes! well might John say, "Behold what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God," and "Whom he called, them he also justified." Yes! believer, justified freely by the blood of his cross: so being justified by his blood we shall be saved from wrath through him. The just shall live by faith: Christ Jesus is the Author and Finisher of that faith; he imputes his righteousness to the poor sinner, strips him of his own righteousness, works a work of faith in his soul, so that he looks unto the Lord and, saith in the language of the poet,—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

He is quite content to leave all in the hands of Jesus, seeing he cannot fulfil the righteous law of God, "For by the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified." It is a righteous law, for says Paul, "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ;" so we are justified by faith, that is, believing in the Lord Jesus we are saved, believing he will present us faultless before the throne of God, "Holy and without blame, before him in love;" not by works that we can do, but by faith, precious faith, and that faith given to us freely by God, and all because he loves us.

"And whom he justified, them he also glorified." Here is the perfection of Zion; here you may see her gifts and graces; here is her adornment—she is justified, and at the last glorified, received up into heaven as a bride adorned for her husband. Here is her perfection in Christ, she is complete; so what shall we say, "If God be for us who

shall be against us;" shall anything separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus? Shall Satan, with all the hosts of darkness, separate one of the Lord's little ones from his fold? I answer, no! for the Lord compareth his church to a vineyard of red wine, and says, "I, the Lord, do keep it; I will water it every moment, and lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day." So we poor sinners are kept by the mighty power of his grace, through faith unto salvation; and when this chain can be broken, then every child of God will be lost, and not till then; and to accomplish this, they must break the first link, and if they can do that then are we lost, because Jesus Christ is the first link,—"He is the first-born among many brethren." He has gone to prepare a place for all his children, for all his brethren—"so that where he is they may be also." What a happy time when every elect vessel of mercy shall be received up into heaven, there to be glorified; there to be freed from all sin; there to be delivered from bondage—from Satan's yoke; yea, from a body of sin and death, to sing a new song in the new Jerusalem "unto him who has loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; and made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, to him be glory for ever and ever." Then shall we be happy! then we shall see him as he is. Ah! how I long for the time when I shall be delivered, when I shall put off this my tabernacle, and see my glorious Redeemer face to face; then sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever.

"Lost in wonder, love, and praise."

Dear Lord, hasten the time when all thy children shall dwell in peace; uphold them whilst travelling onward to their eternal home; give them fresh supplies of grace every moment, and grant that they may see thy work making itself manifest in the hearts of many sinners, so that Zion may increase and grow into a well watered garden, having springs of consolation by Christ Jesus, and in Christ Jesus trusting in him, and waiting to receive her crown,

"And crown him Lord of all."

Amen.

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH.

Memorials of Departed Saints.

"OH, HOW TIGHTLY I AM WRAPPED IN HIS LOVING ARMS."

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—Having heard from my parents, that you would like a statement of facts connected with my dear wife's departure from earth to heaven,—so that you might be able to make use of them for the glory of that precious Saviour in

whom she trusted, and whom now she sees face to face,—I most willingly comply with your request, as it is quite in unison with my feelings upon the subject. And I do this the more readily from the fact, that on the night of her decease, I was most power-

fully impressed, that God would make this solemn voice of his providence be heard to the awakening of some precious souls, and to the comforting of many of his own dear people.

"So that they may triumph so,
When all their warfare is past;
And dying, find their latest foe
Beneath their feet at last."

After six months' severe indisposition, the deceased was confined to her bed on the 22nd of December, 1860; and on the following day, gave birth to a lovely little babe, who lingered out seventeen hours of pain, and then died. By the blessing of God she was brought safely through this confinement, and her medical attendants gave us every hope of her recovery. Contrary to this, however, had been the impressions of our minds for the last six months; and we felt those impressions were from God, so that we had set our house in order, and had lived together each day as though it were the last. Very soon after recovering from the effects of the confinement, she was taken with pleurisy, bronchitis, inflammation, diarrhoea, mortification, and death. Amid these severe and complicated disorders, causing the most acute pain, she evinced entire resignation to the divine will. On being asked, "Do you wish to recover?" she promptly replied, "No." "Do you wish to go home then?" "No. I have no wish of my own, the will of the Lord be done." Expressions like the following frequently fell from her dying lips.—"My will is sweetly lost in the will of God: I know no will but his. Father, thy own will be done." Expressions like the following illustrate the state of her mind.—"What sweet peace I enjoy: how calm and serene my mind. How truly precious is Jesus!" and then as though no one was near her but her Saviour, she would exclaim, "My Jesus! sweet Jesus! my precious, living Saviour! thou dost save me to the uttermost. I will praise thee world without end!" Of her security in Christ she had the most unbounded confidence. Standing by her bed, I observed by the motion of her lips, she wished to speak to me; bending over her, she said, "Oh, how tightly I am wrapped in his loving arms!" "You feel quite safe then?" "Yes! Yes! Oh, yes! None are able to pluck me out of his hands. Safe! Safe for ever! Has he not said, 'I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee?'" Her glimpses of heaven were striking. She said,

"I see a world of spirits bright
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are rob'd in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear.
"Oh, what has Jesus bought for me?
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life I see,
And trees of Paradise.

How I long to be there
Its glories to share,
And lean on Jesu's breast."

"You are still believing you shall get there?" I asked, when she broke out singing,

"I believe I shall be there,
And walk with him in white."

She then quoted a very choice passage of God's word, 2 Cor. v. 1. Yet amid these glimpses of the glory land, she had a powerful conflict with her great adversary, the devil, who for the last five years had greatly troubled her with the temptation, that one day reason would be dethroned, and that she would end her days in a Lunatic Asylum. A few days before her death, the enemy apparently made his last attack, and for twelve long hours terribly harassed her upon this subject, the whole of which time was spent in agonizing prayer. We frequently heard her exclaim, "Do not suffer me to lose my reason. Continue to me my reason." Then, after some minutes of silent prayer, we heard her say, "I do believe thou wilt not suffer it. Lord Jesus, I do believe thee." And calling to me, she said, "My dear, I have obtained the victory: the Lord has promised me my reason as long as I live. It has been a terrible conflict, but victory is mine through Jesus Christ." Her prayers were most graciously answered, for she retained her consciousness until life's last moment. Her perfect freedom from all earthly care was very manifest. On me saying, "Have you anything you wish to say to me?" she replied, "No: only take care of my little lambs; I should like to see them once more." When they were placed by her side, she said, "How heavenly they look; why they look like little angels." Addressing them by name, she said, "Meet mother in heaven. The Lord bless thee." "Would you like to see any of our relations?" I asked. "I am not anxious about it, though it is but natural for me to wish to see them all once more. Give my dying love to them all. Charge them to meet me at God's right hand."

Of her triumphant departure I must now speak. For hours before her death, I felt it my duty to communicate to her that mortification had taken place, and that according to the Doctor's statement in a few hours she would leave this world; when she calmly and deliberately said, "Glory be to God." As her end drew nigh, looking at me quite composedly, she said,

"Come sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To wait my soul on high.

"There'll be no more sorrow there;
There'll be no more sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there."

The hymn of which this is a verse was then sung softly by a number of Christian friends, in which she joined so heartily that her voice was distinctly heard. She then asked, "Am I dying? My sight is failing; my hands and feet are numbed: is this death? If it is, O how sweet to die!" She then asked us to sing,

"What is this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?"

This being done, she looked at me, and said, "Will you pray a bit?" Prayer being offered, she then said, "I must have a little quiet now." While we were watching her dying face, to catch the bright seraphic glow which in each feature played, she broke the silence by saying very faintly, "Jesus—Jesus—Jesus." Gaining a little strength, she said, "*Hark, they are come for me; I hear them whisper.*" Then, with greater strength, looking up, she said, "*I see him! yes, I see him; he's there. I shall be with him. For ever with the Lord.*" Then she sang,

"That for ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality."

She then shook hands and kissed all in the room, asking each, "Will you meet me in heaven?" I said, "There are many happy spirits to welcome you, dear, on those heavenly shores." She replied, "*I am going to see Jesus.*" Taking up her pocket Bible, I said, "I will read to you, my love, a portion of God's truth for the last time." A few verses of the 21st and 22nd chapters of Revelation were selected. When I came to the 20th verse of the 22nd chapter, she finished the verse by saying, "*Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus.*" We now plainly saw that her last moments had come, and having asked her to raise her hand, as a signal, if she saw Jesus, we watched for the signal, when suddenly her eyes, which had been nearly closed, became wide open, and shone with a heavenly radiancy; fixing them upward for a moment with a welcome smile upon her face, she tried to raise her hand, but strength failing, she moved her fingers, as a token of final victory through the blood of the Lamb. Turning her eyes upon each friend kneeling at her bed-side, she fixed them on me, and made as though she would come to me, making an effort to speak: I rose from my knees, bent over her, when she raised her head, gave me a hearty kiss, fell back on her pillow, and was no more.

1, Upper Yardley-street,
Wilmington-square, London,
Feb. 1st, 1861.

DEATH OF MRS. DE FRAINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The Lord has been pleased to take from this vale of tears, Mrs.

Elizabeth De Fraine, the beloved wife of our dear pastor, Mr. De Fraine; and left us to mourn her loss, on the 5th day of March, 1861. She was an honour and ornament to her profession; a beloved wife; an honest, faithful, and affectionate friend and counsellor. Her end was peace. The Lord, whom she honoured in her life, honoured her in death. On the Lord's-day before she departed this life, she said to us, "Dying is going home. I have no fears. I am waiting for the porter to come;" gasping for breath as she uttered every word. She said to some of her friends who stood by her,

"I'll speak the honours of his name
With my last labouring breath;
And dying, clasp him in my arms,
The antidote of death."

And again she said,

"On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake my sure repose."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Praying the Lord to bless us with grace to glorify him in life, and supporting grace in the last conflict.

A CONSTANT READER.

THE PAINFUL CONTROVERSY.

DEAR BROTHER,—Will you allow a few remarks respecting the long controversy which has taken up so much valuable space in the VESSEL of late, concerning the Eternal Generation. I hope the readers of the VESSEL may be allowed to give an opinion as to the probable results from all such contention. I speak for myself, and I know the mind of many others; and have been asked to communicate them to you. The complaint is very general that the controversy has been anything but profitable; and many state if the "Vessel" is to be continually crowded with such matter they will cease to take it in. What a pity it is that men of truth waste their time, to the grief instead of the profiting of the church of Christ, while they both believe in and agree respecting the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ; but by endeavouring to explain mysteries, and force their fancies into the minds of their fellow sinners, they cause contention and strife rather than godly edifying.

But alas, as though there had not been sufficient cavaling already, another young minister in the March number, is endeavouring to stir up [I had hoped], the dying sparks, and says, "Dear Mr. Editor, will you allow, or permit me, to ask 'Little One,' &c.; no doubt to open up another controversy. I do hope 'A Little One' will be big enough not to notice or reply to the inexperienced youth, who, if he is spared 30 or 40 years, will, I hope, be led to see his folly, as many good and great men have done, and have confessed that, if they were to have their race to run again, they would take a very different course. I am, dear brother, one who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth, and

A DEACON OF MANY YEAR'S STANDING.

[With us, this controversy must close here.—Ed.]

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THINGS FOR MINISTERS AND DEACONS TO THINK UPON.

IN No. 15 *New London Pulpit*, we have a full account of that beautiful Revival Meeting recently holden in brother Wyard's Chapel, at Deptford. Really it is quite cheering to know—and our churches generally will be pleased to learn, that, narrow-minded, divided, bigoted, and naughty as we Particular Baptists in London are reported to be; yet, after all, when summoned together, as they recently were by Mr. Wyard and his deacons, they can not only come together in an immense body, but they can unite in explaining and in defending the truth as (we believe) no other body of professing Christians in Christendom can do. We hope this able and corrected report of the meeting referred to will be read by all the churches in this and other countries. We have gone to much expense in producing it, and here it is a memorial of a very noble, successful, and truly happy meeting. We looked in upon this most solemn assembly in the afternoon, while our universally-beloved John Foreman was addressing the people. It was a most delightful scene. From the oldest to the youngest of our London pastors were there. The following opening remarks of brother Wells, previous to entering upon his subject, we have thought would be both interesting and useful. Mr. Wells said,—

“Mr. Chairman,—I am not at all surprised at seeing so large a meeting, either this afternoon or evening; for you have stood a great many years in the churches, and the Lord has enabled you to stand firmly and honestly by the truth; and you have thousands over the land that respect you as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ: and even if I have had a little bit of a tiff with you, I love you all the same for that. If our religion be so weak that a little bit of a tiff will separate us, I say it is a very poor marriage. And I am also exceedingly gratified with the account you have given of the state of the church, and the deacons especially; you cannot, perhaps, attach too much importance to the conduct and character of the deacons. I have been exceedingly blessed in this respect; and it certainly is a great comfort to a minister when the deacons are what they ought to be. And I was half-tempted when our brother Wyard was speaking so well of the deacons, I was half-tempted (through the pride of my own heart, no doubt it was), to take a little of the credit of the good conduct and kindness of his deacons to myself; for the last time I was here, I gave them a thorough good dressing. I gave them such a lecture as

they had probably never heard before; and it really seems as though it had had a good effect; for the deacons and pastor before had not lived so comfortably together. I am sure ministers are more comfortable, and preach much better, when they are at peace with the deacons. It is impossible to say what injury a black look from a deacon in the vestry does to the minister just before he goes into the pulpit. It disturbs his mind, and very often makes him forget almost all he had to say.

“Now I do rejoice in the summoning of such a meeting as this: it is quite clear that the Baptists are not all dead, and that we don't mean to die. I hope we shall go home, and begin at Genesis, and search the Bible right through to the very last verse; the last verse is, ‘The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.’ I hope we shall go home and search the Bible, for that is the book after all. Young ministers, get this learned book and that learned book: why? There is no book so learned as the Bible; and you may depend upon it, by comparing scripture with scripture, and scripture with your experience, that will send you up into the pulpit with Biblical treasures, and you can then preach your own sermons; whereas, if you borrow a little from Dr. so-and-so, and Dr. so-and-so, the people will be pretty sure to find you out. When a man speaks out of the real feelings of his heart, there is sure to be power attending the word.

“And I really do hope, though I am making a rambling sort of an introduction—I can't help it; I do hope that this meeting will make an impression upon Deptford. Why people will say, what in the world was that great meeting about? why, there were forty or fifty ministers there: and I dare say there are more here than that; and then here are several half-Baptist ministers, some of one stamp, and some of another. I say half Baptists: I once met with a gentleman in the country, and he asked me if I would baptize him if he came to town; he said, ‘I am a Baptist, but I don't see Strict Communion: if I come to town will you baptize me?’ I said, ‘Yes, I will, if you will give me one piece of information; if you will tell me which half of you it is that is a Baptist, I will baptize that, and stop till the other half is converted: so he didn't come, and I didn't have the work. The truth is, these half-Baptists are not Baptists at all; but we love our Lord Jesus Christ, and we love them; and we part from them only

where the word of God conscientiously causes us to part; when we come to that point, we will shake hands with you and part; if you will walk the high and dry road, we will walk the deep and wet road."

MR. J. CORBITT'S JOURNEY TO AMERICA.

[JOURNEY HOME,—THIRD PAPER.]

WE were no sooner out to sea than we had to witness again that land promises did not stand good on the ocean, for we were told by the person that took our passage money that there was plenty of room, and we might choose our berth: we did so, and got all things in order for the journey, when the steward came and informed me that that was a female's apartment, and I must move out, the husband and wife not being allowed to live together here, so I was conducted to the male's apartment, which was full of awfully low company; and my dear wife detained amongst a company of females quite as unwelcome to her Christian feelings. I tried to utter a secret prayer to my God to protect and support us through the journey; but when I heard the conversation of my comrades, I was all but driven to despair. Oh, I thought, we must endure another hell for a fortnight, and I tried to reconcile myself to the fate; but my faith was very weak, and I could not get one comforting word from the Lord. We were now meeting a strong head wind; the ship pitched fearfully, and many were sea-sick: this stopped their blasphemy for a while, and I almost wished that they might be sick all the way, rather than have so much swearing, for it seemed as if the devil had a forge for oaths in all their hearts, judging from the constant flow out of their mouths of such awful language; but the sickness was soon over, and all sorts of wickedness in practice and conversation came on constantly. I kept as quiet as I could, looking them in the face as disapprovingly as I could, and they looked very surprised at me, and wondered greatly who I could be; I soon shewed them, however, that I did not approve of their conduct, by getting into my cabin early to bed, and muttering out a prayer; when I heard that they were listening, I spoke out loud enough to be heard, and never forgot to mention them, and to pray to God to forgive them, and save us all from a watery grave. This greatly checked their oaths in my presence, and they began to reprove one another for it, because the "Old Gentleman" (that is what they called me), did not allow it. This gave me some comfort, brought me into respect with them, and proved the great honour God puts on prayer, and the necessity of using it as a weapon in all cases.

The next day I went on deck, and there came a young missionary from the cabin, to read the scriptures and preach, followed by many of the lighter order to hear him. I posted myself by his side, helped him sing, and felt an union to him as far as he went. When he left off he motioned to one he knew to conclude the service: he refused; I then said, "I will conclude the service, sir, if you please." He nodded an assent, and then I opened my mouth in thankful prayer in the best manner I could. I had no sooner done than he said, "Sir, I perceive you are a minister." I said "Yes." "Where from?" he inquired. I replied, "Norwich." "Of what denomination?" "Baptist," I answered. "Then you will give us a bit of talk to-morrow afternoon?" "Yes, I have no objection," I replied. He then gave it out,—"This gentleman will preach here to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock." The secret was now revealed; my comrades now knew what I was, and certainly they further restrained themselves. The time arrived, and I, with the missionary, were in our place, surrounded by such a motley group as seldom grace the auditory of a gospel minister. After singing, the missionary read the scriptures and prayer, I gave out my text,—"**GOD IS LOVE.**"

Here was a curious scene; there was the carpenter at his bench at work—the sailors were pulling the ropes—the cabin passengers standing at a distance—the Irish girls lying on the deck in all manner of postures. I was not much at liberty in my own soul, yet I had plenty of matter, and I hoped it might be for good. It was so, too, on my behalf, for as the scriptures say, so I found it; when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. As soon as I went down into the cabin, a good natured old Irishman of Protestant principles saluted me with, "Well done, father, you shall preach again, you can beat them all." This salute, though rude, was somewhat encouraging, and I thought, who can tell? It did, certainly, have an effect upon my messmates, for we had little swearing after this in our room, and they were always quiet when they heard me at prayer. I and the missionary preached alternately, but the fashionable soon shewed that they did not approve of my mode of preaching by keeping away. I suppose my preaching was too highly seasoned for their tender palates; others, however, clung to me; but I felt deadly barren in soul, and fully proved that wicked company is a deadly poison to a spiritual soul.

On Sunday morning, July 15th I awoke early, and remembering that that day was appointed for my anniversary, my ransomed spirit took a momentary flight to Orford Hill, and then addressed myself to the Majesty of heaven on behalf of my dear brethren there assembled. I could see them all plain enough in their place, but could not speak or shake hands with any of them; so I returned, snatched my pen, sat me down, and composed the following verses,—

As we swim o'er these lofty seas,
Before this soft refreshing breeze;
I onward look beyond this foam,
And hopefully sing, sweet home, sweet home.

Here's my companions sleeping round,
Where nought but sky and sea abound;
I look and pray—sweet Spirit come,
And wait us to our destined home.

In quietude we've passed the night,
And now behold the morning light:
I lift my thoughts to God most high,
And sing, sweet home is drawing nigh.

In prayer my soul draws nigh to God,
And in submission search his word,
And hope no more from him to roam,
But with him dwell in heaven my home.

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe thy love
In heavenly influence from above,
And make us feel, tho' far we roam,
We still come nearer to our home.

Lord, send thy influence from above,
And help me to proclaim thy love,
And make my shipmates hear thy voice,
And in my Lord and Christ rejoice.

Oh! save all here from Satan's vice,
And make us in thy grace rejoice;
To show thy praises every day,
As we sojourn this watery way.

This day my friends meet in thy house,
To hear thy word and pay their vows;
And I, in spirit, have been there,
And sung thy praise, and joined in prayer.

Oh! meet with them, my dearest Lord,
And send thy Spirit with the word,
That hundreds yet unborn may sing
The love of God, and Christ my King.

E'en now I'll sing thy power to save,
As we pass o'er this watery grave,
Where thousands sink to rise no more
We swim, and hope to reach the shore.

And if to heaven we're brought at last,
We there shall sing in perfect bliss—
Join the redeemed host above,
And sing thy grace and dying love.

Just as I had completed this poem, the old Irishman awoke, and seeing me, called out, "H'low father, what are you up thus soon?" I replied, "Yes, I have been writing a song." "Yes, I dare say," said he. "But I have, and I will read it to you all after breakfast." I answered. Now they were all wondering, but I did so, and this increased their surprise, for some of them seemed to have no idea how poetry is written, for when I read it, they all seemed surprised.

July 16th.—I was very barren in soul. Oh! how low my spirits sunk. I feared I should never again enjoy that spirituality of soul and peace of mind I had been indulged with; yet hoping when liberated from the ship, and in the presence of my old friends, with the Lord's blessing, I hoped against hope. In the evening my dear wife and I were sitting in a retired part of the ship, consoling each another, that in about three days we should, by God's blessing, set our feet on old England's shore; and how we did anticipate meeting our friends at Liverpool, Manchester, Hollingwood, and Rochdale, according to promise, to preach the gospel amongst them, having full a fortnight before we had need reach home. But here we were made to know that God's thoughts and ways are not our ways, for on Tuesday morning, the 17th, I was taken with rheumatism in my right hip, which deprived me of rest, and the use of my leg.

Wednesday, 18.—This day we had a total eclipse of the sun; the stars and moon were seen clearly; it was a grand and awful sight; the steward had to light the lamps in the ship, and all seemed alarmed. I was much worse and became very helpless, so much so that I could not get in and out of my hammock without help. Oh! how I now began to miss my dear wife; but my God, who supplies all my needs, found help for me here, for a strong young Irishman (returning from the gold field in California) took a great liking to me, and said, "Father, don't be uneasy, I will help you in and out of bed when you want." Here I found in a perfect stranger what many professed friends have denied me. I saw plain enough that my God who made the ravens feed Elijah, had found me a helping hand this young man; and it is very remarkable that they would not let anybody come in to disturb me, by swearing or anything else. When my dear wife used to come, they would say, "Mistress, you need not trouble yourself about him, we will take care of him, for he is the best old man in the ship." Poor things, they did not see what fretful murmuring there was in my heart, for whilst they commended me for my goodness, the Lord knows that I felt that I was only a mass of rebellion and corruption, and was constantly writing bitter things against myself. My pain was still increasing.

Friday, 19th.—I had lost all the use of my limbs below my loins, so that I could not move myself anywhere. My Irish friends were very kind: they carried the luggage off the ship for Mrs. Corbitt, and then three of them came and carried me off. Oh! what I suffered in body and soul at this time no tongue can tell. Very soon all the goods were landed, and I lost sight of all my Irish friends, and saw them no more. My dear wife had to attend to the boxes for excise examination (and I suppose my Irish friends were all engaged the same). I sat there on the steamer, not able to move one step. At last, wearied with my seat there alone, I engaged two men to carry me off and put me in a cab, and there I waited until my dear wife had got her things searched, which by the good hand of providence, was done very soon. About 7 o'clock we arrived at my faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilton's. Mr. Wilton has always been kind to me, and as faithful to me as Joshua was to Moses. As soon as we arrived at his house, he came out, took me on his back, and carried me in; and after refreshment and prayer, he carried me up to bed. I shall never forget, nor be able to repay him and his dear wife for their kindness; and I know they never wish it; I am fully aware that the opportunity of doing me a kindness was to them a rich reward. Oh!

that the God of heaven, whom I serve, may continue to bless and prosper them in this world, as he has done, and with it bestow upon them a rich abundance of his grace.

It got known at Blackpool that I had arrived at Liverpool, and a telegraphic message arrived on Saturday night, inviting me to preach there on Sunday. But I was unable to leave my room that day. Oh! how I grieved over this: yet I plainly saw the Lord would have his own way.

While here, the rheumatics got more into my upper parts, and more serious consequences were anticipated: my memory left me in such a manner that I could not recollect what was meant by Liverpool, Manchester, or Norwich, and when my wife mentioned Orford Hill, I said I had heard that name, but I could not remember anything about what it was, or where it was. However, it pleased the Lord to remove that after a little rest and sleep, and my friend provided me with a pair of crutches, and with his kind assistance, a cab, and the crutches, I managed to get to the station on Monday morning, took first class carriage to Peterborough, and from there to Chatteris. Oh! how I fretted as I passed through Manchester, to think I must not speak in the name of the Lord now to one of my old affectionate friends in Lancashire; but however much I might murmur, it was no use, the Lord would not change his righteous mind to gratify me. Here I was taught another infallible lesson,—that my will was not free, even in these temporal things, for it was with me to will, but I had no power to perform.

About 7 o'clock in the evening we arrived at the residence of Mr. Wilkins, Chatteris (our son and daughter's). Natural affections found free circulation in tears, kisses, and warm expressions. Hoping soon to recover we stayed here until the morning of the 24th, desiring to spend a week with our dear friends, sisters, and brothers, at Woodhurst and Waterbeach,—but it pleased my allwise Father to forbid me this pleasure also, by increasing my suffering, so that it was necessary that we made for home. About 1 o'clock on Thursday morning, July 26th, we safely arrived at Trowse Station, not able to walk without my crutches: we were met here by Mr. Wilkins, my son-in-law, and several other friends, who shewed the greatest kindness towards me, which much comforted me in all my sufferings, so that, like Paul, when the brethren met him, I thanked God and took courage. Now once more seated in my own hired house, surrounded with every earthly comfort, I looked at the way the Lord had led me this 60 years in the wilderness, and especially in the voyage, having many warm-hearted friends constantly visiting me. We often anointed the pillar of praise with the spirit of prayer and thanksgiving; the sympathetic feeling expressed to me, the hearty welcome given to me, the constant attention paid me by many of my friends were in liberal actions told out, in a new suit of clothes, gold, silver, and every needful thing, came in in such abundance, that I began to think of poor Job, and wonder whether the Lord meant to give me twice as much as before; so that my heart did rejoice, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name;" and "forget not all his benefits."

I began to long for the time to come to appear before them in the pulpit; and this I was enabled to do the first Lord's-day in August. I preached in the morning, administered the Lord's supper in the afternoon, and was then thrown back and confined to my bed with the rheumatic fever, so as not to be able to preach again until September 16th, and during that time I suffered most excruciating pain in body, yet I had much liberty in my soul, so that I could speak most confidently of the Lord's goodness, and rejoice in my sufferings. But do not suppose that I had all joy, for during my affliction Satan found means, through a supposed confident friend, to put the bitterest thorn in the flesh, and made a deal of uneasiness amongst the flock. But as the Lord has so blessedly overruled it for our good, I shall say no more about the evil; I trusting

now, peace being established, my health restored, and brotherly love continued, enemies defeated, and seven more persons standing proposed to join the church, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, and the humble will hear thereof and be glad;" and pride and contention shall be beaten back from whence it came, and I will strive to move on more peaceably, leaving all my enemies to reap the reward of their labour. Thus I conclude my tour to America, praying the Lord to sanctify every suffering, and to reward tenfold all my liberal friends, and for Christ's sake forgive all my enemies.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours in the Lord of life and glory,
JOHN CORBITT.

IPSWICH.—BELOVED EDITOR,—Amidst the labour of your heart, head, and hand, attending your complicated services for the benefit of the family of God in the wilderness, I often think you must have ceased proceeding therein, had you no help from above, and no evidence by the way that your service was pleasing to God and accepted of the saints—both you and your VESSEL must have sunk. And, though much is to be lamented in respect of unholy fire, and unlovely feelings and tempers, shewn by servants of the same Master and children of the same family, upon subjects the most solemn, sublime, and important in their nature and tendency—brethren have been separated in their love and sympathy for each other, some are grieved, the weak are wounded, enemies have triumphed, the VESSEL has been implicated, and Editor too—but the truth is still where it was, and, blessed be our God, where it ever will be. We hope, however, to be zealous and humble, not cringing in a temporizing spirit to any error which robs our Great Redeemer of his eternal power and Godhead. May we yet see the VESSEL filled with mind and matter, spiritual, savoury, and soothing that the fathers, young men, and babes may be benefited, and Jehovah in covenant thereby glorified, through Christ. Amen. Well, dear brother, on the 20th of February, we held our anniversary tea meeting, to return thanks to the Lord for his goodness to us as a people, and to me also in bringing me on 64 years in this life of trial and triumph. We had between four and five hundred to tea, and certainly the most agreeable company of friends at a tea meeting I ever saw; each seemed to outvie in feeling, temper, and friendship. I had publicly excused receiving any memorial, fearing my people should consider it an annual tax upon them, but more marks of Christian kindness I never had, for presents from friends far and near came pouring in the whole of the day. After tea, we opened by singing,

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,"

and

"Oh! to grace how great a debtor."

Brother Sheldrake prayed, then our treasurer was called to fill the chair, which he did, as he always has done, to the satisfaction of all present; he gave his annual statement of the finances, and shewed in that respect great cause for praise; he warmly congratulated his minister and friends, and exhorted to brotherly love and union, and proved by scripture and by experience, that was a source of prosperity to the church within, and a tower of defence against all the enemies without. He then called upon the pastor to address the meeting, which he did in a short speech, declaring we had every cause to be thankful for continued supplies from the fullness of the great Mediator, by the ministry of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, though unwell, then rose, and addressed the meeting in a very apostolic manner; he rejoiced to see his brother in the ministry so well and happy with his people, and his people with him; the cause, too, so prosperous, and the prospects so pleasing; he prayed for its continuance, and increase. Mr. Hart, of Somersham, followed in loving congratulation; spoke sweetly of Zion's Head, felt glad at his brother's prosperity, considered we were signally blessed, and prayed that all other causes might be so favoured.

Brother Thornley, of Stowmarket, in a truly affecting manner, informed the meeting he never felt more solemnly touched in anything than by a remark his brother Pooock had made in reference to one in glory whom he had long known with him, and long loved them both; he was delighted to be present on such occasions, especially as his dear brother was still indulged with such prosperity, surrounded by so many kind friends, and favoured to see on the platform two of their minister's sons, one from Essex, and one from Cambridge, whom he hoped to hear. Mr. Whorlow, from Sudbury was next called upon by the Chairman, who, in his warm-hearted manner, said he ought to have spoken before the great ones, and not after such dignified speeches, for he was sure he was not able to do anything like that but would do what he could, as one told him,

"Do what you can, with what you are;

Shine like a glow-worm if you can't like a star;

Work like a pulley, if you can't like a crane;

Be a wheel greaser, if you can't drive a train."

Our good brother spoke many excellent things in which he proved grace in exercise was sure to produce good feelings of love to all the family of grace, and good works as the effects; long may we be favoured with every prosperity was his soul's sincere desire. Mr. T. Pooock, jun., was called on; he gladly met on so joyful occasion; not only to congratulate his dear parent, but to mingle his mite of thanksgiving with so large a body of Christians in singing,

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,"

which words were ever fresh in his soul, since he obtained pardon of sin through the blood of the Lamb; and, though he did not see everything alike in doctrine and discipline with them, yet everything is alike felt when taught by the Spirit of God; he rejoiced in our position, was glad to meet his dear brother, and hoped to hear him speak on this pleasing occasion. Mr. Clark then called on Mr. J. Pooock, who rose with evident feelings of emotion, never having before spoken before his father and so large an assembly before, although he had preached in the villages; the pleasure he felt he could not describe; the honour conferred on his dear father, he felt reached to them as sons in a measure; he prayed the Lord still to support his father in the great work, uphold him under every trial and discouragement, and bless him especially to that class of hearers who came under the title of doubters, for many such he knew there were. Our good friends the singers performed their part well, singing choice pieces between the speeches, to the delight of the host assembled. The doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the meeting closed.

T. Pooock.

March 6th, 1861.

DEVONPORT.—I wish to give the churches an account of the prosperity of the church, meeting in Mount Zion Chapel, Devonport. We intend (if it be the Lord's will), to put our chapel in good repair, then to purchase the place, and to clear off the old debt of £1,600 now on it. There is a solemn determination to do this. Our chapel is filled, and the Sunday School prospers. God has indeed blessed the ministry of dear brother Vaughan; he is just the man we wanted; he is a loving, affectionate, hard-working minister of God both in the pulpit and out of it, and the general voice is, may God continue to bless him. Bethlehem Chapel has fallen into the hands of the lord of the manor, and has been for sale; they were not in a position to buy it, and they were in great trouble; prayer was offered that God the Holy Ghost might work for them, and a good brother came forward and bought it, and let them have it, and they are now in it. About two years ago the cause had gone down very low; but now it is gradually rising up, and is quite full. A short time since a tea meeting was held there; between two and three hundred sat down to

tea; I counted nine ministers of truth in attendance. Mr. Vaughan opened the meeting; the speakers were Mr. Collins, of How-street, Mr. French, and the ministers of the place; and the Lord was with them for good. Mr. Cousins and Mr. Hill have been the means (through the Lord blessing their ministry at Plymton), of raising the cause of truth there. It was down low, but now they have a full house; and some of the people come many miles to hear the word of life, and souls are blessed. They have raised a Sunday School, and it is prospering; every sitting is let in the place; and they are favoured with a gentleman, a man of God, who is an humble son of peace, and well fitted to be a leader of God's cause every way: it is a highly favoured cause. Brethren Vaughan and French go and help them. At Colebrook, a mile from that there is a new cause of truth opened, or revived by two young men the Lord has raised up. A chapel has been fitted up, and is full; and the Holy Ghost is bringing souls to feed on his truth. Mr. French, at Stoke, Devonport, successfully laboured in the late Mr. Isbell's old chapel; and the Lord is blessing his word through that staunch man of God. Our Three Town's Evangelical Society is in a healthy state; the Lord blesses it, and although we are scoffed at (ah!) by men of truth, as well as by others, it is honoured of him. We have calls to send men out to preach, and many doors are opened. Thus you see we are in a healthy state here: we want more labourers; almost all our ministers call on the Lord to send some; but when their prayers are answered, they try to stifle the gifts, and trample upon their zeal. Your's Mr. Editor, in Christ, J. GREENSLADE.

WHITECHAPEL.—LITTLE ALIE STREET. On Thursday evening, February 28th, a large number of people gathered together, principally consisting of the friends constituting the church and congregation of the above place of worship. After tea, singing, and prayer, the happy pastor, (Mr. Dickerson) stated that one of the brethren in office had suggested that they would like to have a social tea and meeting of the church and congregation; and that tickets be gratuitously distributed, which was done accordingly. The pastor gave an outline of the history of the church, from its origin in 1633, which was truly interesting. He (Mr. Dickerson) baptized his deacon on his right (Mr. Samuel Ince) twenty-eight years ago that very evening. Mr. Pells, of Soho, was then introduced to the meeting, and delivered a warm-hearted address on Social Religion, founded on Malachi iii. 16; after which, Mr. Woodward, of Ilford, gave an excellent speech on the subject of Christian Unity, basing his remarks on the 138th Psalm; then followed, far-famed and renowned Mr. Foreman, who offered some amusing, interesting, and instructive remarks; and at the close of his address, in the behalf of the young friends, presented the worthy pastor with a handsome purse, containing twenty-three sovereigns, which till that very moment had been kept as a profound secret, consequently the Pastor was seized with sudden surprise, who after letting fall a few tears of gratitude, acknowledged the same by an admirable speech, well seasoned with salt, to the gratification of all then present. The happy and profitable meeting was then brought to a close by a hymn and prayer. Many found it good to be there; as also did

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

NOTTING HILL.—On Tuesday, March 19th, the annual meeting of Infants' Friend Society, was held. Mrs. Williamson, the beloved pastor's wife, and the committee have worked on with good success in this most laudable and benevolent sphere of Christian charity. What would our churches do were it not for the zeal, devotion, and strong affection of our believing female friends? If the female followers of Christ in our small country churches

were thus unite together in works of benevolence and visiting, our pastors in the provinces would be more happy and useful. Unity is strength. On the occasion referred to, at Johnson-street Chapel, the platform was filled with a band of venerable sires, whose silvery locks and cheerful looks, expressed a longing for their Master's home; among them were the brethren Christopher Woolcott, who, when called upon, sprang up as lightly as ever, and with a voice as clear, as it is sound, spoke beautifully of the experience of St. Paul. It was pleasing to see an aged sire so sprightly and willing, full of energy and life. William Ball, of Wandsworth, gave a solemn account of the conversion of Paul. John Bloomfield spoke of Paul's persecution. Our brother introduced his subject by describing the severe affliction he had been passing through from toomer in the neck; but his time of pain and weakness had been blessedly sanctified; his Lord and Master had been with him, and richly bedewed his soul; he hoped soon to be healed, and as hearty as ever in his work. The devoted editor of "The Christian's Pathway," Mr. William Flack, addressed the meeting at some length. C. W. Banks, on the preaching of Paul; shewed it was Jesus and the resurrection. M. John Foreman prayed fervently, and, with a brief address, closed the meeting. We should think Mr. P. W. Williamson, the minister of Johnson-street Chapel, is one of our happiest London Pastors—an independent and straightforward man of God.

CHOBHAM.—WEST END. On Lord's-day, February 24th, six believers in Jesus followed their Master through the liquid flood. The little chapel was crowded with attentive hearers; and at the close of the service, joined heartily in singing a verse of Dr. Watts's—

"Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shews the same path to heaven."

On Monday, March 4th, Mr. C. W. Banks, of London, paid his annual visit, and preached a very encouraging sermon from Heb. ii. 10, "For it became him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering." In the evening, after singing and prayer, Mr. Slim, of Guildford, delivered a truthful and well-arranged address upon "The Way of Life." Mr. Banks, in a lively and interesting manner spoke upon "The Tree of Life, its root, its stem, its branches, and its fruit." Next, Mr. Stevens, of Mayford, in a cheerful manner, delivered an address upon "The Bread of Life," and Mr. Turner, of Ripley, closed with a few good remarks upon "The Water of Life."—J. LAMBORN.

ROTHERHITHE.—A meeting was held in the Meeting-house (recently occupied by Mr. Butterfield and his church, previous to their building the new chapel), on Tuesday, March 19th. Some Christian friends are meeting here now under Mr. Cowdry's ministry, whose itinerant labours have, for some years, been honoured of the Lord. Mr. S. Cozens, the editor of "The True Tabernacle, and other ministers united to make the meeting pleasant and useful.

OXFORD STREET—SOHO CHAPEL. On Sunday evening, February 24th, our Pastor (Mr. Pells) preached to a densely crowded and attentive audience from Mark xvi. 15, 16; after which he baptized ten believers in Jesus; among them were a husband and wife, and a scholar of the Sunday school. We expect others also will very shortly yield obedience to the Saviour, whose they are, and to whom alone be all the glory given.

A NOTE FROM MR. R. SEARLE.

DEAR BROTHER,—I write to say I was pleased to hear from you; and, as you are anxious to know how I was afflicted, I answer that on the 18th of August last, I awoke early in the morning, and tried to turn in my bed, but could not; with great difficulty I got out of bed and tried to stand, but fell down on the side of the bedstead. I then found I had lost the use of my right side, and my speech was nearly gone; my wife could scarcely understand me. The doctor said it was an attack of paralysis; it was making rapid progress: but he thought he could stop it before it had completed its work: it laid me down useless 3 weeks; I was not able to earn a penny.

It has been a heavy affliction, but loaded with mercies. I felt myself in good hands, and a sweet calm about time things. I felt persuaded the Lord would provide; and I bless God I found it as conspicuous as Elijah receiving his morning and evening food from the ravens. I also felt a sweet resignation to the will of God relative to soul matters. I felt not a creature tie to bind me to earth, if it were the will of God to take me home. The blessed truths I have for the last 23 years preached were the stay of my soul: the last sermon I preached before I was afflicted was at Brentford, when supplying for brother Parsons, from these words, "I will lead them in paths that they have not known." Truly I did not know what the path of affliction was before: yet painful as it has been, I would not have been without it. I often heard and read of the goodness of God in affliction, but now I have realized more than I can express.

But you would like to know how I am now. I am happy to say the Lord has heard and answered the many prayers of his own people, that he would raise me up again. I have for some time been able to do a little work, but it goes very hard with me, as I am still very weak; but the last two weeks I have improved wonderfully, and my speech is coming again, so that I preached two sermons at Zion Chapel, Bedford, last Lord's-day, from a portion that had been the chief support of my soul, "I know that thy judgments are right." Psalm cxix. 75. A blessed time I had; I had feared my mind would be confused, but had a sweet liberty of soul, and a composed mind; and the word was so blessed, that many a dull heart rejoiced, and felt a complete meltdown.

Dear Brother, the short limit of time allotted us here, how short to praise God for so many mercies! But there is an eternity before us—

"Then shall we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song."

I must close; I am quite spent: remaining your affectionate brother, in the Lord, R. SEARLE.

Two Waters,

Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

March 14th, 1861.

SIR MORTON PETO'S
DISSENTERS BURIALS BILL.

To the Baptist Churches throughout the Kingdom.

DEAR BROTHERN,—On behalf of the Committee of the Baptist Union, we invite your attention to the bill which has been introduced into the House of Commons by Sir Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., for enabling Dissenters to bury their dead in parochial and other public burial grounds, with a religious service conducted by their own ministers. How necessary such an act has long been, and how urgent it has of late been rendered by clerical refusals to bury unbaptized persons with the customary service, must be well known to you all; and the Committee cannot doubt the pleasure with which you will welcome this well-directed effort for the removal of a grievance which has been often and heavily felt. It is the wish of Sir Morton Peto that his movement within the House of Commons should be sustained by a movement without; and that numerous petitions should tell the Commons how extensively and how earnestly the relief he asks is desired. For

themselves, the Committee have adopted a petition; and they thus venture to recommend a similar step to you. As the second reading of the bill is fixed for the 24th of April, there will be sufficient time, if action be prompt, for the transmission of a large number of Congregational petitions; and the Committee trust their recommendation will receive a warm and universal concurrence. A form of petition and the needful directions will be found below; and the churches will kindly accept this public appeal instead of a circular addressed privately to each pastor. On behalf of the Committee, we are, dear brethren,

Your's faithfully,
EDWARD STRANE,
J. H. HINTON, } Secretaries.

London, March 18th, 1861.

FORM OF PETITION.

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The petition of the undersigned Members of a Congregation of Protestant Dissenters of the Baptist Denomination meeting at _____

Sheweth,—That your petitioners are informed of the introduction into your Honourable House of a bill to provide for the interment of Dissenters in parochial and other public burial grounds, with a religious service conducted by ministers chosen by the friends of the deceased.

That your petitioners have long and strongly felt the necessity of such a measure, in consequence of the attitude not unfrequently assumed by clerical incumbents in relation to the interment of Dissenters, and more especially in relation to the interment of persons unbaptized.

Your petitioners therefore pray your Honourable House to pass the said bill into a law.

And your petitioners, &c.

DIRECTIONS TO BE OBSERVED.

Every person whose name is attached should sign his own name.

At least one signature must be on the sheet of paper on which the petition is written. For other signatures, several sheets of paper may be pasted or stitched together.

Every person may sign who attends, even occasionally, at the place of worship.

When completed, the petition should be folded up like a newspaper, and enclosed in an envelope open at both ends.

Petitions may be sent to any member of Parliament *post free*, if inscribed—"Petition to Parliament."

Petitions intended to support the second reading of Sir Morton Peto's bill should be forwarded at the latest by the 22nd of April.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Voice from Haw-street Chapel; or, Words for the Household of Faith. Plymouth: W. Brendon, George-street; published in London at the office of "The Gospel Times," by Robert Banks, 5, Chapter House-court, St. Paul's. This is a monthly issue, edited by Mr. F. Collins; and contains a clear definition (sound and sacred) of the several articles of our faith. Never, perhaps, did Plymouth have a Particular Baptist minister so industrious, and untiring in works of an evangelical character. We shall separately notice these "Words;" but, in one word, we may say, they are good and cheap.

Mr. F. Silver's tract on the question *What Think Ye of Christ?*—is, to us, a sweet and happy little handful of corn from the high and holy hills of heaven. We rejoiced greatly when we read it; and we think many thousands will thank Mr. Silver for it. It is published by Mr. Collingridge, of the City Press.

Mr. Dixon Burn's Letter to Mr. John Foreman, on the great religious question of *Duty Faith*, is now ready at our office in Chapter House-court; and will light up a fire of controversy again in some quarters. We shall give a fair and an impartial review of the work as early as possible.

No. 16 of *The New London Pulpit* contains the

Addresses delivered at the meeting recently holden in Unicorn Yard Chapel. At that meeting, Charles Waters Banks entered rather freely into the history of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. Many have desired its publication; and, as Mr. A. Gaskell (the eminent short-hand writer), was present and took the Addresses as delivered, they have been printed from his notes; and may be had at our office. Such friends in the country as may be disposed to circulate them, can have them in quantities for a trifle. We shall be glad to know they help to remove prejudices.

Two Important Questions. Infant Sprinkling; is there any Harm in it? Believer's Baptism; is it Essential? This pamphlet is extracted from the "Australian Evangelist," and is re-published by Mr. Creswick Nicholls, of the firm of Nicholls and Son, Chandos-street, Strand. The preface being written by Mr. John Pells, and the book by him recommended with confidence, is some guarantee of its virtue and capabilities for helping on the great questions to a settlement. We thank Mr. Creswick Nicholls for giving it to the Churches in so neat and cheap a form.

Moderate Calvinism Re-Examined. By John Howard Hinton, M.A. London: Houlston and Wright (one shilling). We hope in some reviews of this ably written pamphlet, to vindicate the glory of the gospel—the good old fashioned way of life and salvation—which stands written in God's word, and revealed in the hearts of God's enlightened people, free from all the mixings and muddlings of our modern Athenian, Epicurean, and Stoic philosophy, which is as cold as death, and cruel as the grave.

THE "LIBERATOR'S"

VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA,

WITH HER MISSIONARIES AND HER FAITHFUL FEW.

We noticed the sailing of Mr. John Kingsford, and his family, with some Wesleyan Missionaries, for Queensland, and the Fiji Islands, and other parts, in a former number. We have two letters from Mr. Kingsford, written on board the *Liberator*, while he was rolling on the seas; they are of great interest. Mr. Kingsford is a faithful and fervent lover of the whole gospel; he is a keen discernor, deep thinker, and affectionate friend to every section of the true Church, although an unflinching adherent to New Testament principles and practices. He has pledged himself (d.v.) to furnish us with unvarnished accounts of all things—both as connected with the voyage, his views, and the religious state of the land to which he has fled. We certainly commence next month.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA,

AND BROTHER HOOPER'S LETTER.

EVEN in that lovely land, to which hundreds of thousands have been sailing, thinking there to enjoy their heart's content, we find the seeds of sorrow are sown, and sin and self are separating even the saints for a season. Mr. William Gurr, the pastor of the Baptist Church in North Adelaide, addresses to us a letter, from which the following extracts are made. It is written from Salem Chapel, Kermodestreet, North Adelaide; and is dated Nov. 20, 1860. He says:

"Dear Brother Banks,—I have been requested by some of the friends to answer brother Hooper's letter, published in the July VESSEL; and in which there are statements made calculated to mislead and injure the reputation of one of the most zealous and consistent members of the Particular Baptists in this colony. I allude to Mr. Sparkall Robinson. In order to prove to you, and the friends of truth, that such a statement as appears in brother Hooper's letter is utterly without foundation, I shall give you a brief history of our dear brother Robinson, in connection with the Particular Baptists here. About nine years ago, there was no established cause of our faith and order here. A few friends met to-

gether in a school room for prayer on the Lord's-day, about eight in number; among them was Mr. Robinson. After some time, a chapel was rented in North Adelaide, which is now our property. Here a church was formed, and three deacons chosen, one being Mr. Robinson, who was selected by his brother-deacons to give out the hymns, and the church also appointed him their secretary. In this position I found him when the church invited me to become their pastor; and in him I have found a valuable helper and friend. By his energy, we had one of the best little choir of singers in Adelaide. But it pleased the Lord to remove our brother into the bush: so that we only had his services occasionally. But our brother forgot neither the Lord's house, his people, or his service. We soon heard he was engaged in gathering a few people together on the Lord's-day, and reading sermons to them. I was requested to visit them, when I found about ten truth-loving people met together. I found they looked upon Mr. Robinson as the man whom God had chosen to bring them together; as such, they were anxious to retain his services, and persuaded him to take up his residence at Salisbury, wherc they hired a place of worship; since the opening of this place, I have had the pleasure of baptising nine believers, who were brought to me by Mr. Robinson. Six weeks since, I with two of my deacons, again visited Salisbury, and formed the little band into a church, and they then unanimously chose Mr. Robinson to be their senior deacon. With respect to our brother Hooper's affliction since the church sent him out to preach, has arisen from no change of sentiment, or the action of our church towards him. I trust, dear brother, the seed is good; and when our heads are laid low in the grave, the plants of the Lord will bear fruit to his honour and glory.

"The Particular Baptists of England made a sad mistake in not sending a missionary out here, that should go before the people. As it is, we are a scattered people; and though I have members in my church from brethren Wells, Stevens, Banks, Murrell, Foreman, Cooper, Surgeon and Nunn, yet they are not strong enough to keep a minister in daily bread, though they do their utmost; the consequence is we do not go forward. I must tell you we have paid £80 for land in another locality, and have the foundation in for a new chapel. We have about fifty-nine members on the church book. Brethren, pray for us. Yours in gospel bonds,

"WILLIAM GURR."

This letter of brother Gurr's, in coming over, was so injured and torn, we could not give it all, nor understand its full import. We are fully persuaded of two things: first, that brother Charles Hooper means well to the cause; although to some he may have seemed to go too far. Secondly, it is evident there requires a powerful and careful Gospel Missionary in Australia, who might be instrumental in planting Churches, and watching over them for good. We hope—if our brother John Bunyan McCure is not called to such an honourable sphere of labour—that one may be soon sent unto them.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES,

JAN. 21st, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Not having been very well for some time past, my friends very kindly granted me leave of absence for two or three weeks; therefore I proceeded to Sydney, and it was my intention to keep myself very quiet; but my good and wise Master having something for me to do, ordered it otherwise. Directly it was known that I was in this great city, doors were opened for me to preach the word of life; and the hearts of the Lord's people were open to receive that word. The Lord has blest my poor labours to many of his children. Things are in a fearful state here: the children are scattered in all directions, and much divided. Brother Emery was glad to see me, and to hear the word from my lips. JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE.

[This letter came to hand just as we were going to press—we have only room for a few lines.]

Christ Crowned.

BY THE VENERABLE GEORGE MURRELL, MINISTER OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH,
ST. NEOT'S, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.*

"ON HIS HEAD WERE MANY CROWNS."—REV. xix. 12.

I WILL tell you a secret, said the preacher. I preached a sermon from this text at Deptford, last June, and the reason of my choosing it to-night is, that it has been hanging about me for some time, and at this time I cannot get rid of it; I trust, therefore, it may be a blessing to many of you.

Our Lord is represented as riding on a white horse, having flashing eyes of anger; and I have no doubt but this passage will receive its accomplishment in the destruction of Popery. There is an undying glory arising from the salvation the dear Lord has effected.

Our Jesus is mighty to destroy all his foes, for is he less mighty to bless all his people. The people of the Lord are crown wearers; but they cast their crowns at the feet of Jesus; the crowns which Jesus wears are his own crowns, those to which he has a legal right, and of which not one believer would wish to rob the dear Lord. His church is a crown; she is his crown; he has wooed her; he has won her;—surely he shall wear her as his glorious crown: surely, believer, you will have nothing to say against an honour in which you have so deep an interest.

We have in this text, 1st, *What is intended by Christ being crowned*; and 2nd, we notice *Some of those crowns which he wears*.

I. Doubtless our Lord is represented as wearing many crowns, to denote "His exclusive privileges." It is not anybody who may wear a crown; it is not anybody who can be a Saviour; he has a right to save, being the sent of the Father; he has power to bless, being "God over all, blessed for ever," and he comes, commended unto us by the precious fact, that he is Emmanuel, God with us.

2.—Our Lord as represented here is so represented to shew us his "Exalted Dignity." Once like his brethren, he mourned, but now he rejoices; once he was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;"—now sorrow and sighing have for ever fled away. He was always the Saviour of his church: once he was toiling here below—now he reigns on high; he is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour. He has ascended up on high,

passing by angels as he takes his honours, like as he passed their nature by when he set out on the errand of mercy; his Father hath exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus (you see it is no mere empty name) every knee might bow, and every tongue confess.

2.—It intends "*wide dominions*."

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," &c.

The kingdoms of the world are Christ's by the gift of the Father, and out of those kingdoms he will take a people for himself, and over these he will reign gloriously. All power in heaven and on earth is his—he shall torment even devils in due time. Jesus has many crowns—he has many kingdoms: he must in all things have the pre-eminence; and you, believer, I am sure, will not say nay to this. The Lord of life and glory has privileges all his own, granted to him for labours that he alone could do. He has dignities of the highest order, and of the most enduring kind; and he reigns over the whole universe of matter and of mind. He has on his head many crowns, none else would they befit.

II. We notice SOME OF THE CROWNS THE SAVIOUR WEARS. And,

1.—There is the *Racer's crown*. That he must wear, for he ran his race, and he ran it well. It was a long and tiresome labour that was before him; many obstacles stood in his way; many foes stood in his path—but he ran a good race; from the path he never deviated. His engagement to run, and to win this race brought the dear Lord into some strange places: he must come into the world; he must come under the law; he must stand condemned where his people stood condemned; the law's curses must rest upon him, as the sins of his people were charged upon him; he must do battle with the great enemy of souls—he must not only fulfil the water baptism, but endure also the baptism of blood; he must pass over Kedron, and enter into the wine-press of Gethsemane alone; he must lose his blood and flesh in Gabbatha; and, finally, his life on Calvary. Yes! he conquered when he fell; he failed not until he had achieved his triumph; he stayed not until he had finished his race; because he finished his own race; therefore, is he the Author and Finisher of our faith. Our Lord's

* Notes of a sermon delivered at the Brentford Anniversary on April 1st, 1861.

goings forth have been from everlasting; he rests in his love—but he rested not from his labours until he could say, "It is finished." He has won it, therefore, he shall wear the Racer's crown.

2.—There is the marriage crown. It was the custom with the Easterns for the bride to crown her husband, and for the bridegroom to crown his wife. Our Lord is pleased to crown his church with loving-kindness and tender mercies; and I am quite sure that the people of the Lord are very pleased to crown him, in token of their loving, willing subjection to him. When Christ is wedded to a poor sinner, that is the day of great gladness. Have you ever been married to Christ? If so, such time was a time of wondrous love; and I don't know but it gave the heart of Jesus as much joy as it gives the heart of the poor sinner. "The woman," saith our apostle, "is the glory of the man." The church is the glory of Christ; by her salvation he wins eternal fame and never-ending praise. Our Lord has glories; they are all his own; yet his highest glories arise from being the wedded husband of his beloved church.

3.—There is the Priestly crown (see Leviticus). Over the mitre worn upon his head, the high-priest had also the golden crown. This distinguished him, as his priestly crown distinguishes our Great High Priest. The priest was the representative of the people; he was also to the people the representative of God; all the sacrifices were committed to him; all the sins of the people were charged upon him by confession; and to him the people looked to bear away their guilt: by sacrifice, and to bring in joy and peace by pardon. So the Lord Jesus is the "Great High Priest of our profession." He was anointed and crowned by Jehovah; all sacrifices cease in, and are superseded by him; all the priesthood terminates in him; that which was intended of all time is accomplished by him; the guilt and the filth of sin are carried over to, and charged upon him. He is the Altar, the Sacrifice, and the Priest: yea, the Temple and its true worshippers are all found in him. He is, too, the faithful Priest, and as the called, the qualified, and the faithful, he shall and must be crowned: "On his head were many crowns." But not only has he those crowns which bespeak him successful, affectionate, and effectual, he has, also,

4.—The Victor's crown. "The Lord is a Man of war." He had many enemies, bad and bitter enemies; strange—but yet terribly true; his own house received him not, but they persecuted him, and under the guise of religious zeal they made their fiercest onslaughts upon him. Believer, be encouraged; you have to meet no foe, but that foe has been vanquished before you saw it; death, the devil, sin, and the grave have all been

vanquished by him; and the blessed triumph of his hands increase his glory. He met the great enemy of God and man in the wilderness. The inspired historian throws a veil over the terrible battles of those forty days, and reveals to us only the conclusion of the Saviour's triumphs. A good old saint, once in speaking of the audacity of the devil, says, "What! you promise to give kingdoms, crowns, and thrones, with all their attendant riches?—you never had so much as a pig-sty of your own to give to anybody." The devil has done much mischief; he has nothing to give: our Lord has achieved great victories, and to us these victories are given. Let us, therefore, crown Jesus with the Victor's crown. If crowns signify privilege, dignity, honour, glory, and dominion, Jesus must have them all. The devil, like an armed giant, runs full pelt against a poor soul to overcome him, neither should we stand if we stood alone, but we don't stand single handed—and thus we shall triumph. Let us, then, crown him for his own personal victories, and for those which he enables us to win.

5, and lastly.—The Monarch's crown. Not only has he wide dominions, but he is also King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is comforting in these times of confusion to know that all things are under the hands of King Jesus, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Devils, angels, men, circumstances, must all have leave to be from him who reigns in Zion. For you, Christian brother, Jesus run his race—to you he is hand in hand of wedded love—for you he exercises the office of the Great High Priest—to overcome your enemies he took the field—and to bless you for ever he wears the crown of King of kings. There are no foes but he will fight them—you have no friends but he raised them up,—you shed no tears but he bottles them—there are no dangers in your path but he shall overrule them for good. Let us join to crown him Lord of all!

After this battle we shall triumph as conquerors, with our Standard-bearer, in life eternal. I have long believed in Christ; and I long for the end of faith, that I may no more believe in Him, but see Him in whom I have believed; that I may taste how sweet the Lord is, that I may touch with my hands my Lord and my God. There I shall be called Abraham, because Abraham rejoiced to see the day of Christ. I have experienced that in this life sin is all and in all; I shall experience another life, where the Lord is all and in all.—*Bucholtzer*; 1584.

In Paul I observe five gloryings: (1) he glories in weakness; (2) in the cross of Christ; (3) in a good conscience; (4) in afflictions; (5) in the hope of eternal life.—*Ibid.*

FAITH BY LOVE.

By MR. HENRY MYERSON, PASTOR OF SHALOM CHAPEL, OVAL, HACKNEY ROAD.

"Faith that worketh by love."—Gal. v. 6.

No subject can be of greater importance, nor is there any subject so calculated to inflame the soul as LOVE. But, before we can enter into its soul-ravishing delights, the Holy Ghost must enter into us, and so, found Christ in our hearts as the hope of glory. It will not enhance our eternal interests to have a love to religion in the abstract—no more than looking upon substantial food would satisfy our natural cravings. But alas! how many make this their standard—but how very much below the standard of truth. The soldier of the cross must not only be equipped for war, but he must come up to the standard of truth; and the stature of a man in Christ is not what we can see admirable in the abstract of religion, though there is much even here to admire—not what there is in the creature to love, though there is much in man that commands respect, much in man that is lovely,—but a man may have such a love as this, and yet be dead in trespasses and sins.

Now, what is the standard of a man in Christ? "Faith that worketh by love." And according as our faith is in act and exercise, so will our souls be drawn out in pure love to Christ, and his people. Have I this love? The faith of a dead professor is stimulated by mere natural idea (for natural it is), that he must believe, and if he does not believe he must perish; so dread and fear stimulate him so to do what he calls his duty; and if you ask him why he believes, he will readily answer, because it is my duty to believe. May God Almighty ever keep us from such a faith as this: this is a faith that works by duty. I want a faith that works by love; and, my reader, you may have a duty-faith and be lost; but a man that has faith wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost, that faith will lead the soul up to its Author, Christ; and it will be quite as impossible for such a soul not to love, as for the opposite to love Christ—it would be quite as impossible for such a soul to be lost, as for the other, living and dying in that faith, to be saved; and yet if you ask a duty-faith believer if he loves Jesus Christ, he will give you an answer in the affirmative; but when he says it, it does not seem to come from his inmost soul; I suppose he thinks it his duty to say so. Had Simon, the straight-laced pharisee been asked if he loved Jesus Christ, he would, no doubt, have said, he seems a very nice sort of a person, I have a liking for him, so I have asked him to dine with me—he would do Jesus Christ good if he could. This seems about the

stamp of the duty-faith believer's love. He must help Jesus Christ in saving of his soul, as well as in the salvation of his own soul; thus his faith being natural, his love also is natural. Such love as this comes from a corrupt heart, and not from a regenerated soul.

Now, for one minute, let us look at Mary's faith, for Mary's was the right sort of faith, and so produced genuine faith. Mary's faith brought her to Christ's feet, the only true place for a true penitent. Did she talk of assisting Christ in salvation matters? Oh, no! She felt she was lost, ruined, undone; but faith brought her to Christ's feet, and her tears spoke the bitterness of her soul; they evinced true signs of penitential grief. Yes! not a word she spoke, but bathes his feet with her tears, and wipes them with the hair of her head. Pause, my soul, and ask the question, has my faith brought me thus to Jesus' feet? But further, Mary's faith led her to see thousands of charms in Christ that no duty-faith man could. Oh, yes! her faith was a living faith, and it operated, and produced mighty effects. It operated upon Christ's heart, produced sympathy and compassion, and brought the sweet testimony from his lips which flowed like a cordial into her wounded, disponding, sin-stricken soul; and thus all her wounds were healed; all her griefs subsided; and those eyes from which gushed a flood of tears, now sparkled with joyous delight. "Oh! woman," said the Saviour, "thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." And so she loved him, the object of her faith—because he manifested his love to her, and because he loved her he gave her faith to believe in him, and because she had faith imparted to her to believe in him as the true Messiah, she loved him with all her heart, soul, mind, and strength. Astonishing discriminating grace! A room full of immortal souls, and only one, the worst of the number, the most despised—a vessel of mercy, which was afore prepared unto glory. But the duty-faith man tells us faith without works is dead. We know that, and bless God we shew that. Does he think we do not read our bibles? or does he wish to arraign us before his judgment-seat, command us to be silent, and then brand us with the appellation of Antinomian, thus pass sentence upon us, and not allow us an opportunity of clearing ourselves? But, blessed be our covenant God, although we are so falsely accused, and hated for the truth's sake, we have the answer of a good conscience towards God, and this is better

than human applause: it is to God we stand or fall.

Now look at this text, "Faith, without works is dead." But let me first say, faith *with* works is dead. The Jews believed in Christ, but did the works of their father the devil: it was a dead faith, and so it produced natural results: they walked no more with Christ, but did the works of their father, the devil, which was to oppose Christ. This was faith and works with a witness. Shall I say this is the case with all who believe in duty faith? It appears so to me, and this is Christ's testimony concerning such, "As many as are not for me are against me." Now no man can be for Christ that stands up and contends for the law; such an one is for Moses. No man can be for Christ that stands up and maintains that good works are essential to eternal life. The man that thus contends against Christ, he does as much as to say, Christ did not fulfil the law, and therefore I must. Now Christ tells us (and this is the Christian's ground and pillar of hope) he came not to destroy the law—but to fulfil it; and Paul tells us that man is not justified by the deeds of the law—"but the just shall live by faith." Thus we establish the law, through faith, and by earnestly contending for "the faith once delivered to the saints," we contend for Christ; but to contend for duty-faith, in connection with creature perfection, is to contend against God, God's covenant, God's Christ, God's grace, God's faith, and the Holy Spirit's work. We, who are partakers of God's grace, need God's faith, not man's faith—and thus to have our consciences purged from dead works to serve the living God. I do not find I can believe when I like, sing when I like, dance when I like, and so skip over the ground like a little lamb in the sheep-fold. David's experience was not like this. "My mountain," says he, "stands firm." How firm, David? Why I shall never be moved. But stop—see how sudden the change—how extraordinary the contrast; the Lord hides his face, and he is troubled. This is the lot of God's people. Sometimes the living branches of Christ, the living vine seem to have no sap in them—that is fear to have no faith, and but very little love. Ah, this is the Christian's winter. But oh! my reader, is it not the soul-transporting thought that your union to Christ is inseparable, and the life you derive from him, the true vine, to everlasting? And if we take the vine naturally, to set forth the vine spiritually, we know that the sap runs down to the root in winter, and to all human appearance is dead; but as the warm rays of the sun shed its beams and influence upon it, so the sap, like the blood in the system, runs into the branches—the vine buds and brings forth

fruit. So is it with the soul that is born of the Spirit. Thus sings the poet,

"He sheds his beams of life Divine,
On this benighted soul of mine."

Again, to contend for duty-faith, and creature performance, is contending for the skeleton—the form—the mere dry bones. This may suit the nominalist, but not the self-condemned, the law-condemned, the broken-hearted sinner; he feels like as the dew drops down spontaneously upon vegetation, so must faith drop down from God into his soul. "I will," saith God, "be as the dew unto Israel." But still, "Faith, without works, is dead." But the question is, what kind of works does this refer too? not natural works, because faith is spiritual. It must, therefore, refer to spiritual acts; not that I would have you so suppose, for one moment, that the Christian can indulge in sin, oh, no! although he cannot alter his Adam nature, yet, having grace given him, he is enabled by the same, to conquer the old man that still lives in his house: thus, "Grace shall reign through righteousness, unto eternal life. The works, then, of a living faith, appear to me to be this,—a struggling after, and pressing forward to Christ, who is always loved by the soul that hath living faith. This is the faith that worketh by love: hence the ejaculation, "Oh! that I knew where I might find him." Again, "By night I sought him whom my soul loved; I sought him, but I found him not." And the soul that hath this love to Christ—this faith in Christ, will not be satisfied till he hath found him. There is, then, a vast difference between the motives that move the feet of the Christian, and those of a formalist; the difference is as wide as the motives that move the feet of a wife and the motives that move the feet of a servant; the one works because it is his duty, the other works because she loves her husband—the one works because she gets wages, the other because she delights to please and wait upon him. And then look at the feeling of the two when away from home; the one gets home at the time appointed, because it is her duty to do so, the other returns home, with a heart burning with love, and is glad to reach home to be with him she loves. Perhaps you will think I speak from experience. Well, I do. I can say I am acquainted with the simile, and also the spiritual import.

May the Lord grant us more of this living faith, which is known by love to God—love to the brethren—and love to the truth, and a perfect hatred to all kinds of error. Amen.

H. MYERSON.

No man knows what gratitude is until he finds Christ, and is delivered of his heavy load of guilt from his conscience: then he knows what gratitude is.—*Thomas Gay.*

THE INDIAN SOLDIER AND THE SUFFOLK PASTOR.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S GOODNESS TO ARTHUR BAKER,
FORMERLY OF THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS, NOW OF TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.

(Continued from page 36, Vol xvii.)

"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me."—Psalm cxxxviii. 7.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have now brought my narrative of the Lord's providential leadings with me, down to the time of the battle of Cawnpore, where the natives, under the command of that wicked man, Nena Sahib, revolted against our English government, and caused such awful and cruel destruction of life in that district. We were then commanded by that Christian warrior, Sir Henry Havelock. My last letter brought us to the front of that town; or, in military phrase, we were then at their "flank." Our orders were to lie prostrate on the ground, as the enemy was firing heavily on our army. In front of my portion of the regiment, was posted a 24-pounder, loaded, and ready for action. The command was given to rise, and advance on the enemy. We obeyed. As we advanced, the mouth of the gun was directly facing me. Onward we went. As we neared the gun, we saw a man spring from behind a tree. We saw he carried a light in his hand—and we knew the object. Oh, the feelings of my mind I cannot express. Eternity was before me; but I bless God those two little words, "FEAR NOT," were then sweetly impressed on my mind, and there was not a fearful dread of what appeared inevitable. We were now so close that I could almost touch the gun with my hand. The gunner, in an instant, applied the match;—but the gun refused to act! "Why?" does my reader enquire. Ah, why? Was it because I was there? Should I be backward in acknowledging the Lord's evident interpositions on my behalf? Do not such marked manifestations of his protecting and preserving care call for remembrance and thankfulness? Did He not say he would spare a city if but "one" righteous was found therein? Oh, my soul, well mayest thou sing,

"Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand."

Would ever unbelief find room in my breast again? I thought not at that moment. "FEAR NOT!"—that was my watchword. Ah, now, Lord, my faith is strong! Shall I ever doubt or deny thee again? What, be like Peter? O, no! Peter had never been in front of the cannon's mouth, with the sweet words, "Fear not," softly, and quietly, and

gently assuring him all should be well. But I soon found unbelief was not dead. I did doubt again; yes, and how many times since then I should be ashamed to own. My brother, what a cross this is to a Christian. May our faith be increased, and our doubts removed. This circumstance often calls forth from me a prayer of gratitude to my God for so marked a manifestation of his protecting care. If that light had acted, that moment, I and some of my comrades must have been cut to atoms, and launched into eternity.

After the battle was over, we found our bed was the ground we stood upon, and for a covering we had the canopy of heaven. We were completely exhausted, being much fatigued with the fighting, and suffering from hunger, having had nothing for many hours. Well do I remember the sharp pangs of hunger. No one can realize the feeling but those who have experienced it. I often think now, when my table is spread for my returning wants, of that time; and with a heart, I must say, full of thankfulness, ask a blessing on the same, and am compelled to acknowledge the Lord's tender care of me, his unworthy servant. Oh, may God keep me humble, and thankful, and prayerful, unto the praising of his holy name.

The following morning we buried the dead; some had fallen by the sword, but many had fallen by the overpowering heat of the sun. Here again I saw the power of God. Struck down by the brightness of the sun, and in a few hours as black as a coal. Upon our entering the town of Cawnpore, we saw the house where our poor countrymen and women had been so unmercifully murdered. The walls and floors were covered with blood: as I write these lines I sicken at the recollection of the scene. We then went on to the well where their bodies were heaped in like dead dogs. This was heart-rending. Hurried into eternity; and I asked myself the question—where are their immortal souls now? But these scenes were not so hurtful to my soul as to hear my ungodly companions continually taking the Lord's precious name into their polluted mouths, and blaspheming the same. Under these trials my soul often wept. Near to where we encamped I found out a grove of trees, and thither on several occasions I resorted, and held sweet communion with my heavenly Father; for I longed again to feel the power of the Spirit moving within my soul. Eph. ii. 18.

We again had orders to move. Our army was to cross the Ganges, into the kingdom of Oude. We suffered much here from heat, wet, hunger, and the want of common necessaries. Night was again approaching, and no food was forthcoming; and the men were now loud in their murmurings. Some bullocks were discovered, and no sooner discovered than shot, and before the blood was cold the meat was eaten. Many fell ill from its effects, but I was again spared, and kept in good health. From here we advanced on to Lucknow, and were soon again in front of a mighty enemy. Here we fought hard, and on all sides our men fell thick and fast. But my life was graciously spared, and my body untouched. In advancing, we came to a large yard that was walled in with a high wall on all sides. This place was filled with our enemies. My regiment was ordered to "Go in;" but we found there was only one small door by which we could push in. First, our officer advanced, and received a shot in his right arm, which disabled him; next a man of my company was shot in the head; another was shot in the left side: but I again escaped, a living monument of God's preserving care. "Advance!" was again the command, and after routing the enemy here, we proceeded to a fortified village. Above one mile of our march we were under a heavy fire, from which many of our men fell. Having got a position at the back of the enemy, as we were kneeling down in order to protect our artillery, a ball came from a nine-pounder, and cut the man on my right hand nearly in two. Oh! what thankfulness I felt that I again was spared, while my companion that I had known for thirteen years was cut down, and that in his wickedness: no thought had he for eternity, or of the Refuge for the guilty. The question came to me, Who made you to differ? My heart silently replied,—

"Lost in the ruins of the fall,
I lay in awful night,
Till great Jehovah chang'd my heart,
And gave me heavenly light."

With a heavy heart and a sorrowful countenance, I helped to convey his mutilated body to its last resting-place. Evening coming on hostilities were stayed; and in the morning orders were given for us to retire back upon Cawnpore, as we were not sufficient to encounter that brazen walled place, Lucknow. On our retiring, we encamped at a village four miles from Cawnpore, and while there staying, we received an order for some carpenters to proceed to the river Ganges, to build a bridge of boats for the crossing of the army. It fell to my lot to be one to accompany them. My inclination was for staying with the company, and I was rather inclined to murmur at this order; but I afterwards recognized it as a providence. While down

at this bridge building, the army was again called to battle, and much slaughter was the result; but I was away in safety. During the time I was here I accidentally hurt my finger, and it became so bad that I was obliged to go into the hospital. This brought on a bad fever for some days, which considerably prolonged my stay in the hospital: but this also was the goodness of the Lord to me in disguise; for during this sickness another engagement was fought by our army which I escaped. When I was restored to a measure of health, and enabled again to resume my duties, I joined my regiment, which was now encamped at Cawnpore, at which place we made a lengthened stay. While here, our companies were reinforced with a considerable addition; and to my great rejoicing, I found amongst the fresh arrival, three of my dear brethren. None but those who have been deprived of Christian converse and intercourse with brethren of like sympathies with themselves, can fully appreciate the joy and comfort I then experienced in again seeing the face of three fellow-pilgrims, with whom in former days, I had held sweet communion. We highly prized the privilege, and in our usual way, met together as often as duty and opportunity offered, to pray and praise God of all our mercies. In these exercises the Lord greatly comforted our souls, and encouraged our hearts. At length the command came for us to repeat our advance on Lucknow; our army being much stronger. Suddenly I was seized with dysentery, and was unable to be at my post. I was left at Cawnpore, while my army proceeded to Lucknow, where many hundreds were cut to atoms, and where two battles of a most desperate character were fought. Therefore, I do sing with Dr. Watts,—

"Lord when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.
My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal."

Tunstall, Suffolk. ARTHUR BAKER.

A Christian, travelling on a steamboat, distributed tracts. While they were taken and read by many, a gentleman took one, and folding it up, cut it with his penknife into small pieces; then folding it up in derision, threw it away. One piece adhered to his coat; he picked it off, and looking at it, saw only the word "God." He turned it over, on the other side was "eternity." They stood out as living words before him. He drank brandy to drive them away, but in vain. Every entertainment was sought to drive the thoughts away, but they hunted him wherever he went, till they brought him solemnly to the Redeemer's feet, to cry for pardon.

Original Papers on the Canticles.

BY THOMAS GEORGE BELL, LL.D.,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

KING SOLOMON.

"Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart."—Cant. iii. 2.

SOLOMON is coming forth to meet his bride. He is surrounded by everything that can add beauty and magnificence to the scene. He is filled with joy in the prospect of the coming meeting. It is the day of his espousals, and therefore, the day of his gladness of heart. Here is a beautiful foreshadowing of the Lord Jesus—the Heavenly Solomon—coming forth in all his glory to meet with and receive his whole church in the character of her Bridegroom. The invitation "Go forth," reminds us of the solemn midnight call, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." The apostle says, "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. Then will be the great meeting—the solemn espousals, of which we read again in Revelations, "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunders, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: FOR THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB IS COME, and his wife hath made herself ready." This then is the sublime scene before us,—"The marriage of the Lamb." The marriage is also connected with the coronation. King Solomon is crowned. This sets forth the great truth set forth by the prophet Daniel, "I saw in the night visions, and behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." Then will come that visible establishment of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ which is referred to in the words of the book of Revelation, "And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, the kingdoms of this world ARE BECOME the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

This is the blessed hope of the church, "Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence we look also for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

The last words of *David*, the son of Jesse, pointed forward to these glories of the heavenly Solomon, and his reign of righteousness and peace. "The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, he that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God: and he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." It is the same heavenly Solomon he speaks of when he says, "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 unto 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."

Isaiah spake of the same, when he said, "Behold a King shall reign in righteousness."

Jeremiah spake of him when he prophesied, "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth."

Ezekiel spake of him, when he says, "For thus saith the Lord God, behold I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out." "And I will set up one Shepherd over them, and he shall feed them, even my servant David, he shall feed them, and he shall be their Shepherd."

Joel refers to the same time, when he says, "So shall ye know that I am the Lord your God, dwelling in Zion, my holy mountain: then shall Jerusalem be holy, and there shall no strangers pass through her any more. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop down wine, and the hills shall flow down with new milk."

Amos also refers to this same King, when he says, "In that day will I raise up the tabernacle of David that is fallen, and close

up the breaches thereof; and I will raise up his ruins, and I will build it as in the days of old." "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt."

Obadiah speaks of the same times, "Upon Mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be holiness." "And saviours shall come upon Mount Zion to judge the mount of Esau; and the kingdom shall be the Lord's."

Micah, also, when he says, "But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come and say, come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

Habakkuk, also, when he declares, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Zephaniah also. "Then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent."

Haggai also. "For thus saith the Lord of Hosts, yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land; and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts."

Zechariah also. "Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion; for, lo, I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord. And many nations shall be joined to the Lord in that day, and shall be my people: and I will dwell in the midst of thee: and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto thee."

And *Malachi*. "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts."

When all these scriptures shall be fulfilled it will be the *regeneration*, a renovation of all things, spoken of by our Lord himself, "And Jesus said unto them, verily I say unto you, that ye which have followed me,—in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

Then shall also be fulfilled the words of Gabriel to Mary,—“He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and

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."

Also the declaration of our Lord, "This is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day."

Also the declaration of the angels, "which also said, ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?—this SAME Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

Also the words of Peter, in the porch of the temple, "And he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you; whom the heaven must receive until the times of the restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began."

All this is the accomplishment of the very thing that lay upon the heart of Jesus when he was on earth. In the days of his flesh he prayed for his church, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." We who, through grace, are members of that church—the church redeemed by his own precious blood—shall not only behold his glory, but partake of it, for "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

"O blessed Lord, we yet shall reign,
Redeem'd from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with thee in white.
We suffer now; but oh! at last
We'll bless thee, Lord for all the past,
And own our cross was light."

An important question may now occupy our thoughts for a little: *Are there really signs indicating the Lord's approach?* Dr. Pusey says, "What times are coming on the earth we know not; but the general expectation of persons of all characters, in all nations, is an instinct implanted by God, to warn us of a coming storm." The late Sir Robert Peel once said, "The signs of a storm are black in the horizon." What if this anticipated storm be the last—the shaking among the nations, which is to usher in the morning without clouds—the eternal day—the kingdom of Christ—the reign of righteousness and peace?

The events of the last century follow each other in such rapid succession, and with such accumulative importance, as to startle the most calm observer of passing events. What wonderful changes may another century produce! or, will the world, in its present

state, last another hundred years? Will this present dispensation be wrapt up long ere such a period shall have passed? Many, and their number is greatly on the increase, think that before twenty years are expired, the whole arrangement of the world will be

altered by the coming of the Lord and the "restitution of all things." Can it be possible that we live so near the time of the end? Surely it would be the part of wise men to inquire and see what scripture says on such a momentous question?

Memorials of Departed Saints.

THE LATE MRS. JAMES MARKS, JUNR.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—The immortal and ransomed spirit of my beloved child and eldest daughter, Eliza, the wife of Mr. James Marks, Jun., Caledonian Road, took its flight on the 28th of February, 1861, through the merits of the sacrificed Lamb of God, to the blessed realms of endless joys—

"To drink at the fountain head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting bliss."

This is saying much, but not more than Divine and sovereign mercy proved in the end, and we may truly say,

"His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.
Sweet truths, and easy to repeat,
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find I'm but a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide."

Shortly after the death of her much loved sister, Lydia, wife of Mr. Henry Lewis, Eliza's health evidently began to decline; medical assistance was at once called to attend to her case, but no remedial agent appeared to stop the disease in its progress; at last her medical adviser strongly recommended her to take a journey to Madeira for a few months, and some persons have, in a degree, condemned her for taking such a step, by expressing their astonishment at her leaving husband and children. It is on this ground I mention the subject. I knew her truthful mind, and therefore soon ascertained her motive. She had something really to love, an affectionate husband, and four young children. Her simple motive was that, if it were the Lord's will, she might be raised up again to comfort and support them. When I mentioned the subject to her, she replied, "Dear father, there is no pleasure placed before me in the journey, but I have a duty to perform to my dear James, and the dear children; it may be the Almighty's will to bless the means, and spare me a few years to help and make them happy." She further said, "I view it thus: suppose my dear husband was in a situation on which our natural comforts depended, and was, from necessity, obliged to leave me and the children for months, or give up his situation, and leave us without necessary support, I know his affection combined with duty,

would compel him to make the sacrifice: just so I act." And although it was not the will of Jehovah so to bless the means, yet it has proved a source of sweet reflection to her affectionate husband, for he has said since her departure it gives him great comfort to know that everything had been done that could have been done. They were certainly blessed with one of God—the best of earthly blessings.

A few months after her return, certain appearances led us to hope she might be raised up again, but, alas! after her confinement she began to sink rapidly; and her mind became more evidently exercised in reference to her state as a sinner and salvation. She had a head knowledge of the doctrines of grace, and that salvation was full and free; and she equally believed that there must be a change of heart, and faith to believe savingly in God. She said to one of her friends, "I know all this, but MY HEART, is that changed? for I feel I cannot change it, nor give faith; it MUST be ALL of God." She had a great dread of speaking what she did not really feel, or of appearing in any way to be a Christian while she had no evidence, which made her sometimes silent upon the subject of religion: the heavenly spark was there, but she could not be assured of it, for to another friend she said, "I have no love to the Lord Jesus; I have no right desires after him; I have never felt myself such a great sinner, nor so self-condemned as others." Her friend replied, "You would not feel thus anxious about it, if you did not love him." This I found was blessed to her; for after this she began to ask many questions as to her evidence.

I had watched for several years, and from certain things, I had a faint hope that she was quickened into life, though not visibly born. Blessed be the God of Israel; he brought it forth in his own time.

She was a great sufferer from the difficulty of breathing, and was frequently almost suffocated by the phlegm; she could not move herself in bed—but she was favoured to pass through it without murmuring or repining. One day I went to see her, she was sitting up in the bed; her dear form was wasted almost to a skeleton, and her dear counte-

nance expressive of the distress of her poor mind. She knew nothing, she said—no hope for her. I spoke to her as well as I could. While she lay down to try and rest, I retired to plead with my ever faithful God. While having a cup of tea, I found a cheering look in her face; she said, "Father dear, those words have been so sweet since you left,—

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.'

Her father-in-law was made very useful to her in reading choice hymns, and praying with her. She said to me a few days before she died, "Oh, I was so happy yesterday but father (meaning Mr. Marks) came in the evening, and read such blessed hymns, and prayed with me, and I have felt so comfortable." But the enemy would not let her have much rest. Three days before she departed this life, she said to me, in her usual way, "Father dear, the Lord has not manifested himself to me yet." She appeared then to be dying, for she could hardly speak. I could read, however, in her expressions, the feeling of her heart, and, remembering a similar circumstance that came before me many years ago, I related it to her; it was as follows,—I was called to visit a young man who was dying; after I had read and prayed, and was about leaving, he raised himself up in the bed, and said, "I beg pardon, sir, for detaining you, but how am I to know when the Lord manifests himself to me?" I was led to the following ideas. It was a small room, in it there was a dutch clock, some small pictures, and one window. I said "Suppose that window was blocked up with bricks, this room would be dark, and you would not be able to see anything in it." He replied, "Yes, sir, I see that." "Well," I said, "Suppose some one were to take out a brick or two, you would be able from that little light to see there were some things in the room, but not sufficient to distinguish them." "Yes, sir," he replied. "But," I continued, "Suppose the same person were to take out all the

bricks, and put a window as it is now, you would be able to see the clock, its time, the pictures, and what they represent as clearly as you do now; but your seeing them would not place them there, but the light would make it manifest to you that they are there, and were there before you saw them." He smiled, and said, "Thank you, thank you, I see now, good bye sir, the Lord bless you." He died the next day, happy.

Bless the dear Lord, he evidently applied it to her heart, for she said, with very great difficulty, "Ah! dear father, I see now where I have been wrong; I have been expecting some revelation, or some visionary appearance, but I now see it is God giving a knowledge of himself in Jesus."

From that time she appeared almost insensible to everything below. At one time she said, "Jesus my only refuge—his righteousness and blood my only hope." Shortly before she departed she said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." She gently breathed her last, and went to glory, on the morning of the birthday of her dear sister, Lydia Lewis. How quickly Jehovah sometimes fulfils the purposes of love, mercy, and faithfulness. So it was with dear Eliza Marks.

Her remains were deposited in Abney Park Cemetery, where one of her children lay, and close by the grave where her dear sister was laid, with her four children, nearly three years before.

She has left a loving and affectionate husband, with five children—the youngest only three months old. The Lord God be merciful to them and bless them.

Mr. Thomas Attwood gave a very affectionate address; a large number of friends were present to pay their last token of affection and respect. "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble."

Your's, as ever, affectionately in Jesus.

JAMES NUNN.

Zion Cottage,
Old St. Pancras-road.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

NEW SERIES, LETTER II.—THE ORDER OF TRUTH.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS,—I, in my last, shewed that your eternal election of God was in a Person purely divine, even that divine Word which was with God, and was God; and that the Old Testament saints were conformed to the covenant order and spirit of this Divine Person in that relation which he bore to the church; and it is well for you to remember that he bears no relation now *actually* which he did not then bear *relatively*; and so, in keeping with this

truth, he is called as from the foundation of the world by all those names which he now sustains. Hence it is, that in this relative sense, his priesthood and sonship, as well as other relations, are eternal; and to call this being a Son and Priest by *office* is a mode of speech which does not do justice to the subject—for this reason, that though he sustained then these characters only *relatively*, yet there was even then a *reality* in this relationship; and of this truth I wish you to

take particular notice, that he was not the Son or Priest merely by *office*; there was, I repeat, even then a *reality* of relationship existing. Nor was either a *generated* Sonship, or a pre-existing soul at all essential to the then existing reality of relationship. There was *one thing* that gave a vitality to this relationship, and that one thing is the root of all the good fruit that ever was or ever can be borne, and that one thing is *love*. He, in oneness with the Father and the Holy Spirit, embraced the Church in his *love*; and so when the Lord speaks in the unity of his essence, his language is, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore, in" love, even in "loving-kindness, have I drawn thee." Here then is the relation of almighty love—"God is love." And what can be a stronger tie than that of love? What more certain than the cords of such love?—Love unquenchable. Out, then, of this love arose all the wonders of eternal redemption. The people, even when in glory, cannot be loved more than they were then. It was in love that he became all that he is as a Saviour; it is in love that the people will be made like him, and see him as he is. Could he, and did he, as a person purely divine, thus love, and at the same time sustain covenant relationship only *officially*? I am aware these relations were official, but not *merely* official: because persons may be appointed to an office without at the same time having any vital relation to that office; it may be merely external and official; but not so with this Divine Word: here was all the intensity of unchanging love! And indeed this love was a prerequisite to his work—for love is the fulfilling of the law: love to God, love to man; no service to God can be truly holy, righteous, or good, without love. And, thus, while he was purely God, and not yet become man, and had not yet died or rose again, he loved, he then loved, the people in all the relations he now bears; and as his manhood came into existence not apart from his divinity, not one moment did manhood exist without or apart from divinity. Death separated his soul and body, but did not separate his body from divinity, nor could it separate his soul from divinity—for either body or soul would, apart from his divinity, have been *fallible*, and so after all we should have had a fallible Saviour. But as his manhood could not be severed from Godhead, he was altogether, as Godman, entirely infallible; and so it is written "he shall not fail;" that is, he will not, he cannot fail, but is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Now as manhood was created in oneness with divinity, it grew up into oneness with it, and was one in love to the same objects and to the same ends.

Thus, then, most excellent Theophilus, I think you will see that there was even when

the Saviour was purely a divine person, something more than mere *official* relation to the Church; that it was, as it ever will be, a love-relation; and it is this love that gives vitality to the whole of salvation: thus was he the Son of God from everlasting, not by mere office, but in love, in truth and love. It was in his love that he went into covenant relation to the sons of men. Thus, then, in this vitality of his love, "his goings forth were of old, even from everlasting." And the scriptures delight in joining his relative characters and his Godhead together; hence his Sonship is joined to his divinity; so that he is God and the Son of God; also we feel no impropriety in using the words *God the Son*. "Unto the Son, he saith, thy throne, O God," &c. And so you were chosen in him who was God, and stood vitally and relatively as the Son of God; and so you were chosen in the Son of God unto joint-heirship with him; and in the Priest of God to be perfected for ever by him; and in the Husband of the Church to be taken the tenderest care of by him; and in the Captain of salvation to have the victory by him; and in Christ Jesus, or the anointed Saviour (anointed in covenant purpose, as shewn in Psalm 89th,) to be saved and anointed by him. He was in vital love and sure relation the Son of God when the worlds were made, we could not until the last days be spoken to by the Son, as he was not yet born; but the Apostle knowing of this love and relation of which I have spoken, says of this person, that "God made the worlds by him;" that is by the same person who purged our sins; who was in love and relation the Son of God. Now, my good Theophilus, I must not, as you know, say anything in these letters about the order of Sonship; as I am here just shewing the way of your election of God, how he could be and was Christ Jesus before the world was; and I hope you now understand this pretty clearly; and thus your election was in Christ Jesus, as the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;" *not slain actually* from the foundation of the world, but only relatively and in purpose; for if you get the notion into your head that he was slain actually from the foundation of the world—get this notion into your head, then you will be liable to fall into false doctrine; and you will want a begotten divinity, or a pre-existing soul, to make that actual at the department where it is only in love and covenant relation. So that I wish you to clearly understand the order of your election of God. See the thousands of years the Lord has been pleased to shew his love, and the order of his covenant, before the promised seed should actually come. Here then is plenty of space in which to read of a "covenant ordered in all things and sure;" and plenty of space for the promises

to go shining on before their actual and mediatorial confirmation; plenty of space in which to shew forth the long-suffering faithfulness and immutability of a covenant God. And so Old Testament saints saw the promises afar off; but they were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and travelled on with assurance to that city which their God had founded for them.

You will thus see what a vitality there was, and still is, and ever will be, in your election of God: it was love which chose you, great love, eternal love; and though you then had no actual existence, yet you stood present to the thrice holy Three—to the Father, who chose; to Christ Jesus, in whom you were chosen; and to the Holy Spirit, who knoweth and searcheth all things, even the deep things of God. And now it is for you to abide conscientiously and sincerely, and immovably by this truth; to profit by it; let it be one of those sacred ties which unite your soul to God and godliness; and as David found a good in the portion of God's chosen which he could find nowhere else, so will you, and so believes

A LITTLE ONE.

Letters from the Heart.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

A LETTER TO MR. JAMES WELLS.

BELoved AND GREATLY ESTEEMED BROTHER,—I have many times felt constrained to address a few lines to you, and feel at this moment compelled to do so; and I hope the dear Lord will enable me to tell you a few things that will encourage you (amidst all the false statements made among men, of the evil tendencies of preaching the great and glorious doctrines of distinguishing grace,) still to go on in the great work of proclaiming salvation full, free, unalterable, and eternal, through the merits of the dear Redeemer. My poor heart rejoices while I pen these words, for herein is my only trust.

I will now try and tell you how I have been brought to put my trust here. My thoughts carry me back to the time, when, as a little boy, I used to come, with my now departed brother, to hear you preach in the old Surrey Tabernacle. This I continued to do for several years; but I do not think it was from any feeling need of salvation I did so. But being of an inquiring mind, and extremely fond of controversy, I used to embrace every opportunity of hearing you preach, for no other purpose (I now think) than to get more head knowledge of the great plan of salvation by election, predestination, &c., which great and precious doctrines (to me now) you used to set forth indispitably; and I seldom failed to get some new idea to strengthen my

argumentative powers against every species of free-willism and duty-faith; to which system I had the greatest aversion. How far the profession of these truths was blessed to me, I will not say, but I became perfectly satisfied with myself, and verily thought as I held the doctrines, I was quite safe, and I cannot remember ever feeling any real concern for the safety of my never-dying soul. But I do believe it was all overruled for my good, as doubtless, I was kept from many of the allurements of the world. This state of things continued until I was about seventeen years of age, when circumstances transpired which caused me to leave my brother, and a situation was soon found for me elsewhere. Here I remained for some time, still attending your ministry very strictly on the Lord's-day, and occasionally going to hear some great man (as I then thought) in the afternoon. About this time my health began to decline, and I became very low spirited, so much so that my brother advised me to quit my situation, and come and reside with him again. I did so; and some time after this my brother opened another place of business, and placed me in charge of it, with a young man of a very worldly turn of mind, who, finding I was very dejected at times, used to try to persuade me I was too full of religion, that it was a folly for a young fellow like me to trouble myself about it; that it was quite time for me to think about being serious when I got older; and, if I studied my health, I ought to seek a little change, and enjoy myself; and instead of going to chapel so much, I ought to go with him for a nice walk on the Sabbath day. The word having never reached my heart, and my knowledge of Divine things being merely superficial, I soon yielded to his persuasions, and began not to be so particular about going to the house of God; instead of going twice, I would content myself with going only once, and spending the remainder of the day as above stated. I need not tell you that this step was soon followed by others, until I became quite indifferent about chapel altogether, and began to see things in quite a different light. My health improving, I began to apply myself assiduously to the things which pertain to this life, so that the word having no root in itself, it withered and died. Being less under the control of my brother and sister, I soon found myself following the course of this world, seeking its pleasures—neglecting the house of God more and more.

Thus I was permitted to go on, and during six or seven years the Lord was very good to me, and caused me to prosper; and I soon found myself, as people say, settled in life, having a good business of my own, and doing pretty well in the world,—but failing to recognise or acknowledge the goodness of my long-suffering heavenly Father, who then

watched o'er my path, and bore with all mine iniquities. Truly can I say,

"Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path—
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death."

And should have sunk in irremediable woe, but that the Lord had a purpose of love towards me.

I doubt not, my dear brother, you will readily perceive the uprising, the overthrow, and the result of a supposed religion, of which God was not the Author; and we know not how far we may go in profession, without having a spark of the grace of God in our hearts, for I verily believed myself to be a Christian, and doubtless, wished to be thought one by my fellow-creatures.

I will now try and tell you a little about the Lord's dealings with me. And I feel almost overpowered with his goodness toward me. I was living in total disregard to the ways of God, the house of God, and the Bible of God. Circumstances began to turn against me—my business began to fall off—a heavy affliction came upon us, my wife being deprived of her dear mother under the most distressing circumstances. This was a heavy blow, and seemed to make some impression, still we sought to drown our sorrows in the pleasures of the world, little thinking the Lord was about to plunge us into deeper distress. Scarcely had we recovered from the shock of the first affliction, and our prospects began to wear a brighter aspect, than it pleased the Lord to visit us again. In twelve months, my wife's only brother was taken from us, after having been married only five months. This was worse than all, for an attachment existed between us not always to be found. Thus wave upon wave came upon us. My dear wife received a severe shock of her nervous system; and, altogether, our hopes were blighted. All was dreary, dark, and wild. The pleasures of the world had lost their charms; or, if they had not, we were afraid to seek them. Thus we were friendless—without God in the world. Now I began to reflect on the way in which I had spent my time—and sharp and strong were the stings of conscience, when I thought of the time I should have grieved if I had not been able to fill my seat at the Tabernacle. Now I began to feel for the first time I had sinned against heaven, and against a heart-searching God. Satan began to worry me, and to say, that if I had continued in the ways of God there might be some hope—but I had sinned against light and knowledge, and brought all this trouble upon myself. Thus was I brought down and there was none to help me. I now, for the first time, began to cry unto the Lord to have mercy upon me, and to deliver me from all my distresses. I now became very low spirited and

dejected, and sought every opportunity to read the Bible, and cry unto the Lord to have mercy upon me. My wife perceiving the great change in my manners, began to question me as to the reason. I endeavoured to explain my feelings to her; told her I thought the reason we were in so much trouble was because we did not live right—"for," said I, "we never go to a place of worship, we never read God's word, and we never ask him for his blessing." She sympathised with me, and said she was quite willing to go to chapel (she had been brought up to the church) if I thought that would do any good. I felt much pleased with this, and said, "Well, then, we will go and hear Mr. Wells, at the Surrey Tabernacle, next Sunday. Sunday came, and with heavy hearts, we entered the house of God, I felt very much cast down and condemned, not having been there for several years; the words which you preached from on that occasion were as follows, "It shall be unto the Lord a name of great joy." The theme of your discourse was salvation, and although that was what I was seeking after, it was not for me, and I did not get relieved. My dear wife, who had only heard you once before, some years previously, and then with great displeasure, was much encouraged by what you said, that the Lord would appear for us in a way of providence, and felt a great desire to come again, for she had never heard such a sermon in all her life, and endeavoured to cheer me. But, my dear brother, how different was the effect of your preaching now; that which I used to catch at, and be delighted with (election), now seemed to strike terror into my soul, and seldom did I come to hear you, but some dreadful sentence of condemnation was levied at me, and I used to come away from the Tabernacle much cast down, and saying in my own heart. "I will never come again." But I could not keep away, and on one Sabbath evening you were led to speak from these words, "The Lord knoweth them that trust in him." In this discourse, after knocking me down, and picking me up again several times, you said as follows,—"Friends, there are thousands now, in the day in which we live, who are trusting in God who have no hereditary right to do so." This seemed to cut me off altogether. "No 'hereditary right,'" said I, "what does that mean?" Union to Jesus Christ, I thought, and I found on reading my Bible the apostle speaking of the family of God as being "Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." I was then brought to see that unless I was from all eternity united to him, I must be forever lost.

Now, my dear brother, began a conflict I cannot describe. The law demanded—I had nothing wherewith to pay; but I began to try and mend it, and failed in every instance;

do what I would it did not constitute union to Jesus Christ; this seemed to be the one thing needful to secure the salvation of my never dying soul. Oh, how prayerfully I read the Bible in hope of meeting with some sweet passage which would show me my interest in the dear Redeemer—how prayerfully I heard you preach in the hope that Jesus would reveal himself to me as my Elder Brother. But I had to wait the Lord's time, and it was a long time. It was about two years the Lord kept me waiting, during which time I was much tried in my soul feelings. Satan said I had gone too far; unbelief said, "Mr. Wells is wrong; duty-faith said, "Come and hear me, and I will put all matters right." I went to hear duty-faith, and, at first, felt much disposed to believe him, but I could not conform to his rules, and I came to the conclusion that all were wrong together, and I had better give it all up. Thus was I tossed to and fro like a drunken man,

"And wondered where the scene would end."

Well, sir, one Sabbath afternoon, my wife said to me, "Where are you going this evening?" I said, "Nowhere." But she prevailed on me to go out after tea, and we would go somewhere: we made our way into Shoreditch, and while trying to decide where we should go, a 'bus came along, and she with much difficulty prevailed on me to enter, and go *once more* to hear Mr. Wells. The Lord only knows the bewildered state of my mind when I once more entered the Surrey Tabernacle. But I shall never forget that evening; the words selected as your text were in the first chapter of Ezekiel's prophecy, and the first verse, "Now it came to pass in the tenth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river Chebar, that the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God." As you proceeded with your discourse, you were led to describe all that I had experienced so minutely, that I thought some one had told you all about me; and after you had spoken at some length upon the exercise of the child of God when taken captive by the law, the many efforts they are led to make to extricate themselves, the various schemes they try to put matters right (all of which I had tried without success); you were then led to set forth the Saviour as the end of the law, the only way, the truth, and the life; and, after describing the terrors of the law, the condemning power of sin, and the utter inability of the sinner to satisfy the demands of Divine justice, you said, "How different is this to the gospel, brought home to the poor sinner's heart, in this sweet declaration, son, son, son, be of good cheer, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." Oh, sir, these words came with such power into my poor soul: I was melted in tears; I thought the words came direct from

you to me, as you repeated the first word three times, laying greater emphasis each time: all seemed right; you were right; the chapel was right; the gospel was right; and, for the first time, I felt I was right. You made a few more remarks and sat down, when that beautiful hymn was given out,—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able, he is willing,
Doubt no more!
Let not conscience make you linger,
Or of fitness fondly dream,—
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Never did those words found so sweetly—never did the friends sing so sweetly; I was too overwhelmed to join them; but the captive soul was delivered; the bound was set at liberty, and I left the Surrey Tabernacle that evening with a light heart, praising God.

"Many days have past since then,
Many changes we have seen,"

but, bless the Lord, we are still clinging unto him with full purpose of heart; trusting also in him, believing that he who has brought us hitherto, will help us all our journey through, We have had many heavy trials in providence, losses and crosses, but amidst all our discouragements, the Lord has appeared for us, and greatly blessed us in our connection with the little caused at Cumberland-street, Curtain-road, where we had the pleasure of hearing you preach on Monday evening, and, really the word seemed to drop so sweetly, and come with such power, that my poor heart seemed broken afresh; and I could not rest until I told you of the goodness of our covenant God to one, who deserved banishment from his presence for evermore.

And now, my dear brother, may the Lord bless you, and direct his word through you to the heart of many a poor captive soul. My dear partner unites in this my prayer, and desires to join with me in wishing you every blessing for the work's sake. I remain, faithfully your's,

CHARLES BROAD.
S.E. Gate, New Cattle Market,
Holloway.

March 19th, 1861.

"THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION."

DEAR BROTHER YEO,—I thank you kindly for your's of yesterday, and I must say that I feel an union of soul towards you, being fully satisfied that we have both been taught by the same blessed Spirit. Oh! my dear friend, what a mercy of mercies it is to think that the dear Lord should have even condescended to look down with compassion on such unworthy worms of the dust as you and I, while thousands are still permitted to go on

in their sins, and perish eternally! Wonder, O heavens, at the condescension of our adorable Lord! Well may the poet say,—

“Twas the same love that spread the feast,
And sweetly forced me in;
Or I had made a wretched choice,
And perished in my sin.”

’Tis all of free and sovereign grace from first to last that has made us to differ. I sometimes stand astonished at the goodness of the Lord in bearing with my manners as he has done. Oh! what a wretch; what a sink of iniquity I see and feel myself to be at times. Yes, as peevish and as rebellious as the devil can make me; nothing is right; yes! if permitted, I should go back into the world, and be a bigger devil than ever. But when my dear Jesus is pleased to favour me with a glimpse of his love, away goes rebellion, and my stubborn will is then resigned to the will of my heavenly Father, and can exclaim with Thomas, “My Lord, and my God.” I was not long since in a very low, dejected state of mind, and the enemy was permitted to assail my poor soul with awful temptations, that the Lord would never save such a wretch as I, and such like, when this blessed passage was brought home to my poor soul with power “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;” and again, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within thee? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him:” and again, “Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me,” yes! me, “an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.” Such was the glory revealed to my soul that I was almost dissolved in love and gratitude to my adorable Lord for such love bestowed on such a polluted wretch as I. Yes, I could then say with the poet,—

“Begone unbelief,
My Saviour is near,” &c.

And again,

“Yes! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

I do not know how it is with you, but there are very few that I converse with that seem to know much of these things for themselves, and we may well say who hath made us to differ, and what have we that we have not received. I should like, if it were the Lord’s will, to see you once more in the flesh, to talk over these blessed things, but this we must leave.

I must now conclude. I shall at all times be most happy to receive a line or two from you on best things; and if you are disposed to answer this through the VESSEL, do so. I am, dear sir, your’s faithfully,

116 and 117, Long lane, J. FULLER.
Southwark, S.E.

Feb. 16th, 1861.

Reviews.

Jacob Loved and Esau Hated. A Sermon preached on Sunday evening, December 16th, 1860, by the Rev. William Landels, at Regent’s Park Chapel.

(Concluded from page 68.)

IN our remarks upon this sermon last month, we stated that the chief object of this sermon by Mr. Landels, is to prove that Jacob and Esau mean not the persons of Jacob and Esau, but the two nations, Israel and Edom; and Mr. Landels has proved that which no one that we are aware of ever disputed, namely, that the respective nations are called Israel and Edom, and that God chose one nation to national distinction, and not the other. Mr. Landels, in this, has done a work of supererogation, as these points are so self-evident that we, even we blind and bitter spirited hypers (as he calls us), can see that neither the word Jacob, nor the word Esau, always means the person of the one or the other, but, as Mr. Landels says, the two nations. But when the sermon tells us that this distinction of nation is the staple of the apostle’s argument here, in the 9th of the Romans, then, when Mr. Landels tells us this, we make a dead stop, and acknowledge the truth of one of Mr. Landels’ accusations against us, that we extreme Calvinists make the 9th of Romans a stronghold. Well, it really is so, nor can all the Landelses in the world, nor all the men on earth, dislodge us therefrom, and while men CANNOT, we know the Lord of all WILL NOT.

As, then, we deny that mere national distinction is the staple of the apostle’s argument, we must just remind our readers that the staple of the apostle’s argument in this 9th of the Romans, is, that Abraham has *two different orders of descendants*; one natural, or after the flesh; the other spiritual, or after the order of *new covenant*: hence saith the apostle, “Neither because they are the seed of Abraham are they all children, but in Isaac shall thy seed be called.” And what is Jacob but a representative of the saved? and what is Esau but a representative of the lost? And Mr. Landels, when combating a view of this text taken by some men, namely, that God loved Jacob sovereignly, but that he did not hate Esau sovereignly, but he hated Esau only for his sins, as Mr. Landels well observes, that if these words apply to the persons of Jacob and Esau, which we believe they do, but Mr. Landels does not believe they apply to the persons of Jacob and Esau, but the two nations, but as Mr. Landels says, “If these do apply to the persons of Jacob and Esau, the one is as sovereign as the other.” In God there is here no less than a three-fold exercise of Divine sovereignty: first, in loving one; second in hating the other; and third, in *desist-*

ing as to which of the two should respectively be loved or hated. What, then, shall we say to the ridicule poured upon the sovereignty of God, as was done recently at a public meeting of *professed hyppers*?—when one of the speakers said he repudiated the doctrine of sovereign hatred, and for which expression of enmity against God, he received from the meeting great applause. Verily he received his reward, "Loving the praise of men more than the praise of God." But God hated Esau for his sins. Well, grant that, what then? Does that do away with Divine sovereignty in the matter?—for he loved Jacob; he did not hate Jacob for his sins. Why, then, this distinction? Why should he hate Esau for his sins? How was this? Was not this a matter of sovereignty that he hated Esau for his sins, when, if he pleased, that instead of hating him, he could, had it been his pleasure, not only have not hated him, but have loved him, as he did Jacob; or have hated Jacob instead of Esau; or have hated neither; or have loved neither. Is there not sovereignty in all this? Perhaps the "Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit" is not so far from the truth upon this matter as some have imagined. The "Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit" upon that subject has been most lamentably misrepresented; it has been spoken of as though that sermon asserted that Esau was condemned *irrespective of his sins*; whereas the "Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit" advanced no such doctrine—any more than we are here advocating such a doctrine. But our object is not now to defend what is there advanced, but to prove the nature and drift of the apostle's argument here, in the 9th of Romans. And we can no more get rid of the sovereignty of God in the case of Esau than in the case of Jacob. Say he hated Esau for his sins, but this does not in the least mend the matter, because the question still comes—*Why* should it be Esau who is to be hated for his sins, when at the same time, Jacob is loved? and *what* did God hate? Was it merely the sinful image that Esau wore, and that we all by nature wear?—or, was it the *person* of Esau that he hated? If he loved Esau as a creature, and hated him only as a sinner, then how can we account for his being left in that sinnership? Do you say, as a matter of justice? Well, but would not love find a remedy, as it did for Jacob? We conclude that Jacob was a vessel of mercy, and that Esau was a vessel of wrath, for this line, namely, among the children of wrath that Esau is put in this chapter, not in the line of the loved, but in the line of the hated; not in the order of mercy, but under the law of wrath—a vessel of wrath. Do you, sir, repudiate the doctrine of sovereign hatred, and at the same time admit that you are indebted to sovereign love for an interest in salvation, yet DENY that the great God could,

had it been his sovereign will so to do, have hated you? Beware, we pray you, brethren, how you call the Most High to account. Recollect that while sin has made condemnation to be a matter of justice, that it lay with God, and God only as to *who the persons should be* who should be so hated as to be left under that condemnation. Believer, ask yourself the question, could not the sovereign Lord of all have sovereignly so ordered it, that you should have been sovereignly left under your sin, and then be justly condemned for your sin? Yes! reader, it lay with the Great Potter as to which parts of the clay of the same lump should be made—one to honour, and the other to dishonour. We grieve and mourn before God when we see the standard-bearers so softened matters down, as to gain the smiles of the enemy. Remember if the sovereignty of God be lowered, all is lowered, for if he be not to do as he pleaseth, then who is we should like to know. What would the Father be without his sovereignty? Where would have been our interest in salvation? We could have had no interest. What would the Saviour be without his sovereignty—if he were not at liberty to quicker, whom he will? and where would the Holy Spirit be without his sovereignty—if he were not at liberty to blow where he listeth, and to give to every quickened man severally as he will? And remember this sovereignty works both ways, and the word of God being as positive upon the one as upon the other, we dare not deny either; that is to say, as some are sovereignly chosen, others are sovereignly left; as some are sovereignly quickened, others are sovereignly left; as some are sovereignly guided into all truth, others are sovereignly left to blindness; and while one, by the work of the Saviour, is righteously saved—the other, for his sins, is justly condemned. And if men mean to be vitally useful, they must use this two-edged sword. But alas! how few are valiant for truth; and as to Mr. Landels excluding spiritual and eternal things from this 9th of Romans, is an error so glaring that none but himself, and those like him can be deceived by it. But then we expect nothing else from Mr Landels; he is an open and an undisguised opponent of, what he is pleased to call, extreme Calvinism—that which we know to be God's truth. Well, we hope he will know better some day: he is certainly in the strong-holds of delusion now if ever a man was; and even where he declares mistakes to be impossible, even there he manages to delude himself. "God so loved the world," &c. "No one," says Mr. Landels, "can be mistaken about such a text as this;" whereas he himself is all the time mistaken about this very text, as well as about the others he quotes. "God so loved the world:" true; but then the word

world is here limited by the subject to which it is joined, namely, "The love of God;" and that world which God hath loved shall be born of him, and "Whosoever liveth and believeth shall have everlasting life." But then such must believe just what Mr. Landels does not believe, namely, in the certain and eternal life of all for whom Christ died—that is all his sheep.

But again, "Oh every one that thirsteth," &c. True, but all do not thirst for free-grace waters, wine, and milk; ah! none but the soul born of an incorruptible seed. "And the Spirit and the bride say, come." True, but the *Holy Spirit stands first*: he speaks first, and that effectually! and where the bride sees he hath spoken, there she may speak. How vain are the attempts of men to generalize that which God hath made special, and thus set men down for Christians who are not converted to God's truth, nor brought into the bond of the new covenant, nor broken down into submission to God's sovereign-

ty, nor to the Saviour's eternal perfection, nor do they know the path which but few find. We, therefore, pronounce this sermon of Mr. Landels' one scene of delusion from beginning to end, with only a few redeeming traits in it. One is, he does believe in the letter of God's word, which is the duty of every man to do. But then, again, this is essential to the deception; and also, Mr. Landels is evidently sincere, and does not willfully deceive. But then, again, this helps to make the delusion unsuspected. Also, it is evident that he is an industrious, gentlemanly, kind-hearted man. But then, again, all this gilds the errors he preaches. Also he is a man of superior talent, and a very able, and careful, and ingenious reasoner. This gives his free-will gospel the more success. Altogether, with his fine powers, we should be proud of him, were he on the side of truth—of discriminating grace and vital godliness,—but it is not so.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THE LITTLE CHURCH ON BUCKLAND COMMON—ITS YOUNG PASTOR, MR. JAMES CLARK—HIS CONVERSION, ETC.

BUCKLAND COMMON was, a few years since, a wild wilderness. Neither prayer meeting, nor place of worship, cheered its desolate scene. Around its borders were cottages, cottagers, and sinful men; but the Gospel had no place in those parts. What can be more wretched than for a people to be living only for this world! Their weeks are spent in toil; their Sundays in terrible transgression. How many thousands of wide and wild deserts there are, where some of Adam's sons do live, and upon whom the natural sun doth shine, but where no altar is erected—no Christ exalted—no sinner converted—no holy assembly convened—no sound of salvation from year's end to year's end; Satan reigns, sin abounds, and all looks, to an enlightened eye, a deep and dreadful valley indeed. Oh! how thankful should men be who have an ear to hear, a heart to receive, and a place where they can enjoy the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God!

In thinking of Buckland Common, the beautiful figurative prophecy of Isaiah has come to mind, "The wilderness shall blossom as the rose;" "the desert shall be as the garden of the Lord;" and, as Paul said, "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound."

Mark you well, how the Gospel came to Buckland Common! See, too, how the Lord prepared and fitted an instrument for

his work there! It is well to trace the work to the small beginnings, that those who have only small beginnings, may not be discouraged; and then to review the growth of the Gospel kingdom in such hitherto uncultivated wastes, is enough to put new life into those who have gone forth weeping, but have not yet received their reward.

What preceded the coming of the Gospel to Buckland Common? A poor woman was laid, for a very long time, upon a bed of affliction; a Christian lady was constrained occasionally to visit the cots on the Common's edge, and with a few words of prayer and consolation, to leave them a tract. The sequel of this little history will shew that, by these small and silent means, the way was prepared, the fallow ground was broken up, the seed was sown, the blade has appeared, the fruit is already being gathered.

I had the honour, the end of last year, of being invited to the Ordination Services of that excellent young man, JAMES CLARK,—the unanimously chosen Minister of the Particular Baptist Chapel, on Buckland Common, about three miles out of the town of Tring, in Hertfordshire. In the morning of the day appointed, I accompanied Mr. John Bloomfield to the Tring Station. There Joseph Cartwright (sometime since successively pastor of the Churches at Lee Common, and at Hanslope,) met us with a pony and chaise, and he drove us through

woods, lanes, and valleys, until on Buckland Common he sat us down. On that Common, there now stands a neat and commodious Baptist Chapel; and not far from it, a little episcopal Church,—for as soon as the Clergyman of the diocese found that the Baptists had come to Buckland Common, and were about to purchase land on which to build a chapel, he went and tried hard to prevent their having one inch; and finding he could not prevent their advent, he determined to build a Church nearly opposite to the Chapel; so where there was no place of worship for so many years, now you may see the little Church and the Baptist Chapel too. Episcopacy or Nonconformity! which will you have? Here are both. Look then, and listen too, and choose for yourself. And may God lead you to the right—to the Truth—to the Saviour—to a faithful laying hold on *eternal life in Him*: then will you know that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. We have no quarrel with the Church of England; only we smile to see her wake up so industriously wherever she beholds the truth in the humble attire advancing to the aid of struggling, sorrowing, seeking men.

When we reached the Chapel, on the morning of the Ordination-day, we found it filled with people who seemed anxious to participate in the blessed and happy services of the day. A hymn was sung. Mr. John Bloomfield read the word, and then, in prayer, he pleaded solemnly with the Lord for his blessing. I remember that prayer now. It fell upon my heart at the time, and it said, "*the Lord is in this place.*" It was an earnest of good things to come; and the good things came in such copious showers, that all hearts were melted into a holy, loving gratitude when James Clark told out, in such a most solemn and savoury manner, the work of the Lord in his own soul. I wish the tens of thousands of God's spiritual Israel could have seen and heard as the crowds in Buckland Common Chapel that day did. It was a memorable season indeed. I was announced to state the nature of a New Testament Church, which I attempted, and found help. In the afternoon, Mr. Bland, now of Chesham, opened the service, and I then proceeded to ask the usual questions; Mr. Cartwright having previously read a most interesting account of the origin of the church there, which I hope some day to give. When the newly-chosen pastor commenced to give his answers touching his conversion, call to the ministry, creed, &c., he stood on one of the forms, and in the most feeling and affectionate manner related the dealings of the Lord with his soul. The strong emotions of the people's hearts were more powerful than I ever witnessed before.

The Conversion of James Clark, his Call, &c., we shall continue to give until all is carefully and correctly laid before our readers. Also, the Ordination of Mr. R. Powell at Coggeshall, &c., &c.

RECOGNITION OF

MR. C. SLIM, GUILDFORD.

THE happy services connected with the above interesting event took place on Tuesday, April 9th. Mr. Philip Dickerson preached in the afternoon, a discourse full of wholesome and useful counsel. The chapel was filled; an excellent tea was provided; and in the evening a meeting was holden in the Public Hall, when there gathered together ministers and friends from all sections of the church. Mr. Slim presided. Mr. Billing read a very interesting paper reviewing the origin and progress at the Baptist cause now meeting in the chapel in Barrack Field. Mr. Cornelius Slim then gratefully and confidently attested the Lord's goodness to him for between thirty and forty years in the truth and in the ministry. A note was read from Mr. John Bloomfield (who was to have been the first speaker), expressing his regret at not being able to attend, being ill and under medical treatment. Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, stood in brother Bloomfield's place, and spoke of the distinctive character of the church of Christ in a liberal and experimental manner, declaring plainly that her distinct character is found in nothing outward; but a distinct life, a distinct walk and a distinct home. Mr. Hall was cheerful and explicit.

Messrs. Dickerson, Wyard, and Charles Waters Banks subsequently addressed the meeting, which was altogether a pleasant and profitable meeting.

The history of the church as read by Mr. Billing, will be given in another number.

CAN NOTHING BE DONE FOR NOTTINGHAM?

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In reading THE EARTHEN VESSEL, I have been many times gladdened in the accounts it gives of the prosperity of many churches south of us in their gatherings; truly there is communion and fellowship one with another in their assemblies and church membership. I regret much to say that in these matters we are cool indeed; the chief reason seems to be our anomalous position. Know, then, that for several years there has been an almost continuous supply of ministers, chiefly of our Baptist brethren in the ministry; these, through the providence of God, and a wealthy believer and his excellent lady as instruments, have been the means of keeping alive, and fostering the truth in our souls for several years at Zion Chapel (and Wilford). At Zion the cause was reduced very low at one time; the Lord blessed the ministry of his servants, and through their means, revived the cause there, and freed the chapel from debt—the last mainly owing to the instrumentality of our revered brother De Fraine, of Lutterworth. The church at Zion two years ago chose a young pastor, Mr. A. J. Baxter, late of London (whose authorship and learning has been ably disposed of, and the thing is now about dead and buried; it was indeed an old Wilmchester thorn, transplanted to Nottingham soil, where it sprung up hastily, and when the sun of

truth shone upon it, looking depth of earth and moisture, it withered). The church at Zion having chosen a pastor, there was no longer room for the usual supplies in the Inn there. Two brethren had a large room on their hands, and were glad to let it for the preaching of our usual ministers. This has since been continued there on Lord's-day mornings and Thursday evenings; at Wilford on Sunday evenings, and at times during the week, much to the edification and comfort of many, the room being mostly filled. We have lately had the brethren Kershaw, Searle, De Fraunce, and others. I regret there is no church formed, or likely, as we can yet see. The arrangements are under the control of two brethren, self-appointed; one of these was at first only for a Baptist cause, however, Huntingtonianism influence soon altered him, so the management is simply after the pattern of the late Joseph Chamberlain, except that there is not, to our knowledge, a church formed at all, not even Huntingtonian; of these a remnant is left which are dying off and going to heaven. There are many Baptist brethren abroad; collections are quarterly, and we believe liberal, though we have never as yet known the amount, and it would seem a crime to ask, as it is secret; however, the place is nicely fitted up, and well attended to. There are no prayer meetings—no communion. We come and hear, and go and come; the chief sign of recognition is a slight nod of the head in passing, and rarely a "How do you do?" and very rarely indeed a shake of the hand.

There is evidently material for a comfortable, truth-loving Baptist cause here, which only wants earnest prayer, and a better spirit of union. There seems a sort of supposed heavenly aristocracy, as though to cater for the preaching of the word was a matter of condescension to poorer and less experienced brethren. This is Huntingtonianism as we have it—as if in heaven there would be first and second class. There is something chilling and forbidding in this, and but for the ministry of our Baptist brethren, would be, as it has been before, ready to give up the ghost, as far as an assembly is concerned. As it is, the interest is kept up, and we continue; the funds we expect are ample, as no complaint has been made, and it would, we are sure, be more so, if more properly conducted, &c. if it could be known how much collected, and how reimbursed. At any rate, there is a strong feeling against the exclusive system, and an alteration is desirable. It has been suggested by several that at some place several of us ought to meet occasionally for prayer, and the baptized commune; this at times when the usual services are not held. But none seem inclined to lead in the matter; the rest do occasionally commune at Wilford, and why not we? It is really needful our prayers should ascend in this matter to the Lord of the harvest, that he would raise up in our midst, or send us a labourer, a man after his own heart; a novice would not do, we have had this. Nottingham has now abundance of these; nor do we want a compromising, fawning flatterer; the good Lord rather keep us as we are—but a sterling, truth-loving, gospel ox, to tread out the corn—a tender-hearted under-shepherd, as much like our good Master as possible in the flesh, would meet with warm hearts here; and we think we have been so long astray, feeding here and there as best we could, that the comfort of a gospel fold would be appreciated. Oh! that the Spirit of God would blow upon every plant, and cause these spices to flow forth. Do, dear brethren that have these privileges, prize them highly, and walk humbly with our God.

Our ministering brethren preach very tenderly to us, and exhort us to these things, but their visits are short, and they know not we mourn as the dove who has lost her mate. It has been the privilege of some of us in years gone by, to commune, in breaking of bread, as did the churches of the apostles, &c., at evening on the first day of the week, and that weekly; so that to have been for years without this, and also social gatherings is a loss indeed.

We rejoice to find the Sonship question is coming to a close in your pages, and still continue to wel-

come THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and all the good corn it contains. Let it be well winnowed, and clean provender; let the shewbread of the New Testament be set before us; let the new wine of the kingdom be supplied to us; and we pray your own souls and ours may be as a well watered garden, and as dear brother Covell has spoken of to day, "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, and with one chain of thy neck."—Cant. iv. 9. Ah! this is what we want to feel, the love of our dear Immanuel burning up our indifference, and provoking us to love in return. Surely the one eye is that spiritual vision he hath given us; and truly the neck is nearest the head, and is directly influenced thereby. Oh! how doth close proximity to Christ well please our gracious Redeemer, who is not slow to warm and invigorate with his gracious smiles his erring, yet best beloved. Here, though we might deplore the love of the first Adam in falling with Eve, yet how transcendently glorious is the love of the second Adam, in stooping from the glorious bliss of heaven, to bear the curse of that holy law, his spouse, the church had broken. See how he throbs, and agonizes to deliver her, nor rests until he can say at the end of that dire conflict, "It is finished!" Justice is satisfied! The utmost merit exacted is by our Surety paid and the betrothed in righteousness is forever free, and that too on terms honourable to God, and gloriously adapted to bankrupt sinners. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together, for he hath triumphed gloriously." The horse (sin) and his rider (the devil); the one slain, and the other everlastingly confounded by his one perfect obedience unto death. But, oh my soul, forget not his resurrection from the dead. Oh! how didst thou think of this, and confess the same when in the waters of baptism thou didst put on Christ? Let not those of our brethren who are strangers to this despise his worth, remembering when rightly experienced, and they as yet know not the joy arising from the obedience of faith in this ordinance; did they know they would arise, and be baptized—going down into, and coming up out of the water, leaning on the beloved, as they do in other ordinances of God's house whenever he blesses their souls with the incomings of the Holy Spirit, the blessed Comforter. Oh! that he, too, may make our hearts burn within us, while by the way he speaks our doubts dumb, and vanishes our fears by his gracious presence, in manifesting to our souls the ever loving Christ—the Christ of God—the atoning Lamb, who even now shews his glorious scars of honour as our wounding, and interceding at God's right hand for his elect, secureth their deliverance from hourly sin; and oh! my soul, there is now no condemnation. Oh! ye angels, echo this sound; ye redeemed take up the strain—and, until the whole church is gathered around the table at the marriage supper of the Lamb, comfort one another with these words "There is, therefore, now no condemnation;" and yet as eternal ages roll along, "No condemnation." The bride, the Lamb's wife complete, and eternally glorious in the spotless robe, the shining apparel, even the righteousness of the Righteous One, the "Lord our righteousness." Amen. A FEW SHEEP IN THE WILDERNESS.

Nottingham.
April 14th, 1861.

BRENTFORD.—The 42nd anniversary of the Baptist Chapel, Brentford. Dr. Johnson once said to a Scotchman who was loud in praise of Scotland, "Oh, sir, you never saw Brentford." Either Brentford must have gone back since the days of that great scholar, or otherwise he intended to convey the idea, that Brentford, the dirtiest town in England, was cleaner than Scotland generally. However, there is in Brentford a Baptist Church of 42 years standing, which amongst the pastors it has had, our venerable father J. A. Jones stands conspicuous. Having found considerable profit as well

as pleasure in its anniversary services this year I venture to intrude a few notes upon the notice of the readers of the *VESSEL*, that they may be partakers of our joy. Your readers are doubtless aware that our respected brother Parsons, late of Chesham, is the esteemed pastor of the church at Brentford. During his long stay at Chesham, and during his previous pastorate at Hayes, John Parsons was favoured in no common degree as a preacher of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. It may easily be supposed that he is not accepted of all, yet he is one of those who abide by the staff, and who preach unflinchingly the gospel of the grace of God. It has been the custom to hold the anniversary of this church on Easter Monday; and this year a larger number than has been known to gather together of late years was congregated to hear those veteran ministers, Foreman, Wells, and Murrell. As is usual, the Foreman led the way, and preached a most excellent sermon from 1 John i. 9. Our brother Foreman was greatly favoured, as he sought to shew how a poor sinner was brought to confession—what he confessed—to whom he confessed—and the benefits flowing from such a confession of sin. In facility of expression; in variety of illustration, and in indefatigable labour, surely our brother has few equals. Many friends from surrounding churchless, besides a host from London, after sitting at the gospel feast, sat down to a good dinner provided in the school-room belonging to the chapel. James Wells, minister of the Surrey Tabernacle, with his usual fervency of manner, and great knowledge of the scriptures, gave us a good gospel sermon in the afternoon, from Rev. xxi. last verse, "They that are written in the Lamb's book of life," shewing 1st, what is intended by the book of life; 2nd, what is meant by being written therein; and 3rd, the purpose implied. The book of life was shewn to be the covenant of grace standing in striking contrast from all those other books mentioned in the Revelation—as, for instance the book of federal law; 2nd, the book of national law; 3rd, the book of personal law; and after enlarging very delightfully on these particulars, he proceeded to explain why the book was called the "Lamb's book of life,"—1st, because he is the subject of it; 2nd, because he, with the Father and blessed Spirit is the Author of it; 3rd, because he is the confirmation of it; 4th, because he is the ultimate executor of it; and lastly, because of its sacrificial character. II. Those that are written therein. Those that are written therein are so descriptively, and so beginning at Abel, he expounded in all the scriptures the descriptive character of the people who shall enter the city. "If," said the preacher, "You find your character here—that is your name written in the 'Lamb's book of life.'" III. The purpose implied is to bless them with the water of life, with the tree of life, and with pardon from the curse." The preacher very truly shewed that it was not into heaven itself, but into a heavenly state that the people written in the book of life are brought; yet at length shall they be brought into heaven itself, even all who are written in the "Lamb's book of life." After tea, at which it is supposed that there were 200 persons, the venerable George Murrell, of St. Neot's, preached from Rev. xix. 12, "On his head were many crowns." So rich, and so savoury a sermon as this it has never been my lot to hear, and if you and your readers agree, I should like to give you an outline thereof shortly. The ministers pleaded well, but whether the people responded heartily, and gave a good collection, I am not in a position to say. A HEARER.

April 3rd, 1861.

BERMONDSEY.—EBENEZER CHAPEL WEBB STREET.—The usual Easter Monday sermon, and tea and public meeting on behalf of the Sick Society connected with this cause was held. Mr. Moyle, of Peckham, preached in the afternoon, and was heard with considerable pleasure and profit. Tea was served, and afterwards, a public meeting was held. The pastor, Mr. Thomas Chivers, occupied

the chair. After singing and prayer, the report was read by our good friend, Mr. William Stringer. It was quite a model report: unvarnished, and unadorned; yet furnished with a series of facts and plain figures that argued well for the practical Christian character of the Ebenezer-ites. This was the 45th annual report of the Sick Society, during which period they had administered to the Lord's tried family £1,110. During the Society's year then closed, 117 cases had been visited, and relief to the amount of £25 had been administered, besides some £13 collected and distributed after the Lord's supper. There is also a burial fund here with some £15 in hand, and above £24 been paid; with all this, the auxiliary to the Christian Blind Relief Society connected with Ebenezer, paid about £16 to the Parent Society of that invaluable institution. This is highly creditable to the friends there; they seem very united, and happy in their work. Peace dwells amongst them; and the Lord has blessed brother Chivers with men who love him for his work's sake, and who seek his peace and prosperity. Some addresses were given by the brethren Bennett, of Chatham; Myerson, Bowles, Meeres, and the Surrey Tabernacle Pastor; there were also present brethren Webster, late of Trowbridge; Edgecombe, Flack, Beacock, George Webb, and others. The meeting was pleasant and profitable. May peace continue in their midst.

SHADWELL.—REHOBOTH. Our esteemed brother, Mr. Samuel Cozens, seems happily fixed at Rehoboth. His chapel stands in a densely populated neighbourhood of the poorest and lowest character. Here is a fine field not only for ministerial but for missionary labour. The good people at Rehoboth held the anniversary of their maternal Society on Monday last. The meeting was not crowded, but comfortably attended. Mr. Cozens seemed happy in the chair; he was surrounded by a goodly staff of ministerial brethren, who spoke well to the subjects allotted them. Mr. Dickerson spoke of Faith. Mr. Pells, with his usual good humour, on Hope. Mr. Wyard spoke solidly and savingly of Charity. Mr. Flack made some homely, but timely remarks on the work of Faith, applying the same on the working of the society. Mr. Hall, with customary apologies, said some excellent things on the labour of Love. Mr. Woodard, though last, certainly not least, spoke well on the Patience of Hope. And then in way of conclusion, the Chairman called on Mr. Dunn, to sum up the whole, which he did as a very good foreman, examining and measuring up the work of each speaker, and giving a finishing touch where needful. The meeting might be said to be a good one, being animated and lively; but at the same time solid and profitable.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK.—SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13th, 1861. Soon after four this morning I awoke; I had had four hours solid sleep—refreshed, and grateful to God I arose. John Gowring, and his good wife, were up. A breakfast was prepared, and at half-past five, seated beside Mr. John Gowring in his gig, I left Pu. ham, St. Mary the Virgin, in Norfolk; and, by the blessing of God, I hope soon to be in London again. I have spoken in three places this week where I never spoke before in my life. Still, therefore, my cords are lengthening out a little. The first was in the Public Hall, Guildford, of which some account is given; but on the Thursday morning I left home for Fressingfield, in Suffolk, rather a long journey. At two o'clock, the train dropped me at Harleston, in Norfolk. Mr. Albert Brown, the Incumbent of the Coffin Chapel, at Fressingfield, was waiting with a pretty little four-wheeler to drive me on to the scene of my labours for that day. Fressingfield is as pretty a village as you can find in the Waverling Valley. The clergyman's cot—his coach house and church—his lawn and living of nine hundred a-year, supported, as he is, on the right hand and on the left by the "Angel"

and the "Swan"—present a striking contrast to the much meaner-looking cot of many a minister of God, whose cause I have not unfrequently been called to plead. The Baptist Chapel at Fressingfield is exactly in shape like a coffin; it was built by Mr. Spratt, an independent farmer, who preached gratuitously in it for more than twenty years; it will seat several hundreds, and both afternoon and evening, though very unwell, I enjoyed my work—preached with freedom—and hope good was done. When I reached the chapel, the venerable bishop Baldwin, of Cranfield, was imploring the Lord's blessing. I was honoured to preach before the successful young shepherd at Laxfield, who in the evening took the devotional part of the service, and seemed happy in the Lord. Mr. Brown, the Fressingfield pastor, is quite a superior man; and in a mental, moral, domestic, and ministerial point of view, must be a great blessing to the place and people. I saw him the next morning, seated in his scarlet coloured scholastic chair, in a character of "The Village Schoolmaster," surrounded by a few classes of boys, over whom he presides with great care, ability, and kindness. But think of a minister of the gospel being called to preach to more than 500 people, yet compelled to connect therewith the heavy labours identified with the presidency of a village academy. I wish every real servant of God had nothing more to do than to sow in tears in his study—preach with precious power in his pulpit—and feed and foster his flock with all the fidelity and faithfulness of a Paul, a Peter, and a practical James. My Christian brother, Albert Brown, yesterday drove me to Pulham, where I was helped to preach two anniversary sermons for that excellent man of God, B. Taylor, of whom in reviewing his new volume, just issued, I hope to say more presently.

HERTFORD.—Ebenezer Chapel, St. Andrew's street. Mr. R. Bowles, (late of Poplar,) having received a unanimous request from the church at Hertford, to become their pastor, entered upon his stated labours the first Lord's-day in January, 1861, since which time the church and congregation has steadily increased; and while some have been gathered in from the world, others have been greatly established in the faith as it is in Jesus—so that his coming among us, and acceptance of the pastoral office, we most firmly believe to be of the Lord, and an answer to our many earnest supplications, that the Lord would send us a faithful under-shepherd to take the charge over us, one able to feed us with knowledge and understanding. On Lord's-day evening, March 24th, Mr. Bowles administered the ordinance of believers' baptism to seven persons: although the chapel was filled to excess, the greatest order prevailed, and many hearts seemed deeply affected. After a sermon full of comfort and instruction, and which was listened to with the deepest attention, he proceeded to administer the ordinance, addressing each candidate in a very solemn, earnest, and affectionate manner; and each, like the Eunuch, went on his way rejoicing. Several are hanging about our walls, who have been moved by this service to say, "This is the way, I'll walk therein". Some have prophesied that ere long the pool will again be opened. A. L. O.

BEDFORDSHIRE—April 10th.—Had my breakfast this morning in what was once Lord Bolingbroke's "Keeper's Lodge"—now the family mansion of Mr. Beale, a highly respectable farmer, near Betsoe castle, and a practical friend to the Baptist cause at Riseley, where, yesterday afternoon and evening I preached, and collections were made for the liquidation of the debt. The father of the present Mr. Beale was God's instrument for the erection of an abernacle for gospel truth in Riseley, where Mr. William Wilson now labours as pastor and minister with much acceptance and comfort. Riseley is a long and rather a populous village. It has church, Moravian, Wesleyan, and Particular Baptist Chapel.

The last is much the largest of the three—hold perhaps more than three hundred people. We had good congregations yesterday. Ministers and their friends from many places came to wish us God speed; among them Thomas Corby, from Sharnbrook; D. Evans, from Raunds; W. R. Long, of Rushden, and others. A large party took tea; the collections were satisfactory; we may hope good was done. We passed Lord Bolingbroke's large family vault this morning, which joins the parish church; and one could but reflect upon the painful fact that his immense powers of mind were employed to eclipse, if it had been possible, the glories of the gospel of God. We said, lofty and large as even Lord Bolingbroke was, still it is true "Man dieth, he wasteth away; he giveth up the ghost:" and here the momentous question arises, "And where is he?"

WANDSWORTH.—OUR YOUNG BROTHER CAUGHTREY'S VISIT TO HIS NATIVE PLACE. Dear Brother Banks,—"A confirmation of a remark you made at Wimbledon, that Strict Baptists were not dying out so fast as some suppose,—was witnessed at Wandsworth; by seeing so young a man as our brother Caughtrey brought out of that depth of wickedness, not having had the least example to good when a boy (as the writer is witness, being a fellow scholar with him) to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Lord's-day afternoon, March 31st, will not soon be forgotten. Our chapel was full; some perhaps who had never been inside our chapel before, came to hear their school-fellow, or as some might say, their neighbour. But I am glad to say many young Christians from other churches, who knew his character before his new birth, came and heard, and were struck at the grace of our God. He preached from these words, "I go away, and come again unto you." He spoke of Christ's going away first, coming again next. He was most blessedly led in speaking of our dear Lord going away—what for—who for; he gave us very much in a few minutes. I am glad to say our God is raising this young man up as a champion for truth. I am, your's, dear brother, A STRICT BAPTIST.

GREENWICH—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, BRIDGE STREET.—On Thursday evening, April 4th, Mr. Thomas Chivers preached a good gospel sermon from the word "Salvation;" after which our pastor, Mr. Jesse Gwinnell led ten believers down into the baptismal waters, and immersed them in the name of the sacred Three; and it was good to be there. The Lord alone shall have the praise.

DEATH OF MR. M. BLAKELY.

DIED, April 7th, 1861, Mr. Matthew Blakely, Baptist Minister of Zion Chapel, Walgrave, Northamptonshire, aged 66. He was eight years pastor of Zion, and highly esteemed and loved by his hearers, and the consistency of his walk and conversation constrained all who knew him to regard him as a Christian. His end was blessed.

Further particulars may be given in our next number.

DEATH OF MRS. RUFF.

Died at Hampton Wick, Middlesex, on March 20th, 1861, Mrs. Mary Ruff, widow of the late Mr. James Ruff, for many years the beloved deacon of the Baptist Church, Kingston-on-Thames. Our departed sister was for many years subject to bondage. Of late she had many doubts and fears at times, but at other times she was able to say, "I am on the Rock." It may safely be said concerning her, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Rev. xiv. 13.

A VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA.

LETTER I.—“OUTWARD BOUND.”

LAST month we noted the departure of Mr. John Kingsford and his family from England, by the ship *Liberator*. Mr. Kingsford is well known and highly esteemed in and about Canterbury, as a minister and consistent Christian. For a considerable period he laboured with much success at Egerton, in Kent. The people there were much attached to him, and he to them. Circumstances, over which he had no control, seemed to call him to a distant part. We know he left England with feelings of the deepest regret. He was a man who loved to associate with persons of kindred sympathies: in his position, he had gathered around him a large circle of affectionate and loving friends. These were his companions, and with these he walked in peace and held sweet fellowship. To part with such ties almost broke his heart. But the hand of God plainly pointed him to a distant land; and with a heavy heart, on Wednesday, Dec. 12th, he left his native land, bound for Sydney, thence to proceed to Brisbane, Queensland. Mr. Kingsford is a man of mind and discernment, a man of observation and thought. He has promised to supply an account of his journey out, and report his decided opinion of the country of his adoption. A large number of our readers have friends in Australia, and to such we are persuaded Mr. Kingsford's letters will prove interesting. The vessel in which he, and his family of five children, sail, also conveys ten Wesleyan missionaries, who are about to proceed to the Fiji Islands, some many hundreds of miles beyond Sydney. Mr. Kingsford is in no way connected with the missionaries; and, as in the course of his letters mention may perhaps be made of them, it is well our readers should be clear on the point. Queensland is now an independent colony, belonging to England. Formerly it was governed by New South Wales; but now it has its own Governor, and a House of Representatives. It is reported as a beautiful country; and the government there have just sent a gentleman to England, to represent the great advantages the Colony presents to the industrious and provident. The following extracts are from a private letter addressed to Mr. Samuel Banks, of Canterbury. It gives a little insight into sea life, and will form an introduction to the letters which may follow. Mr. Kingsford says:

“The Ship ‘*Liberator*,’ Jan. 8th, 1861.

“MY DEAR BROTHER.—We are now within two days sail of the Equator; and as we hope in the course of the week to meet with a ship returning to dear old England, I take pen to address a few lines to you. I am grateful to say, all hands on board are in tolerable health, although I am in some measure disabled. On Tu-*es*-day, Dec. 18th, as we were crossing the Bay of Biscay, it was very rough, with a favourable wind, the ship was running fourteen knots an hour. This occasioned a great deal of rocking, pitching, and tossing: the result was that we were all sick, without a single exception. In the morning, I had with some difficulty found my way

on to the deck, where I felt a little better. About 11 o'clock, I made the attempt to go down into our cabin, to see how the children and Mrs. K. were getting on, when all at once I felt faint and sick, and tried to hurry to the ‘*lee*’ side of the vessel, but not yet having on my ‘*sea* legs,’ I fell with tremendous force upon my left shoulder. I was stunned by the fall; but as soon as I became conscious, found I could not get up alone, as all power out of my left shoulder and arm was gone. I felt sure I had dislocated my shoulder. I called for assistance. Was picked up; led to the side of the hatchway; laid down, and fainted. I revived, but only to find that the use of my arm was gone. What my feelings were I cannot describe. I inquired if there was a medical man on board. The reply was ‘*none*.’ Then I felt myself to be at ‘*the end of the earth*!’ beyond the use of means; and in my distress I cried aloud to Him who can work without means, to appear for me. I thought—and must I wait till I get to Sydney before I get relief; and when there shall I have but the use of one hand? O, terrible thought! and I said, ‘O Father, for my children’s sake, and for the sake of all with me, in mercy stretch forth thy hand, and heal me.’ At this moment Mr. Blake said, ‘Do you think you have hurt yourself?’ I said, ‘I am fearful I have dislocated my shoulder.’ ‘Please to take my hand in one of yours, and place the other at my elbow, and lift the arm up as high as you can,’ and as he did so, we heard it go into its place with a crack.’ This made me faint, but I found I could then use my fingers and arm, only with considerable pain. After a while, I got down to my berth, where I found them all so bad, and I now totally unable to help them. This was a dark moment. Three weeks have passed since then, and although it is much better, still I cannot use it without much pain and difficulty.

“We left Gravesend on the 12th of December, 1860, with a favourable wind, so that we were brought out of the channel without the least hindrance. The first Sabbath on board, we had service in the morning on the poop-deck, when Mr. Calvert preached from those words, ‘I gave myself unto prayer.’ Mr. Nestleton, one of the Fiji missionaries, spoke from ‘Blessed are the meek,’ in the afternoon; and in the evening, I held a service in the second cabin. On the second Sabbath we were in a terrific gale; no service could possibly be held; all hands were sick, and many of us very much frightened. The waves beat over the bulwarks, and the water ran with vehemence down into our cabin, so that we were obliged to be shut down. I can give you no idea of the time: to us it was fearful, and the sailors have told me, that they were never in a worse; every bit of sail was furled; the groaning of the ship—the roaring of the wind through the rigging—the beating of the waves against the sides of the ship, with all the force of a huge battering ram—the hooping and hallooing of the sailors—and the roar of the thunder, all contributed to the terror of the time. My dear wife was much alarmed; and I had much to do in trying to comfort her. We felt now was the time to throw out ‘*our anchor*,’ and I exhorted her to throw her’s out among ‘the exceeding great and precious promises;’ upon the faithfulness of our heavenly Father; upon the love of Jesus; and we found we were not left comfortless; that he did come to us, and did sustain us, until ‘*he made*’ the storm a calm, and the waves of the sea to be still.’ Truly, she ‘*cried*’ to and fro like a drunken man.’ Still, we relied on the Lord, and he heard us, and delivered us. O that we could more fully praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to (us) the children of men. The gale continued till midday of Christmas day, after which it became fine, and we have had nice weather ever since. The third Sabbath, morning and afternoon, services were conducted by two of the missionaries; and in the evening, I held a little service down stairs. The fourth Sabbath, I was invited to preach in the afternoon on the poop, and did from ‘The exceeding riches of his grace;’ but being bad with a sick headache, did not have any personal enjoyment.

"During the last fortnight, we have almost entirely lived upon deck; the weather has been very delightful. Just now it is beginning to get very hot; it is quite as hot as any day in summer; this seems hard to be realized when coupled with the fact that 'tis only the 8th of January. We had the wind against us last week, so that we kept in sight of the Madeira Islands for four days. This was a beautiful sight; we saw them on three sides; the variety of tinges, their beautiful elevation, and the splendid outline altogether, may well form a fit subject for either poet or painter. We were all charmed with the prospect, and wished we could go off, and spend an hour there. Since then we have had a fair wind. Ship life is very monotonous. I feel so tired of idleness, that I would gladly go and work for nothing could I get the opportunity. I had hoped to have commenced a regular course of study, but such is the effect produced by the motion of the vessel, that I find it hard to read, much harder to think, and exceedingly difficult to remember. At times, I feel as though my brain would be forced out of the skull. Nor am I alone; I find it the case with the missionaries, and all who have not been to sea before. I have sat down, and tried to repeat to myself passages of scripture, and verses of hymns. I was trying to go through that one of which I am so fond, and which I know so well,

"There is a land of pure delight,"

but could not possibly get through the second verse. I have also found it difficult to pray; at times, all I felt I could do was to sigh; to order my speech aright seemed impossible; but He knows the burden of a sigh, and has not withheld His blessing.

"To all we send the aboundings of our love, praying that we may be spared to see one another's face in the flesh; or, if that be not the will of our Father, that we may all be meetened to dwell in his house for ever. The Lord bless you. So prays your brother,

JOHN KINGFORD."

Queries and Answers.

DEAR SIR,—Encouraged by your professed readiness to answer the queries of correspondents, I venture to ask—

I.—What is the duty of a man who is convinced of baptism by immersion being the more scriptural way, but has not light to see it his duty to refuse communion with other Christians, for lack of that light?

II.—If you answer, Let him wait till he has, do you not oblige him to live in sinful neglect of other ordinances for want of light in this?

III.—If you say, Come to baptism notwithstanding, is it not advising him to act the hypocrite, and do that which (not being done in faith) is sin?

IV.—Is baptism a church ordinance at all?—seeing it is never administered to a church as a church, or to a man as a member of a church—but always before?

V.—Does any scripture forbid a man being received a member of a church before water-baptism?—Which?

VI.—If not, upon what foundation is this well built?—seeing Christ broke down that between Jew and Christian, to make them one church; surely he did not raise that which divides Christian from Christian, Eph. ii. 14.

VII.—If it is of man, is it not the essence of Popery and persecution, as far as one sect persecute another? And if a man will go thus far, what is to prevent him going further, had he the power, ay even to fire and faggot. A man's heart is much the same now as when it was written "Doeiful above all things, and desperately wicked." Remember Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog to do this?" Yet he did.

VIII.—Can it be reconciled with (Rev. xv. 7) "Receiving one another as Christ received us?" Does he receive us by baptism, or faith and love? Also Rom.

xiv. 3, 4, appears to me to condemn the practice of Strict Communion.

IX.—Does not this practice make water baptism the door (instead of Christ) into the church?—and how does it tend to the edification of any to keep others out from what Christ has commanded to be observed by his disciples? 1 Cor. xiv. 5; xii. 26; Eph. iv. 26; Rom. xiv. 19, &c.

X.—Did not some in the primitive church lack light in a much more important matter than water baptism, even the preaching of the gospel, though expressly commanded to preach the gospel to every creature?—yet we never read of their being even reproved or questioned about it. Acts xi. 19.

XI.—Was not John the Baptist a disciple and preacher before he himself received it? Or rather (?) was he ever baptized?

XII.—I cannot suppose any so blind or bigoted as to suppose water baptism is any proof of union to Christ, and not rather faith, hope, love, and a holy life, yet how zealously they affect many, though not well. Master Zeal is a pretty young (?) man, tall, fair, and strong; but he often walks so fast that his partner, as should be (Miss Prudence) cannot keep up with him; and it is not good that man should be alone.

XIII.—I must beg, sir, you will be a little more explicit upon that text which you assert to mean the rite of water immersion, where it says, there is but one baptism. I am quite puzzled to comprehend it, and am equally unable to argue it; bear with me, water baptism cannot be that which baptizeth us into one body, seeing it is never used by, or to the church, as a church; nor to church members, but before they come such. But we read, 1 Cor. xii. 13, "By one Spirit we are baptized into one body." And if there is one God, who is in you (the one body) all, and one Spirit which unites all in one—it cannot be water which unites us; for proof of that see the wretched spirit which has of late shewn itself by so many toward each other in the Vessel, as Philpotts, Wells, Jones, &c., each striving for the mastery, rather than esteeming each other better than themselves. Great men are not always wise; water seems to bind souls no firmer than a rope of sand will the body.

May you and I, dear sir, be bound up in the bundle of life, while I remain, your very humble servant,
Berwick street, Fimlico. J. SEWELL.

MR. BLOOMFIELD'S ILLNESS.

In consequence of the state of Mr. John Bloomfield's health, his medical advisers have absolutely prohibited him from preaching for a time excepting on the Lord's-day; he is, therefore, compelled to decline all engagements of an extra kind during the present month of May, as he had to do in most cases in April. It may be proper to state that his illness arises from a tumour formed on his right shoulder, for the dispersion of which, rest and quietude, as well as other means, are essentially requisite. It is hoped that this notice will have the effect of deterring friends from soliciting his services until at least after the period specified; whether he will be able to resume his occasional labours at the end of that time is known only to him who orders all things respecting his servants and their work, according to his ever good pleasure. The prayers of the brotherhood are affectionately requested on his behalf, that he may be speedily restored to his usual health and strength, if the will of the Lord be so. E. H.

April 21st, 1861.

JOYFUL NEWS FROM TUNSTALL.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—It affords me pleasure to say we were favoured to hold our usual tea meeting on Good Friday. Our esteemed brother Gooding, of Hailsworth, was present, and was much blessed of God, to preach unto us the word of life, from 1 Peter ii. 24: my soul found it good to be there. At 5 o'clock we had a very social tea, at which 350 sat down; such an one has not been known at Tunstall before. The evening service commenced at 7 o'clock, when the Lord enabled worthless me to preach to about 800 people. Good attention was given: the text was Gen. xxiv. 5. Bless the Lord for the early and latter rain: crown him Lord of all.

Zion's cords are lengthened, and her stakes are strengthened in this part of the wilderness. On the first Lord's-day in March, the Lord favoured me to baptize six believers; nearly 1000 people were present; the baptized ones were added to the church the same day. Oh! my dear brother, what has the great God done, when the candidates came before the church it astonished many of the aged saints; many wept for joy.

On Lord's-day, April 7th, I was again enabled to baptize four persons in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Let me, for a moment, further trespass on your invaluable space. One of these whom I last baptized is a man who was smitten under the word about the third Sabbath after the commencement of my labours at Tunstall; also his daughter and her husband have been baptized. The second one is the daughter of a dear old saint that for fourteen years past has been basking in the sunlight of the better world, chanting anthems to him who loved her, and washed her in his own most precious blood,—who was awakened by the Holy Spirit at one of our village sermons. The last two were man and wife, who were stopped in a most miraculous way; the wife was convinced of sin, but could not reveal it to her husband. Some some time after this brother Frith held his anniversary meeting, the husband was invited by one of our friends to go; he did go, and it was God's time then to stop this open blasphemer and drunkard. Brother Collins was the instrument, and these were the words, "Stop! stop!" the speaker was speaking of our own Cowper, when circumstances led him to compose that sweet hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders do perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

The wife, during his absence, was praying to God that he might be led to the same fountain where she had herself been led to wash her sins away. When he came home, his heart was full, and that night, for the first time, they wept and rejoiced together.

"His lovingkindness, oh! how strong."

Tunstall,
April 9th, 1861.

A. BARRER.

CARLTON RODE.

DEAR BANKS,—The ordination of J. M. Kerridge was held here on Wednesday, March 6th, 1861; the day was fine, and the congregations were large. Brother Charles Hill ascended the pulpit, and gave us a graphic description of a gospel church, in its origin, its nature, its design, its life, and its destiny; a more masterly performance, accompanied with unction and savour, could not be uttered; after which the youthful pastor elect gave a short account of his call by grace, his call to the ministry, and the sentiments he intended to preach. In the afternoon, after reading and offering the ordination prayer by brother B. Horn, Mr. W. Brown, of K'riston, gave the charge, founding his remarks upon Prov. xxvii. 23, dividing his text thus, first, diligence; secondly, investigation; thirdly, observation; fourthly, division of character. Our dear brother was very ill, so could not do as he would have done had his health permitted. The evening service commenced at half-past 6; brother T. H. Spaknam, of Old Buckenham, read and prayed, and brother Brown, of Attlebro, preached a savoury sermon to the church. May the unction and savour of them continue, and be largely blessed, and long remembered. Your's cordially,
W. JOLLY, Deacon.

THE LATE MR. R. S. BIRD.

OUR brother Robert S. Bird, the much loved pastor of the Baptist Church, meeting in Cranmer-court, Clapham, has, this month, been called to his heavenly rest. His illness was long, his sufferings were great, his end was peace. We shall give full particulars another month.

STEPNEY.

OUR brother Mr. John Clark, closes his ministry at the Cave Adullam, Stepney, the first Sunday in May. We hope his work in various parts of Zion will yet be still abundantly owned of the Lord. His address is, Mr. John Clark, 71, Ewen-street, Poplar, London.

THE ANNIVERSARY SEASON OF 1861.

To an evangelist—one whose whole heart and soul is fired with love to a Triune Jehovah—one who can say with St. Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth us"—one who delights in winning souls to Christ, and in being instrumental in feeding the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood; to such an one the opening spring-time of a new year—when nature throws open the hidden beauties her Creator has so wonderfully filled her with—and when all the little churches up and down this pretty land begin to prepare for their annual meetings—to an evangelist like myself, it is a season of great anticipation. I shall write a few notes under this head in future numbers.

A NOTE TO "A LITTLE ONE."

MR. EDITOR,—Sir, please give our kind regards to "A Little One," and tell him we are much obliged for the pains he has taken to write on the Eternal Sonship, and we should be further more obliged to him if he will now take up the subject of ETERNAL LOVE. A LISTENER.

A FRIENDLY RECORD OF SOME FEW THINGS IN THE
Life, Ministry and Death of the late Mr. W. Tite,

BAPTIST MINISTER, POTTON, BEDS.

By MR. DAVID ASHEY, OF WHITTLESEA.

It is no uncommon thing for those who have for a time made some considerable shew in the world, and others who have attained to some degree of eminence in the church, to be laid aside, and soon forgotten, except by those closely or relatively connected. And that it should be so with those who have only been known and loved in a small circle is, to us, no wonder. We know the most affectionate and wide-spread remembrance of the living cannot affect the real state of the dead; yet few would surely seek so to live as to die *unloved and unlamented*. But even though it is so with some, it cannot be so with those whom God has raised up and endowed with spiritual gifts and grace, and made them in the church "burning and shining lights." And though their *heat* may not have been so *intense*, nor their *light* so *strong*, as to be *felt and seen* so extensively as some, yet its influence has warmed and lighted many an otherwise cheerless heart, and the memory of those now passed away is held dear by the survivor.

The extent of the usefulness of God's ministers is a matter the most discerning are liable to make mistakes concerning; but the light of heaven will make plain what is necessarily obscured on earth. The cloudy and mysterious scene of this militant state shall pass away, and the incoherencies of time shall give place to the perfection of things yet to be revealed. The honours that are *here* unequally awarded, shall be *there* adjusted with unerring certainty and satisfaction. Not alone shall the minister of the cross, whose renown for usefulness has become a kind of household word, have "his reward," but the now unknown and obscure labourers in God's vineyard shall then stand approved and blest. The godly nurse, who night after night has watched her sinking neighbour, and has bent her knee in earnest prayer to God, and in simple language has pointed the dying one to the Lamb of God, and has caught the last whisper from lips just about to be sealed in death, "I die, a poor sinner, clinging to the cross of Jesus,"—she "shall not lose her reward."

The toiling, truth-loving village itinerant who, in every-day walks of life, tries to arrest the attention of the wayward, and to

pour words of "truth and grace" into the ear of afflicted saints; and then at the cottage-gathering, from a heart-felt love to the souls of his fellow-men, and a personal experience of the power and worth of vital godliness, he tells of God's great love as revealed in the gospel, and earnestly presses upon their attention that great truth—"Ye must be born again,"—even he "shall not lose his reward."

The village pastor too, who has long laboured on through many discouraging scenes, and has never through "evil or good report" swerved from the early-taught, deeply-seated Bible truth of "salvation by grace alone;" and though his name and labours are unknown to the many thousands of God's Israel,—yet his oft and truth-telling tale of Christ and Calvary, by the Holy Ghost's divine power, has told upon many a rebel heart, and found its way to many a burdened soul; and has indeed been food right welcome to those who, week after week, have gathered round to listen to his plain ministration of the word of eternal life. And when he is laid aside from his ardent and holy employment, though none might call him *great*, and perhaps but few esteem him *good*; yet there are some who have treasured up his words, and look back to special seasons of soul-comfort and blessing under the ministry of him whose voice they shall hear no more in that village sanctuary, so often made a "Bethel" by the revelation and blessing of the God of Jacob in their midst. We may say of such a man, "Verily he shall not lose his reward."

And such a man was the homely, upright and truth-loving minister of Jesus, Mr. William Tite, whose life, labours, and death we introduce to your readers, believing some of them will remember him with strong feelings of Christian affection. And perhaps few more so than he who now writes, when he remembers how the ministry of Mr. Tite was blest of God to awaken his soul from the sleep of sin and death, and to lead him to some little knowledge and reception of the doctrines of the everlasting gospel. When, just thirty years ago, he first went, from feelings of curiosity more than soul concern, to hear what the "day labourer," in the character of a preacher,

had to say for himself; when his own hired house was his chapel, and the back of a high chair his pulpit; this was a strange sight to one who had been brought up to regard the teaching of the clergy as only right,—the gown and surplice as the only attire becoming a minister,—and the steeple-house as the proper place for the public worship of God. When here was a man assuming to be a minister, dressed in a long blue coat with shining buttons, a blue plush vest, and red neckerchief. But the interest awakened, the feeling possessed, the power accompanying, and the effects that followed, under the good hand of God, in due time, need not here be related. Suffice it to say, in truth, the remembrance, and the God-honoured fruits, of those early ministrations of our departed friend, are sweet and precious to this hour.

Our remarks concerning Mr. Tite's early life and call by grace will be in the form of fragments; regretting that he did not give to us an account of the Lord's gracious dealings and providential leadings in a better form than he has done in what is called "The Aboundings of Grace," &c.; a little book in itself, narrowed up, and without meaning in many places, for the sake of finding a monotonous jingle of a rhyme; whereas it might more fully have expressed the heart-felt sorrows and joys, the yearnings and attainments, of a mind so deeply taught in the word and ways of the Lord—and then it would have been read with pleasure, and many have derived soul profit therefrom.

Our departed friend was born at Finedon, in Northamptonshire, in the year 1789, and for seventy-two years and three days was a sojourner in this lower world, before the brighter glories of the upper scene broke forth upon his ransomed spirit, never more to be darkened by the veil of mortal things. Twenty-five years of his life he lived in the avowed service of sin; and yet, it was not a service of pleasure, as most of those know who have been rescued by almighty grace, that Satan's yoke often galls very sorely before they are helped to flee his service. Our dear friend was the subject of strong convictions, which led to promises of amendment, and moral reformation for a time. Again the path of vice was pursued, and though he felt at times contrition and softness under the word he heard, it was like the morning dew, it was soon dried up by the sun of temptation, and he returned to his former hardness and habits of sin. But in the year 1814, he was arrested by a divine power, when promises of amendment gave place to strong and earnest appeals to God for mercy. A deep law-work was now experienced; and often have we heard him say, "Lower in soul distress and hopelessness

surely no poor sinner could ever sink." So deeply did he feel his sin, and so clearly did he see the holiness of God's law, that his confession was that he knew God would be just in condemning him. But a revelation of Christ to his heart, and the inward witness of the Holy Ghost that he was "born of God," brought joy to his heart upon which he feasted for a time, and he thought his inward foes were slain. But (as every grace-taught soul knows) this was not the case; and for nearly eight years after the law of God entered his conscience, did his soul pant and cry for solid peace, before the ground upon which that peace alone is founded was revealed to his faith; and this revelation to his mind of the ground of a sinner's justification before God, was preceded by three days of agony of soul, when Jesus appeared as the "God of hope," and his soul was filled with holy joy and sweet fellowship with the Lord. About this time, our friend had united with the Wesleyans, in his native village, although even then he was no free-willer, and though in an associated form with them, he was still alone,—for though the doctrines of the Gospel were not as yet so clearly discerned by him as afterwards, the religion of his heart could find no sympathy in the fleshly doings of a Wesleyan camp.

In the providence of God, our friend was removed to another locality, where he became connected with a Baptist Church at Spaldwick, in Huntingdonshire. The ministry here our friend considered to be a step in advance of that he had before attended in his own village. But here his mind was ill at ease, for as the light of the Holy Spirit beamed upon the word of God, and his mind by its holy influence expanded, the glorious and discriminating doctrines of the Gospel were beheld with delight, and he firmly believed and received them. And thus the ministry at Spaldwick soon ceased to afford him that which his judgment, in divine truth, could only be satisfied with, and his expanding mind craved after. And now, though wearied with hard labour during the week, yet his soul longed for the ministry of the free-grace Gospel of Jesus Christ; and he was at this time constrained to travel many miles on the Sabbath to hear it; and though by so doing, he exposed himself to the unkind remarks of his former associates in a religious profession, as well as the jeers of his profane fellow-labourers; yet he found the Gospel of the grace of God to be food that nourished his spiritual life, and established his mind in those truths he was designed of God to make known so welcomingly, and by God's blessing, so successfully to others.

The chief times of his study for the word of the Lord, were the hours stolen from his

rest, which with hard field labour, bodily affliction, and mental trial, told upon his frame, and gave him the appearance of age when only a young man; and no doubt laid a foundation for those bodily infirmities his friends know he was the subject of. For some three years our friend was accustomed to walk from fifteen or twenty miles on the Lord's-day, and then preach first, and occasionally at Great Catworth (a village in Huntingdonshire,) on his return, and afterwards in his own cottage to those who might wish to hear. The beginning was truly small, but it was the kindling of a

spark in that neighbourhood from which the light and heat of truth has found its way into several villages round, and into many hearts, where the darkness of providential trial, nor the waters of soul trouble, shall ever extinguish its light or quench its heat. And the earnest prayer of the writer's heart is, concerning those little causes of truth, in that neighbourhood especially where our dear friend's ministry was first blest of God, that the power, life, and influence of those glorious truths may shine out "brighter and brighter unto perfect day."

(To be continued next month, if the Lord will.)

THE LATE MR. R. S. BIRD, OF CLAPHAM.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I see in April number of the VESSEL you briefly notice the death of our late brother Richard Bird, the pastor of Bethesda chapel, Clapham. Having known him for some years, and a bond of union existing between us, I was requested to see him soon after he was confined to his bed. On my first visit, I said to him, "Richard, what is your feeling,—do you think this sickness is unto death?" He replied, "No, I do not." After some further conversation, I left him, and visited him a week later, when I found him, I thought, much worse. He then said, "Ah, William, I had made up my mind to begin a new course of things this year: I was going to give my mind to more study—but, alas, my arrangements are all nothing—how futile!" I believe he had great love to the little church over which he was the pastor, giving him a great desire to be a profitable minister among them; but his disease grew rapidly upon him, shewing him that his days in this world were fast closing. A few evenings before his death, after being with him a short time, I was about to leave, when he raised his hand, and said, "A few words in prayer before you go." I said, "Certainly." Having addressed the throne of grace, I hope, sincerely, he added, "Amen, amen," with much emphasis. Our brother was favoured in one respect, I think I am right in saying, the enemy was not allowed to harass him in the least. A night or two before his departure, some few friends being present, he said, "Now for the last effort." When asked what he meant, he said, "We'll have a song." On being told there was a doubt as to whether any present could sing, he persisted he would have a song, choosing the sweet hymn beginning,

"A debtor to mercy alone."

After the hymn was read, he started the tune, and though a long hymn he sang it all, much to the astonishment of those that were with him. The day before he depart-

ed this life, I was with him for the last time: his sufferings appeared to be great; I helped to raise him in bed, and after staying with him a short time, I remarked, "I think the soul cleaveth to the dust." He answered, "I hope not; it has done so too much; but I hope not so now." I then parted with him, never more to see him in this world. He lay till the next day, April 11th, when his spirit took its flight at half-past seven in the evening, without a sigh or a groan,—exactly two years from the day of laying the foundation stone at Bethesda.

His mortal remains were consigned to their last resting place at Norwood Cemetery, on April 17th, brother Parker, of Twig Folly, conducting the service. Many friends were present several ministers also: brother Chivers offered up an appropriate prayer at the grave. On the following Sabbath evening, I (by his own request) preached his funeral sermon, the text being, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The little chapel was crowded with attentive and sympathising hearers. The church at Bethesda feel their loss to be a heavy one, for pastor and people dwelled in each other's affection; the only relief to their feelings is, that our brother has gone from a world of sorrow and sufferings,—for he has been a great sufferer for many years, his disease, (asthma) being of a very trying and painful character,—to the bright land of eternal felicity. Thus we see the Lord is calling one and another of his servants to their heavenly rest. May it speak to our hearts, and shew us the necessity of being found faithful even unto death; and the final issue will be, the Lord will give us a crown of life. May the Lord appear for the church, and send them a suitable under-shepherd, to feed their souls; and may he guide, support, and appear for the widow, is the prayer of your's in Christian bonds,

W. CAUNT.

18, Newington Causeway, S.E.

THE LATE REV. JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I will try and give you, as briefly as possible, an account of the triumphant departure of that most beloved and honoured servant of the Lord, Joseph Cartwright; also a few extracts from the solemn, yet interesting and soul-refreshing, time, we had from the presence of the Lord at his interment.

I shall not occupy your pages with the facts relating to his call by grace, neither his call to the ministry, as his son intends publishing the same in a small volume, which will, I have no doubt, comfort and edify the Lord's people.

Mr. Joseph Cartwright was a minister of the Gospel of Christ for upwards of forty-four years. He was one of that class of ministers who dealt in sterling facts, and to the day of his death compromise was detestable to him. The dear Spirit made him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord; and he feared his Lord and Master too greatly ever to keep back part of the truth. As with all God's faithful ambassadors, the Divine blessing attended his labours. Showers of heavenly blessing, from the God of all grace, poured from his lips into the thirsty souls, who with eager and riveted attention, drank down the joyful and soul-refreshing declarations of truth that fell from them. The Spirit made the word through him, not only as a hammer to break the rocky and flinty heart, but also enabled him, as the trumpeter of the Gospel, to blow a sure and certain sound: it was no yea-nay Gospel he preached, but a full, free, and finished salvation, all of grace from first to last; and as he said not long before his death, "I think it would be well to state it, the truths I have for forty-four years preached to others are now a comfort to me." I had the pleasure of visiting him on several occasions, and truly my soul was often refreshed in hearing him talk of God's goodness and faithfulness towards him both in providence and grace. He would sometimes tell me of the great opposition he met with through preaching the Gospel fully; and also of the traps that were laid to draw him on one side; he then would refer to the conspicuous appearance of the Lord in confounding his enemies; and then would try to encourage me in my labours; and would entreat me to keep to the truth, not fearing the frowns or courting the smiles of any.

Mr. Cartwright was one who in his ministrations did not neglect to preach the work of regeneration. At Devonport, he was designated "the Holy Ghost Preacher;" which indeed was a grand feature of his

ministry, and proved him to be sent of God; for if a man leave out the work of the Holy Ghost,—which is to regenerate and carry on that work of grace; to supply the soul with manna from heaven; streams of living water from Christ, the smitten rock; to refresh the drooping spirit with Gospel wine; to apply the promises; to make rough places plain, and crooked paths strait; to make darkness light; and finally to accomplish that great work he is pleased to begin,—that man is never sent of God to preach. But, alas, how few Holy Ghost preachers we have now-a-days! it was this that made his ministry a blessing; I could relate many instances as a proof of the same, but space forbids; and as the Christian public will be supplied with many pleasing and interesting facts by Mr. Jos. Cartwright, Jun., relating to this matter, I forbear.

I come now to his death. About three months before, his dear partner perceived him looking very cast-down for two or three days. A friend called to see him, but he was not inclined to converse; but though cast-down he was not destroyed. One morning, at break of day, he awoke her; the Sun of Righteousness having again dawned upon his soul, he wished her to join him in a song of praise. He said, "Come, my dear, we must sing a song of praise to him who hath done such great things for us. I can rejoice, for the Lord has removed the cloud; these words have been so blessed to me, 'I, the Lord, change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.' O, how precious Christ is to me; he sits before me, and converses with me. This is a sanctified affliction. I have sweet communion with my precious Christ. He is the altogether Lovely." He used frequently to sing those words,

"He is a God of sovereign love
That promised heaven to me;
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be."

One day, when he was suffering greatly, he said, "I have got the cross, but there is no curse in it. My pains are great, but one sight of Christ will make up for all. Bless his precious name, he has kept me faithful; I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God; could my first and my last sermon be placed side by side, they would be found to contain the same truths. Should any of my brother ministers be inclined to make any remarks on my death, tell them to extol Christ and not the creature." He often quoted that passage, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard," &c. A few days before his death, he could not speak for weakness; but he was continually in prayer. His

dear partner seeing him revive a little, said to him, "What is the state of your mind?" He replied, with a sweet smile, "Happy—happy—happy!" When he was asked, if he felt the cold streams of Jordan, he said, "Yes, but I feel my feet on the solid rock; I shall soon be over." When he saw her weeping, he took her by the hand, and kissing it, said,

"Daughter, weep no more,
I soon shall reach the happy shore
Where death and parting's known no more."

On the morning of his death, he could not speak for some hours, but was sensible to the last moment. At five minutes to ten, he signed to his wife and daughter, who were in the room, to come to him. They stooped down and kissed him. With a serene countenance, his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, he gave a gentle sigh, and fell asleep in Jesus, on Lord's-day morning, April 21st, 1861.

The funeral procession left the house of mourning on Tuesday, April 30th, at half-past three, in the following order: hearse, feathers, and pages: first and second coach containing relatives and friends; third and fourth coaches contained the following ministers—Messrs. Luckin, Brake, Bayfield, Dickerson, Ladd, Firmin, Myerson, Franks, Lewis and Whittle. Arrived at Bow Cemetery about half-past four: it was indeed a solemn and affecting sight—crowds were waiting its arrival, and many an eye dropped a silent tear, indicative of their sympathy; a stillness like death itself prevailed, as from the hearse they took his mortal remains: it was conveyed to the chapel upon the shoulders of the bearers, where a solemn service was performed, which was commenced by singing that sweet hymn of Dr. Watts,

"Give me the wings of faith to rise."

I was then called upon to read and pray; and a very lengthened address was delivered by Mr. Luckin, of Woodbridge Street Chapel, warning the sinner, and making many pointed allusions to the solemn event; one grand feature of his subject was the subsisting union between Christ and the Church; he declared that his departed brother was one of those who preached that doctrine. He also affectionately and very sympathizingly addressed the widow and family; he then vacated the pulpit; a hymn was sung, and Mr. Bayfield closed with prayer. The corpse was then removed to the house of the dead, six ministers bearing the pall. Mr. Brake committed the body to its mother earth; a hymn was sung; a thrilling address was delivered by Mr. Brake; and Mr. P. Dickerson concluded with a very solemn and earnest prayer.

I am, my dear brother, your's truly,
Hackney Road. H. MYERSON.

LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH
OF MR CARTWRIGHT.

VETERAN soldier of Immanuel,
Thou at length hast left the field;
Laid aside thy trusty armour,
Never more thy sword to wield.
Not desertion marks thine exit,
Nor by cowardice art subdued;
Thou hast triumph'd, thou hast conquered,
By his grace in thee imbued.

Off through conflict, battle pressing,
Trampling fear beneath thy feet:
Onward fighting, danger scorning,
Thou hast rushed the foe to meet.

Faithfully thy trumpet sounded,
Warning Zion to prepare,—
For the enemy's approaching,
And of danger to beware.

No inglorious truce was ever
By thee made friends to intrigue;
Faithless to thy calling never,
With the enemy to league.

'Neath the red-stain'd, glorious banner
Of thy Captain thou hast stood;
Pointing to the cleansing fountain
Filled with his atoning blood.

Now thou wear'st a crown of glory;
Deck'd with light thy raiment glows;
In resplendent beauty ever
Gazing on fair Sharon's rose.

Yet thou could'st not boast, O soldier,
How the victory thou hadst won—
Saved through Jesu's blood and merit—
Grace, free grace, the work hath done.

No inherent beauty dwelling
In thy flesh, to vaunt thy fame;
All the glory rests in Jesus,
In his ever-blessed name.

Soon we hope to leave this valley,
Where we sojourn here below;
With thee join in strains harmonious,
Sin and death no more to know.

Few more days or years at most will
Land us on that blissful shore;
Where, with Christ in one blest union,
We shall dwell for evermore.

H. STRICKETT.

RESURRECTION.

In the chambers of the grave,
Low beneath the heavy clod,
Deep below the ocean wave,
Where man's foot hath never trod;
Safe, though long forgotten lie
Seeds of immortality.

They must live, like precious grain
Starting into life and bloom:
They must rise, for He must reign—
Jesus, who despoiled the tomb:
He, the Resurrection lives;
Ho the promised harvest gives.

O my soul! is Jesus thine?
Thine his resurrection power?
'Tis enough; thy dust resign,
Till thy Lord's triumphant hour.
Vile and worthless as it is,
It shall share thy spirit's bliss.

Or should that expected day
Come before thou reach the tomb,
Thou shalt rise and soar away,
Chang'd with an immortal bloom
And in bridal glory shine,
Thou the Lord's, and Jesus thine.

THE LATE MRS. COOPER.

The beloved sister who has just fallen asleep in Jesus, was a living Christian. Christ in the Spirit dwelling as a quickening Spirit in each and all his members, was known by her, and known as abundantly affording a living experience—and this experience she diligently and perseveringly sought.

It is but a feature or two that this brief sketch can attempt to declare of her Christian character. So wonderfully, and so much is Christ in the life of a living Christian, that unnumbered volumes would be required to set such forth in words; and the glorious thousand years of millennial day will but serve to shew forth the glories—the triumphs—the praises of Immanuel, as in the saints manifested; will but serve most delightfully to manifest, in the true light of the heavenlies, and amidst the splendour of the bright intelligences there, what indeed a true Christian is—glory upon glory altogether unutterable and inconceivably beyond all that which at present we know of; but be it well observed that all this glory of the kingdom state, or of heaven, receives its character and complexion from the time state—which, happily, our beloved sister has just ended as an overcomer through Christ; but in which we who are pressing inwardly to win Christ, are yet found struggling.

The characteristic feature which, to the praise of the Lord, stands most conspicuous in our dear sister's Christian state, was a delight in the Lord's presence; but that was not all, she truly and constantly sought after that presence. This was observable amidst all the changing, varied circumstances of her life—as a marked, outstanding, lively feature of her state: and in later life, amidst the peculiar afflictions and distresses of the poor body, became a constant, persevering, seeker after fellowship with the Spirit, a longing for the Lord, and an increasing desire to be with Jesus. This seeking to a living and Divine source, gave a complexion to all her state. She would often warmly say,—

"Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
Oh! may he shine on you;
And tell him when you see his face,
I long to see him too."

This seeking, as is always the case, entered into her every day affairs; she has been known in her younger time, so to have persevered in spirit after something from the Lord manifestly, as a blessing from him for the day, that if she did not find this in the opening of the day, she would press still after it till she obtained her desire, even to an interference with partaking of her food,

or with the ordinary avocations of life; if in the street she found the seeking of her soul going forth, she would at times not return directly to her family cares, but go round about her house again, or even again, ere she relinquished the special seeking, so that she might fully unburden the soul to the Lord, and find him to completeness and satisfaction. And many special seasons of nearness to the Lord, and enjoyment of the Divine presence: ah, and marvellous answers to prayer in this diligent seeking had she on record, very warmly to the Lord's praise. The same characteristic perseverance in the spirit was discovered, as pressing her seeking heart into the fellowship, under the ministry of the word, or among the saints: ah, and if she could not find the access while in the hearing of the word, or with the saints, she was not to be found returning to the ordinary affairs, at least in mind, and perhaps not in person, until a fresh visitation had been realized from the Lord.

Although a tried soul, our sister must be regarded most distinctly as a *cheerful believer*. She would often say,—

"Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing;
Sing on rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King."

Her's was not a mind to be taken up with high things intellectually; but she did press after living things in religion: mere notions or ideas, would not at all do for her satisfaction and comfort. She was a humble soul, and in a considerable measure a truly humble soul; one where humility had made room, and given the ability of dependence upon Christ within. She would say, being apt in expressing the point of her present experience in those expressive lines or verses of good old hymns.

"Toiling, I cry, sweet Spirit come—
Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable here below;
But I can only spread the sail,
Thou, thou, must breathe the auspicious gale."

And often would she express her dependence on Christ, and the leaning attitude upon an inwardly realized arm, in that favourite language with her,—

"Behold from the desert of sin,
The world, the curse, and the law—
A fair one, whose garments are clean,
Does with her beloved withdraw."

And again,

"She leans upon the Prince of Peace,
And as she moves with steady pace
Through worlds of light to heavenly bliss,
Angelic hosts say, Who is this?"

The faith as discoverable in our dear sister's state, would not be spoken of as strong

faith, great faith; but it proved itself in all manner of trials, as firm faith, persevering faith—often a lively faith, and ever a sound faith; sound in sovereign love and mercy in and through Jesus Christ alone. She would warmly say,—

“Our Saviour by free grace alone
His building shall complete:
With shouting bring forth the head stone,
Crying, grace, grace to it.
May I be found a living stone
In Salem's courts above,
And help to sing before the throne,
Free grace and dying love.”

And again,

“Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy sunshine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.”

And again,

“Unchangeable his will, whatever be my frame,
His loving heart is still eternally the same;
My soul through many changes goes—
His love no variation knows.”

Our sister was a tried believer; she had for many years a world of trial and affliction, both within and without; and, often tracing these trials and distresses to the administration of her heavenly Father, she would evidence her submission, and rest in God by cheerfully enunciating—

“Her woes are permitted of God,
Her faith and her patience to prove;
A kiss, or a stroke of his rod,
Is all from immutable love.”

And again,

“Sometimes my God his face doth hide,
To make me pray, or kill my pride;
Yet then it on my mind doth dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.”

And often very lately she added—

“Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;
Yet THEN my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.”

And again,

“Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home—
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.”

And very often in confessing to the design of the Lord, and the end of her tribulations, she would quote as from the mouth of the Lord—

“Then trust me, and fear not,
Thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect,
Supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee,
Thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length,
In my likeness to shine.”

And often in the latter part of her pilgrimage, she would express what she knew of the way, by saying—

“He all shall break through;
His truth and his grace,
Shall bring me into
The plentiful place;

Through much tribulation—
Through water and fire—
Through floods of temptation,
And flames of desire.”

Our sister possessed very humbling views of herself—a deep sense of human depravity, and often groaned before the Lord concerning the treachery of her heart; wandering, vagrant heart, as she would express it; where would it not go to? did not the dear, great Lord undertake for her. She was most acutely conscious of the burden, and hindrance, and clog that the body of flesh and blood is to the spirit. She would say, in the anticipation of being absent from the body and present with the Lord.

“Ah! Lord with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.”

And then earnestly anticipating the disembodied state, she would repeat parts of, or desire the whole of the following to be sung,—

“O happy saints who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white—
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life—
An open cage to let them fly,
And build their happy nest on high.
And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains,
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights, and depths, of Jesu's love.”

In connection with the foregoing, it was often very clearly discernible that the Lord was carrying on the work of sanctification in the order of an extensive, manifest process in her soul, which was continued as a process until within a fortnight prior to her death, when she appeared in spirit as one landed on an eternal ground in God. She was not one that was led to apprehend by Divine tuition, and enter into a deep inward experience, but she sought the *presence*—the precious shining *presence* in a sensible experience; an aspect of her state into which she was found pressing during many years of her early Christian course, and particularly also as the results and consequences of her many trials became apparent, and were perfected during the last five years of her course upon earth.

It may be added here, respecting our sister, that she was one who had to do with the Lord very intimately on particular matters, and for objects laid upon her heart for which to travail specially with the Lord. Her faith for her family was firm and steadfast; she would say the Lord had given her to believe for them all. Her conversation, as many well know, was mainly a seeking after communion in the Spirit, and a warm delight in being able in the Spirit to speak highly of Christ, through a present experience of him. She often had a word in season for

those she met with, and many will long remember the good words through her lips. As she drew near her end, her supplicating spirit would often be asking the Lord to prepare her fully for his right hand; and very evident did it become to the spiritually discerning, that her measure was fast filling up. A few days previous to her departure, she had our dear brothers, her husband, and family around the bed, and in an animated, devout manner, spoke of the many deliverances that the Lord had wrought for them as a family, as well as for herself personally during a period over fifty years, and declared how the Lord had proved himself faithful, exhorting them all to trust in him, and to make every trouble an errand to the throne of grace. To a young brother, the last she saw, excepting her family, she said, "Good bye, practise what you know."

Her disease, which for a long period had been greatly irritating and consuming the poor body, had now reduced it to complete prostration and extreme exhaustion; she could utter but very little; but her spirit had most evidently now arrived upon, or into, her undisturbed resting place in God—a present God, and was quite calm internally, and exempt from all fear. To the writer of this she said, about a fortnight previous to this time, speaking of this great calm in spirit, then just arrived at in permanence, "I could not have thought that there was such a rest for me to enjoy in circumstances such as mine now are." Although her spirit was now perfectly at rest, it was not the will of God to bear in power from within, against the overwhelming infirmities, and lift the mind

out of the waters of bodily affliction, so as to make it a medium for the happy spirit to express itself through. Although the state of her spirit now was like that of the wearied dove, seeking and longing for rest—longing and seeking, till the hand should be put forth to take her into the place of rest. She wanted rest and Jesus; excessive weariness sat heavily on all her bodily powers; she would be heard breathing out—"Dear Saviour, give me a little rest; precious Jesus, give me a little rest." The day or two before she departed, a brother was going to pray with her, and it was asked what he should pray for: she said, "That the Lord may lay me down softly." She spoke but very little the night previous to her departure—but was heard softly breathing out, "Precious Jesus;" "Precious Saviour;" and asking for rest. She was asked if she feared death? she replied, "No, I don't fear." She was perfectly calm and collected to the last; and, after a very trying night to the poor body, the Lord was pleased to give her a gentle sleep about seven o'clock in the morning, in which she remained—quietly at rest, and at nine o'clock, without the least struggle or sigh, she softly breathed out her soul into the hands of her precious Saviour.

A moment she had fully anticipated a few days previously, while uttering and dwelling upon the words of Jesus, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Our beloved sister was in her 73rd year. She was called by Divine grace early in life, and was in communion with the visible church 28 years.

The Remarkable Experience of Mrs. Gertrude Clarkson,

SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE REV. DAVID CLARKSON (PURITAN);
GIVEN TO THE CHURCH WITH WHOM SHE LIVED IN COMMUNION: WITH A SHORT
ACCOUNT OF HER COMFORTABLE END.

My education has been very strict: the constant instruction and example of my parents had so early an influence, that it is hard to tell which was my first awakening. Ever since I can remember anything of myself, I have had frequent convictions of the danger of sin, and an unregenerate state, attended with fears of the punishment due to it; therefore was desirous of an interest in Christ, by whom I might be pardoned and saved from the wrath of God. This made me very fearful of omitting duties, or committing known sin. And though these convictions wore off, yet they often returned, and rendered me very uneasy, unless I was praying or learning scriptures, or something which

I thought good. In these exercises I was well satisfied, though it was my happiness to be under the most careful inspection, and the judicious helps for the informing of my judgment.

Before I apprehended what it was to rely on an all-sufficient Saviour for righteousness and strength, I remember my notion of things was this,—that I was to hear, and pray, and keep the Sabbath, and avoid what I knew to be sin—and then I thought God was obliged to save me; that I did what I could, and so all that he required: and I further conceived, that if at any time I omitted secret prayer, or any other duty, yet if I repented it was sufficient; and on this con-

sideration I have often ventured upon the commission of sin, with a resolve to repent the next day, and then having confessed the transgression, my conscience has been easy, and I was well satisfied. Indeed, sin at that time was not burdensome. I truly desired that my sins might be pardoned, but thought the ways of religion hard; and, though I durst not live in the constant neglect of duty, yet I secretly wished I had been under no obligation to perform it. When I reflect on the thoughts and workings of my heart and affections in these times, and the confused apprehensions which I then had, both of sin and grace, I am fully persuaded that, through grace, there is a real, and in some measure, an universal change wrought in my soul.*

After my father's death, I was reading one of his manuscripts, wherein both the object and nature of saving faith was described, and the great necessity of it pressed.† The plain and clear definition there given of the saving act of faith, caused other apprehensions of things than I had before. I then began to see how short I had come in all my performances of that disposition of soul which the gospel called for, and how guilty I was while depending on these performances for acceptance with God; not casting myself wholly and alone upon Christ, and resting on his righteousness entirely for pardon and justification. The concern of my mind was very great, that I had lived so long ignorant of those things which related to my eternal welfare. I was sensible of the means and helps I had been favoured with, for improvement in knowledge, were beyond what is common, but I had refused instruction, the consideration of which was very terrible to my thoughts, fearing lest I had sinned beyond all hope of forgiveness. But in the most discouraging apprehensions of my case, my heart was much enlarged in the confession of sin, and in bewailing my captivity to it; which was attended with earnest wrestlings with the Lord for pardoning and purifying grace. Those absolute promises in the 30th chapter of Ezekiel of "A new heart and right spirit," were my continual plea, together with Matt. vi. 6, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." I found longings and pant-

*A good rule for doubting Christians to judge of their state by—to look back and compare themselves with themselves—what they once were with what they now are, at least desire to be. Surely most on such a review, may say with the blind man, John ix. 25, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see." They may see their former blindness, darkness, and distance from God—and those desires and delights in him, &c.

†See Mr. Clarkson's volume of sermons before referred to in Mrs. Combe's account, and it is very remarkable these discourses concerning faith, were greatly blessed to both daughters, after their father's death.

ings of soul after that righteousness, and saw that it could only be received by faith; this faith I earnestly begged, and that the Lord would pardon that great sin of unbelief, which so provoked and dishonoured him; and that he would by his own Spirit, enable me to embrace Christ as freely held forth in the gospel.

About this time I was much affected with the consideration of Christ's offices, as Prophet, Priest, and King, and though I durst not claim an interest in them, yet was often meditating upon them—admiring that infinite condescension which is manifest therein. I thought whatever my condition was in this world, yet if I might be under his powerful and effectual teachings as a Prophet, and have the benefit of his atonement and intercession as a Priest, and be entirely subject to him in every faculty of my soul, as my Lord and King—then how satisfied and happy should I be.

I was under these strugglings a long time before I came to any comfortable persuasion that I was accepted. Sins against light and love greatly wounded me, and the many aggravating circumstances which attended them were so represented by Satan, that I could not tell how to believe such iniquities as mine would be forgiven; but in the midst of these distressing thoughts, I found in that manuscript of my father's, that "None but unworthy sinners, who are empty of all good in themselves, were the objects of pardoning mercy—that the whole needed not the Physician, but the sick." This encouraged me to plead with hope that the Lord would glorify the freeness of his own grace in my salvation, and to urge that Christ called the weary and heavy laden to him with a promise of rest.—Matt. xi. 28. I found my soul was extremely burdened with sin—it appeared more exceeding sinful than ever before; sins of thought, as well as words and actions, were then observed with sorrow, and lamented before him: yea, even the sins of my most holy things—those swarms of vain thoughts, and wanderings of heart and affections, of which I was conscious in my secret retirements, and most solemn close dealings with God; in short, my own soul was my intolerable burden, which made me often question whether there were not more provoking sins in me than God usually pardons. Oh! I found how every power and faculty was depraved. and that I could not do the good I would.

It would be tedious to relate the many particular discouragements and temptations I laboured under. Sometimes pouring forth my soul with some hope in his free mercy—sometimes only bewailing my condition without hope,—till it pleased him, whose power and grace no impenitent can resist and prevail against, to put a stop to my unbelieving,

reasonings, from the unlikelihood of such sins being pardoned—sins so aggravated and so provoking as mine, by giving me an awful sense of his absolute sovereignty from those words in Exod. xxxiii. 19, "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy to whom I will shew mercy." Also Isaiah lv. 8, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." These considerations were so impressed on my mind, and struck such an awe upon my spirits, that I durst not any longer give way to my carnal reasonings. I thought I could commend myself to his sovereign pleasure, and let him do with me as seemed him good.

After some time, my mother perceiving my concern, conversed very freely with me, and asked if I was not willing to accept of Christ to sanctify as well as to save me? I told her I desired this above all things. She then added that it was Christ that had made me willing to close with him, and that he never made any soul thus willing, but he had first pardoned and accepted that soul. I shall never forget with what weight these words were impressed upon my heart; I thought it was as a pardon sent immediately to me. I could not but say, I was above all things desirous to be entirely subject to Christ in every power and faculty of my soul; that every thought might be brought into subjection to Christ, and nothing might remain in me contrary to him, but that there might be a perfect conformity to him in all things.

After this conversation, I found great composure in my mind, believing that the Lord had created those desires in me, which nothing but himself, and the enjoyment of himself could satisfy—and that he would answer them with himself,—that he would "not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax."—Matt. xii. 20. My delight now was in nothing else but meditating upon, and admiring the free and sovereign grace of God in Christ, which distinguished me from many others, who had not so highly provoked him—having called me out of such gross darkness which I had been long in, and given me any glimmering of the light of the knowledge of the glory of his grace—my desires were increased after further discoveries, and clearer light into the deep mysteries of the love and grace of God in Christ Jesus, and all diversions from these meditations was a burden.

Oh! I then thought all old things were passed away and all things become new. I experienced an universal change in my mind, will, and affection—the bent of them were turned another way; the ordinances, which were once irksome, were above all things pleasant, and the return of Sabbaths continually longed for. I was very thankful

it was my duty, as well as privilege, to set apart the whole day for the worship and glory of my Lord. I bewailed much that I could love him no more; that there was so much sin remaining in me, and which I found mixed with all I did—and that I was not wholly taken up in those blessed and delightful employments without the least interruption. O, I longed for that state wherein all these fetters should be knocked off, and my soul set at liberty in the worship and praise of my God, being freed from corruptions within, and temptations without.

My soul was thus delightfully carried out for some time, in which I heard a discourse from these words (John xxi. 17), "Thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." The scope of this sermon was for a trial—whether our appeal could be made to him who knows all things, that we loved him? Under this discourse I found my heart greatly carried out in love to Christ in all his ordinances, and the discoveries made of his will therein: these subjects concerning the love of Christ, and his people's love to him, being long continued, one sermon after another, I found I sat under the word with great pleasure, and enlarged affections. At this time my mother was persuading me to join in communion with some church, which greatly startled me at first. I could by no means think of that, not having apprehended myself to have come as far yet. I thought there must be something more in me, or I should eat and drink damnation to myself; but being better informed both as to the nature and end of the ordinance, and that it was intended for the increase of grace and strength, and that it was a positive command of my Lord, with whose great will in all things I was very desirous to comply—I was at last prevailed with to venture on that great ordinance, and was much refreshed and satisfied in my renewed resignation and enlarged expectations of receiving all needful supplies from him who is the Head of the church.

Oh! the condescending love and grace of my Redeemer, represented to me in these transactions; how greatly did they delight and affect my soul! I wished I might have been thus exercised, expecting with great pleasure, the return of those seasons wherein I might hope for further manifestations, and larger communications of grace and love. But after some time my affections began to cool; I had not such sweetness and enlargement in my approaches to God in public as I used to find; I thought the preaching more empty, and came short of what I found I wanted. This deadness continuing, filled me with no small concern, fearing I should fall off. I was very far from charging the ministry I sat under, but my own wicked, wavering heart. I have often gone to the house of God with raised expectations

of receiving those quickenings I used to be blessed with, but found sad disappointment. This frame of spirit as to public worship was a matter of continual mourning and bemoaning in secret. I was often examining my heart as to its aims and ends in my public approaches, and could not but conclude my desires were above all things to glorify my Lord in all his appointments, and to receive those blessings from him which enabled me so to do.

The missing of the Lord's presence under the means, in the use of which he had commanded me to expect it, and which he had heretofore, in a measure, vouchsafed, was very grievous. I earnestly begged a discovery of every sin that might be the cause of this withdrawing; but the decay of my affections still remaining, it caused great misgivings of heart, that things were not right with me—yet still I had supports in my secret applications to God, that his grace would be sufficient for me, and that I should be kept by his Almighty power, through faith, unto salvation, which encouragements kept me still waiting with hope, that he would yet return and bless me.

After some time, being providentially led to this place, I found the preaching of your pastor so suited to my case, that I was greatly enlarged in thankfulness to God, who had so directed me. Those sermons upon Gal. vi. 30, "For if a man think himself something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." Though I had heard your minister before with great satisfaction, this brought me to a resolution of sitting under his ministry. I do not question but you remember what unusual and deep heart-searching discourses they were. I wish I could express what they were to me; they searched me again to the very foundation, and discovered the many secret holds Satan had in my heart, which before I thought not of—and how many ways I was taken up with something which was nothing.

These discourses caused deep humbling of spirit, and enlarged desires after further enlightenings. Oh, I found these things reached me! I needed to be let into the depths of my own deceitful heart, and thereby observe that secret proneness there was in me to be laying hold on something in self to rest upon, and expect from: in short, I now saw that utter insufficiency and weakness in myself, and everything done by myself, to satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul, which I had not so much as thought of before.

I have been also led more to that fulness from whence I can only receive what may render me acceptable to the Father, and have

never found so much sweetness and solid satisfaction in my accesses to God as when most sensible of my own unworthiness, and entire emptiness of anything agreeable to him in myself and all my performances, and when most apprehensive of that infinite fulness, and suitableness of grace laid up in Christ Jesus, from whence I am encouraged to be continually receiving fresh supplies. Oh, those infinite treasures! Nothing less can satisfy the restless cravings and pantings of my soul. By this preaching I have been continually led to this fresh spring that never fails, have experienced great quickenings in my applications to Christ, and comfortable rejoicings in him. Notwithstanding all those miserable defects and failures in my poor performances, this gives me comfort, that there is a perfect righteousness wrought out for me, which I may receive by faith, and therein stand complete before God for ever. The insisting on such truths as these which have a direct tendency to lead from self to Christ, by opening and unfolding the mysteries of grace laid up in him, so admirably suited to answer all the necessities of poor, helpless, guilty creatures, I find above all things encouraging to me, and enlivens me in duty.* My low improvements under these suitable instructive helps to fill me with mourning; to think there should be no greater establishment upon the sure foundation of a Redeemer's righteousness, on which I hope I have been enabled to build. At times I can apprehend, with some clearness, that this righteousness was wrought out for me—and can apply to him with confidence and joy, as the Lord my righteousness and strength; and gladly hope through that strength I shall be more than a conqueror over every disturbing corruption and temptation; yea, that I shall see him as he is, in the full displays of the glory of that grace and love which I cannot now comprehend; and by the transforming sight be made like him. But, O, how short, how seldom are these interviews! my unbelieving heart still returns to its former darkness and distrust, and gives me frequent occasions to bewail the fluctuancies of my weak faith. Oh! that it was stronger—that it was more steadfast! But, blessed be his name in whom I put my entire trust, there is grace in him to help me under all delays and failures through weakness; it is from hence I receive strength to elevate and excite acts of faith and love, when sunk so low that I cannot raise them; yea, it is from the same fulness I receive grace to regulate the actings of grace, and to set my soul from time to time in a right way of improving the grace I received, and for obtaining pardon for all my

*Mr. Thomas Gouge, a very valuable minister—it being the same church to which her sister Coombe had removed her communion.

*Note of the biographer—"A plain proof the doctrines of grace do not, neither can they, lead to licentiousness."

defects, as well as for the removal of all my defilements.

These are the truths that feed and support my faith, and without these were sent home with power on my soul, I must give up under the great abounding of my indwelling corruptions. I desire submissive waiting for further manifestations of his love, in his own time and way; and although I have not those constant shines of the light of God's countenance with which some of his people are blessed, yet I humbly adore him for the light he hath afforded me—and beg your prayers, that I may be kept close to him, and have such constant discoveries as may strengthen my faith by a close adherence to him, and firm reliance on him without wavering. But I am sensible that I am too liable to be looking off from the only support and foundation of my faith and hope, and to be depending on, and expecting from, the frame of my own spirit, and workings of my affections towards spiritual things.†

Oh! the unsearchable deceitfulness of my heart, which in so many ways is betraying me into an unbelieving temper of spirit. I find I need greater helps than those may who are established—and I dare not neglect those helps which my Lord has provided for his church. I need to be watched over, and excited, and encouraged under difficulties. From these experiences which others have of the dealings of the Lord with them, I have been wishing for these advantages for a considerable time, being fully convinced that those who are members of his church should be building up one another. I bless the Lord that he has discovered his will to me in this point, and that he hath provided greater helps than what I had been before acquainted with, for my furtherance in my progress to heaven. Accordingly I would cheerfully and thankfully fall in with his will herein, and so take hold of his covenant in this church—expecting the blessing promised to those who are planted in his house.

GERTRUDE CLARKSON.

MRS. CLARKSON'S COMFORTABLE END,
ETC.

HER biographer writes the following account of her death, &c,—

This excellent woman died in London April 23rd, 1701. Her funeral sermon was preached and printed by Dr. Ridgley, who was their pastor to that church to which she belonged, and who, among other things, observes the following concerning her,—that her mind was rightly informed, and

richly furnished with experimental knowledge of the things of Christ, and the work of grace carried on with power in her soul; and although she had sometimes a well grounded hope, yea, a full persuasion of the love of God—yet so far was this from leading her to pride and carnal security, that it can scarcely be conceived what low thoughts she had of the best of self, and what a deep sense of the power of indwelling sin, or with what she sorrow lamented the same. What a firm dependence on Christ, as able to do nothing without him! How watchful over her actions and thoughts! and how much afraid of sin, even the iniquity of her holy things! There was in her conversation a becoming mixture of gravity and pleasantness—not daring on the one hand to make things sacred a prey to the exuberances of wit and fancy; nor on the other, giving the least occasion to their false conceit, who suppose that religion always chooses the dark retreat of a melancholy temper, or is directly opposite to what is cheerful or agreeable in common conversation. She was a conscientious attender on the ordinances of Christ, in season and out of season, valuing all opportunities wherein she might hope for further acquaintance with God. She called the Sabbath her delight, and rejoiced at the returns thereof. Her soul was very much affected with those doctrines that have a tendency to advance the sovereignty of Divine grace, and to set forth the nothingness of the creature.

Her last sickness was short. She was on a sudden seized with a very painful distemper,‡ which she perceived to be the harbinger of death: but when it made its nearest approaches, she declared it was welcome. She did not fly from it as an enemy, nor see anything affrighting in its countenance. When all about her were almost overwhelmed with grief, she was the only person that seemed unconcerned, being as willing to be gone as death was to call. Though her pain was violent for many hours, and very hindered the desired composure of her thoughts, yet in this she was submissive to the Divine will, and patient under his hand, but it pleased God to give her ease the remaining part of her time, when she took occasion to express the inward joy that she experienced. When cordials were applied for the refreshment of weak and fainting nature, she said, that she had better cordials to refresh her than those. The last two days of her life she seemed wholly unconcerned about, and quite disengaged from, anything in this world, as one that had taken her leave of every thing here below, and was at leisure for nothing but heavenly contemplations. Her discourse was very affecting. Whenever

†Christians are too apt to live upon their frames, instead of Christ's fulness, which keeps them so low and lifeless, and lays the foundation of those endless complaints that are found among many; though frames vary as the wind, yet this is the comfort, God is unchangeable and the covenant is sure.

‡The cholera, which carried her off in four days.

she spoko of herself it was in the most soul-humbling expressions, but how often did she extol and admire the love of God in Christ! The same truths that she was refreshed with in life, were her comfort and delight in death. She had the selfsame abasing, yea, self-abhorring and grace advancing thoughts. She had a full assurance of salvation, and an abundant entrance, with a kind of triumph administered into it, often speaking in the words of the apostle (2 Tim. i. 12), "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day;" and with joy unspeakable, making use of those with application to herself, "Now unto him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." Her inward peace was too great to be expressed, as she said, "Time will fail me to express what comfort I have." When nature was very weakened, her strength and spirit exhausted, she blessed God that her faith did not fail. No! that was strongest when outward comforts were at a very low ebb; and she had thereby those clear manifestations of Christ, and soul-refreshing prelibations of glory, which were a kind of heaven in her way to it. Her last words were with rapture of admiration—"Ob, those rays of glory!" Thus her soul took its flight into the bosom of Jesus, to enjoy what it had long waited for, namely, further discoveries of his love, and to be clothed with immortality, and eternal life.

Mrs. Clarkson had a third daughter named Catherine, who never was married; she was eminent for piety, and lived many years at Hitchen, where she died Jan. 11th, 1757, aged 84 years. Her frame in her last illness was comfortable, and her soul longing earnestly to be gone. A funeral discourse was preached at her interment, from Psalm xxxvii. 37, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Letters from the Heart.

DEAR MR. WELLS,—I have long wished to acknowledge, with thankfulness, the blessings received from your ministry, though I cannot half express my feelings, or the deep sense of love and gratitude with which you are regarded by my dear father, sister, and myself.

The first time I was privileged to hear you was on Good Friday, near two years

||These words were the subject of her funeral discourse—being often repeated by her in her illness, and a wonderful support to faith in her last moments.

ago, at Clapham. The text has often been brought to my memory: "He shall stand at the right hand of the door," &c. My father had just arrived from the country on a short visit, and on the following Lord's-day morning we went to the Surrey Tabernacle, and that was a most memorable day for us, especially to my dear father, who often alludes to it as a blessed time, and as the means of bringing his wandering spirit back, for he was converted many years ago, but had long been in a miserable back-sliding state, but that sermon about the gates of brass, and the bars of iron, broke off the fetters, melted his heart, and he has been a different man ever since; and you are esteemed by him very highly in love; he is proud of having your likeness hang in his cottage; and the precious sermons which are sent to him are a great source of delight and consolation to him: he hopes to hear you once more this next summer, as there is nothing like to be heard about where he lives: he walks ten miles to the Baptist Chapel, and then he says it is no better than milk and water. For myself I had never before heard such preaching; it was indeed suitable and delightful; darkness and doubt had veiled my mind, and drowned my head in tears; but I was brought out of much darkness into marvellous light; for I was favoured to hear you three following months while staying in town with a family, near Grosvenor square, and it was a rich harvest to my soul which had been hungering and thirsting for more than two years. The Surrey Tabernacle has been a Bethel to me, and is the dearest spot on earth, where the happiest hours of my life have been spent; there I received the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. You have been led many times to describe, and minutely detail my case and circumstances as I never heard, and I have wept to the praise of the mercy I have found, and have proved you to be a true prophet. I cannot describe the pleasure with which I have always heard you, and been instructed in righteousness. I believe my feelings have been akin to those of the queen of Sheba, when visiting Solomon. I did hope once I might have joined your church, which was the height of my ambition, but the Lord has ordered otherwise; I am a member of a church of your planting, or where you laid the foundation stone. It cost me many bitter tears to resign my will, and only to hear you occasionally. I am hoping for the pleasure of hearing you again at Clapham next Good Friday.

I send a small contribution towards the presentation to dear Mr. Banks, whom I have often deeply sympathized with. Would I could give more, but the Lord knows the willing mind, and will accept it; he knows

I love his people; and THE EARTHEN VESSEL is dear to me. It was in the April number, 1859, that I understood and embraced the Strict Baptist principles, in your Epistles to Theophilus on that subject, and it was that which brought me to hear you preach those truths, which you so ably contended for in the former letters on doctrinal points, which greatly interested me. I trust you will still continue to write in it, if even you are to change the subject.

I must beg your kind forbearance and pardon for taking such liberty; but as you have forgiven John worshipping the angel, I hope for forgiveness too,—as your face has been to me as the face of an angel of the Lord. I could say much more, but fear already I have trespassed on your time and patience. May the richest blessings be yours. I subscribe myself,

AN HUMBLE DISCIPLE.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

OUR NEW CHAPELS.

AND still we are building!—Wider yet the visible kingdom grows—and on every hand the voice is heard either more or less powerful. "I have set before you an open door, and no man can shut it." We rejoice in this. Our own neighbourhood has lately given birth to an ugly building, called a "Catholic chapel," and so thickly are we populated with the Romish children, that neither our tract distributors, nor our Sunday-school teachers dare approach one house in fifty. Dwelling in such a gloomy and discouraging atmosphere ourselves, we gladly look beyond these painful confines to scenes more refreshing; and to places where Protestantism is much more pure and powerful than it is with us.

That beautiful chapel built for the church and congregation worshipping in connection with the ministry of Mr. George Wright, of Beccles, was opened on what is called Good Friday. A sixpenny pamphlet, entitled, "The Branch of the Lord," has been issued by Mr. George Wright (and may be had at our offices), which contains a good report of the whole of that great movement. We shall notice Mr. Wright's pamphlet again.

Then we have a penny pamphlet, entitled "Historical Account of the Baptist Church assembling at Jireh New Chapel, East-road, City-road. Compiled from Authentic Records by the pastor, J. A. Jones. (This also may be had at our office.) To all who have, like us, an old-church-antiquarian bump, this penny pamphlet by Mr. Jones will be pleasantly edifying. It is a marvel in these days when hundreds of thousands are swept off ere they reach middle-age, to behold a man like J. A. Jones, who has been from pulpit and from press fighting hard for the maintenance of the great doctrines of grace, until he has reached over four-score years—and as though his holy and gracious Master would shew some striking sign of his approbation of his aged servant's labours, HE enables him, as the crowning and closing act

of a long life, to erect a new, a commodious, and a most substantial house of prayer, and to enter that new sanctuary under circumstances the most gratifying to all who sincerely sympathize with us and with Mr. Jones in the triumphs and trophies of the glorious gospel of Christ. On the opening day, Monday, April 29th, 1861, the fire came down: those servants of Christ appointed to do the work, brethren John Foreman, Samuel Milner, James Wells, William Palmer, John Pells, Samuel Ponsford, James Mules, LL.B., Thomas Chivers, John Webster, John Poynder, and John A. Jones himself, all were evidently under the sacred anointings of the Spirit, and did their work well. *The Gospel Times* for May 3rd, gave a neat review of the whole of the day's proceedings, and to that we refer our readers with perfect confidence. Before us is now lying the M.S.S., containing the substance of four sermons preached on the two first Lord's-days after the opening of Jireh New Chapel: by J. A. Jones; and will be printed in a number of *The New London Pulpit*. When we announce that these outlines of sermons are from the pen of Mr. Jones himself, we furnish the best evidence to prove that his mental and physical powers are still in fine working order. We shall refer again to these happy events.

THE ANNIVERSARY SEASON OF 1861.

To Samuel Foster, of Sturry, near Canterbury, Kent.

DEAR AFFLICTED BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I am now tight in an Eastern County railer, rolling home from Hadleigh Heath; you are on your bed—I hope praying to the Great Redeemer that his kingdom may still extend—his servants be more faithful and fruitful—and that all his saints may shout aloud for joy.

I feel ashamed that I have so long neglected you; but if you could see me day after day, running and working with brains and body, as hard as the little I have of either will allow, you would not long entertain hard thoughts of me. I never forget the debt of love I owe to you; you were the instrumental power in the Lord's hands of compelling me to go and hear George Abrahams, on that eventful Monday evening, in Jewry-street, when the Lord gave him that text for me, "Thou art more excellent and glorious than all the mountains of prey." That memorable night! I had concluded I was an out-cast indeed; I had all but resolved never to hear anymore. But you made me go, and from that evening, when the glorious Sun of Righteousness did so wonderfully shine into my soul with HEALING in his wings—I have never ceased to write and preach of HIM with all the words, and thoughts, and feelings I can muster.

One thing, dear Samuel, I much wish you to do before you die. Try and get your patient and praying wife to write from your memory, mind, and mouth, as full an account of the exercises of your heart that day touching myself as you can. Did you believe God would restore me? Did he enable you to pray much for me? Had you any special impressions leading you to take me to hear Mr. Abrahams that night? Did you hear that sermon with any power? Did you feel any hopes rise up that it was for me? Do you remember my going in and telling Mr. A. I knew it was for me? Did you not think me very bold? Have you ever seriously questioned whether the amazing work done and change produced that night was of the Lord for my soul's good, and for Zion's benefit? Oh, dear Sam, do think over, pray over, and answer these eight questions as fully as you can. The Lord permitting, I will see to it you shall have your reward. Let this solemn event be duly weighed, and faithfully described as soon as you can. There are many who stand high in Zion who never have received me—and not a few who have secretly stabbed me—and shut pulpits against me: but for nearly eighteen years now I have believed the Lord did it, and that he has sent me hither and thither to declare how full of love his heart is to pity—how strong his arm to raise the fallen—how rich his grace to heal and to help all who love to look and to lean upon him. Every year fresh doors are opening to me, and I desire to feel exceedingly thankful to the Almighty Lord God that some acceptance is still given me. I did not feel hurt when "The Gospel Standard" made that attack upon me about "*self-adulation*," &c., because I believe the Lord has given me a special work to do, and from pulpit and press, I am to bear testimony to his goodness

and his grace. The brethren of the higher school, those who consider themselves more clever than myself, they call this "twaddle," but then they have no need to read what they are pleased to call "The dirty Earthen Vessel;" they can go to heaven without that—and I can continue to preach the gospel, and to publish the truth (D.V.) without their patronage. They are much better men than myself, no doubt; but while they are honoured to walk in the higher and more remunerative circles, it is not becoming to look contemptuously upon a little boy who carries the basket of medicines where they are needed—especially when the Great Physician calls me to this mission. But now to let you see a little of Zion while on your bed you are compelled to lie, I send you a word or two descriptive of that which prevented my writing you before. I was to have preached in Exeter, Monday, April 22nd, but I was so unwell, and my duties and demands homeward so heavy, I could not get there; but on Tuesday, April 23rd, I arose about four, rode to Paddington, left by the train at six, and was travelling all that day, about 250 miles, reaching Plymouth in time to preach that evening in Mount Zion Chapel, Devonport. I had these words with me all day as I travelled, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." I had almost said, the Lord knew I was comfortless enough—conflicts within—heavy crosses without—and slander on every side, will make a man stoop; but, bless the Lord, I preached from those words in Mount Zion that evening; although the preacher was little—the text little—the sermon little—and my faith little, yet some were comforted—and all the week the words were true, the Lord did not leave me comfortless: in providence—in the pulpit—and in prayer I hope I may say, he did come to me. That blessed man of God, Mr. Joseph Greenslade, and his kind Christian wife, took me right into their house—gave me a room, a bed, a candle, a table to work on, and everything needful for the way. Their hearts and houses have been open to God's servants for many years; and the Lord does bless them in their work. Mount Zion is a noble chapel; Mr. Vaughan has it full; and REAL conversions to God (as I am informed) result from his ministry. On Wednesday, I wrote letters, and preached at night in Mr. Westlake's Chapel, in Pembroke-street, Devonport. I had a fresh anointing that night, and it abode with me several days: this was the text, "The law maketh men high-priests which have infirmity; but the word of the oath, which was since the law, maketh the Son, who is consecrated for evermore." I think the Lord is saying to Mr. Westlake, "Ye have staid long enough in this mount;" he is a good and faithful servant of Christ;

but another sphere, where simple, experimental truth is loved, would be more suitable for him. On Thursday evening, I preached in How Street, from "the God of hope;" and those good men, the brethren Westaway, Foot, and others, appeared exceedingly happy and pleasant. I shall always esteem them as honourable men in the house of God.

On Friday evening, we had a crowded congregation in New Passage Bethel, Devonport, where those devoted brethren Ford, Brewer, and King do unfurl the glorious banner of everlasting love to all the chosen tribes. I saw there a sister of the late W. Skelton: that blessed man's memory still is cherished. On Saturday I was ill, but we held a public meeting in the Temperance Hall, Devonport; we had a good audience; Mr. Vaughan, Mr. King, and myself spoke to the people: I hope good was done.

On Sunday, I was permitted to speak three times in How-street; and in the evening, the Lord filled the house, filled my heart with a deep sense of his love, and I can pray that many may be compelled to declare that God was with them to do them good. I felt such an overflowing love to the cause and the people, that I think I may say I never felt in Plymouth before; the kindness of the Lord and his people I never can declare as my heart could wish.

On Monday morning, I packed off to my work on the coast of South Devon, as described in the following note,—

MONDAY, APRIL 29th, 1861.

THIS morning I left my brother and sister Greenslade's hospitable dwelling—rode to Plymouth station, where that cheerful piece of humanity, Robert Bardons, whose face smiles with true Christian kindness, and whose hand is willing to help in every good work, was waiting to see me safely off. From the metropolis of the West, for the first time in my life, I had the honour of riding with that devoted man of God, the incumbent of Charles, Plymouth, the Rev. Mr. Doudney, but whose company I lost at Ivybridge, while I travelled on to Kingsbridge-road station, and from thence I travelled on by coach to the town of Kingsbridge, where a kind friend met me with a "pony and trap," and drove me on to Frogmore, where dinner was supplied by the "better half" of the clerk of the chapel, and the manager of the Slate Quarries in these parts. Onwards we then proceeded to "Ford Meeting," a large, and well built country chapel, within the walls of which we had more than 500 persons who had gathered together from ten or eleven surrounding villages, to hear the gospel of God's salvation. Let me say that the line of road from Kingsbridge station to Kingsbridge town, is magnificent and pleasing beyond all my

powers to describe: there nature sometimes lifts her noble head so high, and then again throws herself open in such copious valleys, and rising banks all piled up one after the other—that they quite invite you to come and revel with them—and with them sing,—
"The heavens declare the glory of God—the firmament sheweth his handywork;" and fruits, and fields, and floods, and rills, with flowers and fuzzy blossoms, all confirm that most expressive word, "I know the thoughts I think toward you,—thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

I will write again, please God. Very affectionately,
C. W. B.

[The Printers are compelled thus abruptly to break off this letter of the Editor's, to make room for other pressing matters. The remainder will be given in July number.]

GUILDFORD, SURREY.

THE services in connection with the public recognition of Mr. Cornelius Slim, as pastor of the Baptist Church, Barrack Field, were holden on Tuesday, April 9th, 1861. In the afternoon, Mr. P. Dickerson preached in the chapel, from the words recorded in 2 Cor. viii. 24, "Wherefore shew ye to them, and before the churches, the proof of your love." The sermon was full of wholesome doctrine and exhortation. Afterwards a goodly number of friends partook of tea. In the evening, one of the best meetings which has ever been held in Guildford in connection with the Baptist cause, took place in the Public Hall; many influential churchmen and Independents favouring us with their attendance. Mr. Slim presided, and opened the service by giving out a hymn, which was sung with considerable feeling; afterwards he read Psalm cxxii, and Mr. C. W. Banks implored the Divine blessing. Mr. Billing, one of the Deacons, then read the following address, which was listened to with marked attention,—

It is usual on occasions similar to the present to give a slight sketch of the origin of the church, the recognition of whose pastor is to take place. In the present instance, we have not to trace back through a series of years—to a period when our forefathers were hunted down as partridges upon the mountains—when, not only the loss of property, but even of life, was the penalty for conscientiously adhering to the simple ordinances and glorious truths of Christianity; for, be it remembered, no body of Christians has suffered so large an amount of persecution, as that which has been miscalled Anabaptist. And even in the present day we are frequently stigmatised by such epithets as "bigoted," "narrow-minded," "uncharitable," and even "heretical" because we adhere to the ordinances as they were delivered to the church, and refuse to alter them to meet the convenience and caprice of men; for notwithstanding the harsh names which are hurled at us,—baptism by immersion on a profession of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, is the only mode which is recognized by the word of God, our enemies themselves being judges, as could be proved from their writings were this the time or place to enter upon the subject. Suffice it, then, to say, the Baptised

Church of Christ, meeting at the Chapel in Barrack Field, originally consisted of a few persons who had left the Old Baptist Church, in this town, in the year 1837, and met in a room in Quarry-street, under the pastoral care of Mr. Oughton; on his leaving, in 1846, Mr. Spencer commenced preaching, and his testimony being received, a church was formed, and he was chosen pastor. Additions being made to this little company, they soon found the place too strait, and, therefore, made efforts to erect a more commodious one, where they might worship the God of their fathers. After some difficulty they succeeded in building the present humble structure, which was opened on June 6th, 1849, in which they now meet; for we will not conceal from you the fact that nearly the whole of the members consisted of that class which the apostle James declares God has chosen, namely, the poor of this world, but we trust rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God has promised to them that love him. On this lowly house of prayer there is still a debt, which we are endeavouring to pay off prior to our enlargement, and erection of a gallery for the accommodation of a Sunday School, which we purpose, with God's help, to carry out; and should our friends present be disposed to lend us a helping hand, we shall be pleased to receive their names, or contributions, at the close of this service. To resume,—Mr. Spencer remained pastor nine years, at the close of which period, considering he was called to labour in another part of Christ's vineyard, he sent his resignation of the pastorate to the church, who accepted it; and we were as sheep without a shepherd. The Lord, however, was still mindful of us, and sent continually men who were able to testify what they had known, felt, and handled of the good word of life. And here we would tender our public acknowledgment of thanks to our esteemed friend and brother Charles Waters Banks, who was the means of making known our necessity to ministers of truth, who came amongst us, and preached the unsearchable riches of Christ. We thus continued, till our friend and brother John Danes Wood wrote to one of the deacons, respecting Cornelius Slim, as a scribe well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom of God: after prayerful consideration, it was agreed that he should be invited to preach to us. He did so in the month of January, 1860; his testimony was received; and he was invited to come again in May, and again in August, when he was further invited to take the oversight of the church. To this he acceded, and commenced his labours amongst us as our pastor, on the first Lord's-day in October. The Lord has blessed his message. Four believers have been baptized and added to the church, which we trust are but the first-fruits of his husbandry, and that the Lord will make him a blessing to those around, that by him he may gather in his outcasts—that he may turn many from darkness to light—from the power of Satan to God.

This being ended, another hymn was sung, and Mr. Hall, of Clapham, spoke on the Distinctive Character of the Church of Christ; Mr. Dickerson, of London, on its Offices and Institutes; Mr. G. Wyard, of Deptford, its Vocation and Duties; and Mr. C. W. Banks, its Extension and Prospects. These addresses were deeply interesting: the ordinances of God's house were set forth in a kind, forcible, and scriptural manner, and without in the least degree compromising our Bible principles, in a loving spirit to those who, in this particular, hold not the whole truth as revealed in God's word. It would have been pleasing to have given a summary of these addresses if space would allow. The meeting broke up shortly after nine o'clock, as some of our friends were desirous of return-

ing to London by the last train. A collection was made after the evening service towards a fund for erecting a gallery in the chapel, for the accommodation of a Sunday School, which, with God's help, the church are desirous of carrying on—which was liberally responded to; and thus closed a day memorable in the annals of the church at Barrack Field. And may the Lord in mercy cause his rain to descend, and make the seed sown fructify and produce a rich harvest to his honour and glory; and he shall have the praise.

GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK.—MY DEAR BROTHER.—Through the merciful favour of our God, we are enabled to send you an account of the onward progress of our little cause here. On Sabbath-day, the 7th instant, we again assembled on our favoured spot, near Glemsford bridge, to trouble the waters that irrigate the Storm valley. The morning was beautifully fine, though rather cold, and gave occasion again for the remark that we can always have a fine day when we like to ask for it: while this is uttered as a taunt, yet we accept it with thankfulness to God, as it acknowledges he is a God that heareth and answereth prayer. In consequence of ill health I was again obliged to obtain the services of my good brother, Mr. George Whorlow to baptize for me, which service he cheerfully rendered. I addressed the assembled multitude, more than 2000, from Acts xviii. 8, to which great attention was paid. After that, one of the candidates addressed the audience; this dear brother some ten years since resided in my house at Crawborough, and conducted my British school; the Lord having blessed his soul, and by my ministry, his mind had been led into the doctrine, experience, and practical requirements of the gospel, he after ten years was impelled to desire a place among us, and to publicly put on Christ by baptism. Our good brother is generally employed in preaching in the locality in which his lot is cast, and as he himself expressed, he felt he ought to be baptized by the instrument God had blessed him through. My good brother Whorlow then baptized three males and four females. Considering the number of people, and their mixed character, there was great decorum. In the afternoon our dear friends were received into the church. Our chapel was densely crowded; the service was very solemn, especially the addresses to each newly baptized member, after which the ordinance of the Lord's supper was administered. In the evening our newly baptized brother preached to a crowded congregation from "Rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Thus ended a day of mercies, which we hope will not soon nor easily be forgotten. Thus the Lord has added 29 to our little body by baptism since our formation in December, 1859. We have yet many hovering round, but fear holds them back; and we love to see the work of grace pretty clearly manifested ere we press them to come in. You are aware, my dear brother, that a long, serious illness last summer brought me very low. I have never recovered from that. It is very evident to all who know me, that my strength is not equal to the position I occupy; and the very limited resources of my poor people will not allow me those things which have become necessary for my delicate state. I had serious thoughts of resigning my pastorate, but I could not bear the idea of leaving the post where God was so manifestly blessing my poor labours. On Sabbath day last (the 14th instant), I felt very unwell, but went and opened the school in the morning, and read and expounded Acts 19th. I was wrestling with God in prayer, when my speech failed, my mouth was drawn aside, my face and side strangely benumbed. I made three efforts to speak before I could give utterance to a word; my

Dear people were alarmed. It was a fit of paralysis. As soon as I could speak I begged them not to be alarmed; but my dear Lord mercifully interposed; it gradually went off; they sung a hymn; my mind was so solemnly calm I thought it was the messenger come to call me home; but no! My dear friends could not persuade me to leave the pulpit. My mind had been prayerfully wrestling on Eph. ii. 10, and I made an attempt to go on, but rather incoherently; but in the afternoon the Lord helped me, and I think we shall not forget the scene, nor the day; the Lord had powerfully manifested his blessing in our midst. It has left me in a strange state of weakness, but I am spared, but feel that unless a change takes place, my days will be very soon closed, but I long to labour till my Lord come. This is my prayer, if the Lord will. Your's

JONATHAN MOSE.

A LETTER FROM MR. CAUGHTREY,

OF

EATON BRAY.—MY DEAR BROTHER, In October, 1835, I sent you a few lines, telling you how good the dear Lord had been to a few poor sinners who form a part of the one church in God—at least, I hope we do; nothing, I am sure, less than infinite mercy and almighty love, could have made us so; the Lord has done great things for us,—his dear name be eternally praised. In the few lines referred to above, I spoke of the increase of twenty-one; I also told you I expected as many more; and if I had the privilege of realizing my expectation, would write again. I have several times been reminded of my promise, but it being altogether conditional, have had to wait until the great Angel of the everlasting covenant, who moves the heart and troubles the waters, put his hand again the second time to the work. This having taken place, I now feel at liberty to communicate the glad and joyful tidings of sinners saved by the blood of the Lamb: thirty-one more have been added—the greater part of whom gave a very blessed testimony of God's matchless love and inimitable grace to their souls,—making altogether fifty-two. I am happy to say too, that I have no reason whatever to doubt but that their names are written in the Lamb's book of life; and God grant that there may never be any more reason to doubt that at present. I feel my heart going up to the great Shepherd of Israel continually for their preservation. I have espoused them to one Husband; I want to present them as a chaste virgin to Christ; and O may the Eternal Spirit keep them unspotted in their lives, and unblemished in their character, till their glorious and endless Lover shall call them from this vale of tears to the tearless regions of unending day. I thank my God on every remembrance of them, making mention of them daily in my prayers. Two out of the thirty-one were seventy-four when baptised. The old man reminds me of old Simon; he has pretty near always got a "bless the Lord" on his lips; he waits, hoping soon to hear his Master call him from the sorrows of the wilderness to the joys of the eternal Canaan. The old woman reminds me of Anna, the prophetess. She loves to talk about the precious blood of Christ. She has thought about Jesus Christ ever since she was about thirteen years old, but never saw sin to be so exceeding sinful till she heard me speak from those words, "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." She says her precious Lord gets better and better. And is it not so, my brother? Who that knows him, will say he gets worse? How encouraging the testimony of such dear old saints; Satan often tells us young ones what a miserable journey we shall have of it; that the Lord will get tired of us; that we shall slip here and tumble there; that we shall disgrace our profession, and reproach the blessed and adorable name of Jesus, and be like salt which has lost its savour, fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of man,—which seems very reasonable when we turn our eyes within; I am sure there are times when I feel to be nothing but sin; upon the back of which Satan preaches a very plausible sermon, which makes me

cry out, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" But, O, how kind our precious Lord is: while craving his Divine protection, one day, not long since, these words came with such a sacred sweetness I shall not soon forget, "The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought;" and soon after these words, "Moreover there shall be peace and truth in thy days." You will not doubt my word when I say, these precious portions made me feel very happy: the first I thought was for me, the second for me and my dear people together. It brought to mind other portions equally as sweet and precious—breathed into the soul in past days by the same blessed Spirit; such as, "The Lord is thy keeper;" "The Lord is thy shade;" "Lo, I am with you always;" "The Lord is thy rearward;" and "My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." These act upon the mind as Elijah's heaven-sent meal did upon his body—they make us strong to travel through this howling wilderness. I derive comfort from the thought, that the Lord knows the nature of our journey, the number of our trials, and the strength of our foes; our journey may be rough, but we have come thus far by the help of God; and by the same help, hope to continue pressing forward; the number and nature of our trials may be such as flesh cannot relish, but "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Our foes may be desperate and determined, but whose toucheth thee toucheth the apple of mine eye. The sword of vengeance is wielded by the arm of omnipotence against all our enemies, whether they be profane and reproachful Shimeis, or creeping, treacherous Abithophels. Paul cites a host of trials in 2 Cor. xi., through which he passed, and took pleasure in them, because they were for Christ's sake; he had sharp trials, but he had remarkable joys: caught up into the third heaven, to see his great mansion, and to hear the blissful sounds of the Hallelujah world, which could not possibly be uttered by mortal tongues—"There, Paul, you see the nature of this world, you hear what they sing and talk about; those glorified immortals will be thy everlasting companions; these plains of gold will be thy eternal residence; there stands thy crown, sparkling with ineffable glory, but it won't fit you yet; you must go and have a few more stripes. There stands thy throne—unshaken shall it stand, and wear its present glory through heaven's endless day; but you could not enjoy it so well yet as you will after you have borne the cross a little further; you must be sneered at a little more, and ridiculed for preaching those high and glorious doctrines of distinguishing grace; the opposition you will meet with from profane and profane, but more particularly from the former, will make you have a few more sighs, and vent out a few more groans; and this will make you sing as sweet and as loud as these my sons, some of which have passed through seas of blood to reach their crowns; and if you were to ask them, whether they would have liked to have come any other way, you would find their answer to have been, 'No.'" Then Paul comes back, and tells us, "For him to live is Christ, and to die is gain." And though he knew it would be better to depart and to be with Christ, yet he saw it necessary for the church's sake to stay a little longer. I wish I was more like Paul,—as willing to live and suffer with Christ, as to die to gain the glory and the crown. The time came when Paul's work was done; and there seems such a majesty in those words, as he stood on the shores of time and uttered them, "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith; I have finished my course with joy; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all them that look for his appearing." And now time farewell, a martyr-crown awaits me; I am wanted in the world of light to swell the song among the ransomed. Farewell sorrow, sin, and Satan! Farewell cross! Farewell thorn; you have been the means of keeping me very humble—but I am glad

to leave thee! I am going where neither pride or the devil can reach me. Farewell, old body of death; you have made me feel very wretched a good many times—there is no room for thee in the country to which I am bound; the time is come for this tabernacle in which I have so long groaned, to be dissolved; go thou to thy native soil, to thy mother dust—till heaven's trump shall bid thee wake from thy slumbers. I leave thee a corruptible body—but thou art to be changed and made incorruptible; thou art now mortal, but immortality awaits thee; thou art now natural, but soon shall be made spiritual—weak, but soon shall be made powerful—dishonourable, but shall soon be raised in glory. Adieu, ye hosts of misery. Welcome, welcome, light, life, day, joys, friends, harps, thrones, crowns, robes, palms, songs, and hallelujahs eternal. Welcome fadeless, dimless, deathless glory—inconceivable and unutterable. The thought of these things make us sometimes say,—

“ I would not here for ever stay,
Lingering the mournful hours away;
With scarce a friend, save one above,
The sinner's Friend, whose name is Love;
Fain would my soul his glory see—
Who lived, and loved, and died for me.”

But just a word in conclusion. As a church we have peace and prosperity; these are great favours for which I trust we are very thankful. May our blessed Lord continue it. Two that I baptized, a mother and daughter, are now baptized in glory; they lived well and died well; the mother sang in her dying hours,

“ Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.”

Oh, how I grieved to part with them, and yet rejoiced at their happy departure, and said,

“ Oh, let me die, for death is gain,
And life is loss, and sin is pain—
And heaven is pure, and praise is sweet,
And bliss is found at Jesu's feet,
And time's a shadow; let me die,
And rise to immortality.”

The Lord bless you, dear brother, with the whole Israel of God, is the prayer of your unworthy brother,
Eaton Bray. A. CAHOUREY.

May 13th, 1861.

WANDSWORTH.—An interesting service was held at the Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth, on Thursday evening, April 18th, 1861. A few friends at Wimbledon, a village between two and three miles from Wandsworth, having united themselves into a church according to Gospel order, applied to the friends of the above place, for the use of their pool, to baptise four candidates seeking union with them, and desiring to put on Christ by a public profession of his name. The Wandsworth friends kindly responded to their application, and as they likewise were about to baptise five candidates, it was arranged that the nine should be baptised at one service. Accordingly, on the above evening, the Wimbledon friends came in an omnibus, and at half-past six the service commenced, the chapel at that time being filled to overflowing. Brother Snow, the pastor of the infant church at Wimbledon, ascended the pulpit, and after singing a suitable hymn, read two or three verses of the 3rd chapter of Matthew bearing upon the baptism of the Saviour, then offered up a fervent supplication for the blessing of a Triune Jehovah upon all present—especially on those who were about to follow their Lord. Another hymn was then sung, and the Wimbledon Pastor rose to preach his first baptising sermon, founding his remarks on the Lord's words to Moses, as recorded in Exodus xxv. 40. He was led to speak in a concise and suitable manner on the occasion, and I trust the Lord may often afford him an opportunity of thus vindicating that despised ordinance, by granting him many seals to his ministry, and enabling him to lead them through the baptismal

waters into the church. After our brother had finished his discourse, Mr. Ball, the respected pastor of the Church at Wandsworth, standing at the edge of the pool, with the four females on his right hand, and the five males on his left, gave a short address upon the union of Christ and the Church, mingled with encouragement and counsel to the candidates, and congregation; he then offered a short prayer, and proceeded into the pool amidst the solemn silence of the vast assemblage of spectators; the candidates were each baptised by him in the name of a Triune Jehovah; he then came up out of the water, and after a few words to the congregation, thanking them for their attention and the very orderly manner in which they had conducted themselves, Brother Snow offered up the concluding prayer and benediction, and the people quietly retired,—thus closing one of the most interesting services ever held at Wandsworth. I cannot but hope much good may result from the services of that evening. One person has since offered himself to the church for baptism, and membership. May many more be influenced to do likewise.
Wandsworth, May 8, 1861. VERMIS.

BATH.—DEAR SIR, Having had the pleasure of visiting my old and tried friends—the brethren and sisters in Christ at Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Bath, on the 4th of the present month, I was delighted to hear that on the next morning twenty-two persons were to be baptised, in the river Avon—all having previously given a satisfactory statement to the church of their conversion to God, through Mr. John Huntley, their beloved pastor. On the morning of that holy and sacred day, after a delightful prayer meeting, at which numbers attended, the Pastor, friends, and candidates, met on the banks of the river, where many thousands had already assembled to witness the solemn ordinance. Mr. Huntley (of Limpley Stoke, brother of Mr. John Huntley, the Bath pastor,) addressed the immense multitude in a suitable and solemn manner. After this, the Pastor, Mr. John Huntley, baptised the candidates, two of whom were sons of the deacons. This closed the service at the river. Mr. Huntley, Sen., (father of the two above mentioned,) preached at the Chapel in the morning from Mark xvi. 15, to a large congregation: his remarks were very pointed, and full of truth; many felt it good to be there. In the afternoon, the newly-baptised candidates, with seventeen others who had been previously dismissed from other churches, were received into the church: making a total increase of thirty-nine. The Pastor addressed each individually, and in a brief and concise manner spoke of their privileges as members of Christ, united together in him their living head. The Lord's Supper was then administered to about one-hundred and eighty persons. Many hundreds were present, some of whom found it a time of refreshing. In the evening, Mr. J. Huntley (the pastor) preached from Gen. xxiv. 31, “Come in thou blessed of the Lord,” &c., pointing out in a sweet and blessed manner, the character and the blessings with which God doth bless his people in the various stages of their experience. The chapel was crowded. On the following day, the members drank tea together at the chapel. After tea, the collecting cards which had been issued a few weeks previous, to raise a fund for repairing the chapel, were brought in, when more than £50 was realized—the announcement was received with surprise and gratitude, and the friends rose and sang heartily,

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

Then, after many expressions of gratitude, love, and affection, the meeting separated. The chapel will be closed for four Sabbaths, for repairing and cleansing; during which time the friends propose meeting at different places for prayer, that God would yet more abundantly bless the labours of their Pastor in the conversion of many precious souls. Your obedient servant,

Wilton, May 8, 1861.

WILLIAM SELF.

SAXMUNDHAM.—On Tuesday, April 9th, John Pells preached two sermons in the Baptist Chapel, Saxmundham. The chapel was filled, and it was a season of rejoicing and refreshing from the presence of the Lord to many who were there. About one hundred and eighty sat down to tea; after which the collectors gave in their moneys towards the purchase, improvement, and enlargement of the chapel; and a public statement was made of our financial position in reference to that object. The report shewed, that, apart from £95 which one of the deacons had given, about £50 had been collected by the friends and pastor. About £140 is still required to complete the purchase, which by the blessing of our God, we hope to procure. We are thankful to say the Lord is still with us, doing great things for us, whereof we are glad. During the past ten months, sixteen have been added to the Church. We hope to baptise again this month.

IPSWICH.—On Lord's-day, April 28th, the thirty-second anniversary of Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, was held, when Mr. Bloomfield preached, evidently under Divine unction, to a house literally packed full of anxious hearers; and, although he laboured in much pain of body and depression of spirit, he never preached better, nor was he ever more profitably heard. We doubt not great good to himself and to many of the household of faith will result from his sanctified affliction. Our collections were good, amounting to £18. To our good Lord be all the praise. Amen.

May 15th, 1861.

T. Pooock.

From a Correspondent at Ipswich, we are favoured with the following:

On Lord's day, May 5th, eleven persons were baptised in Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, by Mr. T. Pooock. The chapel contained a thousand truly solemn witnesses to this delightful ordinance, and it was remarked such evident stillness was not often seen, nor such visible feeling among spectators generally known. The candidates expressed great delight and joy in their saving Lord, rejoicing in his work, word, and way.

CLERKENWELL.—MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, CHADWELL STREET.—The above place of worship having been closed for considerable repairs, since Lord's day, May the 12th, will, the Lord willing, be re-opened on Lord's day, June 9th, upon which occasion three sermons will be preached, those in the morning and evening by Mr. Hazelton, minister of the place, and that in the afternoon, by Mr. S. Milner, of Kepple Street. Services to commence at 11, 3, and 6.30. We hope to see upon this occasion some of our kind friends from sister churches, not only to assist us in a temporal point of view, but with us to join in magnifying the Lord, for his great and perpetual mercies bestowed upon us as a Church and people. The Lord has, and still is, greatly blessing the word in our midst, not only to feed, comfort, and edify those who have believed, but also in gathering in from the ruins of the fall many precious souls: the increase has been a steady and constant one for the last nine years, so that the little feeble one which commenced in prayerful dependence upon the Great Head of the Church, and under, as we hope and believe, his gracious leadings with thirty-six members, now numbers upwards of 300 persons. What hath our God wrought! To him be all the praise and glory.

HAYES.—The second anniversary of the pastoral settlement of Mr. J. Griffith over the church, Salem Chapel, Hayes, took place on Monday, May 13th. In the afternoon brother Wyard, sen., preached a good sermon, after which a large company sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was holden. Brother J. Smith having implored the divine blessing, Mr. G. expressed his

regret at the absence of his beloved late pastor, Mr. Bloomfield, through painful affliction, and hoped the friends would not fail to give him an interest in their prayers that the Lord would restore him to the enjoyment of health. He had also to regret the absence of his dear brother Pells, who would have liked to have been there, but was detained by bereaving Providence, and was that day seeking a grave for his departed child. Mr. Griffith stated that the past year had been one of peace, that he was still living in the affections of his people; during the year a gallery had been erected, the congregation was good, and that he had left all business matters, and was able to devote the whole of his time to his ministerial work, and that they had abundant cause for thankfulness. Addresses were delivered by brother J. Brunt, on "Visibility of Grace," E. Hunt, on "Progressive Life," and J. Parsons, on "Oneness in Christ." A few remarks from the chairman on "Labour of Love," a hymn was sung, and the friends separated.

DORSET SQUARE.—MOUNT ZION, HILL STREET.—On Lord's-day evening, April 28th, our pastor had the gratification of immersing nine believers in the Lord Jesus Christ; five females (one of them for the church now supplied by brother T. Higban), and four males, one at the age of fourteen, whose testimony before the church was of the most pleasing and decided character. Our brother's subject was the Bereans searching the Scriptures to be satisfied concerning the truth of what they heard. This is evidential of true nobility and sincerity. What God hath commanded, the Spirit taught, believers will obey. We are expecting shortly to repeat this expressive ordinance. W. H.

LONDON ROAD.—GARDEN ROW CHAPEL, May 20th, 1861.—To Mr. Banks, dear servant of the Lord.—On the close of the Sabbath-day, April 28th, our esteemed servant of the Lord, Mr. Cooper, was suddenly afflicted in his way to his apartment with a paralytic stroke, and from that time he has lain on his bed, and what little nourishment he has taken has been given him like a child. He is deprived of all strength in his right side; and has almost lost his speech. I must request of you in the EARTHEN VESSEL, to inform your esteemed Christian friends there will not be any tea-meeting at Jireh Chapel, Garden Row, next month. Yours,

GEORGE WOOD, Senior Deacon.

The medical gentlemen that have attended him can give us no hopes of his life.

BEDMOND.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Our anniversary was held on Tuesday, May 7th; our highly esteemed brother Wells preached two sermons to crowded congregations in the afternoon; his text was Isaiah vi, 13; in the evening from Isaiah xl. 4. We had a good day, and I trust some good was done among the ministering brethren. We noticed Mr. Cook, of Luton, Mr. Wise, of Carmel, Pimlico, Mr. Fisk, of Chipperfield, Messrs. Cartledge and Figg, of Redburn, Mr. North, Mr. Rickett and Mr. Oakley. Brother Wells seemed to enjoy great liberty and freedom in holding forth the word of life. I am, yours truly in the truth,

H. HUTCHINSON.

RYARSH, KENT.—Mr. J. Inward's pastorate at Ryarsh, Kent, will terminate the 12th of August; but the church is willing for him to accept any call previous to that date, should such, in the providence of God, occur; he therefore is ready and willing to supply any church destitute of a pastor from henceforth. Address, Mr. J. Inward, Constitution Hill, Snodland, Rochester, Kent.

[We have heard from all quarters where Mr. Inward has preached of his acceptance and usefulness

Another field will be instrumental in more fully developing the powers our God has given him. It is next to impossible for a man to labour the entire week through, and yet be well prepared for ministerial duties on the Lord's-day.—Ed.]

CRANSFORD, May 13th, 1861.—My Dear Brother Banks, The church at Cransford, under my pastorate, being in such a divided state, and seeing no prospect of its being otherwise, I have felt it my duty to resign my office, which I did last Lord's-day, May 12th, at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. My labours will cease here on the first Lord's-day in October, which will complete my eleventh year in this place. During this time, many souls have been gathered into the fold of Christ; a heavy debt liquidated; and there are many warm-hearted souls I shall have to part from for a season. I shall be at liberty to supply any destitute church during the interval. I am of the same faith and order as advocated in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. Address, Mr. John Baldwin, Baptist Minister, Cransford, Wickham Market, Suffolk.

LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK.—The Lord is still with us. The Holy Spirit still blesses the labours of our pastor, Mr. R. E. Sears. Lord's-day morning, April 14th, he was favoured to baptize

eight believers in Christ, also four on Sabbath morning, May 12th. Our prayer is that we may yet see greater things.

Queries and Answers.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to ask J. Sewell (to whom you were so liberal as to allow a whole column of your valuable space), what he may mean by what he has written? Really, it is more easy to be prolix than to be precise, yet it would have been much better if J. S. had taken time instead of space, and so had been more precise instead of most prolix.

I understand him to ask just so many questions as I here set down, First—Is Baptism a Church ordinance? My classification will take in his fourth question, "into the end." And then No. 2 shall be his first, second, and third—"If Baptism be a church ordinance," &c., &c.

Will Mr. J. Sewell be kind enough to affirm or deny the first question? If he will do so, that is, which soever he please, I will then shew by his own words how his "Secondly" can be answered. Waiting Mr. Sewell's reply, I am, dear Sir, your's truly.
Colnbrook. J. BAUNT.

May 8th, 1861.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN KERSHAW BY THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT ZOAR CHAPEL, LONDON,

AND

MR. KERSHAW'S SUBSEQUENT DISSOLUTION OF THAT CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *EARTHEN VESSEL*.

DEAR BROTHER,—As the *VESSEL* is the only periodical commanding a large circulation amongst the churches of truth to which we have access, may we, being a portion of the Church at Zoar Chapel, beg the favour of your publishing the following letter addressed to Mr. Kershaw by us, previous to his commencing to supply our pulpit this month, with a few of the particulars of our last Church-meeting:—

"London, April 30th, 1861.

"DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—At our Church-meeting, held on Wednesday evening, April 17th, it was proposed, after we had vainly attempted to settle the business then before the Church, that the meeting be adjourned to Wednesday, May 8th, and that you be desired by the Deacons to preside at the adjourned meeting; but we, whose names are hereunto attached (twenty-four members and one Deacon), think that previous to your coming, we as members of the Church at Zoar, ought to give you an outline of the business that will be brought before you, and the position in which we are placed by the unchristian conduct and overhearing spirit of Mr. Lake when conducting the business of the Church.

"We will, in the first place, give you a few particulars of the three last Church-meetings we have held, for your consideration. The first, on Dec. 11th, when brother Gladwin, 'a privaté member,' proposed the resolution, since sent you by Mr. Lake, and published in the *Gospel Standard*, but the Church not being aware of his intentions, were taken by surprise, and there being no time allowed to discuss its merit, it was carried, thirty voting for it, and only two against it; the others remaining neutral. It was then proposed that a copy of the resolution containing their newly adopted views of faith, should be sent to each of the ministers supplying our pulpit, but to no one else; and instead of complying with their own arrangement, not to make it public, two of the Deacons, Messrs. Lake and Marnack had a quantity printed, and placed them in the pews and galleries of the chapel, for the use of the congregation, thereby inviting them to discuss the business of the Church. As we do not approve of their newly adopted faith, nor Mr. Lake's violation of the privilege of his office, we issued a printed document, containing our views of faith, and which we believe to be in accordance with the revealed word of God and the experience of his family, a

copy of which we now enclose for your perusal.

"On January 11th, our quarterly Church-meeting was held, when it was proposed to confirm the proceedings of the former one, held on the 11th Dec., and for that purpose Mr. Lake had thirteen letters from different ministers, which he read, to confirm them in their new views, and by intimidating the members by compelling each that were opposed to them to give their names, refusing to take a show of hands, and making use of the denunciations of Mr. Gladwin, he positively asserting that they were trampling underfoot the Son of God, committing blasphemy, and denying the Holy Ghost, daring them at their peril to hold up their hands against it. They succeeded, and gained a majority of eight, twenty-nine voting for, and twenty-one against the resolution; many being so grieved with the treatment they received, that they quietly walked out without voting.

"On the 17th of this month our usual quarterly meeting was held, when it was proposed by Mr. Gladwin and sanctioned by the two Deacons before-named, that the twenty-one members who voted against their faith should be immediately withdrawn from, and that they be not allowed to have a vote or permitted to raise their voice against such a flagrant act of injustice, notwithstanding they have enjoyed every privilege of Church membership until the present time.

"In opposition to Mr. Gladwin's proposition, it was proposed in the shape of an amendment, that for the future the Church and not the Deacons exclusively, should have the choice of all ministers to supply the pulpit, and that Mr. Crowther be desired to fulfil his engagement, and that he be invited to fill the next vacancy. Now, brother Kershaw, you know that amendments take precedence over an original motion; but Mr. Lake, being chairman, refused to put it to the meeting, and we objected to their motion being put first; consequently the meeting was adjourned, as before stated, until you come. We are willing to stand or fall by our amendment, and all we want you to do is to preside and act impartially in the fear of God between both parties, seeing justice done to both.

"We now wish to give you a brief outline of our objections to their new views, that you may have some idea of the ground we stand upon. First it was not according to Church order for a private member to bring a proposition into the Church to alter any views of faith, or reverse the rules of the Church, without the consent of the deacons, thereby taking the Church by surprise and introducing a new faith to the Church which has not a 'Thus saith the Lord' for

its authority. Secondly, we consider it a great presumption and a violation of the office of deacon for Mr. Lake to circulate such a document as their proposition amongst the congregation, in opposition to the express wishes of the Church. Thirdly, Mr. Gladwin said it is revealed to their souls by the Holy Ghost and in the written word of God, but he has not told us where to find it in the written word, neither has he told us where it is recorded in the word of truth that our glorious Christ ever was the Eternal Son of God in his Divine nature, independent of his bride, the Church; but we believe Mr. Philipot's *Gospel Standard* was the bright luminary that enlightened his mind, and not the unerring word of divine truth. If the Sonship of our dear Almighty Lord stands in his Divine nature as the only true and proper Son, exclusive of his human nature, does it not make him beneath the Father, instead of equal with him as self-existent in the one incomprehensible Jehovah? But we believe him to be self-existent and eternal, equal with the Father and the Holy Ghost; and that he was the first-born head and representative of his Church in the eternal covenant of grace, and that all the endearing names and characters that he bears is for the comfort and encouragement of his dear people; but the incarnate mystery of our dear Lord we wish to leave with our gracious God, to whom it belongs; but Mr. Gladwin, borrowing the language of Dr. Watts, says that our precious Christ sits at his Father's right hand, clothed in a body like our own; but the word of eternal truth says that our bodies shall be changed like unto his glorious body, and that by the mighty power of our God. Our glorious Christ has been made too endearingly precious to our souls for us to speak lightly of him and his precious person, and we believe he has made you too tender in his fear to sell us for thirty pieces of silver, to please the fancies of a would-be oracle in the position of an editor. Hoping you will give this your prayerful consideration, and that the dear Lord may guide you by his fear to act in accordance with his revealed truth,

"We remain, dear Brother,

"Your's in the bonds of the gospel,

"A PART OF THE CHURCH AT ZOAR CHAPEL,
LONDON."

[The foregoing letter was received by Mr. Kershaw with twenty-five signatures.]

On Friday evening, May 10th, the Church meeting was held, Mr. Kershaw not being able to attend on the Wednesday evening, as was agreed at the meeting held on the 17th of April. On this occasion Mr. Kershaw presided, and commenced the business by an address to the Church, directing his

remarks most pointedly at us, comparing us to several parties who had at different times left the Church, asserting that none had ever prospered. He then read portions of several hymns and two or three portions of God's word, commenting as he read, and putting his own constructions so as to suit the views of our opponents, and which we did not consider in accordance with our views as recorded in the unerring word of truth. It was then proposed by Mr. Brown, a private member, one of our opponents, that no minister be allowed to enter the pulpit at Zoar, and that no deacon hold office in the Church, nor any person be allowed to remain a member, that did not entirely agree with the proposition as it was published in the *Gospel Standard* in January last. In opposition to that we proposed as an amendment, that the pulpit be kept open to all the ministers that had supplied for us, and that Mr. Crowther be desired to fulfil his engagement, and that he be invited to supply us in turn with all the other ministers, and that no reference be made to the controversy, so that none should be excluded on that ground, that peace may be restored, and the controversy cease amongst us. Our amendment was read to the Church three times by desire of Mr. Kershaw, when he called for a show of hands, and when counted forty-four were held up for us out of seventy-three members present, giving us a majority of fifteen. Mr. Kershaw, seeing the majority was against him, told us we did not know what we were doing, when one and all of us, male and female, assured him we did; but he persisted that we did not. We then called upon him to put their proposition, but instead of doing so he shouted out that all was done wrong, and that as Chairman he would dissolve the Church. Against such a violent act of injustice we strongly protested, and being in the majority we expected to be listened to, when we were told by Mr. Brown that if we had double the number on our side it would avail us nothing, for if we did not choose to submit to their proposition the doors would be locked against us. One more circumstance we wish to name—it is this. An influential female friend that gave us great encouragement at the commencement of the controversy, promising us to stand by us, telling us that the chapel should not be taken from us, at the same time expressing a hope that the Lord would be with us; she was asked by one of the deacons for a note from her to read to the Church, expressing what we have stated above, she replied, "A verbal message is sufficient," at the same time stating that if Mr. Crowther was not admitted into that pulpit, if he came to London, she would hear him elsewhere. Two witnesses

were present, members of the Church, who heard the message given to the deacon to convey to the Church, but she now denies ever giving the message; consequently the deacon named is branded as a liar by the opposing party. This contention and confusion has been introduced amongst us through the doctrine of Eternal Generation, advocated in *The Gospel Standard* (and not from the Bible), and for our opposing it we are now unceremoniously turned out of the Church where some of us have been members for twenty years. We now believe the same as we always have believed, in the Eternal Deity of our glorious Christ, believing him to be the Son of God; and for this we are persecuted, called servants and vipers, and falsely accused of wishing to introduce Arianism and Socinianism to the Church, Mr. Kershaw declaring we wanted a fresh system of things. We hope that every Particular Baptist Minister in the kingdom, and the deacons of Baptist Churches, will peruse these lines, and communicate to you, dear Editor, their views of the treatment we have received from Mr. Kershaw, assisted by the minority of the friends at Zoar, for we believe there is not another Baptist Minister in the kingdom that professes to preach a Free Grace Gospel, would act as he has done. On Lord's-day last, Mr. Kershaw announced from the pulpit, that those that had left had withdrawn themselves, which statement is in direct opposition to his assertion at the Church meeting, when he declared the Church dissolved, thereby turning us all out.

Signed on behalf of our brethren and sisters,

SAMUEL MILLS, *Deacon*.
 ABRAHAM FREY, *Member*.
 SAMUEL BAYLEY, *Member*.
 S. BAILEY, *Member*.
 WILLIAM RAYMENT, *Member*.
 JOHN CLARKE.
 THOMAS COOPER.

London, May 24th, 1861.

[We cannot but express the deep regret we feel at the most unscriptural and unwarrantable conduct as related above. For many years we have loved and esteemed Mr. Kershaw; but how he could lend himself to an act so cruel and un-Christlike we cannot understand but upon one principle. We always feel bound to take the side of the oppressed and injured; therefore to call up the sympathies and prayers of the real Christian people in our Churches on behalf of the persecuted out-casts from Zoar, we give the above this month. Fuller particulars and comments in our next.—Ed.]

"THE EARTHEN VESSEL" GREAT MEETING IN LONDON, MAY 21, 1861.

TRAVELLING from Little Stonham this morning, Thursday, May 23, my little soul was softened into a sense of gratitude by seeing how narrowly I escaped falling between the cart and the wheel while hastily getting up after walking up one of the hills. We were hurrying on as fast as possible in order to catch "the express to London;" and in order to relieve the pony a little, I ran up one hill. On remounting, I nearly slipt my hold; if I had, right on to the rolling axle I must have fallen; and the consequences of which I cannot define. The driver was so intent on pushing on, he never saw it. I sat down on the seat, and at a fast speed we flew on; but to my mind came those words of Watts, with a soul-softening savour,

"Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital flood;
Appeased stern Justice on the-tree,
And then arose to God.
Petitions now and prayers may rise,
And saints their offerings bring;
THE PRIEST, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King."

How often to myself did I repeat those words, "'Twas well, my soul!" Having safely reached the rail, and being seated, I feel a strong desire to address a few lines to all those kind friends who subscribed to, and aided in, "The Presentation by Mr. James Wells of a Token of Esteem for Sixteen Years' Labour in endeavouring to serve the cause of Truth through the medium of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and other works expository of Gospel Truth, of Christian Experience, and of the State of our Churches throughout the World." To every one of those real friends—to my brother Mr. James Wells and his congregation, who subscribed so liberally—to my hard-working friends, Richard Channen, James Cox, Robert Banks, H. Philcox, W. Pearce, and that large body of friends who worked with amazing zeal and skill, in order faithfully to carry out all the services, and to meet all the necessities of the immense multitude who thronged our chapel that day—to the Rev. John Waters Banks (of the Church of England, my own loving brother), and all the excellent clergymen of the Church of England who so generously subscribed—to my own ministerial brethren, a very large number of whom came to the meeting, subscribed to the object, and addressed the friends—to one and all—even to that good friend who sent one farthing—I say to every one, pray believe me most anxious to show unto you the sincerity and fidelity of my gratitude by being more than ever devoted in life and perpetual labour to the defence and development of pure Gospel truth. When I reflect upon the

serious drawback there has been thrown by Satan, by myself, and by others, to my usefulness; when I consider how imperfectly my work has been done; when I look at the increasing variety of good publications issuing in all directions; and when I hear on every hand of the prejudiced opposition which ministers and influential members of our churches feel themselves called upon to hurl against me and my poor little EARTHEN VESSEL, I really am astonished at the fact that, with EARTHEN VESSEL, *Cheering Words, Gospel Times, &c.*, I have, at the very least, from forty to fifty thousand readers every month; yea, connected with all the works I issue for the feeding of the flock, I do not believe the readers are less than one hundred thousand every month. The power of the press is great. I pray earnestly that the Great Head of the Church may use it through me for his own glory to a still larger extent. When I heard (in addition to all that I have said about largeness of circulation) that really good man, the chairman of the evening meeting, Thomas Pocock, Esq., announce that more than two HUNDRED GUINEAS had been cheerfully subscribed in order to encourage me in my work; and when I saw that beautifully-engraved and framed *Memorial of the Presentation*, to be handed down (as Mr. James Wells so fitly said) "as a heir-loom to my family;" when I thought of all these things, as I stood that evening on the platform, surrounded by at least a thousand cheering countenances, I was staggered to know what to say, or how to address myself to the friends. I was up that morning soon after three, and by prayer and reflection had an address an hour long; but I could not trust myself to enter upon it. Mr. Woodward, Mr. Messer, my own brother John, the chairman, Mr. Pocock, and Mr. James Wells, all of them had spoken so powerfully and pleasantly, and the whole body of the people had acted so charitably, that I was like Manoah and his wife, obliged to stand still, while, as I believed, the Lord was working wondrously. I heard many ministers and people say they never saw such a day—never enjoyed such a series of meetings before. I must believe the Lord himself sanctioned the event, and rendered it useful to his people. As a report of it, and a list of all who have subscribed, will be published (I hope with this June VESSEL), I now close this short note by subscribing myself the Church's grateful and faithful servant,
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Eastern Counties Railway,
May 23rd, 1861.

The Furnished House; and the Way into it.

BY MR. BENJAMIN TAYLOR,

BAPTIST MINISTER, PULHAM, NORFOLK; AUTHOR OF "SCRAPS AND CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE."

"Peace be with thee; howsoever let all thy wants be upon me; only lodge not in the street."

THESE words were addressed to a certain Levite, by an old man of Gibeah, who came out of the field at eventide from his work. This old man's name is not mentioned, therefore I shall give him a name. It shall be neither feigned nor forged, but shall be found to correspond exactly with the nature and disposition of the old man. Like a child of Adam he had to work for an earthly master, for he came out of the field; and like a child of God, he worked for his heavenly Master, for he knew the precepts of scripture which incite to hospitality, regard for strangers, and love to our fellow men, in doing them what service we can. I shall call this old man *Gaius*, because I think he well deserves that name. Paul, the apostle, speaks of a man by this name in Romans xvi. 23, "Gaius mine host, and the whole church, salute you." Old Gaius delights to lodge pilgrims, and his sons and daughters are all trained up in the same way; so that the whole household are ever ready to give a hearty welcome to weary travellers. Gaius has all things common, and all things ready—never a clear cupboard, nor a destitute table. He has plenty of dishes well furnished, and milk and wine to make good cheer. His house is a house of peace; its inmates having their hearts fraught with love to one another, and also to strangers a smiling countenance, while you may hear the affectionate voice of the Steward saying, "Eat, O friends, yea, drink abundantly, O my beloved." In the house of Gaius there are rooms to eat in, and rooms to lodge in: there is for instance, conversation-room, communion-room, and the supper-room—which rooms are sometimes called the King's chambers. Now the visible pathway into these visible rooms lies through a small river called *Baptism*, at the sight of which many who are weak and timid, are frightened, and are ready to draw back with as much dread as though they were coming in contact with some huge and terrific enemy. Others there are who have so much of the stiffness and loftiness of the old man of sin and death in them, that they cannot stoop low enough to yield to the Saviour's all-wise commands.

Was the person a Levite to whom the words of my text were addressed? The Levites were chosen and set apart unto the worship and service of God. None but those

who were born Levites could stand and minister before God in his most holy tabernacle. Even so, none will be called to serve God in faithfulness and truth but those who are born from God, and born for God. Such only are said to be "born not of flesh, nor of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God." It appears by the history before us, that this Levite already spoken of, married a concubine wife. Quickly after the marriage, as might be expected, this treacherous woman played the whore against her husband; and yet, marvellous to say, after four months he went and spoke to her in a most friendly way, saying nothing to her, as I am inclined to think, about her conduct and treatment towards him. Surely in this matter the Levite must be a type of Christ! Our Lord Jesus Christ, as you are aware, took a concubine wife. She first committed whoredom in a garden, despising her husband, and setting at nought the laws of his house. Some time after this the King's Son married this treacherous woman; and she even treated him in the same way. Yet wonderful to tell, he hates putting away; his love is not gone, but he retains the same affection, going after his runaway and concubine wife, saying, "Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." O my friends, have we not all acted the part of the concubine wife? In how many instances have we departed from our Lord? We have forsaken his house, set at nought his laws, and trifled with his Divine commands! Think of this, loathe yourselves on account of it, and say, Let us "turn to the Lord: let us say to him, take away all iniquity; and receive us graciously."

We find by the history before us, that the servant of the Levite entreated his master to turn into the city of the Jebusites, and lodge there. "No," said the Levite, "we must not seek a lodging among strangers, we must not dwell with the heathen; rather let us go to Gibeah, and find a lodging among the Israelites, our brethren." Just so; gracious souls must not, cannot lodge or dwell among heathens. Worldly persons are no company for heaven-born souls; grace has taught them to come out from among such, and has given them a desire to cast in their lot with the Lord's redeemed. They love not the world, they love not the company of wicked persons, and they cannot dwell among the sons of

strife and confusion. My friends, why fear to set your foot over the threshold, and enter the pale of the church, since the company of the good is so much more desirable to you than the company you have forsaken? Having turned your backs on this world, it is a proof you are seeking a country. Let not the devil cheat you of your privileges; no longer confer with flesh and blood, and give over to the suggestions of a wicked and unbelieving heart. Your loving Lord says, "Come in, for all things are ready." Yes, my beloved, come away, and "be thou like a young roe, or a young hart, upon the mountains of Bethel."

According to the history before us, we find the Levite in one of the streets of the city of Gibeah, but unnoticed by any of its inhabitants. What must he think? Methinks I hear him say, "I have just turned my back upon every lodging among the Jebusites to seek one among those whom I feel to be my own people—but how strange! No man seems to care for my soul; I am as a stranger, and a wayfaring man among the people of my affection and choice, as well as among those with whom I cannot unite and lodge!" Poor, weak believer, the Lord may try thy faith for wise ends and purposes. It is good for us when we are made to see our sinfulness and unworthiness, for it is then we are humbled, and feel our dependence upon the Lord alone. We are ever ready to seek help from God's creatures before we fly to him. From the creatures of God how often do we expect much, but get disappointed. The good Lord knows how to wean his people from earthly confidences, and lead them to the rock that is higher than they. Tried Christian, I know it is thy fear that God takes no delight in thee, and it is summed up in thy mind that if the Lord delighted in thee he would give thee favour and comfort among his people, and thou wouldst be noticed by them. But fear not, for God is making all thy crooked things straight, and all thy rough places plain. May be, my friend, thou goest to the house of God again and again feeling as though thou art forsaken of God and man; but no seeking Levite can be lost sight of. God knows well that if thou canst not find a lodging and resting-place among his sons and daughters, thy feelings will not allow thee to seek a lodging or resting place among the uncircumcised. Thou shalt not be in the street all night, thou weary pilgrim, for though thy Lord and Master was turned out of doors, and had to say "My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night," yet he will not suffer Caius to lose sight of thee. It may be a strong proof in thy favour, that being so little regarded by an arm of flesh, God hath taken thee up. Now all you who can find no lodging place in the world, but are seeking peace

and rest among the household of faith, why stand ye without? Come in, ye blessed of the Lord. The world have cast you out: we will therefore take you in: the wicked hate you, and you are compelled to shun them; we are therefore ready to give you our hand and say, "Come with us and we will do you good."

According to this delightful part of sacred history, we find the Levite was at last taken notice of, and soon led into a house. Though providence may seem to frown, and things look very dark, yet the Lord shall command his lovingkindness in the day-time. An old man comes out of the field, sees this Levite as a stranger in the street, and begins at once to consider him. He had a similar heart within him to that of Boaz, which directed him to take notice of a stranger, and give any help that might be required. This old man puts two questions to the Levite, which, if rightly answered, would at once satisfy him as to whether he was dealing with a friend or an enemy. The first question was, "Where do you come from?" The second was, "To what place are you going?" In the simplicity of his heart, the Levite says without any hesitation, I am from Bethlehem Judah, and am now going to the house of God, and there is no man that receiveth me to house. We have got straw and provender, and bread and wine, and there is no want of anything. All we request is a lodging. In a similar way let all candidates be examined prior to their being baptized. Ask them where they come from. If they can testify that they are come out of the world, and have ceased from the love and practice of sin; if they can testify that they are gladly come from the service of sin and Satan, and have cast off the sons of darkness, let such be received without doubtful disputations, for all that have denied themselves, and taken up the cross to follow Christ, are doubtless his. If there is sorrow for sin, and a fleeing from sin; this is a manifestation of God's love to such, and therefore they ought to be received. All ye who loathe yourselves, and earnestly desire to live and die in the service of Christ, come forward at once and shew yourselves on the Lord's side. Make no tarrying. Gracious souls who lose time in parleying with themselves are marked by Satan; and he will never be backward to find them work to do. I say then, up and be doing; for the Lord is gone out before you. Let me ask you, trembling and fearing souls, where are you going? The bent of your minds is to God's house—his people for you—his laws for you—his ordinances for you; and what doth hinder? Are you not invited? Is there no one to take notice of you? Perhaps you get into a corner where you are not likely to be seen, or you halt under a hedge, or you would seem as though you were a

stranger, giving a look only, and passing on your way to some habitation of your own. Since you seek a lodging in God's house, and you are afraid to enter, let me tell you plainly there is no barrier in thy way, for an open door is before thee, and no man can shut it. Why do you keep out? O, I feel my unworthiness so much; and it is that which keeps me out. Then I would advise you no longer to be pestered with unworthy self to the negligence of your Lord's commands, but cast out unworthy self, and come thou into the church in the worthiness of Christ. Thy unworthiness may say, Keep out! keep out! but the worthiness of Christ says, Come in! come in! Now as Christ did not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, do thou, my friend, come into the church as a great sinner, one of the worst of sinners, if thou canst not come in the character of a righteous person. If the Lord Jesus Christ receives righteous ones, we are sure that he does at the same time receive sinners. You wish to come in—you long to come in, for you love the company of the house. You do not want to be either chargeable or burdensome; no, all you want is a lodging. You say you have straw and provender, and bread and wine, and such good things. Well, well, my friend, it is a mercy you have such temporal supplies, and instead of seeking the help of the church, you are ready with eager joy to lend a helping hand. But let me tell you that Gaius does not want your straw and provender, nor yet your bread and wine. No, no, he can do without such things as these. These things may do very well for you and others; and having them, you have cause to be thankful; but independently of all such things, you have wants, and Gaius, your host says, "Peace be with thee; howsoever let all thy wants be upon me; only lodge not in the street." In these sweet words, which I shall consider as being the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, there are three things which may be briefly noticed, namely, peace, plenty, and safety.

I.—PEACE. You who are out of the church, and really feel it to be your duty to be in, have your minds too much troubled to be in a state of peace. God says he will keep that man in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on him. Why are you so wavering? The yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden light. You imagine these to be heavy things, too heavy for you to take up; and so the Saviour corrects your mistake by telling you that your weights, burdens, and obstacles in the way, are all of an imaginary character, for he says, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

David says, "Great peace have they who love thy law." Now since you have no peace of mind through not attending to what

you know ought to be attended to, is not this a proof that you are actually doing wrong in the sight of God, and therefore the sooner you change your ways the better? The Saviour says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." If you have no peace in omitting to keep them, is there not some reason to believe that in keeping the commandments, peace would be enjoyed? Would it not be worth your while, O saint of God, to try it? But I can get to heaven without being baptized. Disobedient child! Because thy Father has a bosom to indulge thee in, and a cordial for thy fainting spirits, and promised blessings without number; seekest thou to take advantage of those things and disregard thy good Father's institutions and commands? But is it not possible for me to get to heaven without coming to the Lord's table? If the Lord's table is neglected, it is vain to say thou hast peace at thy own table. If the authoritative command, "Do this in remembrance of me," be neglected, is there not something wrong? Can you have peace of mind apart from the church when the church should be communed with? Can there be peace of mind, while walking contrary to the open and revealed injunctions of Christ? My friend, lodge not in the street, but come into the peaceful habitation of your loving Lord. No longer say, We will wear our own apparel, and eat our own bread; but let all thy wants, cares, fears, anxieties, and other things which may trouble thee, be cast at once on Gaius, thy friend, and thou shalt have peace as a river, and God's home shall make thee glad. But, say some, we have no peace out of the church, and we fear that if we were in, we should have no peace, because of our sins and our unworthiness. We should be ready to look upon ourselves as vile intruders, taking too much upon ourselves, and making our appearance where we had no authority. Levites and wayfaring men may think they have no right to the immunities and privileges of God's house, but this will not prove them to have made a false claim. He that is weak in the faith may be puzzled as to the money being found in his sack. It is there: he cannot deny it; but is alarmed at the sight of it. Surely, says he, it must be a trick, a delusion; for Satan is transformed into an angel of light, and so will dress up a lie in the garb of truth, that a man may be deceived, even when he has not a single doubt or fear about his state. Am I deceived? says the trembling saint. Lord let me not deceive, nor be deceived. Have I a borrowed experience, a feigned experience; or an experience formed in my soul by the Spirit of God, of a vital nature? O Lord, I am troubled and confused; I am full of fear and dread; my sins press me down, and I have little or no hope. Peace be to thee, my

friend, let not thy heart be troubled; God hath given thee treasure in thy sack. If weak saints fear and tremble in Joseph's house, it is better to be there where there is plenty, than to be in a land of famine where there is a want of bread and water. While God's people are ready to die with fear, our anti-typical Joseph is saying, "These men shall dine with me to-day." Consider, ye fearful ones, the householder is the Prince of peace, so fear not to come in.

II.—IN GOD'S HOUSE THERE IS GREAT PLENTY. There are all supplies for all wants. Let no wants keep you out, but come in, and let your wants be upon another, even upon Gaius. Listen to this sweet voice, for it cannot be the voice of any other than Christ himself: "Howsoever, let all thy wants be upon me." Do you want clearer evidence of your interest in Christ? And are you afraid to come in because you can see so little of a work of grace upon your heart compared with others? Let that want be upon Christ who makes up for thy deficiency; he is thy light and thy salvation. Do you want more wisdom? and is it for lack of knowledge, in which you are excelled by numbers, that you draw back from the baptismal stream? Let that want be upon Christ. Howsoever thy deficiency may appear, come in! and do not lodge in the street. Dost thou want more joy and comfort—more grace, more peace, and more of the love of Christ in thy heart? Howsoever, let all these thy wants be upon Christ, only lodge not in the street. Dost thou want the bread of life, and the water of life? Let these wants be upon Christ, who can and will supply thee. Art thou cast down, and miserable, because thou hast many wants and desires, these not yet being satisfied? Thou art blessed notwithstanding all thy doubts and fears, and spiritual poverty, for the Lord says, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Dead people have no wants; they are neither sensible of pain nor pleasure, they neither hunger nor thirst, they neither lament nor rejoice. Thou hast thy changes, ins and outs, ups and downs, fears within, and fightings without. Come in! as a prodigal, hungry and naked. Leave the swine, leave the husks, quit the strange and barren land, and come into thy Father's house, where there is peace and joy, where the fatted calf is killed, and where the saints rejoice, and make merry. Whatever objections, obstacles, complaints, and hindrances may be in the way, the Saviour says, Let all be upon me. So, then, there is nothing to hinder. Christ doth not hinder thee, the word of God doth not hinder thee, the church of Christ is no hindrance to thee; and it must add to thy grief and burden, to hearken to the foolish and unbelieving whisperings of a

heart that is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Come in! come in!

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread—
Are big with mercies, and shall break,
With blessings on your head."

III.—IN GOD'S HOUSE THERE IS SAFETY. Some, not seeing the dangers surrounding them, may consider themselves safe in the street. But to every stranger in the world, to every wayfaring man, I say, "Lodge not in the street." My friend, do you be like good Ruth; let God be your God—his people your people; where they lodge do you lodge, where they die do you die, and where they are buried do you be buried. Let the cold-hearted Orpahs go back to their country, and cleave to their gods, but do you cling to Naomi, the pleasant church of Christ, and seek for yourself a lodging-place within her walls. Some Christians travel but a short distance before they seek and find a lodging in the house of Gaius; and it is good for them that they bear the yoke in their youth. Sam. iii, 27. Others, like the children of Israel, are wandering for years in the wilderness before they find their way to the river Jordan; and some never pay their Master a visit at that place so long as they live. Let us praise God that here are three Levites, three strangers, three wayfaring persons, who are seeking a lodging within the walls of God's house in this part of his vineyard. And now, what shall I say? Behold my dear mother, who is come a distance of thirty miles, to seek a lodging place among my own people, my own household, my own children, among whom I dwell, and have dwelt for many, many years. All ye people, praise the Lord with me. Come, let us rejoice together. My dear mother, who once spoke a word to me, and which was as a nail fastened in a sure place, (an account of which you have in a book I have just published,) is come here to make a public profession of Christ, by being immersed in his name. She who bore me, now requires immersion at my hands, to openly testify her love to Jesus a little before leaving this world for a better. Aged believers in Jesus, ye who have not yet stepped into Jordan, and whose white and silvered locks declare for you but a short time longer to be here; what are you now doing? Behold my mother, aged seventy-five years, following the blessed Jesus into the watery grave; and will you still confer with flesh and blood, and tarry in the plain? Let my aged parent be an example to you in Christ, that you should follow her even as she now follows him. O, ye aged friends of Jesus, no longer lodge in the street, but come in, and lodge with us. This is an overwhelming occasion to me. I have been favoured to baptize my dear wife, who was called under my ministry; I am now favored

to baptize my mother; and O! what shall I say? Lord, do not forget my dear children, for whom I daily pray, and whose conversion to God I anxiously wait and look for! Surely the Lord will be gracious, and give them a lodging among those who are sanctified and saved!

Another dear friend present, and who is waiting for the administration of this ordinance, is nearly as old as my mother. I rejoice because of her testimony which my own ears have heard, and say to our aged sister, better late than never. May these two aged matrons go on their way rejoicing, and hereafter walk daily in the light of the Lord's countenance. Here are two examples for you to day. One is for the old, the other is for the young. Here are two old disciples, sisters in Jesus, who tell you by the example which they set this morning, what you,

as the professed lovers of Jesus, ought to do. Here is also a young man, a very young man, who received his first impressions in the Sabbath School. He felt that he could not be happy, and have peace of mind, without casting in his lot with the Lord's people. As soon as his mind was made up to it that he would, with God's help, seek a lodging in the house of Gaius, he began to be more easy and composed: and God grant that his joy may now be full.

May God bless the church in receiving these, and bless them in their coming in. And may the Lord bless both the church and congregation under my care, by teaching them, and leading them, till ALL (if agreeable with his holy will,) shall meet at last in heaven above. The Lord grant it for his name's sake.

CONVERSION TO GOD.

- A TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE ESSENTIAL TO THE PRESENT TIMES OF EXCITEMENT IN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS.

(Continued from page 59.)

It appears very clearly from the sacred scriptures that the great design of Jehovah in the salvation of the church, was primarily, his own glory, for it is written, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise." Again, "The Lord hath made all things for himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." Watts sweetly sings,—

"Predestinated to be sons,
Born by decrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace."

Now although he committed all into the hands of Jesus, for the execution of his glorious decrees and eternal purposes, yet in "bringing many sons unto glory" the Son of God has chosen ministers in every age of the church, as stars which he holds in his right hand, enumerated by Paul as, "Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers—for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." The Lord Jesus says of every one of them as he did of the great apostle of the Gentiles, "He is a chosen vessel unto me." They are qualified by the Holy Ghost for the great work unto which they are called. Some are very backward after the Divine call, as was Moses, also Jeremiah; but eventually, like Jonah, they must declare their mission, and at times say with Isaiah, "Here am I; send me." One great difference between a man-made minister, and a true servant of Jesus Christ lies here, the former can take up or put

down his ministry, as his caprice may dictate; the other solemnly says and feels too, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." He has verily the burden of the word of the Lord; and whether men will hear or forbear, he steadily pursues his course, according to the word, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Trials sharp and long are often his portion, nevertheless he realizes strength equal to his day, and by the peculiar discipline of his Master, is enabled to go before the flock as an eagle, soaring into lofty communion with God; as the lion, bold in the cause of truth, and strong; as an ox, patient and plodding; and as a man, intelligent and sympathetic. It is well for those who feel that they did not take this honour unto themselves, but were called of God as was Aaron. Naturally I was not gifted as a speaker, "But by the grace of God I am what I am." What the blessed Lord said to Jeremiah, has been fulfilled in me, and I continue to this day under the Lord's gracious upholdings. My call to the ministry was as follows,—

In the year 1836, about Midsummer I was, and had been for a long time very ill, nevertheless I could sit at the bench and work. I was suffering from disease of, or in the region of, the heart. I had applied to two physicians, and two surgeons—but, like the woman in the gospel, I rather grew worse. I was ordered by the doctors to keep quiet, and by no means to attend any exciting meetings; yea, so bad was I that it was with

great difficulty I could engage in family prayer. Well, one Monday morning as I was sitting at work very quietly by myself, about eleven o'clock, a sudden impulse, impression, or mental voice, came with considerable power, "Preach the gospel!" "Preach the gospel!" "Preach the gospel!" "Preach the gospel!" Upon which I began to ponder and think, that it was nothing but the mere motion of the flesh, or the devil to perplex, and thought to have easily cast it aside and think no more about it, but the message came from the court of heaven, and I knew it not. As we read in Exodus, "The voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder;" so it was with me from Monday until Wednesday, with no cessation, except when sleeping; those three words were constantly sounding in my ears, "Preach the gospel." "His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones." I went up-stairs, fell down on my knees, and said, "O Lord, I know not whether these words, under the burden of which I am oppressed, come from thee; or are a temptation and suggestion from the evil one; thou knowest, O Lord, in my present state of health I cannot preach; now therefore, O Lord, I beseech thee, shew me, that if the call be from thee, grant that I may know by a complete removal of the complaint, and restoration to health." If I had continued to labour under the indisposition I should have concluded that the impression was from a deceitful heart, or Satan; but the dear Lord ordered it otherwise, for in about one week I felt restored to perfect health. The blessed Jehovah condescended to assure my conscience that it was verily a call from himself. These verses by dear Toplady suited me,—

"Blow ye the trumpet blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let poor insolvents know,
To earth's remotest bound,—
The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.
Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
To burdened souls proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners home."

Notwithstanding various trials and vicissitudes, yea, at one time I was tried to the very uttermost by the children of God, my own fleshly nature, and the devil all combining, yet I have never doubted for one moment my call to the work of the ministry being from heaven; and thus, amid "evil report and good report" I have been kept by the power of God, sounding forth the glorious news of a certain salvation, originated, and planned by God the Father in the certain choice of his elect, executed by God the Son as the head of the body; "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it;" for which he shed his precious blood, and

wrought out a righteousness revealed alone by God the Holy Ghost, to the children of the kingdom, by whom ambassadors are sent forth to endure all things for the elect's sake, that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory. Thus all external calls and warnings are attended with Divine power to those, and those only, who were secretly given to Christ in the council chamber of eternity, when our dear and blessed Immanuel stood up as Judah of old to be surety for all his younger brethren. Having obtained health of body, and feeling the gospel yoke upon me, the next thing was, where was I to labour? I felt inclined to consult flesh and blood, and thought as a matter of course, I must as a local preacher in the villages. I did not ask counsel of God, nor wait on my Master for his special commission, but went to a village called Swimbridge to commence my ministry. But this was not the right place; nevertheless the Sunday morning following as I was reading the scriptures, the word came with unmistakable power, "Go to Southmolton." I felt it was verily of the Lord. Opposition through carnal reasoning arose in my mind instantly. Three obstacles presented themselves: first, the distance; secondly, the expense; thirdly, the leaving my wife and family the whole of the Lord's-day. As to the first objection (the place being twelve miles from Barnstaple), I can truly say, the love of Christ frequently made the distance short. Thus, by the mighty, constraining, glorious grace of the Lord Jesus, under the canopy of heaven I had frequent visits of his love, and could say with the church, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." And although I had my casting-down, and knew what Hezekiah meant when he said, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me:" yet the seasons of spiritual enjoyment and refreshing were many." On six occasions I narrowly escaped with my life, but this text, "Who is he that will harm you, if ye do good?" was often applied to my mind. Thus for nearly seven years, amid a variety of circumstances, cold and heat, wet and dry, also early and late, I experienced the everlasting arms of his love to be underneath and round about me. The second obstacle was the expense; this was removed by a Christian lady coming to my house, and presenting me, unasked for, with four sovereigns with which to begin the mission. With regard to the third,—on my dear wife's return from Taunton (where she had been staying a few weeks, nursing my dearly loved sister Eliza, who shortly after fell asleep in Jesus), I related to her the whole circumstance, and she said, in the true spirit of a good disciple, "Go," although it added to her labour in the family considerably. I

knew nothing of the town save that there had been two or three attempts to establish an Arminian Baptist cause, which had entirely failed, but hearing that there were a few scattered Baptists there, I wrote a few lines to a sister in the Lord, named Mary Avery, who was one of them, in the following manner,—

“I purpose (God willing), if agreeable to you, and the few friends connected with the Baptist denomination, to preach for you on Sunday next.”

My letter reached her about seven o'clock in the evening; at that very hour a few brethren were met together to ask the Lord to send them a pastor. Their reply to me was, that their case was Daniel's, for while they were yet speaking, the answer came, and that they should be happy to hear me on the following Lord's-day. Oh, what a tender-hearted Great Shepherd have the church of God! He says, “Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.” And this he does instrumentally by the means, and without the means, so that there shall not be of his flock a hoof left behind in this Egyptian world; no Pharaoh nor devil shall eventually triumph over any of the true church of Christ. Could we descend into hell at the great consummation of all things, and rage through the regions of the damned, we should be able to challenge Apollyon, the great adversary of the church, to point to one of the redeemed of the Lord; because Jesus hath said, “On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” And again, “I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.”

On the next Lord's-day, I went over and preached in the morning and afternoon; the friends wished me to come again, which ultimately led to my becoming their pastor, and I can bear my humble testimony to the truth of the promise, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” Amid the various trials of the pastorate from without and within the church, there are seasons of peculiar blessedness when our experience is like that of Moses, when Jehovah hid him in the cleft of the rock, and revealed his glory unto him, when he said, “Thou shalt see my back parts,” *i.e.* the humanity of Christ. Thus the glory of God is alone seen in the face of Jesus Christ. “Many waters cannot quench, first, ministerial love, neither can the floods drown it. The soul having the single eye, the upright heart, the tender conscience, and the love of Christ warming the affection, is described

in Psalm civ. 4, “Who maketh his ministers a flaming fire.” Thus anointed, called, and equipped by the blessed Spirit, “I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision,” but went straight forward. The language of my heart was,—

Lord, make me faithful to my call,
In heart still truly give up all,

Myself to thee resign:
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy will decline.

My feet with holy oil anoint,
The destined path thou dost appoint,
Gladly I then will tread;
Bedew me with a genial show'r,
Into my heart thy influence pour,
With living manna fed.

A single eye, a faithful heart,
My Jesus, to thy child impart,
In every trying hour;
Reasoning's tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eye on thee intent,
Till sight my faith o'erpow'r.

I must now say, farewell for the present; if I am prolix, please to say “stop;” if I do not hear the word “stop;” in my next, I hope, God willing, to continue my narrative. That the Divine anointing may abundantly rest on the true church of God, is the prayer of your's in covenant bonds,

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

Barnstaple. April 10th, 1861. †

ON THE DEATH OF

JAMES BANFIELD,

Buried Jan. 13th, 1861.

THE Master's come, and calls for thee;

Oh voice of solemn sound:
To some it may most welcome be,
To others, awful found.

The Master's come, and calls for thee;
To Mary it was sweet:

And O may it be sweet to me,
For Christ and me to meet.

The Master' come, and calls for thee;
Is dear to every son,—

When shewn, as to our brother here,
That now the race is run.

The Master's come, and calls for thee—
This lessons sorrow so.

Doth Jesus say, “Come home to me?”
Then let our brother go.

The Master's come, and calls for thee:

Who stands in order next?
Only our God can clearly see,
While we may be perplext.

The Master's come, and calls for thee;
Is every moment true;

So pass we to eternity,
Soon as the moment's due.

The Master's come, and calls for thee,
Now home to Father go;

How pleasant 'tis our right to see,
And our adoption know.

The Master's come, and calls for thee,
Hence may my spirit wait—

Moment by moment cheerfully,
To reach my glory state.

Lord, may my soul then at the last,
Rejoice my end to see;

My only hope on Jesus cast,
And say he's come to me.

Hadlow.

W. HOUSE.

Memorials of Departed Saints.

THE LATE MRS. SARAH COCKRAM.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I feel it my important, but melancholy duty to acquaint you with the death of my dearly beloved mother, Sarah Cockram, of Great Marlow, Bucks, who was personally known to yourself, and to the readers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL as the writer of an article, entitled, "The Wonderful Dealings of God as manifested to one of the most unworthy of his children," which appeared in the November number of Volume xiv. I shall embrace the present opportunity to give you a slight sketch of her last days on earth, and the causes which led to her dissolution.

As you are aware, it was decided at a meeting holden in Unicorn Yard Chapel, London, Feb. 12th, 1861, to raise a general subscription for the purpose of present you with the sum of one hundred guineas. My mother, as one who had profited much by your ministry whenever your steps were led to this part of the country, at once expressed a desire to engage in the work, and accordingly wrote to Mr. Cox, Secretary for the subscriptions, for a collecting card. Her efforts were unceasing; often she walked many miles for the purpose of augmenting her collections, and at the same time sent her cards to friends at great distances from Marlow. Before engaging in the work she prayed the Lord if he approved of her undertaking he would give her favour in the sight of the people, and it is wonderful when we consider how abundantly her prayers were answered. Wherever she applied, her appeal was cheerfully responded to, and even persons known to be in the deepest poverty frequently, unasked, added their mites to her card. Often after collecting she has returned home perfectly exhausted (her health being far from good), and yet at the same time filled with joy that the Lord had so greatly prospered her exertions. In the middle of April she applied for and received a second card, which she likewise filled. From the first time she heard of it, she always desired, if it pleased the Lord, to be at the presentation; and she accordingly went to London, May 18th. On the next Sunday, she twice heard Mr. Abrahams, of Regent-street Chapel, but particularly enjoyed his Pentecostal sermon in the morning.

She attended the meeting in Unicorn Yard Chapel on Tuesday morning, and was present in the afternoon, and at the tea. In the evening she particularly enjoyed Mr. Wells' discourse, from which she gleaned much spiritual comfort, but was greatly dis-

appointed at not being able to speak with you after the service, as you were so surrounded by friends.

Dear mother returned to Marlow on the following Friday, and it was then at once evident to her friends, as it had been to her relations in town, that the intense anxiety and exertion, which she had undergone in the work of collecting, and in her subsequent journey had acted injuriously on her nervous system. She was very low all Saturday and Sunday, believing the Lord had forsaken her. She remarked to her daughter that her evidence was gone, and her mind was hclouded, and on the Monday spoke to a friend of her "lost Saviour." On Monday evening she was taken ill, and medical advice was called in. She said to a friend that "A great cloud was hanging over her," and that she inwardly "felt convinced that something terrible was about to happen to her. The next morning Satan was permitted to harass her in a most distressing manner, and the fit lasted until one o'clock. During this time her agonies were dreadful, and her shrieks and cries truly distressing, being heard at a great distance from the house. All her cry was for her lost Saviour. At about half-past one her consciousness returned. She opened her eyes, and looking round the room, said, "What! am I back again with you here? Oh, Mr. T——, if you had but been where I have; I have heard the groans of the lost in the bottomless pit. Oh! to think that I am allowed to return; how can I praise my heavenly Father enough!" From this time until eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, she experienced an uninterrupted peace, and was filled with a heavenly joy. Whenever anybody entered the room whom she had not seen before, her first words were, "Oh, ——, my dear, have you heard the glorious news that I am set free? Oh, my precious Saviour, what great things he has done for me." In answer to the solicitations of her friends that she would compose herself to sleep, she said, "I do not want to sleep, I wish to enjoy the presence of my Saviour whom I have found." Until two o'clock the next morning she slept, but awoke in great distress of soul, saying that she felt the weight of the sin of the whole world upon her.

From this time until the next Monday morning, was a period of alternate paroxysm and repose. During the former her mental afflictions were agonizing to behold, whilst her shrieks and cries were heart-rending.

At one time her screams were so loud that some workmen labouring on the summit of a scaffolding in the neighbourhood, were obliged to descend. She would cry, "Oh, my wretched state! Oh, look at my despair! Have pity upon me, my friends." It was only by force that she could be retained in her bed. As an instance of the despair which had taken hold upon her, she was met very early on the Wednesday morning on the stairs by her attendant, who had left her but for a short time, dressed ready for walking, saying she was going to her daughter's. She was taken back to her bed, and in the evening, when alone and quietly talking with her nurse, she adduced the morning's incident as an example of the providential interference of God, as she said it was her intention to throw herself down the well.

Even during her peaceful moments her conversation was frequently of a desponding character, though her prayers, which often lasted uninterruptedly for a quarter of an hour, were very sweet to hear: she always ended with, "Now Lord, I must leave it in thy hands; I can say no more." On Thursday, after a great struggle, she said, "Oh, I can't give up like this; do pray I do pray! never let it be said that I am lost;" and her agony seemed intense. Her friends assured her that they did pray for her in their hearts and she seemed soothed. She expressed sorrow that she had left her happy home to go to town, and in the evening said to a friend who was standing by her bedside, "Now Mr. T., you are a man of prayer, ar'nt you? Will you do one thing for me? You know the Lord is King of kings and Lord of lords, will you take my case to the throne of grace?—Then I'll not break my bones to pieces like this, I'll lie quiet, for I am nothing but bruises from head to foot." At other times the only word she could utter would be "impossible!" which she would repeat many times, and also occasionally the couplet,—

"The thing that's impossible, mortal, with thee,
Jehovah can work when he will."

She often asked her friends to pity and to pray for her, and would say,

"Is there no balm in Gilead?
Is there no kind Physician there?"

Her husband replied there was balm; and then she said, "Then how is it that the daughters of my people are not healed?" Some one asked her if she doubted her Physician, and she replied "Oh, no,—

"His love in times past,
Forbids me to think—
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink."

She turned to the doctor and said, "Is this dying?" Mr. Gudgeon, who was in the room, shewed her the way the Lord led the Israelites all through the troubles in the

wilderness, and even over the Red Sea, &c., and then asked her if she did not believe that he could manifest the same care over her: she said, "But will he?" After conversing some time, there was a silence, and she directly said, "Have you nothing to say?" One replied, "He is reserving it for you." "Well, but I don't want a Quaker's meeting here." As long as they continued talking she was calm, and listened attentively. One verse which troubled her exceedingly she was constantly repeating. It was one of Wesley's, and commenced something to this effect,—

"Don't let it be said,
That a soul-seeking Jesus should never be saved."

Her friends assured her that a seeking soul could never be lost; but she still continued repeating the words. Soon after she seemed to be thinking of the miseries of the lost, as she uttered "Always to sink and never sink, always to die and yet never die." But some one remarked, "That is not for you." "No," she replied, "but the lower I go I yet seem to find no bottom, and I want to feel my feet standing on the Rock Christ Jesus." She was frequently repeating the passage through which she was delivered after her illness in 1846, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," &c. On Saturday afternoon, a strolling musician stopped before the house, but as the attendants were afraid of taxing her nerves they requested him to go away. She heard the music in the distance and remarked, "Oh! that beautiful music." "Can you hear it?"—one said. She answered, "Yes, but I long to hear it in heaven."

On Sunday, prayer was offered on her behalf in all the Dissenting congregations in the town; and it is remarkable that during all that day's services she enjoyed periods of calm repose. During the great part of Sunday night she was repeating the words, "Ah, Lord, thou knowest how soon I shall appear before thee;" shewing that she had a presentiment on her mind of her approaching decease. Some time before this she had remarked that she was like Job; that if she were saved it would be by the skin of her teeth. "Have pity upon me, oh my friends," she said.

On Monday she spoke of the dark condition of her soul. Some one said to her, "But Christ can remove that cloud, for

'Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.'

and he is better to you than all your fears." "Oh," she said, "I can't doubt him, but to think I *have* doubted him, as they say I have." When she was told her particular friend Mr. Groves had been sent for, she seemed very pleased. When introduced she knew him, and was very happy when he remarked that he had written to Mr. Mason, of Knowl Hill, respecting her. After a little conversation

one of her fits came one, but when she was recovered a little, Mr. Gudgeon said, "Well, your doubting does not alter the Lord's purposes towards you." With Mr. Groves she seemed comfortable. He was enabled to give her comfort by quoting various passages of scripture, and hymns. In the evening, her eldest son arrived from Gloucestershire. She knew him directly, and felt great joy at the meeting, but told him she had lost her Saviour. He said, "Mother, do you love me?" She answered, "Yes, my child, I do." Then do you not remember the text, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." She repeated this after him, and they conversed together some time, until she relapsed into her former state. Later at night her sister arrived. I am assured by Mr. Groves, who was with her nearly the whole time, that from the time of her seeing her son until her death, her mind seemed to turn altogether from despair to resignation, and trust in the goodness and mercy of her Saviour. Even during her paroxysms her cries were no longer "lost," &c., but expressive of trust in God, as

"Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit,"

which she was constantly repeating, even up to within short time of her death. Again,

"All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command."

"Times of sickness; times of health;
Times of trial, and of grief;
Times of poverty and health;
Times of triumph and relief."

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

On Tuesday, the 4th, dear mother had a paroxysm at six o'clock, and when her son entered the room, she was perfectly unconscious. She was very weak, and soon after a great change came over her. Her sight now failed, her voice became feeble, and soon after nine o'clock she relapsed into a state in which she appeared sleeping; although her lips were moving as though in prayer. This all knew would end in death. The last words she was heard to articulate were "My Saviour." At ten minutes after one, without a struggle or a sigh, she breathed her last, her sister only being witness to her death.

Thus departed our dear mother. Although her sufferings were so intense at the close of her earthly pilgrimage, yet that passage was fulfilled in her, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

On Sunday, June 9th, her remains were interred in the burial ground of Salem Chapel, Great Marlow, by Mr. Joseph Wright, assisted by Mr. W. Gregory. Her favourite hymn, which she had often expressed a wish to have sung over her grave,—

"My God the spring of all my joys,"

was sung over her remains, and at the same time an impressive address was delivered by Mr. Wright.

Thus you have, Mr. Banks, the closing scene of our dear mother's earthly career. I remain, yours in deep affliction,
Great Marlow, THOMAS COCKRAM.
June 14th, 1861.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS DUST.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Death has been very busy lately under various forms—some sadly distressing. In our village and neighbourhood, we have had two suicides, both by hanging, through that baneful curse, drunkenness. The wife of one of our friends taken off quite suddenly; also one of our hearers, the husband of one of our members. But in the midst of these distressing scenes, we must record the happy and blessed death of our beloved brother, Mr. Thomas Dust, one of our deacons. He had been declining for several months; his medical advisers fully believed he might be restored by the warm weather, but God had otherwise determined. Our brother was connected with the old cause, and left when it was decided that I should not again occupy that pulpit. The last two years of my dear brother's life have been marked by a most manifest change: a much greater degree of spirituality of mind; a closer attendance on the house and ordinances of God; great fervour of spirit in prayer, and a longing desire for the spiritual prosperity of the cause of God, and the extension of God's visible Zion. We miss him, especially at our prayer-meetings, in which he took great delight.

When first taken he manifested great restlessness of spirit; was greatly exercised respecting his family—he being foreman in a silk manufactory, in which two of his children were employed, and having one too young for such work, and expected so soon as his labour ceased his means for their sustenance would be cut off. But the Lord gradually brought his mind to a sweet submission to his holy will, and enabled him to cast his care upon him, and leave himself, his wife, his children, and everything entirely in his hands—so that every tie seemed sundered that bound his affections here. About a month before his death, his pain ceased, and he seemed to believe it was the precursor of death. He was not wholly confined to his bed till the Monday preceding his death, which took place on Saturday, April 20th. During this week it was truly blessed to be with him. I visited him on Monday, the 16th, the day he took wholly to his bed. He very much wished to see to some little things connected with business, and had his books brought to him, to give instructions to his family respecting

those matters, but could not attend to it. He then said, "I have done with the world;" and not one anxious word was uttered by him respecting the world after this. I visited him again on the Wednesday, and hope never to forget that visit. I prayed with him, after which he took my hand, and making allusion to the prayer, he exclaimed, "Blessed prayer! What God-glorifying sentiments! Is this dying? Can this be dying? Oh! this is blessed dying!" His soul seemed in raptures. On Thursday I saw him again. There was a solemn physical struggle with death going on; he could say but little, but on my asking him if there was any word upon his mind that he would wish me to speak upon after his death, he said, "If there be such a scripture as this, 'I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me.'" I repeated 1 Tim. i. 15, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus," &c. "That will do." But he strictly charged me to say but little about him, but speak of Christ, and his salvation. My dear brother Whorlow, of Sudbury, visited him this day. The struggle had ceased; he was revived, and it was truly a happy meeting, not soon to be forgotten by my brother. Our brother Ford, a fellow-deacon, sat up with him that night; he slept about two hours pretty soundly; upon awaking he said, "Where am I? I thought I should have been at home before now." Upon brother Ford speaking, he said, "What is it, you old dear?" This was his familiar way of addressing his brother-deacons, they being exceedingly attached to each other. He then again said, "This is blessed dying. I shall soon be home."

On the last night of his life, he would have his dear companion come to his bed, saying he should be more comfortable if he knew she was there. He was very restless during the night, and when she left the bed early in the morning to open the factory, he told her to go down and stop for two or three hours, that he might be alone, saying, "I am not alone, my Lord is with me." She withdrew from his sight, but kept the room. He then engaged most earnestly in prayer, that God would sanctify his death to his dear wife, his children, to his dear brothers, the deacons, to his fellow-members, to the congregation, and to the whole community; and having done this, he quietly crossed his hands, and breathed out his soul to God, his countenance beaming with a most delightful smile, which seemed to reflect the happiness of his disembodied spirit; and this continued on the countenance till it was closed for interment. Our brother being so well known, many were desirous of seeing him. Among his last wishes, he gave instructions for any and every one to be admitted, to make no

distinction; very many came to whom our brother became a preacher of righteousness, and to whom he bore the most emphatic testimony of the power of religion, and its necessity to live as well as to die by. The question being asked him, if he should like to see Mr. P., who had lately begun his ministry in the old chapel, he said, "Yes, I should like to see any of the Lord's people." Mr. P. visited him, and in the course of the visit he spoke of the division, which he and every right-minded man must deplore, this being mis-represented and our dear brother made to say he regretted having left the old cause, rather hurt him: the Wednesday night before he died, in presence of four of his brethren, he referred to it, and wished them distinctly to understand he did not send for Mr. P.; he was glad to see him; he had never regretted the course he took, but blessed God that his soul had been fed, cheered, and richly blessed ever since he left the old cause; this was his dying testimony. We should not have made allusion to these matters had we not been necessitated; the fact of his choosing his resting-place in our burial ground, his wishing his own minister to bury him, his giving him the subject to speak upon to his fellow-men, would each and all refute the statement alluded to.

May our latter days bear equal testimony to the ripening work of God the Holy Spirit; and our end equally demonstrate the wonders of sovereign love, precious blood, and supporting power. So prays, your's, dear brother,
JONATHAN.

This verse had been placed before our brother's desk for two years:

"How simple, and yet how sublime,
Are the truths in this book divine,
Of Jesus, the sinner's best friend,
It speaks from beginning to end,
No knowledge beside is like this,
So pure, so wondrous in bliss!
When you read, may grace from his throne,
Your soul with its beauties adorn,
Then triumph you will in his love,
On earth and in heaven above!
Hallelujah! Amen.
Yes, and Thomas Dust.

THE DYING DEACON'S TESTIMONY.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—It is in my heart to write a few lines; my heart's desire, and prayer to God is, that THE EARTHEN VESSEL may sail all round the world, carrying within its pages the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

On Saturday morning, the 11th of May, 1861, died Mr. Thomas Dowland, who, for many years, was the respected deacon of Mr. Nunn's church. Our late brother was an untiring visitor of the sick and dying; often have I had the pleasure of going with him, and the employment was delightful—to hear

the words of comfort and sweetness he was helped to speak : it was truly good to be there. The dying Christian has often been cheered by the help of our brother—being attended with the demonstration of the Spirit of God. During a long and painful affliction, (for our brother was afflicted with dropsy) he was sustained by the communications of grace, and a foretaste of glory ; this oft lit up his soul, and reflected its beams in his countenance. I have sat by his bedside, and heard him say, in ecstasy of spirit,—

“ Oh ! glorious hour ; oh ! blest abode ;
I shall be near and like my God.”

His widow has kindly allowed me to take a few extracts from his letters to her ; they were written from the St. Pancras infirmary, to which our brother was, by his own desire, removed, after three years' suffering at home. In one he writes thus,—

“ I write under a feeling sense of my covenant God's goodness to me. I am at a stand in beholding my precious Lord Jesus, who has, notwithstanding all my short comings, still preserved me in his ways. It is because his compassions fail not, that the sons of Jacob are not consumed.”

Our departed brother had to mourn the power of sin dwelling in his members : he was often brought into captivity with the law of sin and death ; but yet he was able to look by precious faith, at the victory of our glorious Captain, and then would exclaim, “ Grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord !” In a letter to his son, he writes,—

“ My dear boy,—I must now say a word about myself ; and while I am writing I feel my life is fast ebbing out. I feel so weak ; my eyes seem so dim ; all indicating that my departure is near ; and long ere you receive this, my body will lie in the cold and silent grave ; but I trust through the tender mercy of my gracious covenant God, my redeemed spirit will be in heaven, at rest from strife, and sin, sorrow, and disease, and death, to be in the presence of God for ever, where I shall

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

I will now give his own testimony just before his departure. In a letter to his dear wife, he writes as follows,—

“ My ever dear wife,—My mind having been impressed the last two or three days with the shortness of my existence in this time state, I just give my dying experience of those principles of the religion of Jesus Christ that have supported my soul during the protracted affliction I have been the subject of. I believe in the predestinating love of God from all eternity ; all those who in his love and mercy he had ordained unto eternal

life, he does call by his irresistible grace ; and will be revealed in the last day. I believe in the glorious chain handed down from heaven, securing the everlasting salvation of the blood-bought family of heaven, and so blessedly set forth by the great apostle in Romans viii : it is the substance of these things that rejoice my spirit in the prospect of dissolution. It is so god-like, so Divine ! I can sing,—

“ Oh ! what in yonder realms above
Is ransomed man ordained to be,
With honour, holiness, and love ?
No angel is advanced as he.
Nearest the shore, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise :
While wondering angels round him stand,
And swell the chorus of his praise.”

Our departed brother was sensible of his end, till it came ; and those that were with him tell me it was delightful to listen to the silent breathings of his soul. The last words they heard were, “ Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?—Can this be death ?” Thus died a Christian brother, a useful deacon, an affectionate father, and a beloved husband. God Almighty grant that we, who are looking for the blessed hope, may have grace given to us to be on our watch-towers ; listening to hear what the Master doth say, and so sanctify our spirits, that living and dying we may rejoice in the persuasion we are the Lord's. Your's in Jesus,
129, Drummond-street, JOHN HARRIS,
Euston-square, London, N.W.

THE LATE MR. JAMES TANN, OF YARMOUTH.

THIS devoted brother in the gospel ministry has gone to his rest. His faithful deacon, William Offord, writes as follows,—(we hope some competent friend will furnish a memoir)—

Mr. JAMES TANN's happy spirit took its flight from earth to heaven, to bathe in the realms of bliss to all eternity, on Wednesday, May 29th, 1861. On June 3rd, at half-past eleven, a good assembly met at Salem Chapel, when prayers were offered to our covenant God ; at half-past twelve, the remains of our dear departed minister were conveyed to the silent grave, where a hymn was sung, and although this is not allowed, yet it was kindly granted.

Mr. Tann was a faithful minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ fourteen years. On May the 12th, he preached his last sermon from those words, “ I shall see for myself, and not another.”

Alas, how many he has left to weep !

Wealth is like a viper, which is harmless if you know how to take hold of it ; but if you do not, it will twine round your hand and bite you.

Reviews.

Scraps and Crumbs from the Pastor's Study and the Minister's Table; being Pulpit Reminiscences; together with Expository and Miscellaneous Pieces. With a Sketch of the Author's Experience. By BENJAMIN TAYLOR, Minister of the Gospel, Pulham, St. Mary-the-Virgin. London: published by R. Banks and Co., 5, Chapter-house-court, Paternoster-row.

SUCH is the rather lengthy title of a two-shilling volume, which is neatly got up, and substantially bound, making a respectable and valuable book.

Benjamin Taylor is the honoured pastor of a long-standing Baptist church at Pulham, in Norfolk; and among his own flock, as well as in surrounding parts, he has laboured for years with much zeal, devotion, and success. He has a large country chapel, a numerous congregation, and a prospect of usefulness enough to fill his heart and soul with most intense delight. We have had the privilege of preaching for him, and of enjoying his company; and we need only say, he is one of those homely and evidently honest-hearted men, that none can fear, nor find much fault with. The mark of God's grace is in his forehead; and his feet are not only "on the Rock," but in the paths of righteousness and peace. We say thus much of the Author, because we wish fairly to open up channels wherein his book may circulate, and speak for him. Benjamin Taylor is not a novice, neither is he a classic, or a scholar of the first class, nor is he a giant in intellect, or an orator of the fiery and the flying kind; but he is a student—he has the three essentials—a *mind* sanctified to the service of God; a good store of heavenly and deeply experimental *matter*; and a *mouth* quite capable of declaring the great things the Lord hath done.

Our good brother Benjamin Taylor is a poor man; he labours among a people exceedingly attached to him, but not able to render him that remuneration his services deserve. He has an afflicted wife; and is by no means free from ailments himself. This book has been issued with the hope that it might be a means, in the hands of God, of convicting, or converting, or comforting some; and also, of rendering the author some little help by the way. Every sincere Christian will esteem the author when they peruse his "Experience;" and meditate upon the choice discourses he has coupled therewith. Over 200 pages of good reading, in neat bindings, cannot be dear at two-shillings. An edition in stiff covers, for 1s. 6d., may also be had.

Two Mountains of Brass. No. 130 of "Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit." To be had of

Mr. James Cox, in vestry; and of R. Banks and Co., "Gospel Times" Office, 5, Chapter-house court.

WE know not why it is, but we have realised more profit and pleasure in reading the last few of Mr. Wells's sermons, than in any of the previous numbers. There is more variety, more depth, more close adherence to the word of God, more food for the soul, than has hitherto been found by us. Take one paragraph from the sermon on the "Mountains of Brass."

"This phrase is used to represent the firmness of the Christian's standing. Hence, 'thy shoes shall be iron and brass;' and then the next clause explains what this means, 'as thy days, so shall thy strength be.' Only Christians are so prone to misunderstand that scripture, 'as thy days, so shall thy strength be.' We can understand it very nicely when we meet with a difficulty, and overcome it, without its being anything worth calling a difficulty to us, we manage it, and get over it, and pass by it, and everything seems to come straight, and the valleys exalted, and the mountains lowered, and everything comes right. Oh, how gracious the Lord is, that as our days so shall our strength be. We even talk then, even some of us that are slow of speech, as Moses was, we can turn quite eloquent then, under those circumstances. But let the Lord come in, and take your property away; let the Lord come in and afflict your family, and destroy them, as he did Job's children, as though he hated them all; and let the Lord seem still to come in upon you, and afflict you, as he did Job; and then, as Job did, curse the very day of your birth. Where is your eloquence now? Where is the promise now? Is it by this circumstance brought to nought? Not a whit of it, and that the devil knew; the devil was not at all pleased with Job cursing the day of his birth,—that did not please Satan. Satan would say to Job, Oh you fool, what is the good of that? I told God you would *curse him*; and instead of your cursing God, you are cursing yourself! Why do not you curse God? that is what I want you to do—give up the truth, Job; I want you to give up that terrible doctrine you hold,—did you not say your God is of one mind and none can turn him, that he performeth the thing appointed for you? Now, Job, I want you to give that up. No, that I never will,—never give that up. So that Job's strength was in proportion to his day; that is, though he had to give up his property, and his family, and his health, and his friends, and give up everybody's good opinion,—for nobody had a good opinion of Job then, he was the worst man in the world,—and yet with all Job's weakness he was not weak enough to let go God's truth, he held that fast. And therein consisted

the patience of Job, and the strength of Job, and the stability of Job, as the fulfilment of the promise, that 'thy shoes shall be iron and brass: you shall stand firm in the truth, and 'as thy days so shall thy strength be.' And you find that the Holy Spirit has explained this firmness of standing in close connection with the words I have just mentioned. 'The eternal God is thy refuge; God in his eternity is thy refuge; you shall never be weak enough to give that up; and 'underneath are the everlasting arms; you shall never be weak enough to give that truth up; 'And he shall thrust the enemy out from before thee,' which Christ did at Calvary's Cross, and which he does when he casts the devil out of the heart, and reconciles us to himself; and shall say, 'destroy them,' so that the enemy being destroyed can rise against us no more. Here it is then that 'thy shoes shall be iron and brass, as thy days so shall thy strength be.' The Lord help you to tread this morning upon the old serpent; he has been twitting you with infirmities and faults, and wants to persuade you that you are not a Christian; whereas you are 'to overcome by the blood of the Lamb,' to stand fast in the remedy, to stand fast in the truth, and 'having done all to stand.' Here then is stability of sacrificial service, stability of dwelling, and stability of standing."

THE Author of *The Times of the Gentiles, Satan's Kingdom, &c.*, has a new and extraordinary work in the press, on the Second Coming of Christ. If this writer be anointed by the Holy Spirit, (we do not decide) he will throw many authors on prophecy into the shade. His sheet diagram, with Nebuchadnezzar's Image is issuing with additions. We hope to furnish critical notices of these singular productions shortly.

A Specimen Part of the Earthen Vessel, is now ready, price 1s. 6d. It contains the Supplement, with report of the Presentation Meeting, list of donors, and the six numbers of the EARTHEN VESSEL for all the months from January to June in this year. There are hundreds of thousands who never yet saw the EARTHEN VESSEL, although for sixteen years it has gone out into all parts. All who are friends would oblige us if they would obtain one of these Specimen Parts, and lend it about among their friends. The wrappers are all done up with the part, so that it is a fair sample.

Grace in the Bud. No. 1 of a series of little half-penny tracts, in neat covers, publishing by Mr. Collingridge, City Press Office, Aldersgate-street. Everybody will read little tales of this kind; and who can tell? You can have a packet per post.

Fifty Gospel Sermons. This three-shilling volume contains sermons by Mr. James

Wells, Mr. Lincoln, and many other ministers of the Gospel. It is well bound, and cheap. Make your minister a present of one of these volumes. It may cheer him on in his holy work.

Divine Dealings with a Child. A true story. By the Author of "Nothing to Pay." London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate-street. With a curious frontispiece, and forty-four pages of matter of sufficient interest to act upon spiritual and sensitive minds as steam acts upon all attached to an express train, carrying you right on to the end. Friend "Nothing to Pay" will be as popular now among the children, as he has long been with those who feel the need of a free-grace salvation.

"Mr. Philpot at Gower-street," "Baptist Library, and Classes for the People." These articles, and others of interest, are in No. 25 of the *Gospel Times*. That new penny paper still holds on its boisterous way. The archers have sent their arrows deep into it. It received several severe wounds at its very outset, and everybody thought they were fatal: some of the Arminian newsmen tell the people it is dead; but it lives and labours on in the storm. Its writers and contributors have not always breathed the right spirit; its conductor has frequently been compelled to leave his post. All things have appeared against the *Gospel Times*; but, though cast down, it is not destroyed.

The second part of *New Church of England Pulpit*, is now ready. It contains a series of sermons on the Levitical Dispensation by Mr. Lincoln. These sermons were listened to (at Beresford Chapel, Walworth,) by multitudes, with most intense interest. The first part, containing eight discourses on the Prodigal Son, is also ready. Both parts One-shilling each.

COMFORTABLE HEARING.

DEBORAH.—"Well, Rachel, have you been favoured with the Lord's presence this morning in hearing the word?"

RACHEL.—"No, I cannot say that I heard very comfortably; and, indeed, I do wish our good Pastor would go on preaching the pure Gospel, and leave false systems alone; do not you wish he would do so?"

D.—"Why, I call what we have been hearing pure Gospel; but as to leaving others alone, I cannot agree with you. My mind was deeply solemnized this morning in hearing how closely Satan counterfeited the work of the Spirit, so as to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. Those words, "if it were possible," were very encouraging to me, because I saw that the Lord was before Satan, and had made it impossible that one of the chosen should be finally deceived;

and as our dear Pastor went on separating the precious from the vile, my heart went up to the Lord in blessing him for a faithful ministry, and praying him to keep him uncompromising and immovable. But let us go to the word of the Lord, and listen to what that will say to us. Moses and the spiritually-minded Israelites were, no doubt, very comfortable whilst partaking of the Passover, and looking by faith to the spotless Lamb of God; but presently the golden calf appears, and I suppose you would have said, 'Moses, let the golden calf alone, and go on quietly with the Passover;' but would Moses have been in the path of truth had he done so?"

R.—"Oh, no; he did right in stamping it to pieces; and I remember farther on it is said, 'Gird ye on every man his sword, and slay his neighbour and brother,' all who were joined to idolatry; the church of God was certainly called to do a painful work there. But let us come to the New Testament: the Lord Jesus did not condemn, but save."

D.—"Testimonially he condemned many: 'If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins.' 'The word that I have spoken the same shall judge him.' But had you been living in the Saviour's day, would you have liked to have said to him, 'Lord, I loved thy sweet discourse to-night, in which thou hast been opening all the love of thy heart,—claiming us as the vine does the branches, or the shepherd the sheep—but, Lord, I did not feel half so comfortable when

thou wast denouncing the Pharisees, and telling us to beware of the Scribes, calling their services 'vain worship,' and designating them as 'vipers' and 'wolves in sheep's clothing.' Go on, dear Lord, with the pure Gospel, and leave false systems alone!"

R.—"Oh, Deborah, not for millions of worlds would I have made such a speech; for rather would I have fallen at his sacred feet, and entreated that I might find grace in his sight, and that he would teach me that which was profitable."

D.—"The Lord enable you to take that petition to him now. But look still farther at the bold, unflinching testimony of Stephen and the Apostles; and the wondrous divine confirmation that the Lord bestowed upon them; and see in our own day, which ministers are most honoured by their divine Master, and most acceptable to the saints, is it not those who dare to call error by its right name, and resolutely refuse to mix the least poison in the children's food? I can truly say in the words of the poet—

"I love you, ye valiant for truth,
Who still abide faithful and free,
Ye honour your heavenly birth;
From the conflict ye never must flee!

Bethlehem's well is still hid by the foe.
To keep us poor thirsty in awe;
The servants of David will go
And break through this Philistine law.

The servants of David will go,
And drive these intruders away,
And bring of the waters that flow,
To the joy of the weak by the way.

DEBORAH.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

ORDINATION OF MR. ARTHUR BAKER, AT TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I purpose giving you a few particulars of a glorious day at Tunstall, Suffolk, on Tuesday, May 21st, the day on which services were held to publicly ordain Arthur Baker, the Arabian and East Indian soldier, as pastor of the Baptist church in that place. It may be designated a day when the redeemed of the Lord did truly return to their earthly Zion, with singing and songs of great joy upon their heads. I never, since my first discovery of divine favour, so enjoyed the presence of the Lord as on this occasion.

Early in the morning I was breathing the sweet air of Suffolk—a county where as yet I had never spoken in my Master's name. Before breakfast, the pastor and myself visited several poor cottages, where we rehearsed the rich mercy of our God, speaking of his unchanging love, superabounding grace, and cleansing blood, to the cheering and softening the heart, and drawing the affectionate tear from the peasants' eye, as they sat at the breakfast table. At 9, we surrounded a table in the pastor's house, well laden with the riches of

God's mercies; and with the pastor's wife, and each of their aged fathers, ripe for glory, with mother, sister, and friends, we sat as in the family of a patriarch; the conversation was rich, Christ-glorifying and gospel-exalting. The morning air was salubrious; the sun bright; and men, horses and conveyances of all kinds, donkeys, and foot passengers, were seen posting their way to the ancient sanctuary, like the tribes of Israel with their first-fruits to the temple. All seemed happy and in good spirits. I found, though personally a stranger to them and they to me, yet I was well known to many of them, through my writing in the VESSEL and other books; also to the pastor, who was much encouraged by reading some of my pieces in the E. V. while in India, for all which I thank God and take courage.

At half-past 10, the morning service was commenced by our esteemed brother Whitehand, the senior deacon, giving out a hymn; then brother Gooding (of Hailsworth) read a chapter and implored God's blessing to rest

upon the pastor and church, and that God the Spirit would crown the services of that day with his special presence and smile. The solemn and impressive singing, the affectionate and earnest prayer of brother Gooding, quite revived and comforted our spirits, and was a soft earnest of the Lord's presence and blessing. After the second hymn, our revered brother George Wright (of Beccles) who is well known to be a worthy scribe in God's cause, entered the pulpit, and delivered a very appropriate, well digested discourse on the nature of a Gospel church, which was listened to with great attention, the savour of which I believe will not soon be lost. It did one's heart good to gaze up at this aged servant of God while bearing so noble a testimony to and of his holy Master. Mr. W. Whitehand then read the following interesting paper on the rise and progress of the cause at Tunstall. I think that part which refers to brother Baker's first appearance among them, as also his subsequent discharge from the army, in answer to prayer, was deeply interesting and encouraging. Mr. Whitehand said—

In the year 1805, May 1st, the Church was formed by thirty-seven persons, who were dismissed from the Baptist Church, Grundisburgh, then under the pastoral care of Mr. J. Thompson; to whom this cause was greatly indebted, and whose name is still revered, not only by some in this church, but by many of the Baptist Churches in the county of Suffolk. On May 9th, Mr. Reynolds was ordained the first pastor of this Church; and on the 19th of January, 1806, Mr. Reynolds preached his farewell sermon, and withdrew. In February, the same year, Mr. Daniel Wilson supplied the pulpit with acceptance, and was called by the church to the pastorate, which he accepted, and on the 22nd of July, 1806, was publicly ordained. On this occasion, Mr. J. Thompson, Mr. Wearing, and Mr. Fenn, were engaged in the services.

In 1809, Mr. Robert Wilson was called to exercise his gifts before the church; the Church feeling satisfied his qualifications for the work of the ministry were the gift of God by the Holy Ghost, therefore encouraged him to go forth, and preach the word wherever God in his providence should call or a door be opened; and in 1812, fourteen of the members of this church were dismissed to Aldringham, to form themselves into a distinct church there.

In 1812, Mr. Daniel Wilson resigned his pastoral charge, having laboured here six years with some degree of success—sixty-nine persons were added to the church in that time. From this time to 1814, the church was supplied by different ministers, till Mr. Thomas Squirrel was called to the pastorate, and was ordained in 1814, and resigned in 1820.

In 1820, Mr. Daniel Wilson returned by the desire of the church, and supplied the pulpit from June, till April, 1821, when being called by the church to take the oversight, he accepted, and was publicly recognised the second time the pastor of this church, and continued his labours till October, 1837,—when from weakness of body and nerve, he felt obliged to resign. Mr. D. Wilson's labours were blessed to many, and many were added to the church during the former part of this second engagement.

The church now destitute of an under-shepherd had to seek supplies for a few Sabbaths, when being informed of Mr. Gooding who had been labouring for the Hadleigh cause, but was now at liberty, the church wrote, and gave Mr. Gooding an invitation to come to Tunstall; Mr. Gooding complied, and came, and supplied for us four Sabbaths, commencing Lord's-day, Nov. 26th, 1837. The church after this term, gave Mr. Gooding a call for three months; and at the expiration of that term a further call for three months, with a view to the pastorate, which

Mr. Gooding accepted. During this period the congregation greatly increased, and it was thought needful to enlarge the chapel, this was agreed to by the church, and fully carried out, and on the 2nd of August, 1838, the chapel was re-opened, and Mr. Gooding was publicly ordained pastor of this church. Mr. Gooding laboured successfully, and it was owned and blessed of God. The chapel was again enlarged in 1843; and during brother Gooding's ministry here the addition to the church by baptism was 130. After labouring with us eight years and four months, his desire was to go into a foreign land, and he took his farewell of us, and went to America, supposing the Lord had a great work for him there. From March to August, 1846, we were supplied by kind Baptist brethren in the ministry, Garrard, Baldwin, Andrews, Last, and others.

Mr. Banks, of London, then recommended Mr. Day, of Reading; the church applied, and brother Day acceded to the proposition, and came and supplied for us four Sabbaths with acceptance, when the church gave him a call for twelve months; and after this a continuation from year to year. Brother Day laboured with acceptance for eight years, and his ministry was by many highly appreciated. He took his farewell of us October 1st, 1854, to labour in future at Saxmundham.

The church was again destitute of an under-shepherd, but was supplied by different ministers—viz., Messrs Gooding, Pells, Last, Barnes. Mr. Pells more frequently supplying, the church considered it best to give Mr. Pells a call for twelve months; Mr. Pells accepted, commencing January, 1855, but resigned in November following. Brother Last then supplied for a time; and in January, 1856, brother Last recommended to us Mr. Wise, of London. The church consulted, and agreed to invite Mr. Wise to supply the pulpit one month; Mr. Wise accepted, and came, and at the expiration of the month the church gave him a call for three months, commencing March 16th; and in June the church gave Mr. Wise a call to take the oversight, which he accepted. There was no public ordination. Mr. Wise's labours terminated with us December, 1858.

The church then gave brother Large an invitation to supply the pulpit, which he kindly accepted, and supplied till December, 1859.

In December, 1859, brother Baker made his first visit to Tunstall, being then on furlough; and preached in this chapel on Lord's day morning; at Saxmundham in the afternoon; and after a few days took his farewell, to join his regiment in Scotland. One of our brethren, during his stay, entered freely into conversation with him about the leadings and dealings of God with him, both in providence and grace, whilst in the army; and further, he found his mind impressed with a desire to go forth and labour for the good of souls, if he could obtain his discharge. On Dec. 11th, 1859, we held a special church meeting, when our brother who conversed with Mr. Baker made known to the church Mr. Baker's desire to withdraw from the army,—if possible to get his discharge, and to enlist in a more honourable service, to fight under the blood-stained banner of the cross. The church consulted, and prayerfully asked direction of the Lord, and decided for our senior deacon to write to brother Baker, to enquire his mind, and make known to him the church's desire. Brother Baker soon replied, stating his desire quite corresponded with the wish of the church, and if the Lord granted him his liberty, he should feel it a pleasure, a privilege, and honour, to serve the church at Tunstall for any period and under any circumstances the church might be placed temporarily, the Lord assisting him in the work. The church again met to consult, and prayerfully consider the matter; and unanimously agreed to give brother Baker a call for six months, if he could obtain his discharge. Brother Baker, without further delay, made application for his discharge, but in reply, was told by his commanding officer, that fresh orders had of late arrived from head quarters that no more should be discharged till the regiment had greatly augmented. This proved

grief and great disappointment to Brother Baker, and also to the church when apprised of it. Our position reminded us of the church of old, that we read of in Acts xii., where many were gathered together praying for the release of Peter, yet their faith failed them—they could not believe it possible for him to gain his release. But when the Lord spoke it was with authority, for his word was with power nothing can resist, not iron gates, or massive bolts and bars, these must give way. So the church at Tunstall found it to be after a short time with brother Baker. After a few days, brother Baker wrote to inform us his commanding officer had called him aside, as a friend in confidence, to inform him there was yet one way open. "I dare not apply for your discharge myself, but you can write to your friends, and urge them to make application to the Duke of Cambridge, at head quarters, for your discharge; perhaps a strong appeal to his Highness might effect this." The church desired this should be carried out. The letter was written, and sent to the Duke; the prayers of the church were answered; and brother Baker's discharge obtained after the lapse of two or three weeks.

Brother Baker, after obtaining his discharge, made the best of his way to Tunstall, to join the family of God, and to live in peace, no more to unsheathe the sword in the battle-field, there to hear the din and confusion of war, and the groans of dying men; but now, enlisted under King Jesus, he is called to fight the battles of the Lord. Our brother arrived here in March, and preached to us on Sunday, the 11th, and so continued to supply the pulpit every Lord's-day. A special church meeting was called on Lord's-day, April 15th, when brother Baker came before the church, and stated his call by grace to the knowledge of salvation, his being baptised when in India, &c. The church was satisfied with the relation brother Baker gave, and unanimously agreed to receive him, and our senior deacon gave him the right hand of fellowship for the church, and received him into full communion. Since the union, the church have enjoyed much peace and prosperity. Our prayer meetings and church meetings are well attended; the congregation still increasing, and on Lord's-days the chapel well filled. We have never seen the attendance so large since brother Gooding's time. The Lord has evidently greatly blessed the labours of brother Baker. After the expiration of the first six months' call, the church consulted, and finally agreed to give brother Baker another six months' call, with a view to the pastorate. Brother Baker duly considered the matter, and the Lord enabled him to decide in the acceptance of the same. During the twelvemonths' call of brother Baker, the Lord blessed his ministry, and gave him many seals—twenty-five persons having been baptised by him, and added to the church.

At a special church meeting, March 10th, 1861, our senior deacon presided, when the subject of brother Baker's public recognition as the pastor of this church was fully entered into, and it was then unanimously agreed for brother Baker to take the oversight of this church; and that his public ordination take place, God willing, on the 21st day of May, 1861.

At the conclusion of this interesting narration, brother Baker gave a few of the leading features connected with his conversion and call to the ministry. We were all unmanned for a few moments, in our feelings, at the thought of God's marvellous goodness—I saw none, old or young, but was more or less affected while Mr. Baker related how he had slighted the counsel of an aged father (who was at his side to hear him); how carelessly he treated the advice of his friends; how he thoughtlessly entered the army; how he disregarded the Bible, heaven and hell,—and yet how mercifully God had preserved him in no

less than fourteen general engagements, whilst his right and left hand man had been cut down. And further, how God by his Spirit first arrested him, without any human means, while in the deserts of Arabia; what deep soul searchings he underwent, as well as fiery temptations, as he frequented the lonely caves and rocks of Arabia, for reading the Bible, for meditation and prayer; and how God brought him into sweet liberty and daily intercourse with him. During this relation, my mind was carried back to my youthful days which were marked by many follies, and so I was constrained to call Arthur Baker, my brother in very deed, and exclaim, "Behold, what hath God wrought!" and ask the objectors, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Again, when he came to speak of his burning desire to tell others what the Lord had done for him; and how not one of all the missionaries he met with gave him the least encouragement, we were much interested. God had evidently kindled a fire in the heart of our brother which neither sin, the devil, nor man could quench, for he could find satisfaction and rest in nothing less than publishing abroad the sovereign love of God in Christ. At one time he had the confidence, like good old Nehemiah, to ask permission to build a house for the Lord, which he did, and preached in it himself, and had the honour of one visible seal to his ministry, whom he baptised, and then, like Phillip and the Eunuch, they were parted, and saw each other no more. He declared he never heard the Gospel, as it is in Jesus, preached, until he heard brother Wells, of London; yet God had taught him to believe, love, and proclaim the same things—all of which he told out with an honest hearted, unpolished manner of an English soldier of the cross of Christ, that did my heart and many others good. This closed the morning service. A full supply of temporals covered the tables at dinner, and all seemed in good earnest in doing their part here. The chapel was much crowded, and many unable to gain an entrance.

The afternoon service was commenced by brother Baldwin giving out a hymn; brother Hody read and prayed; after which, by God's blessing, I endeavoured to deliver God's message to Arthur Baker, from 2 Tim. ii. 15—"Study to shew thyself approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." First, shewing this study was the most honourable that a mortal can employ his mind about. In delivering this charge I felt very happy, for several reasons—1st, because I had confidence in my Lord; 2nd, because I had love and confidence in my brother to whom I spoke; and 3rd, because of the sweet approving smiles and tears of the people. I shall not name anything more of the sermon here, as it will appear in a short time as one of my original sermons, that are published the second week in every month, and sent post free eight for six penny postage stamps, to any part of the kingdom. The sermon ended, some hundreds surrounded the different tea tables, with cheerful countenances. After tea, the far-

coming part of the congregation soon began to move off, parting with their friends with tears, and smiles, and best wishes.

At half-past six, the evening service began. Brother Large gave out the first hymn; Mr. Baker read and implored God's blessing; then brother Hoddy preached a very encouraging discourse to the church and the newly-chosen pastor, from the words, "Encourage him," Deut. i. 38. It was truly good to be there: it was God-glorifying, it was sound doctrine, sound experience, shewing the deacons and church their relationship to each other, and to the minister, and to God; and that God called for order in the church; and in order to realize the blessing of God, it is necessary for members and ministers to dwell together in love and unity: the church should encourage the minister by their constant attendance, by their prayers, by seeking to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, and many other precious exhortations; and that the God of Jacob might by every needful blessing bless both minister and church.

This is a poor account, but I write from memory. I am your's in Gospel truth,
Norwich. JOHN CORBITT.

ZOAR CHAPEL, GREAT ALIE STREET.

We have received a letter "Signed on behalf, and by the authority, of the Deacons," by "D. Gladwin, Secretary," giving another account of the unhappy circumstances connected with the dissolution, and re-formation of the church in that place. The letter is too long, and came too late to be inserted this month; but there are one or two plain facts which we are bound to give; that the whole letter should appear in our pages appears to us, at the present, unnecessary; but we shall not shrink from rendering to the present church all that is honourable, righteous, and just.

One painful feature in the account, is the turbulent and disorderly spirit exhibited by many of the members at the different church meetings. This evidently led to the necessity for such a course as otherwise might have been avoided. It is due to Mr. Kershaw to state, that at the meeting of Friday evening, May 10th, he (as stated in the letter before us) "addressed them as a father would his children"—but, instead of peace and harmony resulting, such confusion followed, as led to thirty-nine members (out of seventy-three present) voting for the dissolution of the church. The names of those thirty-nine are now in writing before us; consequently, it was by a majority of the members present that the church was dissolved. This is a great fact hitherto unknown to us. The church has been dissolved; the members who have left have opened another place—they have commenced another cause: the members who remained in Zoar have been formed into a new church. It has been a

most solemn and painful sundering of hearts and connections; but is it Christ-like or comely now to be railing one against another? Certainly not. We would say to each party—remember your position—your profession—and that very soon your earthly pilgrimage, with all its cares and sorrows, will come to an end. Let each party, each church, seek most earnestly to maintain the truth as it is in Jesus—to live and to love as brethren, and instrumentally aim to extend the kingdom of Him whom to know is life eternal.

Since the above was written, we have had interviews with several persons on both sides; and letters have been received from individuals who are deeply interested. We are not frightened by any threat—nor do we desire, for one moment, to countenance any erroneous spirit in any one. We are not the organ of either party. We have simply allowed the friends who are separated, to state their case; and we only have further to add, that the majority, by shew of hands, was declared to be on the side of Mr. Mills, and those he represented. After this the matter, we think, should have closed. Mr. Mills, as one deacon of the church, protested against all that was afterwards done, as being illegal. A paper is now before us, containing the names of forty-four persons, with their addresses; and the number of years they had been members of Zoar; forty-one of these forty-four formed part of those who were present on that unhappy evening. These forty-four came from Zoar, and now form the new church at Zetland-hall, Goodman's Fields, to whom Mr. Crowther preached on Sunday, June 16th, 1861. Others are seeking union with them. We again say, let neither party manifest an unbecoming spirit. Old Zoar Chapel has been the birth-place and the banquetting-house of many precious souls. God has been in her midst. Surely, then, each party have great cause to be humbled down at the footstool of mercy, seeking to know why this painful event hath befallen them. We have no motive, but to defend and to declare the truth, as instruments in the hands of a just and righteous God.

THE ANNIVERSARY SEASON.

To Samuel Foster, of Sturry, near Canterbury, Kent.

DEAR BROTHER SAMUEL,—I am glad you feel directed to answer the queries in my last. There were some words in that letter offensive:—but I had no knowledge of the worldly use of them. I simply intended I was fixed "tight" in a crowded carriage—no very pleasant place to write in; but if I had not written you there, I should not have had time to write at all; so I hope all uncomely words of that kind will be forgiven.

And now to resume my review of the scenes arising out of labours in the villages and provinces. I think we are instructed to walk about Zion; and to "*Mark well* her bulwarks." I have hundreds of letters, beside my own observation, some of them you shall see.

Although constant travelling and preaching is exceedingly wearisome, yet to catch fresh views of our Great Creator's love and power—to read his wisdom in the great book which nature opens here and there with so much gladness and interest—is very refreshing. I think rolling up and down these Devonshire pyramids, with all the shaking and jerking they give you—and the gushing of the fine air which embraces you at every turn, must be of some benefit to the nerves of such a tottering Timothy as I am. The services at Ford Meeting passed off pleasantly, I hope with some profit to the people. Mr. Horton, the minister, is a man of much mental, spiritual, and ministerial stamina. For more than thirty years, the ancient and beloved bachelor Mills "*served*" the church and chapel here as Pastor, Preacher, Register, &c., &c. The last sermon he preached in the chapel was to a congregation of four persons; six or seven hundred may get inside the chapel very well; but with good Mr. Mills's declining days, the cause sunk so low scarcely any one would go to the place. In this desolation, about three years since, Mr. Horton was called to the ministry there. His first sermon was made the power of God unto one soul's salvation. She told me Mr. Horton's ministry did for her what neither the death of her husband, the death of her sons, the breaking of her leg, nor a host of afflictions beside, ever could do—it broke her heart, and after great sorrows, and fears, the Lord appeared, healed her soul, helped her to go and declare what he had done for her soul; Mr. Horton baptized her in the tide, and now she is an old woman of strong faith, of a cheerful disposition, and of extensive Biblical knowledge. Thus was Mr. Horton's ministry initiated and sanctified by the God of Israel; and from the commencement to the present time, his success has continued—the chapel is now well filled—and the Lord is adding unto the church such as shall be saved. Mr. Horton preaches at the villages around; and is received with happy and kind acceptance: his sorrows, sacrifices, and labours, have been many, of which we may give more another day. We hope the churches in and around the metropolis will see and hear our brother as an occasional visitor and preacher among us.

Since my return from the West of England, I have received a letter from my friend

Greenslade, from which I extract the following:

BELoved BROTHER,—I have been led blessedly into the grace of satisfaction since you left us in the West. The apostle said he should be satisfied when he awoke up in his likeness. Is there no waking up in it here, while travelling homewards through this great and terrible wilderness, which we have to pass through?—which is the cause of our crying; to feel his everlasting arms to be under us, and then to receive gracious answers, and our spirits raised up from the bondage of corruption and fear, under the sanctification of God the Holy Ghost, feeling ourselves to be the Lord's anointed. The love of our blessed covenanters coming in us like a flowing brook, and our heart burning with love to our Lord Christ: the eyes being anointed to look into the ancient settlements of eternity, and onwards to the fulness of time to the God-man in Bethlehem's manger, the Infant of Days, yet the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace—to look into all his sacrificial work all through; up to Calvary's hill, there to stand to view the mighty Warrior, the great Captain of our salvation—in his work God gave him to do, to unfurl the blood-stained banner of eternal love, to hear his voice, "It is finished," and all this for his bride, his church collectively, and myself individually; then to follow him risen from the dead, and amongst his disciples preaching peace by himself to them, causing them to cry out, "my Lord, and my God:" then seeing him ascending, entering into his glory, and my glory—hear his mighty powerful voice, "Open ye the everlasting gates, and let the King of glory in;" then see him presenting to his Father, and God our Father, with a "Here am I, and the children which thou hast given me, none of them are lost, but the son of perdition;" then to review him in his intercession and glory throne, and my soul bound up in his life—is not this a great satisfaction? What can give us such satisfaction in all the earthly glory God has created and given to the rich and noble of the earth?

When you, my dear brother, complied this last time to come to preach to us in the West, I was truly glad, but I was led to look back and contemplate the fire and hot furnace the Lord led you into while here once before; and how the Lord led me to go in before him in prayer for you: how he gave me wisdom and power from on high to hold up your hands, seeing your motives were all pure, doing the work of the Lord's anointed, strictly in accordance with the word and command of God; this brought me on my knees before the mercy throne, to beg of the Holy Ghost to come this time with you, filling you with his glory, that you might receive double joy and peace for all mourning, that the word of life might sink deep into the heart of his dear people through you while here, so that God might be glorified. You have been here; you have dwelt in peace, left in peace; and the Holy Ghost filled the places of worship with his glory; and sealed manifestively a great number of his saints

with holy anointings, and made your cup to run over. Is not this great satisfaction to my poor soul, to see the sequel—my prayer answered, and to feel strengthened to follow on to know more of him, and the power of his resurrection, to know nothing amongst men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified? Daily I am hearing from the saints what great things the Holy Ghost hath done in them by your ministrations, which you received of God for them, and what a zeal and energy it has thrown into the spirits of many, through the Lecture delivered in the Temperance Hall, on "The Two Great Powers—the Pulpit and the Press:" it stirred up God's people, and the natural people who had their senses exercised said it did them good, and made them press onwards in life, and to read God's word. This is a great satisfaction to me; and it must be to our good brother Vaughan, and other ministers who supported you in the work. Continue these lectures, my brother, wherever you go; continue them in the godly way you did here in Deronport, and God Almighty will bless it, as he has here. Yours affectionately,

J. GREENSLADE.

Devonport.

May, 1861.

On Sunday morning, June 16th, 1861, I arose much depressed. I had during the previous week preached nine times, in six different places; besides wading through an immense amount of letter reading and writing, and conflicting with difficulties of no ordinary kind in business matters. When Saturday night came, I sat down, desiring to study and pray, but my natural powers were exhausted: I slept. The first thing in the morning I was summoned to my chapel to unite in wedlock two young friends. This took the little time I wanted to prepare for the morning service, as I stood engaged to preach twice that day at Cave Adullam, Stepney. Rest and retirement are not often found by me; but these words occupied my mind; and as I walked to the wedding, and from the wedding, I thought upon them—"Now thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place." To myself I said, and then myself to others said,—first, here is the instrumental work of the gospel ministry; making manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place. Secondly, the success of the gospel, "He always causeth us to triumph in Christ. And lastly, the gratitude of the minister, "Now thanks be unto God."

I. The use God makes of the real gospel ministry is to make manifest the savour of his knowledge to us in every place. I take the word knowledge here to stand for power; the same as in Isaiah, "By his knowledge (power) shall my righteous servant justify many." Read the text, then, this way,—

(1) "Making manifest the savour of his

LOVE," for love has knowledgo and power too. (2) "Making manifest the savour of his MERCY;" for mercy takes knowledge of the miserable, and puts forth power to relieve their misery. (3) "Maketh manifest the savour of his Mediatorial work," for there was knowledge and power too. In taking the church into union with himself; in entering into a covenant with his Father on her behalf he knew what must be done; and being God and Man in one glorious Person, he had power to undertake, to commence, to carry out, and to complete the work of their redemption; and one of the chief designs of the gospel is to make manifest the savour of his great work in redeeming men from sin and everlasting woe. (4) "Making manifest the savour of his grace in the hearts of his called and saved people; for by the gospel the implanted grace of God is often drawn forth into exercise and manifestation too. Love lies at the bottom of all that the Lord does for his people; because the Lord thy God loved thee, therefore hath he done all these things for thee: even chastisement is a fruit of love, for "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth; and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Love talks to the heart: "I have loved THEE with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." When love thus fully declares her tender affectionate delight in a sinner's salvation by Jesus, then can such an one sing,

"The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss—
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his."

As I walked near to the station early this morning, returning from East Bergholt, I felt my heart moved with pure desires and strong affections toward my Saviour God. Oh! that all my little powers could be for ever his, and none but his—for there is peace, and joyfulness indeed. But I must not dwell here. Last Sunday we had a good day at the Cave; and some said I was courting a change and removal; but I can appeal to a heart-searching God, who knoweth I am seeking nothing but an honourable deliverance from all temporal ties; the rest I can leave with him.

Yesterday, June 17th, I went once more to East Bergholt; when I reached the chapel, one of brother Powell's Timothies was in earnest prayer; with hymns between, we had prayer by James Andrews, Jabez Wright, John Plaw, and Thomas Pooock; it was a time the Lord looked upon—a time his people will not forget. In the afternoon we met in a meadow belonging to the inn-keeper; the farmer lent his waggon. In that waggon a body of ministers and singers assembled; around that waggon was gathered a company of anxious hearers; to them I was favoured to preach; and after tea we had a public

meeting, when the brethren Pooch, Matthews, Powell, Plaw, and myself spoke to the crowded assembly. Mrs. E. Baldwin, is still looking to the Lord to help her bring up the ark of the covenant there, and I hope her eyes will yet behold the happy sight. Weary in work, I am nearly home. For the present, Adieu.

OUTLINE OF MR. JAMES WELLS'S SERMON
AT THE ANNIVERSARY AT

RIPLEY, SURREY.—THIS village cause was favoured with the services of our brethren Wells and Foreman, on Thursday, the 9th of May, as announced in the VESSEL. Brother Wells preached in the morning, returning after dinner from the Woking station to London. Our brother Foreman, who has supplied at Ripley for many years, preached both afternoon and evening. This Baptist cause, whose first pastor was a Mr. Merryett, is the only Dissenting cause in the place, with the exception of a little cluster who about ten years since separated from this people, and who worship in a room. One is almost tempted to say that Particular Baptists reverse the old adage of "Union is strength." Our brother Wells preached a most excellent sermon from Judges v. 31, "Let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might. And the land had rest forty years."

Israel, (said the speaker) had had six captivities and one civil war, and had fearfully apostatised from the truth of God, and from the God of truth. He would shew first, *the distinction*, "Them that love him;" second, *the likeness*, "As the sun;" third, *the repose*, "The land had rest."

I. **THE DISTINCTION.** There are three contrasts worthy of notice recorded in this book. First, "The Lord came from Sinai;" and when the Lord came from Sinai, he brought the people to the mercy-seat—to the altar of sacrifice. Now those who have been brought to love the Lord, can appreciate this contrast, because it is by Jesus Christ that the Lord so comes, and we being brought from Sinai, what do we see? We see a square altar, to denote how exactly the work of the Lord Jesus Christ squares with the demands of Sinai—with the justice of God; and also to denote how exactly we, in Christ Jesus, are squared with the demands of a holy law. Yes, here all is right, all is straight, all is perfectly square. Again (second) we see the blood sprinkled between the altars—viz., the altar of incense and the altar of burnt-offering; and (third) to see the blood sprinkled upon the mercy-seat. Thus you have been brought to love the Lord; have been brought away from Sinai's command to Christ who is the end of the law for righteousness; and so, being brought nigh by the blood of Christ, ye have boldness to come unto the throne of grace. Some of you perhaps may say, I hope I love the Lord, yet I have not had, as some have had, a deep law work; but remember, is it not true of those who stood round about the mount, that some stood nearer than others, and therefore the thunder to them was most loud, and to them the lightning was most vivid; yet those who heard but little, and who were shocked and terrified but a little, did to some degree fear and quake. "For your comfort let this suffice,—being brought to Jesus is the proof of being taught of God."

2. The second contrast is that of "freedom from slavery." They who love the Lord are freed men: the freedom which the Jews had indicates the freedom of the children of God—it is a freedom according to the love and purpose of God. Do you, hearer, like God's method of freeing his people, and bringing them to love him? Perhaps you object to election, it is such a deep matter, and yet you know that the deeper the spring the better the water. They who love the Lord have been delivered from the "noise of archers" in the places of drawing water, being brought to God's pure springs of everlasting truth,

they exclaim, "Spring up, O well!" and here they draw water with great joy. These people are also brought to the gates—that is, to the places where all matters are settled judicially: those who love the Lord are persons settled in the truths of God, they are the people who keep the "Amens," the verities of God's word. The love of God—election, regeneration, justification, sanctification, glorification,—these are Jehovah's "Amens," and these the lovers of the Lord delight in.

3. We have another contrast, by the victories here recorded. The Lord gave them those victories, they fought for heaven, and so they fought well; also heaven fought for them, the stars fought for them. Now passing by all astrological nonsense, we say, that by the brilliancy of the light of those stars the Israelites were enabled to fight, to pursue, and finally to overcome their enemies. And now to you, poor child of God, let this be told,—Prophets are stars, Apostles are stars; if you love the Lord, all these stars shine for you, all fight for you,—and as the Church is said to be crowned with a crown of twelve stars, it intends that you shall be crowned with the fulfilment of all those blessed truths scattered about in the word of our God.

II. We now notice the **LIKENESS**—"As the sun." There is a two-fold going forth of the sun—first, diurnally, by which night-darkness is scattered and day-light brought in; and, second, vernally, by which winter is succeeded by summer. Yes, "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart;" the winter shall pass, spring shall appear, the time of the singing of birds must come, and ye that love the Lord shall shout aloud for joy! And look now for a moment at this, see how independent a body the sun is—find it at the distance of about a hundred million of miles away, it is beyond all control of those for whom it shines; so to some extent is he who loves the Lord. Mark too, this statement, "Clear as the sun;" and then notice that this figure or likeness of the sun, is intended to set forth matrimonial relationship—see the 19th Psalm. Jesus, the Great Bridegroom, fulfils his marriage vow; he has said, "I have sworn that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee;" nor will he. Poor Job said, "He hath filled me with wrinkles;" but Jesus will present his bride before the Father, "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." Lastly, this likeness shews the certainty of the people of the Lord finishing their race; we travel by faith, and so go faster than by other means. Jesus died in majesty, and majestically arose in eternity; and thus shall it be with those who love the Lord.

III. **THE REPOSE.** Rest signifies, first, release; second, possession.

Having taken up so much of your space, I will simply say, that the people were favoured with some good wine for the end of the feast.

A HEARER.

THE
**OLD BARN ON CROWBOROUGH
FOREST,**
WITTINGHAM, SUSSEX.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—After reading with much interest the pleasing account of the introduction of the Gospel to Buckland Common, I could but think of a similar case in the county of Sussex, which perhaps may afford some degree of interest to the readers of the VESSEL. The old barn alluded to was for many years used for the purpose of thrashing, and separating the chaff from the wheat, and in which many of the poor labourers on the Forest had toiled from morn to night. Now, through the overruling hand of Providence, they, with many others in the surrounding neighbourhood, have the opportunity of hearing the precious truths of the Gospel, from the lips of a faithful minister.

And now, Mr. Editor, I will endeavour, in as concise a manner as possible, to give a few particulars relative to the above. In the year 1829, a farmer

left his native county of Norfolk, and hired a farm in the county of Sussex; and after residing there a short time he found a large population on the Forest without any means of hearing the word of God; not a church or a chapel being near. This circumstance the farmer made known to some Christian friends at Tunbridge Wells, who very kindly took the case into consideration, and sent over a Scripture reader, to visit the poor labourers at their homes, and explain the word of God to them and their families. The farmer finding these persons truly thankful for the Scripture reader, was induced to make a further attempt to promote the cause of God in the neighbourhood, remembering it is said, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand," &c. And now comes the sequel relative to the Old Barn. One beautiful summer's morning, as the lark was raising its note of praise to the great Creator, a Christian friend came a distance of twelve miles to breakfast with the farmer, and accompany him to look at an empty cottage, which was considered suitable for the Scripture reader to assemble his hearers in on the Sabbath day, but finding it too small for that purpose, they were about returning, when they saw a large unthatched barn, and at once thought if they could obtain possession, it would be just what they required. They immediately ascertained to whom it belonged; and on that memorable morning hired it for twenty-one years, at £5 per year. So much being accomplished, steps were at once taken to repair, new thatch, and fit up the same with a pulpit, a few pews, and comfortable plain seats. For some considerable time, the excellent and humble Christian reader occupied the pulpit, till through age and distance was compelled to resign this work of usefulness. Such being the case, some of the neighbouring ministers conducted the services for a short period, when a kind interposition of Providence took place.

A Christian relative of the farmer came down from town to visit him, and particularly enquired how the little cause was progressing at the "Old Barn," when the farmer replied (by informing his friend) that he thought the cause was much blessed, but they wanted a little assistance, as the congregation was very poor. His friend asked if they were in debt? receiving an answer in the negative, he said, "Before I leave I should like to see the barn;" which he did on the following morning. Being delighted with the spot, and feeling assured of the great good likely to accrue from its proximity to the Forest, he at once determined, if possible, to purchase it, which matter he accomplished that very day. As at Buckland Common, the aristocracy in the neighbourhood would have given double the amount rather than the poor, humble Baptists should have had it. At the time of purchase, there were three very old, small cottages, and about half an acre of ground, on which the barn stood. The cottages have been taken down, and a neat substantial house has been erected for the minister. The whole is now enclosed within a stone wall; the land being used as a burial ground and garden; they have also a comfortable baptistry. Since the purchase, the congregation has much increased, which fact has caused the building to be enlarged. A few years since, a half-chapel was added to the barn, which at this time will accommodate three-hundred persons. But through time, and the high winds of the past winter, the "Old Barn" has become so shattered, that it is absolutely necessary to pull all the old part down; such being the case, a little kindly assistance is needed in the present emergency. The Christian friend from town, who purchased the property, has been called to his rest; but the farmer is still spared, and although not now residing amongst the people, must ever feel a lively interest in the cause at the "Old Barn." And it is somewhat remarkable, that through business lately he was called into the neighbourhood of Wittingham, just at the time this appeal was being made, and was presented with a paper by Mr. Saxby, the present minister, which gives an estimate of the cost of another half-chapel of brick or stone. The sum stated is £115; the

congregation have raised about £40; and now appeal to Christian friends for further help in this important work; they feel persuaded, could the spot be visited, their appeal would not be in vain. The first ten members the farmer witnessed baptized by Mr. Philip Dickerson, of Little Alie Street, London; there are now between seventy and eighty members, principally gathered from off the Forest; and there is every reason to believe God will continue to bless the ministrations of his servant.

Trusting, Mr. Editor, you will pardon this lengthened account, I beg to subscribe myself,

A WELL-WISHER TO THE CAUSE.

Any remittances, either by Post Office Orders, or Stamps, (however small) will be thankfully received by the farmer's friend, Mr. Philip Dickerson, 24, Gloucester-terrace, New-road, Mile End, E., London.

BERMONDSEY.—EVENING. The inaugural services of a Sabbath school were held, as announced, on Monday, June 17th. A sermon was preached by Mr. James Wells; the text chosen was Matt. xviii. 14; Mr. Wells dwelt largely upon the necessity of the heart being changed before there could be vital conversion to God, and the certainty of such coming into possession of all that God has promised. A comfortable tea was provided; after which the choir sang several scripture anthems. In the evening, the chapel was filled, and at 7 o'clock, James Ahliss, Esq., Alderman and Sheriff of London and Middlesex, took the chair. A hymn was sung. The Chairman called upon brother Meeres to supplicate the divine presence and blessing; after which the pastor was requested to offer some introductory remarks. Brother Chivers said, as it was deemed prudent, and desired by the Chairman, that he should introduce to the meeting the object for which they were assembled, he would do so as briefly as possible, being desirous to hear from the gentlemen and ministerial brethren present that judicious counsel they had so willingly come to offer. It had long been his desire that a Sabbath school should be instituted in connection with the cause of God and truth there; temporal hinderances being in a great measure removed, the church had now determined to commence operations; their aim being local, moral, social, and relative good, endeavouring to carry out the mind of our Master, "God will to-ward men." Holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience, we venture to promulgate the scriptures of unerring truth, relying upon the Divine blessing for success. The Chairman then rose and expressed his satisfaction and pleasure in aiding such institutions as were beneficial to mankind at large, and for the glory of God. After relating some striking incidents in connection with his natural birth in a Sabbath school, held in his father's farm-house; and humbly hoping if his heart was changed, God had wrought it through the instrumentality of a Sabbath school in which he had been a scholar and teacher; dilating largely upon the benefit and pleasure he has realised, and still continued, once in each month, to address a Sabbath school. The Alderman ably shewed the importance of the teachers' strict adherence in explaining scripture by scripture, and not to employ carnal or their own fancies in that which the truth of God alone could explain. After several interesting anecdotes, the worthy Chairman backed his excellent address with the noble donation of £5. 5s. A list of officers was then read, and T. Pocock, Esq., moved their adoption, and with his usual sympathy and benevolence towards every object coming under his observation, and to which his presence is solicited, for temporal good, or the furtherance of the Redeemer's kingdom, gave a very touching address. Thomas Pillow, Esq., seconded the adoption, referring to his association with that church under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Geo. Francis about forty years past,—with feelings of emotion he referred to associations embalmed in his memory; many with whom he stood in membership had passed out of time, and were now before the throne of God and the Lamb. He was rejoiced to

find a Sabbath-school was to be added to this church, which was not the case at old Snowsfields, for want of room. After some kind congratulatory remarks, the choir sang anthem, "What is man?" Brother Moyle next addressed the meeting and powerfully shewed from scripture quotation the importance of Sabbath school institutions, based upon scripture; giving an interesting outline of his early association with a Sunday school, believing God first met with him while so employed; still considering he sustains office as a Sabbath school teacher. Brother Palmer then addressed the meeting upon the benefit arising from Sabbath school training, and from his fruitful mind we had some weighty remarks—shewing that the masses of our rising generation are the capital with which all agencies were at work, both religious and profane, drawing a clear line between true and false religion. Brother Milner then spoke upon the necessity of the Divine blessing, enlarging upon the wondrous element of the mind, the importance of its being occupied, and the danger of its running wild; that all laws, however good, passed by our wisest legislators, were not adequate to the prevention of crime, hence the necessity of a superior power to overrule and govern. Our good brother most earnestly desired the Divine blessing might attend the labours of the officers. Mr. Pocock moved, and Mr. Pillow seconded, a vote of thanks to the worthy Chairman, for his kindness and liberality shown. The pastor, Mr. Chivers, then thanked the Chairman the unanimous and sincere thanks of his friends, praying that Almighty God might bless him with every time and eternal good; to which the Alderman most feelingly replied, expressing his highest gratification with the evening's proceedings. The doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, which brought to an end that which we trust is the beginning of great good. I am faithfully and affectionately the church's servant for Jesus's sake,
THOMAS CHIVERS.

BETHNAL GREEN. SQUIRRES STREET. Services to commemorate the second year of Mr. Flory's Pastorato were held April 25th, when Mr. S. Milner preached a very encouraging sermon from Deut. xxxii. 10. The afternoon service was kindly taught by Mr. J. Pells in consequence of the illness of the beloved Mr. J. Bloomfield, which we with our pastor deeply deplore; Mr. Pells poured out a sweet prayer for his speedy recovery, if the Lord's will; and spoke from Luke ix. 38, those spirit-stirring truths which draw out the loving heart of the true believer to Jesus. The evening meeting was opened with earnest prayer by Mr. Haysman, when our pastor, as chairman, made a few remarks. He said that he had been brought there in a very mysterious way, he thought and knew the Lord had directed his steps there; and although he suffered great loss, he had the satisfaction to know the Spirit had blessed the word to the salvation of some; they had several additions in the year, and five baptised; and although many changes, trusted the Lord has given testimony to the word of his grace in his feeble ministry. The meeting was then addressed upon "Prayer," by Mr. G. Webb. "Is it the duty of all men savingly to believe in Jesus Christ," by Mr. S. Cozens. "The blessedness of faith in Christ as Prophet, Priest, and King," by Mr. McCrees. "Is the Millennium or thousand years reign of Christ spiritual, or personal; and what is the meaning of Rev. xix. 3, 4, 5; xx. 1?" The speakers spoke well, the blessing of God was felt; the meeting was filled to the full in the evening, and the deacons Barnes and Smither active. Wishing the best of blessings on this hill of Zion, your's truly,
G. BORRETT.

14, Wade's-place, Hackney-road, N.E.

DODDINGTON, four miles from Chatteris. The anniversary of Baptist Chapel took place on the 29th of May. A fine day. I feel thankful it was a good day. The presence of the Lord God Almighty was felt amongst us. In the afternoon Mr. Ashby, of Whittlesea, preached an excellent

sermon from the words in Solomon's Song iii. 1.—he explained the seeking soul, and the propriety of watching, seeking, and enquiry. Then we had a goodly company, and a comfortable tea. In the evening, Mr. Wilkins, of Chatteris, preached a cheering sermon from "Who remembered us?" Ps. cxxxvi. 23. I hope the day will be remembered by many, and that much good may arise therefrom. This little cause (a branch from Chatteris) is worthy of support. O that the people may appreciate such favours—the gospel of Jesus preached amongst them, to comfort, and establish, and build up those already called, and be the means of awakening many in the neighbourhood who are yet far from God, and strangers to the blessedness of salvation by free and sovereign grace. Amen.
MINIMUS.

CHATTERIS.—On Wednesday, June 5th, the people worshipping at Zion Chapel, held a baptizing service at Burrow Pond. There was a large assembly at the water side. Mr. Ashby, of Whittlesea, read the hymns; Mr. Crampin, of Somersham, engaged in prayer; Mr. Whitting, of Needingworth, gave an appropriate address; after which, Mr. Wilkins, in his usual deliberate manner, baptized five females, citing a portion of scripture to each as he led them into the water. In the evening, Mr. Bull, minister of Over, preached at Zion. We have hope of visiting "Burrow Pond" again soon.

GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK.—On April 24th, we held a tea and public meeting. Brother Pocock preached in the afternoon; about 170 sat down to tea; in the evening, Mr. William Clarke, of Ipswich, took the chair; addresses were delivered by brother Whorlow, of Sudbury, Pocock, of Ipswich, Mr. W. Clarke, of Ipswich, and Mr. Mose, minister; when a spirited effort was made to raise the amount due to our builder, whose claim of £75 was due; very nearly £50 was pledged to be given or collected by the last week in June. We hope some of our readers will kindly remember us, and forward an expression of their sympathy for our poor, but determined hard-working people. Our minister or deacons will thankfully acknowledge such kindness.

JONATHAN MOSE, Minister.
WILLIAM FORD,
WILLIAM MERRINGTON, } Deacons.
THOMAS PRENTICE, }

CHESHUNT Anniversary was on June 15th sermons in afternoons and evening by C. W. Banks. The day was delightful—the company encouraging; and all appeared happy. Some of the students from the Countess's College came to hear the London man preach; and several brethren, Messrs. Butison, John HARRISS, and others. We want a settled pastor.
D. D.

LITTLE STONHAM.—Our Anniversary was held on Wednesday, May 22nd, when Two Sermons were preached by C. W. Banks. Our minister, Mr. Charles Merritt, has been very useful among us; both the church and congregation have increased, and real good has been done. The churches around us are favoured, and I am thankful Little Stonham has a few of heaven's showers falling to revive her.
ANOTHER POOR RTN.

WIMBLETON.—We had the sweet pleasure of occupying brother Luke Snow's pulpit on a very recent occasion. The pretty little "Zoar" in Wimbleton, is quite a house of prayer and peace. We pray it may long continue; and that the pastor's mercies (in the ministry, and in all that concerns him) may surround him on every hand.

ORPINGTON.—Anniversary was held on Wednesday, June 5th. Mr. Cracknell preached two good gospel sermons; Mr. Thomas Whittle—the cheerful poet—assisted; the pastor, Master Willough-

by, sung the hymns in his usually solid style, assisted by brother Carter, of Down; and in the evening C. W. Banks gave us a long and loud sermon on the "Name-sake" Promises.

FARNBOROUGH.—The anniversary was held a few days before the Orpington, when the friends were privileged with Mr. James Wells's presence and powerful preaching; and a good company gathered together.

A VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA.

LETTER II.—FROM "ACROSS THE LINE."

In the May number we gave extracts from the first letter received from Mr. Kingsford. The following is taken from his second letter, which was addressed to Mr. Robert Banks, of Bridge, who, since Mr. Kingsford left England, has supplied his pulpit at Egerton, Kent, to the people whom Mr. Kingsford's departure, left destitute.

"Ship *Liberator*, off Trinidad,
Jan. 22nd, 1861.

"MY BELOVED BROTHER ROBERT,—We are hoping to meet with another homeward-bound ship, so I though I would hold a few minutes conversation with you, by the aid of my pen.

"I am grateful to say we are all tolerably well; my arm is the only ailing member amongst us. I fear it will be a long time before it will get quite well. I am anxious to get to Sydney, in order that I may have it examined by a medical man. We feel we are prisoners here, and we sigh for liberty, and I trust we shall, under the good hand of our God, be set free in another six weeks. Goodness and mercy have followed us thus far, and we have abundant reason to say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!' We often sit on deck, and in imagination go over our happy house at Bridge, and as we do so, a sigh will escape, that we ever left it, but the 'why,' and the 'wherefore,' will be hereafter explained. Happy six years of liberty did we enjoy there; not so the last six,—yet we learned some precious lessons there, which more than compensate for all the gall mixed therewith,—days of mercy far outnumber our days of trial,—and if we can sing of 'judgment,' also.

"Our voyage thus far has been a tolerably pleasant one, comparatively but little rough weather; and now we are more used to the rolling, pitching and tossing of the ship, we are not so soon alarmed. The children are as happy as birds—they sing the sailors' songs, haul the ropes, and pump ship, as though they had known no other mode of life. We crossed the line Jan. 12th—there was a little ceremony with the sailor boys who had not crossed before: they were well lathered, scraped with a wooden razor about a yard long, and then drenched with water. For Christian society we are at a loss; in our cabin we have none of like sympathies; in the first class are the missionaries, but we have no communion with them, they are very reserved; we go to their service on the Sabbath—'tis a sweet distinction from the rest of the days,—but the addresses are not such as our souls long for; they are dry, dull, showy dissertations; no living experience in them, nothing adapted to feed a hungry soul with. Oh, how I have longed for my Egerton Sabbaths, where I have received, and been enabled to give out, such truths as have comforted my own soul to an extraordinary degree. O, brother, dry theory is husky stuff: experimental truth is that alone on which the soul can feed—no matter how rough, how unpolished, if it be but the language of the heart as that heart has been affected by the Spirit of God—it must warm, enliven, console, and feed. I fancy I see you in my little pulpit at Egerton, and I look at the upturned faces drinking in the word as it is expounded by you.

God bless you and bless them. I hope one day to see some of them again. I desire to submit to my heavenly Father's will, but who can help thinking of his first love? who can help longing to be brought again into connection with the object of this love? So is it with me. I love them, and if I may have my desire, it is that I may presently return, and live and die amongst them.

"I have preached once on the 'Poop,' but have not been invited to do so again, excepting by two of the first-class passengers, which of course I cannot do, as Mr. Calvert (the leading missionary) undertakes this. For the first two or three Sundays, I gave a short address in the second cabin; but have been obliged to suspend this for a time, as a disagreement among some of the passengers has arisen. We have tried hard to conciliate, but have not yet succeeded. To-day Mr. Calvert has kindly invite Mrs. Kingsford, myself and the children, into the first cabin, to family prayer morning and evening. I feel very grateful for this; I cannot tell you how glad I feel; if you know of any one wishing to learn the value of Christian privileges, advise them to go to sea for three or four months, and then methinks if there is a spark of grace in their heart, they will learn something of what the Psalmist experienced, when he could not unite with the children of God, and said, 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!' Do you tell them, that we have learned by experience, 'I had rather be door-keepers in the house of our God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness;' indeed, a day in his courts is better than a thousand spent elsewhere.

"Yesterday we passed the sun, and it now rises in the west and sets in the east. We have sailed about 180 miles per day (24 hours) since we crossed the line; if we continue at this rate, we shall be off the Cape of Good Hope about Tuesday, this is about half way—the worst half so far as the uncertainty of the winds is concerned, but the best half for smooth sailing: that is to say, the ship will run from twelve to fourteen knots per hour, and in so doing she rocks very much, and ships a deal of sea, so that we shall not be able to get on deck very much; besides this the sea runs in what is called the mountain wave, so I expect we shall have at this part of our voyage to endure. But here we are alive, well, and tolerably happy, looking forward to our new home. Ah! we can sing with some feeling,

'Home, sweet home,
There's no place like home.'

And how often we think of 'the old folk at home,' of 'the old arm chair,' and all connected. Well, there is our Father's house, where our mansion is, our family mansion, where we hope to meet again, without the infirmities that have characterised us here; where the happiness will not be marred by the prospect of parting; where our song shall not be broken, nor disturbed, but where eye to eye we shall see, and in sweetest harmony we shall sing the song of the redeemed. Dear brother, to this home, this house, this mansion, let us ever be looking, tending, and hastening, for now is our salvation nearer than when we (first) believed. How sweet the word, 'we have (this) house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' You may rely that I will not give a wrong impression of things out here: I shall try to be as descriptive of the country, in all its characteristics as I can. We have now a beautiful view in the evening of the Southern Cross; the North Star is lost to our view, we shall not see it again until we return to England. The stars hang most splendidly, so brilliant, so beautifully clear; last evening the sun-set was beyond all description: the sky was gloriously coloured with beautiful tints—crimson, violet, green, blue, and various hues; I have seen painted representations, but they are ought to be compared with the reality! I hastily conclude, as a homeward-bound vessel is in sight, by which we hope to send this. Love from all here to all of you scattered abroad through England. God bless you all. Farewell, most affectionate brother,

JOHN KINGSFORD.

The Great Robber, the Robbery, and the People Robbed.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF A SERMON PREACHED IN ZOAR CHAPEL, CANTERBURY,
ON SUNDAY, JUNE 23RD, 1861,

By MR. SEPTIMUS SEARS, BAPTIST MINISTER, SHEFFORD, BEDS.

"A people robbed."—Isaiah xiii. 22.

I SHALL endeavour, dear friends, looking for the Lord's help, first, to show *who* this people are; for certainly it is not spoken of everybody, not spoken of all the world, but of a certain people. Secondly, I shall endeavour to shew the *condition* of this people, "A people *robbed*." Thirdly, shew what they might be robbed of, and what they *never could* be robbed of. Fourthly, *how* it was that they came to be robbed. And conclude with an exhortation.

Well, then, we speak of A PEOPLE. We read in the 24th verse, what name these people bear, "Jacob and Israel." That is the Lord's own people, "For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself, and Israel for his own peculiar treasure." O, my friends, what a marvellous thing it is that ever the Most Mighty God should, out of the fullness of his love, choose a people unto himself, especially when we consider the sad, fallen, polluted condition that this people by nature are in. O! how freely does he love, and how freely does he choose; yea, sets his love upon this people in Jesus for ever. O, it is all his own sovereign, gracious act. What a mercy! O! how sweet it is to my soul. I did not at one time relish this truth,—that the Lord has a chosen people;—I did not once believe it; but it is true, and if I believe my Bible, I must believe this too.

Well, then, God has a chosen people. Now that God is eternal, is of necessity. That God is All-wise, Almighty, Incomprehensible, &c., is of necessity. He must be a holy God, he cannot be otherwise. But that he is gracious, merciful, and long-suffering to sinners, is not of necessity; he was not bound to act thus. He is perfect in knowledge; he foreknew all things; he knew he would do this and that—but he was not bound to shew mercy to any. Now, suppose such a thing were possible, that our Queen foreknew that a party of her subjects would rebel, and attempt to destroy her and her house; now she might foresee all this, and yet it would be at her pleasure to determine whether she would kill, or spare all—or kill only some, and spare some. She is not bound to shew mercy to any, much loss to give up the Prince of Wales to let a rebel go free. O, then, does not this shew the freeness, the perfect delight that he has in saving sinners? It is according to the good pleasure of his will. Well, then,

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what is the character of this people—Jacob and Israel? Jacob, a supplanter, a wrestler. Yes, there was a wrestling between the Lord and Jacob. Jacob, as it were, trying by his own strength to overcome God, but the Lord touches the hollow of his thigh—the sinew shrinks—his strength is gone—he falls down a poor, weak, helpless thing, and instead of fighting, as it were, against God, poor weak-helpless Jacob begs for a blessing. Bless me I need thy blessing. Thou must bless me, for "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Here his name was changed from Jacob to Israel,—a prince that had power with God and prevailed. Ah, my friends, it is thus with a person when the Lord takes them graciously in hand, to bring them out of the world. There is a struggling to escape God's hand, to stifle convictions; or otherwise to pacify conscience by this or that pious act. Still a trying one's own strength to oppose God, and his way of salvation. But the Lord brings down their strength—lays them low in the dust—brings down their hearts with labour, and they fall down not able to help themselves. Then does the soul seek a blessing—then does the soul see that all is in vain without the Lord's help, the Lord's blessing—Lord, bless me, and he gets it. O, how blessed thus to be raised up. To be brought from every false refuge, and made simply "A beggar poor at mercy's door."

Well, then, they were "a people robbed." O, how many ways there are by which soul's are robbed, and no wonder, because they have thieves inside as well as outside. How often robberies are committed: but if we knew any man that kept a gang of thieves in his own house, and fed them at his own table, why we should not much wonder at that man being robbed. And so it is with the people of God; they have corrupt affections still—deceitful hearts still; a something that will not consent to the will and ways of God. He has a gang of thieves, and he can't get rid of them; they will stick to him till his dying day. No wonder, then, that he is robbed.

Then there are some things he has that he *never can* be robbed of, and these are so numerous, that it were impossible to speak of them all, and so I will try and bring a few of them before you. And then, there are some things he has that he may be, and often

is robbed of. We will just notice some of them.

Well, then, there is all the wealth of the covenant of grace made over to him, and that is an everlasting covenant. O, how sweetly David saw this. Poor man, he knew what it was to be robbed—robbed by his foes, robbed by his friends, robbed by his own children, robbed temporarily, and robbed spiritually; and yet how sweetly he sings of this covenant, "Although my house be not so with God," although everything here is in a confusion, where thieves break through and steal; "yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." Ah, friends, he could never be robbed of this.

"This covenant, O believer stands,
Thy rising fears to quell;
Seal'd with thy bleeding Surety's hands,
In all things ordered well."

Again, a Christian cannot be robbed of the glorious robe of Christ's righteousness. No, clothed in this spotless robe, he may triumph and sing, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and covered me with the robe of his righteousness;" and God himself hath declared, "My salvation shall be for ever and ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished."

"This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years:
No time can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new."

Again, you cannot lose your interest in the precious blood of Christ. Oh, no! You might, and often do, lose the sweet sense thereof, but you cannot be robbed of your interest therein. O! what precious blood-atoning blood. There is something so sweet in the word *aton-ing*-blood. It brings the Mighty God and the lost sinner together—together in one. O, how sweet is this to my soul—*aton-ing*, blood-reconciling blood, the poor sinner brought nigh to God by it. O! what a voice too, that blood has, speaking peace. O! how powerful too, is that precious blood to wash away sin, so that not the slightest tinge of guilt shall be found on those who are washed therein, and the believer cannot be robbed of his interest in this all-*aton-ing* blood.

Again, you cannot be robbed of your spiritual life. He gives to sinners, life; yea, and that life is everlasting.—"I give unto them eternal life," that life is in a safe place; it is hid with Christ in God.

Again, you cannot be robbed of the indwelling Spirit, though experience may often speak contrary to this, yet "He is given to a man to dwell in him, and he shall abide with you for ever: ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost."

Again, you cannot lose the graces of the Spirit. They may for a time be hidden from

us; we may be filled with fear concerning them; but they are still within you, and must remain so, since the blessed Spirit himself dwells there.

Again, you cannot be robbed of your part in the intercession of Christ. O, no! And what a blessed, soul-supporting truth this is—"He ever liveth to make intercession for all them that come unto God by him." Ever liveth to do this, how precious! There is not a single moment passes but he is still appearing in the presence of his Father for us. He shews each name upon his breasts, he shews his wounds, and is like unto a Lamb as it had been slain.

Again, you cannot be robbed of the heavenly inheritance; it is "incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." Jesus himself has said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place far you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself." As some writer has expressed it, "There is not a single place there, but it shall be filled; there is, it may be, the name of each person written over each door in the many mansions above; so that each person has his prepared place, each shall receive his own crown. O, then, dear friends, ye cannot be robbed of this, ye shall one day go home—your sorrows all ended, your sighs all turned into songs, and so you shall for ever be with the Lord.

But, then, there are some things that you may be robbed of. You may be robbed of that prayerfulness of spirit. O, yes! Time was when your heart seemed filled with breathings, pantings, longings after the Lord. O how you sought some secret place to pour out your soul unto the Lord. O, how you did desire and delight to be alone with Jesus; what sweet intercourse you had with him, and your petitions were mingled with adorations and thanksgiving. But now prayer is a burden and a hard task; that secret place is not sought for—not valued; how deadened is every breath, of prayer, ye have lost it, ye are robbed.

Again, you may lose the blessed operations of the graces of the Spirit. That love may become cold; that joy may have fled from you; that peace given place to wild confusion; that faith may appear to you as dead. O, how sad a state to be in; alas! we know but too well what it is. And that blessed assurance is quite gone; I cannot say now that Jesus is mine, and I am his; no sweet communion now, and what is still worse, many are the fears that rise about our being a believer at all. Ah, friends, I know something of these things, and my soul has been driven to count all my former experience a delusion; no evidence of being a child of God left; all my saintship, as it were, burnt out of me, and could not come to God as a Father then, and my poor soul has said, "Lord, though I can-

not come as a child—a saint, yet I come as a poor lost sinner; if I never came in truth before I would come now, and thou hast said ‘Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;’ verify thy own word *now*: Lord, pardon me, receive me, bless me.

‘Since Jesus’ blood’s my only plea,
O, God, be merciful to me.’”

Now a few words in conclusion, first to those that are still unconverted. Let me tell you, my friends, that you cannot be robbed, for you have nothing to lose. O! what a fearful state are you in, utterly corrupted with sins deadly disease, and yet care not for the only Physician. O! poor sinful mortals, how soon you may die—how soon the realities of eternity may burst upon you, and you in your sins appear before God. O! unconverted ones, “The wages of sin is death.” What will ye do when the Judge shall say, “Depart ye cursed.” O! may God in mercy make this an arrow to pierce you deep, and then point you to Calvary’s cross.

Are there not some earnestly seeking pardon, peace, and salvation in Jesus? O! still seek, and ye shall find.

“From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die;
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear.—
Love’s redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.”

And you that have found,—that are still feasting on the glad tidings of salvation through a precious Saviour’s blood,—the Lord help you to watch and be sober; yea, “Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation,” and so get robbed of that blessedness which you now enjoy. O, be it your endeavour to cleave unto the Lord with full purpose of heart. Do not lightly esteem these blessed things; do not trifle; ever seek to be kept humble. O, for that humility that lays us low, and yet at the same time raises up. But there is a lifting up which casts the soul down. O, may the Lord ever keep us humble, watchful, and constant visitors at the throne of grace, for “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

And you, dear friends, that have been robbed, how came it to pass? Who gave Jacob for a spoil, and Israel to the robbers? Did not the Lord?—he against whom they had sinned; for they would not walk in his ways, neither were obedient unto his laws, therefore hath he poured upon him the fury of his anger. Ah, friends, time was when if you met a fellow pilgrim in the street, your heart bounded towards him with eager desire and delight, but ye are robbed, ye are backsliders, ye have fallen by your iniquity, and now his presence is a burden; ye would willingly pass him by unnoticed. Was there not a trifling with Divine things—a lightly esteeming the Rock of your salvation? Your affection was set on the world, or some one

thing out of the many which temptingly entice the soul, and thus ye grieved the Spirit, and he has withdrawn his gracious influence, and ye are robbed—robbed by the devil—robbed by your own deceitful heart—robbed by the world. O! how many ways there are—numberless ways by which a poor soul may be robbed, at home and abroad, by foes and friends, in the world and in the church to—when the Lord thus to some extent leaves you to yourself, to shew you your folly in forsaken him the fountain of living waters. O, brethren, judge yourselves that ye may not be judged of the Lord. There must be a judgment time; either ye must arraign yourselves at his bar, or he will bring you there; and O, what a mercy it is that when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world. Ah, friends, the robbed soul has backslidden (I wonder that any man can say that God’s people do not backslide; alas, it is too painfully true for me ever to attempt to deny it), there is some iniquity has come between him and his God, something has that place in the heart and affections which God alone should have. It may be a wife, a child, a business, some pleasure, or some gain, and it must be removed ere you can possess that of which you have been robbed. And what is the word of the Lord to such?

“O Israel, return unto the Lord, thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.”—Hosea xiv. I know well the helplessness of all creature power in returning, but this is the Lord’s word, and we speak it looking to him for power to accompany it. “O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God.” There must be a returning, and remember he is thy God still, though thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord, say unto him, “take away all iniquity;” yes, all iniquity; depend upon it that must be removed ere you can be healed. But O, what a great word to say, “Take away ALL iniquity.” I think most people generally have one particular iniquity, “Thou hast fallen by THINE iniquity.” That one man stands against a temptation by which another falls, is no wonder; but for a man to overcome his own particular sin, is a wonder; for instance for a covetous man to overcome his covetous desires, &c., shews great grace to be in a man. And for a man to say, “Take away all iniquity; yea, Lord, whatever it be that separates between me and thee, O! take it ALL away”—shews that he is returning. O, brethren, judge yourselves then; pass the sentence of condemnation on yourselves; arraign yourselves at his bar, and act as judge and offender too. Say, “Lord, here is a case: here is a poor guilty one—a fallen one—a backsliding one; I condemn myself, yet, take away ALL iniquity, and receive me graciously; so will we render the calves of

our lips." O, that word "graciously," that word "grace," brethren, seems daily to have a deeper meaning. O! how sweet is grace, how suitable, how desirable; all of grace. "Receive us graciously." How could we be received otherwise? "Ashur shall not save us." I like that word "shall," it shews that every other way of being saved but God's is utterly rejected, they will not be saved but by him. "We will not ride upon horses, neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, ye are our gods; for in thee, in thee alone, the fatherless findeth mercy. And O what a blessed answer, "I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away," &c. O! how sweet to a poor returning soul. "I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely." O! what marvellous kindness is this; O! what a gracious God is ours. Then let me say again "O Israel, return unto the Lord, thy God." And may the Lord bless his word for the dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

A SCRAP or two recollected since writing the above.

A Christian has thieves without and within—he has temptations without and corrup-

tions within. And when they from without tap the shutters; if the inside thieves rise and unbolt the doors, and open them to let the outer thieves in, no wonder that the house is robbed. Ah, friends, the thieves within a man, are not like bad servants, that you can pay off and send away any day you like; no, they will dwell there till the house is pulled down. O, what need, then, to watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

It is a blessed truth, friends, that "The righteous shall hold on his way;" but it also says, "And he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." O, how sadly will dirty hands weaken a Christian! and if we would grow, we must as it were, keep our hands from things that pollute them, and so "Abstain from all appearance of evil.

O, poor robbed one, poor backslidden one, is not this a word to thee from the Lord? "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Oh, blessed reasoning, which makes known sin's remedy, and the sinner cleansed, and made spotlessly white.

"I THOUGHT I WAS CONVERTED TO GOD!"

A LETTER TO MR JAMES WELLS.

[FROM "THE GOSPEL TIMES."]

WE have been favoured to peruse the following letter, which we give to our readers with very considerable pleasure, and gratitude to the Author and Giver of all good. For some time past we have had the honour of issuing weekly "The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit"—which contains the Sunday morning discourse delivered by Mr. James Wells to the people under his pastoral and ministerial care. We have had many testimonies of the spiritual benefit derived from the publication of these sermons; but the following epistle, for clearness, unction, decision, and intelligence, is one of the very best we ever read. To martyrs, like ourselves, who have spent years in the most unceasing labour to send out special reports of the truth as it is in Jesus, evidences of this kind and character, are a rich boon indeed. We hope Mr. Wells and his friends will be greatly encouraged, and tens of thousands may yet arise as witnesses to the great promise—"My word shall not return unto me void." Addressing Mr. James Wells, the writer (whose name and address we withhold for the present,) says.—Ed.]

MY DEAR SIR,—For many months past I have been wishing in my heart to write to you, but being a perfect stranger to you, a feeling of diffidence, and a fear of being thought anxious to intrude myself into your notice, have kept me from doing so; but this evening in communion with my heavenly Father a still small whisper seemed to go through my very soul, and in an instant I felt I must write you, and it is with this feel-

ing I have commenced to do so. I can, and do thank God that ever you had an existence; and while I praise him for your existence, I bless his holy name that according to his eternal purpose in Christ Jesus, he has made you, and the truth from your lips and pen, the power of God to my full and free salvation. This pen can never give utterance to the deep feelings of my heart;—I can only tell you part of what I feel, and have felt; the rest must be left untold until "We meet to part no more," in a better world than this.

It is fourteen years since I thought I was converted to God, and was led to join a duty-faith church, or society; and as I look back on that period, I still believe it was the time when the blessed Spirit began to operate on my heart; but oh! how I fought against God and his everlasting truth. I was led into the by-paths of free-will, self-righteousness, and became a bitter enemy to the truth of God's holy gospel, as it is in Christ Jesus. If I were to give you a tenth part of the detail of my past life, you would be filled with wonder that one so fully devoted to the writings of the Arminians should be brought to write you as I write you in this letter. But

so it is, my dear sir; God's thoughts and ways are not as man's thoughts and ways. After having gloried, and boasted, and preached my free-will doctrines for seven or eight years, I was brought on a bed of sickness—prostrated in an almost dying state on a bed of pain—and was all hope, all joy, all triumphant faith, as I thought, until in one solemn single instant God stripped me naked before him. All was gone! there was I in an almost dying state; but I had no more religion, or hope, or peace, than a fiend from hell. Oh! the horror of that moment. A deceived, deluded man. I was on the brink of heaven in triumphant delusion; and in one moment I sunk into the hell of despair and I found I had never even known the real Christ of God. I was in this awful state eighteen months—could hardly lift my hand to my head, and each moment expecting to sink into hell. Dare I tell you what I felt, thought, and witnessed? Oh! it would move your very soul could you only realize a perfect conception, for one hour, for one moment, of my mental exercises and sufferings. I will not in this letter, I fear to trouble you with details,—but from that time for six years after I was seeking to find the truth—the full, real, whole, Bible truth, as it is in the one blessed Jesus. Two years ago God sent to me in my sick room (for I am an invalid), a gentleman that attends your ministry, A. P. Carr, Esq., of the Stock exchange; like an angel of mercy he came to me, and if you were to converse with him he would tell you how wonderful was the providence that led him to visit me in my suffering solitude, for I have now been confined to my room and bed more than six years. It was from him I learnt those great everlasting principles that support my soul and give me rest in Jesus. From Mr. Carr I received your sermons, and other works that you have written; and although I have in my past short life, for I am a young man, read hundreds of volumes, and most of our English systems of theology, especially the Puritan Fathers,—yet until I read your works and sermons, and compared them with the Holy Scriptures I never found the truth—the rest of God—the sure and certain hope in the blessed everlasting covenant. I wandered, like Noah's dove, until you led me to the ark, and then God shut me in. Oh! to tell you I love you in the oneness of blessed Divine love is not to tell you all I feel;—could I grasp your hand, could I see your face and speak with you of the sovereign mercy that has set my soul free, after passing through such deep waters for years, you would feel that my heart is too full for utterance; and now, can you believe me?—all my old friends that I have known for years—those of the duty-faith, for I was a member of the Methodists, and a local preacher—they have all left me, and I am

alone, without a soul on earth to commune with or speak to; not one of them will even visit me,—they say I am a most dangerous man, and that your doctrines, as they call it, from hell, are most awfully wicked; and more than this, they try in every possible way to do me all the harm they can. You would never imagine how they have acted towards me; but if you should have an opportunity to speak with my friend, Mr. Carr, he would tell you how they are seeking to crush me. Will you remember me in prayer?—yes! I need, I ask, I earnestly ask you in the name of our blessed Jesus, to pray for me; I am entirely alone; not one in these parts that knows, or feels, or believes the truth; those that profess to be so religious, will burn your sermons, or the VESSEL in a moment, and I believe some of them would burn me if they dared to do so.

Oh, my dear sir, you in London, in your great and happy privileges, can hardly think what it is to be amongst such a people as I am; but God is good—infinity good—to me; I will not in this communication enter any more into particulars or detail. I fear, being a perfect stranger to you in body, you will think I am intruding too much on your precious time, but if the blessed Lord should put it into your heart in some spare moments to favour me with a few lines, or notice this, I shall feel very happy; and will you kindly permit me to subscribe myself your's in precious living faith. E. G.

"MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

ONE night a ship was tempest-tost
Upon mid-ocean drear,
And nearly every soul on board
Was filled with awful fear:
One child alone, the captain's son,
No sign of terror shewed,
Nor quailed when on the crested waves
The vessel wildly rode.

Then one who marked his calm control
In wondering accents said—
"My lad, upon this stormy night
Say, do you feel no dread?
Oh, fear you not lest these great waves
The bark should overwhelm?"
The boy replied—"I feel no fear—
My father's at the helm!"

How beautiful the simple faith
That did so steadfast prove,
And trusted in the trying hour
A father's skill and love!
This little child perhaps may teach
A lesson to the saint—
To those in whom the light of faith
Burns oft-times low and faint.

Do you desire from your heart that Christ should soon come, in all his glory to judgment? Are you preparing and looking out for it as an event that may not be far off? If you are, then you are safe.—*Romaine.*

Original Papers on the Canticle.

BY THOMAS GEORGE BELL, LL.D.,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

“I sleep, but my heart waketh.”—Canticles v. 2.

THE sixth portion of the song is now before us. It is another record of experiences, setting forth the church, or an individual believer in a state of darkness.

The external features of this part of the picture are, that the bride being again in the city, is reposing alone—slumbering with barred door, at which the bridegroom knocks. She appears very tardily to waken up and listen to his voice. Then she gives some very paltry excuse for her delay; and, at length opening the door, finds her beloved gone. She seeks him, but cannot find him, and meeting again, as on a former occasion, “the watchmen that went about the city”—they smote and wounded her; and the keepers of the walls took away her veil,—the greatest insult which could be offered to a female in Eastern countries. She then meets with the “daughters of Jerusalem,” and a conversation ensues, in which she gives a glowing description of the beauties of her beloved. This part of the Song is supposed to end with the third verse of the sixth chapter.

“I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH.” This is confession and encouragement. Confession from the child of God that he is in a cold and almost lifeless condition; followed by the encouragement that it is not the coldness of death as it reigns over all natural men. The root of the matter is there, though there be indeed a sad lack of vigour and of fruit.

“IT IS THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED THAT KNOCKETH.” The condition is improving. The sound is heard, and there is the knowledge that it is the beloved’s voice. Yet is there no glad and earnest welcome. The knock has to be repeated, and the beloved is obliged to offer arguments to enforce his application for admittance. Oh! how full of grace—of condescending love and unwearied patience is the precious Jesus. We are reminded here of the passage in Revelation,—“Behold I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in unto him, and will sup with him, and be with me.”

“OPEN TO ME, MY SISTER, MY LOVE, MY DOVE, MY UNDEFILED.” What words of endearing affection! “My sister.” He is not ashamed to call us brethren. Through him are we made sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, and he is our Elder Brother. The Brother and next-of-kin, who came and redeemed his church, and therefore he calls her sister! “My love.” He searched crea-

tion, as it were, and found no object rivalling in his affection that church which he had loved with an everlasting love; and remembering his covenant, and all its provisions, thinking of all he had done for his church, and of all the glory he would give her and gain by her, he says emphatically, “My love!” “My Dove!” This is a most tender designation. In it we have at one and the same time both the helplessness of the church in itself, and its security in her beloved. We have his tender care of it, and its great need to cling to him. “My dove,” reminds us of Noah and the dove he sent out from the ark. When the waters of the flood were abated, Noah sent forth first a raven and then a dove. The raven, an unclean bird, did not return to him: “It went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from the earth.” It would doubtless find many a floating carcass, or other unclean relic of the old world. These suited its nature. Not so the dove: “It found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth: then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark.” Poor little fluttering thing, it had flown about in all directions to find some pure green spot on which to rest. In its nature the very opposite to the raven, it could find no congenial rest amid the foul wreck of the drowned world. Back to the ark it flew. Noah sees it beating with its bill against the window. He puts forth his hand, and, gently gathering its little wings together, brings it in again into the place of safe refuge and quiet rest. Beautiful picture of Jesus and his church. That church finds nothing congenial in this miserable world. Each member of that church wandering from one object to another, found nothing in the world to satisfy—to give peace, or make him happy, and then fully persuaded that but one thing was needful, he fled to Jesus the true ark, and Jesus took him in, gave him rest, and peace, and says unto him, “My dove.” “My undefiled:” Black by nature, and covered by all uncleanness, Jesus makes us clean, he clothes us in his own righteousness, a robe of perfect purity, and then can say of each of us, “My undefiled.”

The argument by which the Bridegroom enforces his application is most touching,—“MY HEAD IS FILLED WITH DEW, AND MY LOCKS WITH THE DROPS OF THE NIGHT. WE may apply this spiritually in two ways. We

may consider Jesus as speaking of his own personal suffering, or we may suppose him speaking as head of his body, the church. In reference to the first, we have only to remember his life upon earth—his “agony and bloody sweat”—“His cross and passion”—“his death and resurrection,” and we see the full force of the figure before us. On the behalf of his church he came out from the glories of his Father’s house. For it he entered into the cold, desolate wilderness of this evil world. There all the storm of God’s wrath upon imputed sin beat upon him who had become the Sir-bearer. He suffered under it till he could cry “It is finished;”—then he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. Looking back to that awful scene, can we not truly say of his sacred person in the symbolic language of the son,—“His head was filled with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night.” But as the head of his church he stands in the place of every member. What is done to his members is done to him. What we withhold from them we withhold from him. Are we living in the enjoyment of many comforts? Is our cup of earthly prosperity running over? Are we sitting at ease, thinking little of the many wants of the Lord’s poor ones, or of the many opportunities by which our substance could enable us to help on the cause and kingdom of Christ? Then assuredly we may think of Jesus, in the person of his poor saints, or in the objects in which he takes an interest, standing outside our doors and crying,—“My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.” The answer which the bride gives very truly represents the sort of excuses that even true Christians often give when urged to some active exertion in the Lord’s service,—“I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them?” Personal ease, and the fear of trouble hold many fast who ought to be at work for the Lord. How shall such give in their account at the judgment seat of Christ? When the bride opens the door she finds her beloved gone, but there is a trace of his presence left behind: “I arose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.” The dealings of the Lord Jesus with the back-sliding soul, cause it to rise up. There is a seeking him at first. Often he does not at once so manifest himself as to give that enjoyment of communion with himself which the soul desires. Yet it is found sweet to be seeking after him. There is more and more comfort in the written word. The society and conversation of the Lord’s people is found a blessing. These are to the soul tokens that the Lord himself is not far off. They arc, as it were, the sweet smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock. Even

with sense of the Lord’s absence still remaining, the soul feels that the present comfort comes from him, and it stirs up to further seeking after him. “The child of God knows more of true happiness in seeking Jesus with many tears, than in idly keeping at a distance from him.”

The expression in the sixth verse—“My soul failed when he spake”—does not appear to express the proper sense of the original. It comes after the declaration that the “beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone.” The natural action of one in the circumstances of the bride, would be an anxious listening for the well known voice, therefore it appears more correct to render this passage thus,—“My soul went out for his voice.” As if she had said, “He was gone, and in the agony of disappointment, I listened to every sound, in the hope of catching a word from his lips. I sought him, but I could not find him. Yet I listened at every corner. I called him, but he gave me no answer. When my very soul went forth with intense desires that I might again hear his voice.” This is something like the feeling of the Psalmist when he said, “Be not silent to me, lest if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.”

“The watchman that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.” We have already seen that the bride was in the wrong place, seeking her beloved in the city, she could look for nothing else but disappointment and loss, and she accordingly meets with both insult and injury. So in like manner the church in union with the world, and the members of the church in association with the men of the world can look for nothing else but spiritual loss. Many a time in the past history of the church, do we see that the Lord has used the world and worldly men as his instruments for chastising his own church and people, after or in a time of departure from himself. We understand the *vail* to represent separation. The bride wore it modestly because she was betrothed. The keepers of the walls tore it off. The spiritual meaning is very solemn. The church of Christ is a separated body—separated for himself: that church joining in league with the world, the veil of separation is torn off. Christ is dishonoured—the Spirit is grieved—many a root of bitterness springs up—barrenness and desolation spreads. Then comes a fulfilment of the figurative language of the prophet,—“I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down; and I will lay it waste; it shall not be pruned nor digged; but there shall come up briars and thorns: I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it.”

A FRIENDLY RECORD OF SOME FEW THINGS IN THE
Life, Ministry and Death of the late Mr. William Tite,

BAPTIST MINISTER, POTTON, BEDS.

BY MR. DAVID ASHBY, OF WHITTLESSEA.

THE sovereignty of Jehovah's character and government is a Bible revealed truth, against which the human heart may revolt, and the prejudice of man may rise; but to the enlightened mind it shines forth in unquestionable truthfulness. And though the reasoning powers of the best instructed in the family of God may at times stagger at it, yet faith in the heart still believes it true, and in the lowly language of the Saviour, bows to the truth: none can fully comprehend, and say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." Not alone is the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty seen in the choice of one nation in distinction from another, and of some people in distinction from others, and in the manner of Divine manifestation to the quickened sinner's heart; but do we not see it even mapping out the lines, and directing his ministers to certain localities, as of old, when Jesus sent his disciples, where "He himself would go?"—Luke x. 1. We know some parts of our own beloved England that seem shut out almost from the sound of the gospel trumpet, or the stations where truth is proclaimed are very far apart; while in other localities its gladdening word is heard in almost every village.

In the neighborhood where our friend Tite first began to preach, he was a kind of God-sent missionary to the villagers; for scarcely had the theme of a free salvation through the blood of the Lamb been heard; and therefore coming through so humble an instrument, it was no wonder that surprise and ridicule should follow. We may say of our friend as to the MAN and his MANNER, he had even personal peculiarities that might render him, in man's esteem, unlikely to meet with general welcome as a public speaker; but we remember one of the most eminent of gospel preachers with lowliness of mind, said, in "presence I am base among you:" or as some think, mean in personal appearance; but the meanness of the casket ought to be no criterion by which we judge of the value and worth it contains. It may be in some instances that mere outward adornments and pulpit appearance are petted and approved, while purity of principles, Bible qualifications, and proofs of a faithful minister of Jesus Christ are not even regarded—and in this case the man is chosen more than the minister, and his manner more than the matter or testimony he bears. And many churches

they have really nothing from the ministry upon which the hungry soul, coveting the bread of life, can feed. The manner of our friend in the pulpit was his own, and we think few would wish to imitate him.

After he had stately preached in his own house for about twelve months on the Lord's-day, and had gathered round him a few to whom God had made his word savoring useful, he had a request from the Baptist church at Hanslope, in Buckinghamshire, to take the pastorate over them. This was cause of deep regret to those who had been blest under his ministry; and while more in number may be often found having to regret the loss of a minister by providence or death, whose ministry has been more useful; but the regret, the heart-felt regret of the few, could not in the many, be more deep. That touching scene recorded in the 20th chapter of the Acts, was in feeling ours, though not of such world-wide importance. Some of my readers may better enter into it than I can describe it. Our faith in God was weak; our fears concerning the future were many, and our feelings towards our friend were strong; but the word of the Lord Jesus Christ given to his sorrowing ones of old, was made true, "I will not leave you comfortless." And after days proved, although his ways to us seemed mysterious, yet they were nevertheless right.

Our friend commenced his ministry at Hanslope, with more knowledge of his own heart, and the governing principle of integrity and truth ruling it—than he had of those connected with the management of affairs at H., and for reasons I can hardly state, save that God might only have designed this to be a step to advance him in the knowledge of the fact, that ministers, however unwilling to learn and to practise, prove the need of it, "Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?" Lessons were taught him here, that made the great principles of the gospel better known, and Jesus Christ as a Friend in trouble more esteemed. Little ministerial usefulness, or Christian fellowship were afforded him here; while a deeper acquaintance with vital truth and expansion of mind, and an opportunity of serving other causes were given to him.

In the year 1836, he was called to his second and last pastorate, over the church at Potton, Beds. And here our friend soon

found there was no need to have the scripture motto put before his eyes lest he should forget it; for this is not your rest" was too deep in his heart, in its painful truthfulness to allow him to do that. There is, we think, in ministers more than in others perhaps, a too confiding and open surrender of their feelings, and trust to men who are in "office," even before their principles and practices have been tested sufficiently by trial or time, and then the painful fact comes out,—they have been disappointed in their expectations of real friendship. And, too often, their own folly and fondness have to do penance at the shrine of some worldly-minded "church official;" or sometimes to elicit sympathy from the members—or to justify themselves in the eyes of the congregation,—have resorted to pulpit apology, or pulpit-pelting; both of which are undeniable evidences of the want of the exercise of manly and Christian dignity.

After Mr. T's friends had passed through some legal squabbles, concerning his right to retain the use of the meeting-house, he found himself pent up in the upper room of a malt-house, as a kind of private property, to do service upon the "mill" of personal gratification to a good, but mistaken friend, while for some eight years his personal comforts were curtailed; and those who abode by the old meeting-house, were scarcely able to keep open the doors, except to shew the dearth and death almost of its attendants. But after much proof of God's blessing upon the ministry of Mr. T., a way was opened to return to the chapel. And here, after some little hindrance, our friend's pulpit testimony, and Christian carriage gained for him a standing amongst the godly in his own congregation, as well as in other churches where he became known and beloved for the truthful testimony he bore to the word of the living God.

The congregation at his own place became now increased, and the word was blest to the conversion of sinners; but more perhaps for the establishment and direction of those already awakened, and to the comfort of the godly. It is not always that a ministry of deep thoughtfulness, heart, experience, and clear in its exposition of the mere critical doctrines of the gospel—is most owned of the Lord for the conversion of sinners—while it is abundantly blest to the enlargement and confirmation of souls born of God. Thus we see the wisdom of God even in the different qualifications his servants possess. It is true there are some especially honoured to gather in a large number of redeemed sinners to the church, who feed, are established, comforted, and abide even until death, while others labour on, many are blest and satisfied, but few souls are quickened to life. Some even there are that appear to

preach the gospel to saints only; need they wonder that sinners are not saved? And some again seem to preach only to let people know how sound they are; truly soundness in the faith, and steadfastness in the gospel of Jesus Christ is a covetable blessing, and a pre-eminent feature in a minister of the word of life; but the ministry God blesses is more than this: it is one of life, labour, earnestness and love.

Our dear friend's abode at Potion, was marked with many sorrows, and blest with many comforts. It was there his family of four children were reduced to two;—it was there, some two years ago, he buried his wife; a woman devoted to the comfort of her husband, simple and kind in disposition, and truly Christian in heart and life. They had struggled through the many trials of early life together, when a young family, afflictions of body, and the poor remuneration of a "day labourer" were barely sufficient to afford them that which they required; and though in after days they never had much, yet it was enough with God's blessing, always to live honourably in the world, and to prevent an occasion for reproach upon their Christian profession. We know from long acquaintance it was never the practice, though very poor often, to parade his poverty before his friends, either in the pulpit or in the parlour; as is the case with some who are not poor,—or if they are, ought not to be. It is a pitiable sight to see a covetous worldling—more so to see a covetous Christian; but worst of all, and most to be shunned, is a covetous grasping man in the character of a minister of the gospel. Truly the labourer is worthy of his hire," and that church and people are not to be envied for their spirituality, who through negligence or otherwise, would not render it as unto the Lord, and the comfort of the minister of Christ. We are not aware that our friend, during his twenty-five years labour at P. lacked the pecuniary means for home comforts, though perhaps they were not abundant; but his ministry was one that other churches knew how to value, as well as his own. And hence the Lord opened a way for him to the pulpits, homes, and hearts of others in Liverpool, Manchester, and London, where (especially in London), he was accustomed to visit for some two months in the year, where the many who have attended his ministry, could witness to the welcome warmth, and worth of his ministry to their hearts. While the hearer seeking after, and only satisfied with "smooth things," might turn away with dislike, the really enquiring after truth, and the trouble in heart, loving the great principles of the gospel would sit to hear with profit, and return to it again with large expectations seldom to be disappointed.

We do not wish to encourage the practice

of classifying those we believe to be ministers of God, fearing the spirit that prompts it is too much like that which Jesus of old condemned in the early disciples, when he reproved them by saying, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."—Luke ix. 55. But some have wondered at those churches hoisting the "Standard" flag with such tenacity—as to leave others to conclude that all who do not sail under their colours are to be doubted as little better than mere "theorists in religion," should give heed to the teachings and ministry of friend T. But, however, so it was, while I have heard him say he often wondered at it himself—but wherever God opened a door, there he said, "I go and preach the gospel as I believe it, and have been taught it."

The grievous contentions which have of late been carried on in those two chapels where for many years he had used to visit, caused him heart sorrow and deep regret. The almost entire absence of a Christ-like and loving spirit one toward another, as well as towards himself, pressed upon his heart in the last illness of his life. I wish not in this "friendly record" to give a place even to deeds which deserve silence, were it not that Mr. T. was so connected in ties of strong Christian fellowship with several of the members thereof, who, like himself, had the honesty to abide by the convictions of their own minds upon the doctrine of the "Sonship of Christ," and to suffer an unholy expulsion from the churches, where he was denied the pulpits, and who were found hearty in their sympathies, and firm in their Christian attachment to him in his affliction, and till death. So that the oppressive conduct of some was more than counter-balanced by a clear conscience, the Christian sympathy of old friends, and the presence of his covenant God to cheer him as he passed on to his Father's house of eternal rest above. That rest which so often gladdened his wearied heart, in his labours, as the Holy Spirit led him by faith into partial enjoyment of it, when disturbed by the trifles and trials in his path. One regret of his friends at home was, that in his ministrations his mind was so disturbed at times, as to take him off from the holier theme of the gospel, to contend for a point of doctrine they knew but little of, nor wished the service of God's house, and their Sabbath hours to be employed about. But the structure of the good man's mind was, as though that which was of importance to him was so to his hearers, which in the great truths of salvation may be so, but in many things, as in this, it was not so. In this matter the minister of Jesus Christ needs special grace; disturbed and ruffled in his mind by the conduct of injudicious friends, or various other things, he is nevertheless

expected (and happy he who can always do it) (to preach with an unruffled mind and ease, as though he were not a sensitive being. This, certainly, our friend was not master of to the extent he desired. Say, ye ministers of Christ, is not this a trial of your graces at times? Seek, ye members of churches, so to act towards your minister, as to give as little occasion for the trial as you would wish to bear yourselves, and then you will have room lovingly to reprove your minister, should the feeling overcome the faith, and the tongue take an undue advantage of the pulpit to retaliate personal wrongs; and should loving reproof fail, try, as best you can, the power of prayer accompanied with the remembrance that your minister is "a man of like passions" with yourself; and then whoever complains, you shall have no occasion. With this friendly word of admonition, we leave further remarks this month.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM SAMUEL FOSTER.

STURRY, NEAR CANTERBURY,
KENT.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD, AND COMPANION IN TRIBULATION, AND FELLOW HEIR OF THE GRACE OF LIFE,—I will now, by the help of the Lord, try and answer the questions put to me by yourself in the June number of the VESSEL. I am very ill, and weary with much pain; nevertheless I will try.

Nearly eighteen years have passed away since that ever memorable Monday evening that we went to hear Mr. Abrahams; still we are the spared monuments of his mercy; kept by the help of the Lord, try and answer the questions put to me by yourself in the June number of the VESSEL. I am very ill, and weary with much pain; nevertheless I will try.

Nearly eighteen years have passed away since that ever memorable Monday evening that we went to hear Mr. Abrahams; still we are the spared monuments of his mercy; kept by the mighty power of God. I have prayerfully thought over the matter of your letter to me, and have been led to look back with sweet pleasure and delight. There is a sweet chain of circumstances connected with my coming to London at that time; and the more I think it over the more I am confirmed it was of the Lord. I was never there before and have never been since. There was but two things that took me to London. Almighty God made you a blessing to my poor soul, as you were the first I ever heard preach the truth. The love that I felt to you for the truth's sake was very great, and I was determined, by the help of the Lord, to seek my fallen brother, and to know the state of his mind. The next reason was I wished to hear some of God's dear ministers. I found you, and you were very low in mind; we talked together, and you told me how many times while hearing the word you had been raised to a sweet hope that the Lord would pardon your sin. At that time I was in much darkness in my own soul, looking and longing for the glorious liberty of the sons of God,

which the dear Lord since has been pleased to reveal to my soul as the hope of glory; and, bless his dear name, I can say that my "Beloved is mine, and I am his," and I am now looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Doubtless you remember our travels on the Sabbath. In the morning we went to hear that good man, James Wells; there I got a sweet crumb; a sweet lift by the way. In the afternoon we went to hear Mr. Foreman, but was disappointed. In the evening to Zoar, to hear Mr. Philpot. There was one circumstance I must name. I had appointed to come to London; circumstances almost stopped me; but the counsel of the Lord must stand. My wages were low, and I found I should not have enough money to pay my expenses. I said to a dear friend, "I do not think that I can go now;" I did not mention the reason that hindered me; that moment a sovereign was put in my hand; so that the mountain was made a plane, and I came to London.

The deep exercises of Mr. Abrahams' mind about preaching from that text two Monday evenings, was most remarkable; the text was, as you doubtless remember, "Thou art more glorious and radiant than all the mountains of prey. All proved that to me that it was of the Lord. Mr. Abrahams was not to preach from it until God's covenant time was come! the captive exile was not there that was to be delivered, and I was not there, who was a member of your first church, to be a witness of the hour when your harp was taken down from the willows, and again tuned to praise the Lord. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." I well remember the black despair, and the agony of your mind that night previous to going with me to chapel; indeed it was as though I was dragging you to the scaffold to be executed; your looks bespoke the misery of your soul; your sighs and groans, were audible as we walked down Cheapside; and not a word was spoken. But, O! the glorious change when you left the chapel; your face beamed with glory; and, as we returned through Cheapside, people stared to hear one speaking so loud, as you did when you were blessing and praising the Lord. Before we retired that night, you fell upon your knees, and poured out your soul in thanks to God for his goodness and mercy to one so vile as you felt yourself to be. No one, my brother, had they have witnessed that wonderful change in one short hour, would ever question the work, or doubt your standing in the Lord. What I write is a grand, yet solemn truth. It was a wonder to me at that time how wonderfully Mr. A. entered into all the circumstances, that had he known all about you he could not have entered into your state better. Strange to (as we say), that Mr. A. should have said

that evening, that he felt sure that there was some poor soul who had come there that night who had fell a prey to those mountains. I felt certain it was for you. It was the set time to favour Zion, and bind up your broken bones, and to heal your wounded soul. Now briefly, I notice

THE QUESTIONS

as put to me respecting that never-to-be-forgotten Monday.

I.—I cannot recollect that day being particularly exercised about your restoration. I wanted to get you to hear a preached gospel. I had never doubted from the first but that God would restore you, and for that I had often prayed. I believed he would restore you, and that he would make you a blessing to my soul; and, bless his dear name, he has done so many time. Once at Brabourne, in Kent, I heard you sweetly from the eighth verse of the 27th Psalm. Twice at Canterbury; and twice when you prayed with me at the side of my bed; this I shall not forget; and many times in days that are past; also in reading your articles in the VESSEL.

II.—I do not recollect being drawn out in any special way in prayer for you.

III.—I cannot recollect any particular impressions in wishing you to go with me to hear Mr. A., but a desire for you to hear the word.

IV.—I did not hear the sermon with any power; I heard it as truth, but with no feeling or savor.

V.—Yes! my dear brother, I felt sure that the sermon was for you, and that the Lord was blessing it unto you, for you were shedding tears.

VI.—I well remember that you went into the vestry, and spake with the preacher of the wonders which God had wrought.

VII.—I never thought you were bold in so doing, no!—but I was very glad that you did tell the man of God how sweet the Lord had made his message to you that night.

VIII.—No! no! I have never doubted or questioned the amazing change of that evening.

I rejoiced THEN, and rejoice NOW, and I have ever believed that God would make you a great blessing to his church. Thousands can bear testimony to this.

But, concerning THAT memorable Monday evening. I longed to tell the friends what God had wrought for you. The first one I told the glad tidings to was Mr. Walter, now a member of the Surrey Tabernacle. I hastened home to Cauterbury, to tell the welcome news of your deliverance; and that your many wounds were healed by the most precious blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We then rejoiced together, and praised the Lord together. Winging your flight back to that time, surely it must nerve you for the future; and, although the path

you are CALLED BY GOD to walk in be somewhat rugged, yet you MUST say—

“ His love in times past,
Forbids me to think—
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink.”

Yes ! and

‘ Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.’

Ah, that you must. And, though in times past you have asked—

“ Is there no balm in Gilead?
Is there no kind Physician there ?”

Yet you MUST, I say, now be assured that all was, and ever shall be well.

“ The thing that's impossible, mortal, with thee,
Jehovah can work when he will.”

My prayer for you is, that Almighty God will keep you faithful and valiant for the truth—make you strong to labour—bless you in basket and store—and make you a blessing to his church, is the prayer of your afflicted brother in Christ Jesus,

SAMUEL FOSTER.

July 10th, 1861.

P.S.—You can do what you please with this; I am not ashamed of what I have here written. If this will do you any service, as my humble testimony of the Lord's goodness and mercy to you, send it forth. It is MY DYING TESTIMONY of that solemn night. I say no more—THE LORD BLESS YOU.

Letters from the Heart.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER HEPHZIBAH,—Your's of the 16th of April, I received, with your anxious enquiry after my health, circumstances, and future prospects;—with a short account of your exercises with respect to your standing in the Divine life, in which you express much fear and doubting as to whether you be on the good foundation laid in Zion, on which every sensible sinner, taught of God, is builded for an habitation of God, through the Spirit the Holy Comforter, who ever abides in the believer to teach him all things, so that we need not that every man teach us, save what the anointing which we have received of him teacheth—and is truth and no lie; and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him. Then live in the Spirit according to God.

You say you have heard Mr. S., and to you, as to many more, he seems a wonderful man. Outward circumstances do not agree with the effects of a real gospel minister who rightly divides the word of truth, and separates the precious from the vile. Multitudes followed our Lord while he abode on this earth, but you never find his preaching to please the world. The same in apostolic times; men would not endure discriminating

grace and distinguishing favour,—but said, “The men that turned the world upside down, are come here also.” They wanted to crucify our Lord before his time, but they could not. He told his disciples the world would love their own: “If they persecute me, they will you also.” The effects of a faithfully preached gospel has not ceased: it has in many who stand up to preach the gospel; they preach another Jesus, which is a conformity to the general Calvinistic principles, in order to gain proselytes where religion is as plated goods outside; and should any one see through their policy, and expose it, they are deemed narrow-minded bigots, and Antinomians, troublers in Israel, and they are served as the blindman was, cast out by the Pharisees. And, depend upon it, they who will live godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer persecution, and be cast out of society; but it is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of man, for you will have no mercy from them. I am truly thankful I have been led the way this last twelve months wherein has been discovered the state in which a sinner stands in the view of an omniscient God, whose piercing eye discerns every corner of the heart, which only the blood of Christ can free from the pollution of, and give that peace which passeth all understanding, and joy in the Holy Ghost under whose Divine abiding in us, which anointing we have received of him, and need not that any man teach us; and such is the enlightening influence upon the conscience that it takes the mind off, and weakens it from leaning on anything we hear or read from man; the word of God becoming more precious, and opened by the Holy Comforter, and sealed by his witness abiding in us is found a more solid rest on which we can rely without fear of being disappointed, though still the body of sin oft brings us into captivity, being a conflict we shall be the subjects of till our last breath. We shall be more than conquerors through him who hath loved us, and who hath said in his word, “He that believeth on me shall never see death,” which makes the prospect more cheering.

I have been, and often am, very unwell, and often expect my time for leaving will not be long; should very much like to see you, if convenient. From your affectionate father.

W. Ross.

May 19th.

“Peace being broken between God and man, the breach was made up by our great Peacemaker. The gospel is the open proclamation of it, inviting sinners to be reconciled, and to enjoy the benefits of a free trade between heaven and earth.—*Romaine.*”

DEATH OF MRS. PARSONS.

DIED, on the 30th of May last, Sarah, the beloved wife of Mr. John Parsons, pastor of the Strict Baptist Church, Old Brentford, (after one week's illness and extreme suffering) in the faith and hope of the gospel—steadily leaning and looking to that God who had called her, and been her support and consolation for years.

On Monday, June 3rd, her mortal remains were mingled with the clods of the valley, in the New Cemetery, just opened for Ealing and Brentford.

Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, delivered an excellent oration, with which many were refreshed and delighted, founding his remarks on the "religion" of the departed, who, he said, had long been known to him, and who, years ago, was taught by the eternal Spirit, she was a sinner, and far off from God by sin, original and actual, and that the distance she was from him by sin was an infinite distance, and that none less than an infinite Saviour could bring her near, fill up the breach which sin had made, and wash away her sins, and bring about that reconciliation which only can establish the soul in that peace which passeth all understanding—the blessedness of which she was favoured to know, and, at times, to rejoice in. Mr. W. went on to shew that that holy religion was an evidential religion, witnessing to herself and others that its Divine origin was in the everlasting love of God, who said to her, as he had done to thousands of its possessors, "Having loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee;" and that he who thus sovereignly loved, sovereignly ordained them to eternal life by Jesus Christ through the power of the Spirit who sovereignly called them from the far off condition—first, to a knowledge of that condition; secondly, to a knowledge of the righteousness of God's holy law; thirdly, to the judgment, wisdom, and power of him who would in no wise clear the guilty, but righteously demanding satisfaction and reparation—in infinite wisdom laid help on him who was mighty to save and rescue one who loved the objects to with an everlasting love, who said, "With the same love thou loved'st me I have loved them;" and God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life, in whom were hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge—all the pardon, the cleansing, the righteousness, holiness, truth, and life—the far off sinner could ever need, or a righteous law demand; and, true to the eternal word, the blessed Spirit, in due time, brought all whose names were written

in heaven to this treasury, and shewed them the suitability, fullness, power, beauty, and glory of heaven's rich provision the Christ of God, in solemn covenant theirs, and they his; and with him all things life, death, things present, and things to come; and their covenant made in and with their glorious Surety's Head and Husband for them, federal and relatively made with them in; the knowledge of which made David to sing in a dying hour: "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; this is all my salvation, and all my desire." And to the departed, also, was this made known. Many sweet tokens were spoken to her heart, such as "Oh, Israel, thou (that sweet personal pronoun, *τιου*) shalt not be forgotten of me;" "Thy walls, thy defence are continually before me; I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." For this she loved him, and for this she served him, and found it a service of freedom and delight—ways of pleasantness and peace. Her faith, that which worked by love, without which it is impossible to please God; and as this was her happy portion, he, the speaker, should class our sister with those numbered in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and say, "These all died in faith;" and "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, they do rest from their labours, and their works do follow them;" as a memorial come up before God, as Cornelius's prayers and deeds did, springing from the pure principle of life in the soul, of love to the Lord; like as Jehovah smelled a sweet savour of rest at the offering Noah offered, Abraham, and many of the faithful. So their works followed, and at the last great day it should be said to such, and of such, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world: "For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat—naked, and ye clothed me sick and in prison, and ye visited me." And as the question shall be asked, "When saw we thee?" Lo, he will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." Yea, this holy, this evidential religion enlarges the heart, opens the hand, and the house to entertain strangers, and some thereby have entertained angels unawares—and more than that, the ever blessed Lord, who is one with his people, and hath never said, "I'll never leave thee, never; no! not in death, nor the grave, for there they sleep in him, and are the children of the resurrection, whom God will bring with him, and they shall reign with him for ever and ever. With this blest hope, he should commit the mortal remains of the departed to the dust, to rest from the strife of tongues, till that glorious morning when such shall appear with him

in glory;—telling the bereaved husband, children, relations, and friends they had not to sorrow as those without hope. Contrasting the state of those who were strangers to the power of godliness, the speaker urged the necessity of being born again of the Spirit, shewing the impossibility of entering into the kingdom of God, or even seeing it, and of the necessity of a better righteousness than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, or creature righteousness. He closed this interesting address by solemnly appealing to heaven for a blessing on the truths advanced, on the bereaved, the friends, and audience, and that the solemn circumstances may be structive to all, to the glory of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for ever and ever.

Most of the church and congregation were present, as also many others.

WHAT IS REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE?

BY W. KILPIN.

REPENTANCE unto life is a godly sorrow for sin created in us by God the Holy Spirit, when the time of refreshing has come from the presence of the Lord, when, by his predestinating love, the Father unveils to us the mysteries of his grace treasured up in his own dear Son, whereby he strips us naked of our pollution, and draws us to himself for shelter and protection. This is attended with deep soul experience, and humility before God, under which exercise the soul so affected, becomes deeply sensible of its lost, helpless, and forlorn condition, that it can only cry with bitterest wail to God for mercy—to save from death, destruction, and the wrath that is to come.

This is proved to be genuine by the following exercises of spirit, and productions of grace in the soul; when there is a turning the back upon sin and the world; when old practices and customs, old acquaintances in their haunts of sin and vice, old sayings and doings under the old state of sin—are all rejected with repugnance. In the times of their carnality they knew not their ignorance, nor wished to know; repentance was equally unknown to them; and, if it were at any-time attempted by them, it proved but a solemn mockery, delusion, and failure, for “the wicked say in their heart to God, depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways.” But they who have this repentance, receive it as a gift with an earnest seeking desire by which they are led to abhor their condition, and to discover the right ways of the Lord. For to the seeking soul Jehovah has said, “I will teach thee in the way thou shalt go,” and all who are Divinely taught repentance, hear the invi-

tation, “Seek ye my face.” Thus they seek the Lord with their whole heart. But mark the worldling, and the ignorant sensualist, they have no taste, no ear, no sympathy, no desire for these things, and, consequently, are not invited to accept, because they have no desire or wish to receive them. From this we perceive the truth of our Lord’s words, that “a man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven.” Thus our Lord speaks to his seeking disciples whom he had drawn to himself, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” &c. And the apostle John, by the Spirit, says, “Whosoever is athirst, come!” &c. For as no one would ever seek that for which they had no desire, no more would a sinner ever seek God, or ever desire his mercy without the first impulses of his grace, and communications of his Holy Spirit.

The primitive manifestations of sovereign love and favour are independent, free, and unmerited in the creature, and must be bestowed on us ere there can be the least spark of spiritual life in us, whatever means may be resorted to by the creature for the quickening of the dead soul. But when the holy Spirit renews the heart, power and life are communicated. The sinner then sees his misery and necessity, and not till then can he sorrow after a godly sort, but with this will he fly to the cross of Christ (by the grace given), and sorrow after a godly sort (by the grace given), and repent with a repentance unto life (by the grace given),—“not of works,” says Paul, “lest any many man should boast, for by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.”

Hence, repentance unto life is complete and everlasting salvation through sovereign love, and is a breaking up of the old nature unto an utter destruction of the flesh. It is the mortally wounding of the power of the enemy—to the final ruin and overthrow of his kingdom in the soul. It is the perpetual captivity of the libertine, and the lasting liberation of the slave. It is the closing of the sensual eye, and opening the spiritual to the revelations and mysteries of the past, and eternal future. It is the reception of the vilest of the vile, to the constituting them heirs of heaven. It is from the eternal purpose sinners are predestinated to effectual calling, and complete sanctification in Christ Jesus unto eternal glory.

Faith is the hand by which we lay hold on Jesus. By faith, we are not only permitted to put the finger in the print of the nails, and to thrust the hand into his side, but the very soul finds refuge in his wounds.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD !

A LETTER TO MR. THOMAS SMITH, OF LEICESTER.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST,—As it hath pleased the Lord, of late, very severely to try your faith, and, as he has so wonderfully and graciously crowned you with lovinkindness and tender mercy,—I do feel it laid on my heart to write you a line or two, expressive of the hope and help I had for you, while your affliction was working. One morning, I was very low in mind, in spirit, in faith, and in every sense, when, very gently, the words came to me, “Say ye to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong : behold your God will come with vengeance ; even God with a recompense ; HE WILL COME, AND SAVE YOU !” I was constrained to write those words to you ; and how signally, how perfectly did he, in your case, fulfil his own word ! Surely we must for ever praise him. But I wish, also, to lay before you, the very silent and solemn manner in which your deliverance influenced my mind, although at the time I knew it not literally. I was sitting in Salem Chapel, Yarmouth, surrounded by a large body of people taking tea, just previous to the public meeting, when your letter came to me. I found you were in deep waters. I fled from the company to my sleeping room. There I penned a short note to our brother Garrard, and then I fell on my knees, and in a few moments I asked the Lord to appear for you, and to deliver you. I thought, as we were going to hold a public meeting, I would call on all the ministers and believing people to pray for you ; but my mind was held back from this. I silently prayed to God for you, and then I went to the meeting—went through as well as I could my part of it : a brief report of that meeting you may find in the following paragraph, which I pencilled as I travelled on.

On Monday, July 15th, Mr. John Corbitt preached a sermon in the afternoon, in the Free Church, Yarmouth (kindly lent for the occasion), when a collection was made for the bereaved family of the late Mr. Tann. After which the chapel was filled with an interesting party to take tea. On the front benches we noticed several ministers, among them the brethren Brand (now leaving Aldringham for Bungay), John Corbitt, of Norwich, the very venerable John Gowing, C. W. Dunn, of Lovestoft, the devoted Matthew Dent, the cheerful Mr. Masterson and his son ; and a good company of friends from the districts around. At the public meeting Mr. Brand presided, and conducted the meeting in a most pleasant and efficient

manner. C. W. Banks delivered an address on the death of David, in which he sympathised both with the church and the tender-hearted widow and bereaved family ; Mr. Gowing gave a truthful and telling speech on the character, fall, and death of Adam. Mr. Corbitt spoke well on the death of Moses ; Mr. Dunn, on the departure of Elijah. It was a good meeting. In Yarmouth there is now a Strict Baptist Church, needing a pastor. Should a devoted and able man be sent there, he will find a fruitful field for evangelical labour. Yarmouth has an immense population, and is a place where an intelligent and earnest minister might be happy and useful.

Now I will give you a word or two, respecting the gentle intimation I seemed to have at the very moment when the Lord appeared for you. Read the following little record of

OUR ANNIVERSARY DAY AT BROCKLEY.

After preaching in Yarmouth, three times on Sunday, and speaking there on Monday, July 14 and 15, I rose early on the 16th, to take the first train for Bury-St. Edmund's ; I had but a poor night's rest. Good Mr. Seeley, of the Boarding House, on St. Stephen's Plain, Norwich, called me at five. As I arose that morning, my mind received these words, “In that day, the Lord will defend Jerusalem ; and they that are feeble among them shall be as David ; and the house of David as God ; as the angel of the Lord before them.” The Lord's special attention to the *feeble* ones stirred up my thoughts, and I received them as a message from the Lord. On the Bury Station, I was met by that excellent Christian brother, Mr. Smith, the deacon of the *Particular* Baptist Chapel, met me, and took me to his house ; after that he carried me in his own carriage to Brockley, where I was engaged to preach three times that day. The Lord preserved us. We reached the rural village of Brockley, before the service commenced ; and, after a few words in the pastor's pretty cot, we went to the Sanctuary. Brockley Chapel stands surrounded by gardens. It is a plain, but commodious, and convenient place of worship. It has two long rows of seats, a pulpit most comfortably fitted up, a large department for the choir, a good gallery at the end, with vestries, burial ground, &c., &c. When I entered the chapel I was cheered to witness the beautiful mottoes, bouquets, delightful profusion of flowers, and

Scripture texts meeting your eye on every hand. I never saw anything so chaste, varied, pleasant, and animating in chapel decorations before. There was a good congregation in the morning. Mr. Pung (the minister of the Old Chapel at Glemsford), read and prayed; in the afternoon, Mr. Mose read and prayed; in the evening, Mr. Howell read and prayed. I spoke to them three times: but of that day more may be said by another.

Mr. Smith, of Bury, kindly took me home to his his house. The next morning I left for Ware: it was while travelling, my dear friend and brother, I thought of you—and I thought of the dear friends at Ware, for whom I was that day to preach; and just about the time your deliverance was fully manifested, the following thoughts (which I pencilled down in the railway carriage as I rode), occurred. May the Lord make them to be the language of many happy souls.

"We give thee thanks, Lord God Almighty, who ART—who WAST—and who ART TO COME."
—Rev. xi. 17.

My mind fastened on these words soon after I left Bury St. Edmund's, this morning, July 17th, 1861, and being engaged to preach at Ware, in Hertfordshire, this day, I felt the words had in them things well suited to the occasion, because Ware is a place where God has long had a people; but where, of late, his power has been most evidently put forth in setting up a tabernacle for his name, and in causing his people to stand out publicly to confess him, and to conform to his commands. We may on their behalf, at least say, "We give thee thanks, Lord God Almighty, who *art* (with thy people still in Ware, to hold them up, and bless them), *who wast* (the first mover in all they have done in thy kingdom), and *who art to come* (in the further fulfilment of thy promises—in the continued ingathering of thy people to thyself—and in the ultimate establishment of them in perfect peace, and in undiminishing glory)." Thus the elders anticipated that in the future ages of the church our Lord would, as he certainly has done, "Take unto himself his great power; and reign for ever." In the words, we have several things of large and useful meaning, necessary for our present guidance, and eternal well-being.

I.—Consider the ever blessed and adorable object of our worship, "O Lord God Almighty."

II.—Look at the worshippers, and their carriage and conduct.

III.—Listen to the language of their grateful hearts, "We give thee thanks."

Lastly, the cause of their thankfulness.

The glorious object of their worship is the first essential part of the text, "O Lord God Almighty." While I am writing these

lines, I am riding in an open third class from Bury to Ware, the words of the Psalmist seem to be shiing all round me, where he says "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work; day unto day uttereth speech; night unto night sheweth knowledge." But for the Almighty this world had never been; but for the Person and work of the glorious Mediator, this world had been one unbroken scene of wretchedness, ruin, misery, dark despair, and never-ending death. But the Lord liveth, and reigneth; this has been the source of our life, our light, our hope, our faith, our strength, our joy, our worship, our heaven, our everlasting all—what can we say of this glorious Lord God Almighty? There are two things in scripture, among a multitude, which are deep and solemn; they are these,—the *blast* of God and the *blessing* of God; the first is, because of sin; the second is because of salvation. The scripture shews two great places of concentration of sin brings forth the blast of God. Scripture also shews us two places where the completeness of salvation brings forth the blessing of God. Nothing can be plainer than is the 53rd of Isaiah to shew that in the Person of Jesus Christ there was made to meet the iniquities of all the people which the Father gave unto him; but if Christ is to have the glory of their salvation, he must first bear away the greatness of death as due to their sins. When, then, he came in the greatness of his strength to be a scape-goat and sacrifice for his people, he must do three things;—first, he must be himself the altar on which all those sins must be laid, confessed, and entirely conveyed; then he must receive them; and thirdly, he must atone for them; and while they shall seem to be taking him away, as they did on the cross, and in the grave—he being the Lord God Almighty (while at the same time he was *the Man of sorrows*), must so take them away, so that though sought for, they shall never be found. In the garden of Gethsemane, then, there was the blast of the Almighty which made him sweat, as it were, great drops of blood; and on the cross, there was the blast of the Almighty, which made him cry out, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" In hell, also, there is the great and final gathering together of sin and sinners, and there is the blast of the Almighty for ever. And what is that blast? See what it is in Job's case; it is God going away, and leaving man in the hands of Satan, who would, if he could, drag us all down into the horrible pit. Only Job's life was preserved; all the rest was left in Satan's hand, and a dreadful scene ensued. I said there are two places where salvation is completed, and there God's blessing rest.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

The Reviewer Reviewed Again. By W. Palmer, of Homerton. London: Houlston and Wright.

SUCH is the title of a recent work by the fertile pen of Mr. Palmer, of Homerton. Looking at this production of Mr. Palmer's as a whole, it is a learned and masterly performance. He is like a viper fastening upon Mr. Philpot's strictures on the eternal Sonship; and if Mr. Philpot can shake off this viper without harm, as easily as Paul did that which fastened upon his hand, he will do well; but that I fear is impossible. Mr. Philpot has used argument, logic, and reason in support of his hypothesis; and Mr. Palmer follows him through the whole of his reasoning, dissecting and anatomizing it, step by step, and bit by bit, till he makes both Mr. Philpot and his theory, look perfectly ridiculous. All previous writers on this subject are thrown quite into the shade by this learned and masterly performance; and we should certainly say, if the subject could be elucidated and defeated by logic, Mr. Palmer has by this last and crowning work of his, set that matter for ever at rest.

It would be useless for either Mr. Philpot or any other man to follow Mr. Palmer, to prove his logic incorrect. But, admitting this, the point at issue stands just as it did before all these reverend divines meddled with it. My faith is not in the least shaken by what Mr. Palmer, or any other man has written upon the subject,—which is simply this, that Jesus Christ was the Son of God; not in purpose and covenant only, but actually and really, before he took upon him the human nature in the womb of the virgin. He was God's true and proper Son before his Father sent him into the world; how, when, and by what means we have nothing to do with. It is not the province of logic to be employed upon this mysterious, incomprehensible subject. And Mr. Palmer's work, if it accomplished nothing more, must certainly convince Mr. Philpot that he was wrong, decidedly wrong (not in holding the doctrine of eternal Sonship), but in employing logic and human reason to explain and enforce what can never be explained and elucidated by it. Mr. Philpot's tenet is still believed by thousands and tens of thousands of God's simple children; but his long chain of argument upon it, and his severe reflections upon those who do not see with him—are not, and cannot be so universally approved of. It is these which have done so much mischief, and led to such fearful results; as we have one instance, out of many, in the recent Zoar Case.

It appears from the work of Mr. Palmer, that the doctrine of Divine Sonship, is most

profound and incomprehensible; that good and great men, such as Goodwin, Owen, Gill, and Hawker, have materially differed in their views, and expositions of this great subject; differed not only from each other—but each from himself; and that Mr. Philpot in endeavouring to explain what they left a mystery, has mystified himself; and, strange to say, has said and unsaid.

This is a most sarcastic and cutting book of Mr. Palmer's; and we should pity the man who comes under such severe criticisms; but when good and useful men leave their ordinary and peaceful employ of feeding the sheep—to cut, and maim, and reproach those who do not come up to their standard, or see with their eyes—it is no wonder that others, and especially those who have formerly felt the force of their lash, should turn round upon them with such severity of criticism and asperity of prejudice, as is but too manifest in the "Reviewer Reviewed."

In conclusion: let us who are little folk, be glad of our lowly position and attainments; let us learn from all these volleys of shot flying over our heads—that it is better to be an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud; and that we exemplify true Christianity far more by loving all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, than by biting and devouring one another.

THOMAS S.

Trowbridge.

June 12th, 1861.

Third Number: containing Six Sermons preached by Mr. William Bidder, Minister of the Gospel, Little Park chapel, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. Brighton: C. E. Verrall; London: H. J. Tresidder.

IF all the Bibles were burnt, while such men as Mr. Bidder lives, the scriptures would not be extinct. He can quote scripture from Genesis to Revelation. His sermons are full of texts: the subjects, the sermons, and the sentiments, all are most decidedly Biblical. In this six-penny part are six discourses on themes of the most exalted character. When a man literally empties the Bible into his sermons, they must, of course, be good.

MR. DIXON BURN'S NEW WORK.

DEAR SIR,—“The Baptist” I saw, gave me a very undeserved broadsider in a short article, saying, that I have undertaken to prove the contradictory position that *saving* faith is a duty and a gift of grace; whereas I have neither thought nor said any such thing. If any one would wish for a clearer definition of my views than I have given in page 8, I think they must be either very slow, or very unwilling to understand me. When men ask—Is the faith of God's elect,

the faith which is the gift of God, the faith which is of the operation of the Spirit, the duty of man? I answer, "certainly not." As well might they ask, Is the righteousness of the Son of God our duty? What can be more satisfactory? Surely "the faith of God's elect" is that faith that men call "saving faith." If so, then I do there plainly and unequivocally deny it to be a duty. It is, as I have there named it, a *grace*. And all through my book, you will observe the same care in keeping these things distinct. Duty is what God requires. Grace is what he gives. Just as love is a duty when we speak of it as that obedience which is due from us to God; but surely a very different love is due to God than that which we can give. So when we speak of that love which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, we call it a *grace*; but that grace which God gives is distinct from that virtue which we owe. The one is that which is due from the creature to the Creator; but the other hath a super-glory added, though both are called love, true love, and acceptable love. They both in substance are the same, but the one is according to the measure of the law, the other is according to the measure of the riches of God's grace. The one is the due or duty of the creature to God; the other is the unspeakable gift of God to the *new creature*. So it is with faith. But this is what I have to find fault with, that Mr. Wells and Mr. Foreman teach the duty of faith in relation to the Gospel, which is neither according to the measure of the law, nor the measure of God's grace. The faith which they say is God's due, is not true faith, nor acceptable to him, but the wild fruit that grows on corrupted trees, which God will not accept. On the contrary, in opposition to them, I insist upon it, without fear of contradiction, without fear of being refuted, without fear of being despised, or misrepresented, that that faith and obedience to the Gospel which is due from us as God's creatures is that which we cannot give; that all the faith and obedience which the best of men do yield unto the Gospel as long as they are wild trees, is but wild fruit, unfit for man to offer, or God to accept. The tree is bad and the fruit is bad. So neither the one nor the other is God's due, nor man's duty. Take it thus,—when God speaks and testifies as he does in the Gospel, it is God's due from us as his creatures that we should hear, believe, submit, and attend with holy trembling, waiting with awe before him to know his will, if peradventure he may speak peace to our souls. But man does not yield unto the Gospel this obedience; he neither can nor will; he hears it, but with reluctance; this is not true hearing, nor acceptable to God. If he believes it, his faith is

but an opinion in his head; it is not true faith: the world holds him as a prisoner, and he loves to have it so. His faith is not true faith, nor acceptable to God; it is neither what is God's due from his creatures, nor what God gives to his new creatures. If that faith were found in any creature which gave glory to God as the testifier of the gospel, its possessor could not be convinced of unbelief; nor could it be said of him that he comes short of the glory of God. But as this faith is no where to be found which gives that glory to God which is due to him; both law and gospel combine to convict all the world of unbelief and disobedience. And this is the one great object of my book to shew, that it is this holy standard of the law, when applied by the Holy Spirit, that tries all our thoughts and ways in relation to the gospel, by which sinners are convinced of their unbelief. I have thus troubled you with these few remarks, lest, if you should think good to review my book, you might misrepresent my meaning. I know you editors have little time to read, and would not have you to do me and the cause of truth a grievous wrong through any inadvertence as "The Baptist" has done.

Will Mr. Wells or Mr. Foreman take any notice of my work, think you? Or will they take the old policy? "Least said is soonest mended."

I am, dear Sir, Yours truly,

DIXON BURN.

P.S. On Sunday last, we had one person baptized in the running stream! When there were not less than one thousand present, and the arm of God was upon them, the ordinance was most solemn and impressive. On the first Lord's day of last month, we had three persons baptized.

"IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE."

BY C. B. M.

Oh! yes, "It is good to be here!"
 When blest with a sense of thy love;
 When Jesus, my Saviour is near,
 To draw my affections above:
 But better 'twill be to be there,
 Eternally blest with thy love;
 There Satan will never more dare,
 To tempt my affections to rove.

Oh! yes, "It is good to be here!"
 Though sorrow my pathway attend;
 For Jesus, Jehovah is near,
 My faithful, unchangeable Friend.
 But, oh! 'twill be joy to be there!
 Uncloth'd from this body of sin,
 'Unfetter'd from sorrow and care,
 Temptation and conflict within.

Oh! yes, "It is good to be here!"
 In fellowship sweet with my God;
 Then trials like shadows appear,
 And enemies flee at his nod:
 But better by far to be THERE!
 When all that is painful is past,
 No longer enumber'd with care,
 But joy will eternally last.

Birmingham.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

"DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As many of my brethren in the ministry meet with very much to discourage them, and see no immediate signs following their earnest and prayerful endeavours, I beg leave, by your means, gratefully to acknowledge the kindness of Almighty God in permitting me, after a lapse of twenty-five years, to see the result of the humble efforts of myself, and a few friends, in a small village, called Winesham, five miles from Ipswich.

About the year 1830, we went from Stoke Green Chapel, Ipswich, to that benighted village, wishing to gather together, and instruct, a few children on the Sabbath. There were on the common two huts, occupied by two aged females. We obtained one for the school, and, in a very short time, we succeeded in collecting seventy poor children. While thus encouraged I was asked to speak in the name of the Lord; after a little while I made the attempt, suffering much from the continual storm of persecution from the inhabitants, who, not knowing the gospel, were determined to nip it in the bud. But God arose, and pleaded his own cause; the attendance increased so, that we had the huts converted into a chapel after three years labour, and evident tokens that the gospel had not reached them in word only, but in power. We then applied to the church at Stoke Green for assistance, and, meeting with a hearty response, the huts were pulled down, and a chapel was erected, holding two hundred persons, with vestry, also, for a school-room. Sinners were brought out of the kingdom of darkness, and gave a good testimony before the church at Stoke Green, of what the Lord had done for their souls. (Winesham is one of the Stoke Village Stations.)

I continued to labour among them for five years; when, I left nearly thirty had been added to the church.

On visiting the place a few weeks since, it was my pleasure to see a large, commodious, red-brick chapel, with vestry, stables, and every convenience for a village station, with but a small debt on the chapel. I need not tell you, how, as I ascended the pulpit stairs, I felt overwhelmed by the goodness of God, and was led to exclaim, "What has God wrought!"

The spacious chapel was well filled, and the pleasure I experienced from the congratulations of friends will be long held in remembrance. Many who first heard the sound of the gospel there, have exchanged worlds, and instead of the fathers, the child-

ren are rising up—a seed whom the Lord has blessed.

I heartily pray that the encouragement vouchsafed in the present instance, may not only revive the hope of some faithful but desponding servant in the Lord's vineyard, but that it may also stimulate other brethren to go to some dark benighted village, and blow the gospel trumpet; it may be even there that God has some hidden one to be brought out.

Let me urge of them not to despair if their efforts meet not with immediate success; still let them wait on God, and for God, who has said, "I will be gracious at the voice of their cry," and, doubtless, here or hereafter, they will not fail in their reward.

Chelsea.

JOHN KEALY.

HOW THE CHURCH BEHAVED IN HER WIDOWHOOD;

AND THE HAPPINESS OF HER ESPOUSALS.

[We invite special attention to the following:—It furnishes a good example for all churches who are without Pastors.—Ed.]

ORDINATION OF MR. SAMUEL KEVAN, AT HALSTEAD, ESSEX.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I send you an account of the ordination of our beloved pastor, Mr. S. Kevan, so that your many readers may rejoice with us who do now rejoice. Truly we, as a church, can join in with the apostle, and say, "God is love;" for He has caused us to see a manifestation of it in appearing for us as he has. for, as you well know, we were blessed with the privilege of hearing the Gospel of Christ during the time our late pastor (Mr. J. Thurston) was with us. But as our God often works in a mysterious way to bring about his purposes, so it was in this case; we were in peace all the time he was with us, and are so now; and the work of the Lord was prospering in his hand, when the Lord thought fit to remove him to another part of his vineyard; but, although he was so pleased to remove him from us (the cause only known to himself), yet in love did he send another servant to break unto us the bread of eternal life. The very first Sabbath that Mr. Kevan came amongst us, which was in December, 1859, the Lord was pleased to draw out our affections towards him, and, blessed be our God! that affection still remains, and we hope it will remain. The first text that he preached from was that beautiful passage in Isaiah lv. 4, "Behold I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people," and the Lord was pleased to bless it to the souls of his children. But though we had such an affection for him, and such a desire for him to come amongst us, yet we thought it better to lay the matter

before the Lord; consequently we had a special prayer-meeting, when seven brethren engaged in prayer that the Lord might direct our minds to that man whom he intended to place over us as a pastor; and as our brother Kevan kept coming occasionally to supply for us our souls were still fed, and our desire still was for him to come. But we did not like to go too fast; we therefore set apart four Wednesday evenings for special prayer that the Lord might direct us, and that we might not take a wrong step, and we believe the Lord helped us to lay our case before him; and, to our joy, he came down to our relief; for, as our minds began to be stedfastly fixed, we, the church of God, gave our brother, on the 4th of April, 1860, an invitation to come and take the pastoral office over us as a church, to go in and out amongst us as our pastor, wishing him, at the same time, not to answer us directly, but to stay a month, during which time we would again lay it before the Lord, begging him still to direct us and our brother. At the end of the month, we received a reply to our invitation, stating that he had prayerfully considered it, and that he felt constrained to accept of the call to the pastoral office over us as part of the baptized church of God. Thus we were led on, step by step, we trust, by the good hand of our God until our brother came to dwell amongst us. And, blessed be our God! since he has been with us, we have been in peace and unity, and hope to continue so; the work of the Lord has been going on in our midst, the chapel is well attended, and many of the saints of God have given testimony of our brother being made a blessing to them. Some there are who have felt the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit upon them whilst sitting under his ministry, and have been constrained to come forward and declare within the gates of Zion what the Lord has done for their souls through his ministry. Some, also, who have long stood outside the church have been compelled to come forward and join the little band; and on the 7th of July, our brother baptized five more believers in the Lord; and, blessed be the Lord! the work is still going on, for we have others amongst us who we believe to be under strong conviction, one of whom has come forward, and stands ready for baptism. Shall we not, then, bless and praise the Lord for his wonderful goodness towards us as a people not deserving the least favour at his hands. And as the Lord was so kind as to send our brother amongst us, and to bless his labours here, we had a desire that he should be publicly ordained over us as a church of the living God, purchased by the precious blood of his beloved Son, who stood up as their surety, and engaged to bring them all home to glory; for all his heavenly Father gave him in the everlasting covenant, his hands securely keep.

On the 9th of July, the solemn services were held, when there was a very good gathering of the saints of God. Brother Robert Powell, of Coggeshall, opened the morning service by reading and prayer for the presence and blessing of God the Spirit on the engagements of the day, after which our

much esteemed brother in Christ. Mr. George Wyard, of Deptford, without naming a text, proceeded emphatically and concisely to state from the New Testament, the origin, character, and aims of a Christian church. He then called on one of the deacons to give an account of the leadings of Divine providence in guiding them as a church to the choice of their present pastor, which was done to the satisfaction of all present. He next requested our brother to give an account how the Lord was pleased to work upon his soul in bringing him to his feet to seek salvation through the blood of the Lamb; how the Lord was pleased to work upon him in calling him to the ministry; and to state the leadings of God's hand in bringing him to Halstead, with the doctrines he intended, with the Divine help, to preach. In responding to these questions, our brother gave great satisfaction, not only to our friends who came from a distance, but to us the church of God; and our prayer to God is that he may always have grace to enable him to stand fast in that liberty, wherewith Christ has made him free. The church then unanimously signified their desire that brother Kevan should be their pastor, by standing and lifting their right hands. Our pastor then signified his acceptance of the pastoral office in the same manner. That noble and venerable champion of Divine truth John Foreman, then gave the right hand of fellowship, as a minister of Christ to the pastor, and joined the hands of the deacons with that of their pastor, pronouncing them united as pastor and people, and praying for the blessing of Jehovah on the union.

In the afternoon, Mr. D. Wilson, of Clare, offered the ordination prayer, after which Mr. Foreman proceeded to deliver the charge to the pastor, founding his admonitions upon 2 Timothy, ii. 7, "Consider what I say, and the Lord give thee understanding in all things;" and truly did he give our brother some very good counsel and advice. At the close of the afternoon service, about 90 persons sat down to a comfortable tea, over which they seemed to converse freely about the good things they had heard.

In the evening, our brother Wyward read and offered solemn prayer to God both for church and pastor, praying that the Lord might keep them, as he had done, in peace and unity, and that he might make the pastor a blessing to many souls now lying in sin and wickedness; after which brother Daniel Willson, of Clare, brought up the rear by preaching to the church and congregation, taking, as the foundation of his discourse, 1 Thessalonians v. 13, "And to esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake: and be at peace among yourselves." He truly preached a good sound sermon, and gave the church very good advice, to which may the Lord give grace to take heed. The attendance was very good, and we believe the Lord was in the midst of us to bless us.

Thus ended the services of the 9th of July, which, we believe, will long be remembered, for there were many who shed tears of joy. Brother Foreman's whole heart and soul

seemed to be in the services; yea, all the brethren in the ministry seemed to rejoice in the Lord on that day. And may the Lord God of Jacob ever watch over his pastor, and lead and guide him in the gospel field, there to gather such fruit as shall be for the good of his elect family, and may he so enable him to blow the gospel trumpet that many who are now dead in sin may hear its glorious sound and live, and when he has done his work here, which his Father has given him to do, may he with us, the church, be found with that number who shall return with everlasting joy upon their heads, and when sorrow and sighing shall flee away, to fall down at Jesus' feet, and "Crown him Lord of all.

Yours in Christ,
ROBERT RAYNER.

Halstead, July, 1861.

THE OPENING OF EBENEZER CHAPEL, WIRTEMBERG STREET, CLAPHAM.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Agreeably to announcement, this chapel was opened for public worship on Tuesday, July 9th, an event which we would willingly have passed over in silence did we not feel that the circumstances of the day are worthy of being recorded to the honor of that God, "who is a Father of the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow;" indeed, it was our intention to have had no opening service, but to have removed quietly from the schoolroom to the chapel, but in this we were overruled, and when mentioning the circumstance to a minister of known repute, never shall we forget his remarks, "take and have a thorough good day" little did we then expect that his words would be so fully realized as they were.

At seven o'clock in the morning, we assembled for prayer, and thankful indeed were we that the Lord favoured us to begin the services of that never-to-be-forgotten morn in the spirit of true humility. The early service was found to be very refreshing to our souls, after which a goodly number sat down to breakfast. At ten o'clock, we commenced the second prayer meeting, at which our brother, Mr. Attwood, presided. At this service, we had the pleasure of having the fervent breathings of a highly-valued brother, a deacon of an influential church in town—a favour we little anticipated. In accordance with our arrangement, Mr. Wells took the morning service, and he was helped of the Lord to deliver an excellent sermon on Rev. xxi. 25, "And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there." May the good wishes of this devoted man of God be enjoyed, and the blessings supplicated descend like showers around our camp. After the morning service, we retired to a neighbouring house, where luncheon was prepared for us, and much gratified were we to find ourselves surrounded, not only by a larger company than we expected, but by some of our oldest London friends, whose presence cheered our hearts.

Mr. Cracknell, of Blackheath, opened the

afternoon service, and Mr. C. W. Banks preached from 1 Cor., xv, 58—a most suitable sermon—"Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." May grace be given us ever to carry out the apostle's injunction in the spirit of love, having for our aim the glory of God. The ladies provided good tea, which was thoroughly enjoyed by those who were so successful as to get it, but some, through the number of guests being large, we fear was not so well supplied; but these, we hope, possessed too much good feeling to be angry with the purveyors. The hymns in the afternoon were given but by Messrs. Chivers, Flack, and Anderson, and the meeting was commenced in the evening by our giving out

"I my Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise," &c.

J. C. Woollacott, Esq., of New Malden, presided, who, after prayer by Mr. Mules, delivered a soul-stirring address, congratulating the Baptist church on having so neat, airy, and commodious a house, at what might fairly be considered an inconsiderate outlay, about £700, after which addresses of a very interesting and profitable nature on "The Tree of Life" were delivered.

Mr. Cozens was to have spoken on "the root," but in consequence of having to preach in the City. He came and took tea with us, and retired in favour of our brother Mr. Flack, who based his remarks on "The love of God," and very happy our brother was in his remarks, and hoped we should find that this chapel was a fruit of that love.

Mr. Anderson, whose portliness was characteristic of his subject, "The Stem," made some excellent remarks on the complexity of the Son of God, and as our brother Mr. Woodard was unexpectedly detained at Ramsgate, whose letter reached us in the course of the evening, our brother Mr. Attwood, who is always ready to do service in his Master's work, gave us pretty good proof that he understood the use of the branches; after him followed our brother Mr. Chivers, and here a pleasing coincidence occurred. It appears that the worthy chairman and our brother were schoolfellows together, but had never met since their boyish days, and the fact of their now meeting as advocates of the cause of Christ resulted, not only in a hearty shake of the hands, but evidently brought to our brother Chivers's mind those reminiscences which created some emotion in his mind. We must say the circumstance was very pleasing to us to see these now happy men, once rebels against the Majesty of heaven, but now, thoroughly mighty grace, joining hand in hand in the noblest of all causes, "The cause of truth." Our brother Chivers soon made us understand that he was, by happy experience, acquainted with the fruits of the tree of life; and while some might not like such excellent ripe fruit, it was sweet to our taste, for God's election has for many years been a fruit on which we have lived. After the tree had thus been pretty well examined, and its qualities com-

mended to the audience, our brother Alderson, with his usual vivacity, stepped forward, and with all the vigour and earnestness of his mind described the participants, their varied characteristics, and the adaptation of the fruit to their taste, that while all could not eat of the fruit of election which hung on branches beyond their reach, they could partake of the fruit which was found on the lower branches, for "they have passed from death unto life who love the brethren." The plaudits of the people gave the best proof of the agreeableness of the speeches. At this stage of the proceedings, the Chairman called on us to address the meeting, which we did by briefly remarking the reason of the erection of the chapel, that it was erected to prevent the Baptist cause being scattered. Had the way been clear for us to have disbanded the church, and left Clapham, we would have done so rather than contend with the difficulty of raising the present chapel but in the absence of any way opening, and the friends calling on us to stop, we resolved on the course we had taken, and hoped that, as the cause was one of truth in all its antiquity, it might have the support of the God of truth, and such still is our earnest prayer. If God is not pleased to honour us, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we done our best. We must confess that the opening services encouraged us not a little, and when we arose to address the audience, the presence of so many ministers of the gospel, and other valued friends, we felt great difficulty in expressing our feelings; but we were constrained to make a few observations, and to move the following resolutions:—"That in the opinion of the meeting the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Hill and other gentlemen connected with the congregational church, Clapham, in affording Mr. Hill and his friends an asylum during the time they were without a house to worship in, is deserving of all praise and commendation, and is therefore desirous of acknowledging such a disinterested act of Christian charity," coupled with which was a vote of thanks to Mr. Higgs, the builder. Mr. Cracknell very affectionately seconded the resolution, which met with the hearty response of the people. After a vote of thanks to the chairman for his efficient aid, the meeting was closed by the benediction.

The chapel was admired by all as a neat and comfortable building, and is situated within a few yards of Garner Chapel, now called "Garner Bible Christians." On the following Friday, Mr. Wyard preached to us upon the 20th Psalm, "In the name of our God will we set up our banner," &c. This was found to be a very unctuous sermon. The collection of the day amounted to £35. We are now in want of £250 to complete our arrangements, which we shall be glad to borrow in one or more sums at £50 for a short period, and we trust that some of the friends of truth may be induced to aid us in this matter. We shall also be happy to supply any destitute church for a Sabbath, and give the proceeds to the liquidation of the debt. In consequence of our first builder being a bankrupt, the cost has exceeded the estimate, hence our present difficulty.

Most heartily thanking the friends for their countenance on the opening day, and hoping that this little request may meet with a response by some of the Lord's people, and that above all we have their prayers.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,
Your's truly in hope,
H. HALL.

[Since the above was in type, we have received the following letter:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Being a person of a very sorrowful spirit, caused by a very long and painful domestic affliction, and living in the neighbourhood of Clapham. I thought I would go the opening services of the new Baptist Chapel, which were advertised to be holden on July 9th. I had long desired to hear that devoted servant of the Lord, Mr. C. W. Banks, of London, and felt pleased to have an opportunity of hearing him so near at hand. I therefore, on the afternoon of that day, directed my steps toward the place, and entered the chapel about half-past two o'clock. On entering, I was much struck with the neat and modern style and fitting up of the little sanctuary, reflecting as it does much credit on all who were engaged in its erection. I sat myself down just inside the door, and waited the time of commencing the services. I will not attempt a description of my feelings as I sat there, but simply say, Satan strove hard to induce me not to stay there, as it was not not likely I should in any way be benefitted, but I did stop, and as the hour of prayer approached, the friends collected, and at three o'clock the service commenced by a hymn being given out by a minister (I believe, from information I gathered, it was Mr. Chivers); it was a beautiful hymn, but I think he made a mistake in giving out a verse of six lines at a time, so that those whose memories were like mine, very shallow, were unable to join in the singing without a book, which few appeared to have. After singing the hymn, a young man a stranger to me (as indeed were all the ministers present) read the 46th and 48th Psalms, and supplicated the Divine throne. Another minister then gave out that much-admired hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," &c, after which Mr. Banks rose, and took for a text the important exhortation of Paul, 1 Cor., xv., last verse—"Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding, &c." His exordium was brief, pointed, and instructive, laying down some of the reasons on which the apostle founded his exhortation; the heart of the preacher, as he proceeded with his subject, appeared to wax warmer and warmer, and the love of God, on which he sweetly dilated, filled his soul, and out of the abundance of his heart, his mouth spoke, so that while he was thus exalting his Master's lovingkindness, my heart began to warm, and a sacred and solemn feeling filled my soul, and brought me comfort and consolation, experiencing, as I then did, that all my times are in his hands, and all events at his command. I do not attempt to describe the manner in which the text was arranged, and spoken from, but

simply to testify that I was much refreshed under the discourse, and am satisfied that such preaching as I listened to on that afternoon must be effective, in the hand of the Spirit, of reaching the heart, and comforting the souls of many a downcast, trembling child of God. I would say to that honoured servant of the Lord, go forward, fear not, God will bless you, and great shall be your reward. I feel a sacred conviction in my soul, that if the ministers of the present day were as energetic, zealous, and disinterested as that servant of the Lord, there would be more life manifested, and its cheering effects evidenced among the churches of the living God. I feel that our ministers (with, of course, some exceptions) are too effeminate; they appear to appear to spend too much time at the toilet, the appearance of some on the afternoon alluded to forcibly reminded me of the circumstances related in 1 Chron. xix, 5; they appeared to have been tarrying a long time at Jericho for a certain object about the face. Alas! that these things should be.

Ye ministers of the Most High! awake put on your beautiful (professional) garments. Ye churches of God awake! put on your strength; shake yourselves from the dust, the maxims and customs of the world; then shall ye shine as the moon in all her splendor, reflecting the rays of the sun of righteousness. Ye ministers of Christ! ye churches of the living God meditate on these things, and the Lord give you understanding in all things.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Yours in Christ,

July 12th, 1861.

VERMIS.

[Our brother Wells has desired us to give the following note relative to this cause:—ED.]

Dear Mr. Editor,—Would you kindly allow me to say a few words in the August number of the VESSEL relative to my reason for consenting to preach for Mr. Hall at the opening of the new chapel, Wurtemberg Street, Clapham. Some have thought that, after the unpleasantness which occurred in the Garner chapel affair between Mr. Hall and Mr. Foreman, that I, in consenting to preach at the opening of the new chapel, was wanting in respect to Mr. Foreman. Now, by your kind permission, I will, in a few words, give my reasons for so doing. First, then, as to the Garner chapel affair. Garner chapel was never otherwise than private property; it never did belong to any denomination at all. The people who occupied it were Baptists it is true, but they simply paid current expenses, interest of moneys, ground rent, &c.; everything was done by Mr. Foreman to encourage the people to hold on, and get the chapel into their own hands, but this they were never able to do; at least, did not do it; it stood in the hands of three trustees, one of which had but very little money in it. A second wanted his money; that is, necessity of circumstance compelled him to seek for his money. This brought nearly all the burden upon Mr. Foreman. What was now to be done? Can Mr. Foreman consistently lose hundreds of

pounds, and that single handed, and as the other trustee was so pushed that he said I must have the money. What was to be done? An offer is made for the property, by which the necessitous trustee could have his money, and by which Mr. Foreman's loss would be very materially lessened, and thus by the force of circumstance the property went. Mr. Foreman could not do otherwise, under the circumstances, than he did. Now when Mr. Hall asked me to preach at the opening of the new chapel, he distinctly understood that I did not come as a party man either way, but I consented for the truth's sake, believing Mr. Hall to be a good man, and there are Christian people with him, and also I felt a great desire that the Garner affair may be forgotten, and that at least, after a time, Mr. Foreman and Mr. Hall may forgive and forget, and be mutual friends again. I trust Mr. Foreman knows that I hold him in too much honor and esteem to do or say anything having the least shadow of disrespect to him, but the very reverse. No doubt the enemy would like to plant a thorn or two between us, nor are we altogether ignorant of his devices.

Mr. Hall said to me in his vestry the day I opened the new chapel, alluding to the Garner affair, he said if I had the circumstance to go through again, I should walk out and say nothing. May Christian kindness and ready and heartfelt forgiveness reign among all men of truth, lest Satan get advantage over them.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your's most sincerely in the truth,

J. WELLS.

6, St. George's Place, North Brixton.

CHESHUNT, HERTS.—DEAR BROTHER,

—I have written, not to praise, but to encourage and cheer you in your laborious, but pleasant work. Surely it cannot be any harm to tell ministers that their message has been blessed to poor sinners, although they are but earthen vessels. June the 13th, was a good day at Cheshunt, Herts; C. W. Banks preached afternoon and evening. The congregations were good. Some six years ago, the pretty little chapel was filled; they had a loving pastor; a loving church, and deacons; but they have dwindled away. Oh! that the Lord would revive the work. That Thursday may be the beginning of better days. Our brother preached in the evening from Matt. viii. 11, 12, a very solemn discourse on "The Two Kingdoms," and the grace of faith were sweetly spoken of. During the opening prayer some six or seven students from the Countess of Huntingdon's college came strolling in like brother Messer's young parson. Mr. Banks in the course of his sermon, related an anecdote of an old Christian lady, who was telling her trials and troubles to her nephew, a student. "Eh," said he, "I don't know anything about that whimmy, country fanaticism." "And," said the preacher, "young men, depend upon it, he spoke the truth." Oh! to see the wry faces. I do hope the Lord sent it home to some, if not all of their hearts. At the conclusion, I asked many how they liked my little weather-beaten brother! "Oh, he is all very well," said some; "very good to the Lord's people, but not a word of comfort or encouragement to any one else." "The Lord has made him faithful," was my reply; but some of the poor, tried, tempted children of God, said it had been a good time; they had been helped on their way;—to which I could say, Amen.

DEVONPORT.—A writer, one of the Mount Zionites, says,—“We have a trip up the Tamar on Monday, August 5th. The Fullerites and Arminians are angry with us. Brother French preached his farewell sermon July 7th, at Stoke; he has left for his new sphere of labour on the borders of Leicestershire. Mr. Welsh, from Great Gidding, Huntingdonshire, is now at Ebenezer, Stonehouse, having accepted the call.” Mr. Vaughan’s sermon on “Intant Salvation” is exciting much interest. He has demolished the awful reproach attempted to be hurled at us by our enemies.

BERTFORD.—Ebenezer Chapel, St. Andrew’s Street. The anniversary of the above place was commemorated on Tuesday, June 4th, when Mr. G. Moyle, of Peckham, preached a sermon from 1 Peter ii. 4. The way a sinner came—the purpose for which he came—and the glorious Person to whom he came, were sweetly delineated. After the service, the congregation retired to the large school-room, which was soon filled by persons who had been fed with the bread of life, and were now anxious to partake of the bread that perisheth. The evening service commenced at half-past 6, by the pastor (Mr. Bowles) giving out the hymns. The chapel was well filled, with an attentive congregation, who listened with no small degree of pleasure and delight to a sermon delivered by Mr. T. Chivers, of Bermondsey. It was evident beyond all doubt, by the sweet savour that rested upon the service, that at the throne, and in the proclamation of the truth, the preacher felt his Lord and Master with him. The collections were liberal—the people fed—God glorified—the Devil mortified—Christ exalted—and truth unfolded; and thus terminated a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

R. B.

BLUNHAM, BEDS.—Tuesday, May 14th, the anniversary of Providence chapel, was held. Mr. J. Foreman preached morning and evening; Mr. Tanner in afternoon. We had good congregations. A goodly number sat down to tea, provided gratis by the female friends, and we had a good collection, for which we trust we feel thankful to our God. We take this opportunity of publicly thanking our friends who aided and contributed. The Lord is still blessing the labours of Mr. Frazer, our pastor, by bringing first one and then another to follow their Lord in his ordinance of baptism. He baptized on the 26th of May, in the presence of a large and affected congregation.

NOTTINGHAM.—This large and increasing town, not having at present a Strict Baptist Church where the truth is fully preached,—with a view, if the Lord will, to so desirable an end, a few who esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt,” have taken, and opened the room over Mr. Harrison’s shop, Bridlesmith-gate, where, for the present, services are held on Sundays at 6 p.m., and Wednesdays at 7.15 p.m. “The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” in doctrine, experience, and practice, is the aim and desire of the friends, and, with the blessing of him that dwelt in the bush, even he who ever dwelleth in his elect, we do hope, and can believe, he will so build up his church” here, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Even so, Amen.

HOXTON.—Dorchester Hall, Miutern-street, New North-road. On Thursday, June 28th, at Spencer-place chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), after a sermon on the perfect work of grace in a sinner’s heart, Mr. Rowhurst baptized five believers in the name of the Trinity in Unity, according to New Testament order, by immersion. Two of these disciples were mother and daughter. The little cause is growing; and the Lord is in the midst; his blessing realized, and his presence proved (experimentally) exceedingly precious.

WARE, HERTS.—ZOAR BAPTIST CHAPEL. We have to rejoice at the many manifestations and tokens we have experienced since the opening of the above place. That day is ever fresh on our memory, and will never be forgotten in heaven, for the Lord was pleased to bless his word and the ordinances of his house to both saint and sinner: whilst some were made sorrowful others rejoiced; whilst others felt such an attachment to the people and place (though strangers) have since cast in their lot with us, and delight to sit beneath the sound of the Gospel, and even to lie down in such green pastures. The Lord is still pleased to bless the labours of his dear servant, the pastor, and makes him very useful in feeding the church of God. We feel it a great mercy to be privileged in having the truth so plainly brought before us from time to time, seeing there is such a departure from the same in these days. To shew you that the Lord is with us, and that he hears the prayers of his dear people, and sends down answers to the same, we had a baptising in April. Our dear friends, Mr. William Flack, preached from Acts ii. 18; after singing a hymn, our pastor, Mr. J. Sampford, baptized four friends, on a profession of their faith in the Lord. It was a solemn time. We had to open the pulpit again, for another glorious sight,—others having come forward to testify of what the Lord had done for their souls,—on the evening of June 11th. Mr. R. Bowles came, and preached from the words, “The love of Christ constraineth;” his mind was sweetly led out while he spoke doctrinally, experimentally, and practically; then our minister led four females and one male into the watery grave, and baptized them in the name of the Triune God, and they all went on their way rejoicing. Four of these are seals to our pastor’s ministry. One dear sister was blessed from these words, “I was brought low and he helped me,” some years since. But feeling she could not open her mind to any one, and our place being some distance from her, she could not attend the means. After this she was led into deep soul trouble. When she heard of our little chapel, it seemed to give her a lift by the way, and she longed for the time of opening. The Lord met with her, and blessed her there: to give you her own words, she said, “While you were giving the charge to Mr. Sampford it set her soul at large;” she had a new song put into her mouth, even praise unto our covenant God; the Lord has brought her on to the present time, and often has her soul been refreshed and comforted whilst attending the means of grace. I might mention other cases where the Lord has been powerfully at work, but I forbear. We have cause to exclaim with the Psalmist, “The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.” We now number thirty-eight in Church membership. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all our days. H. ROGERS.

ST. ALBAN’S.—BAPTIST CHAPEL. We were favoured with the presence of our Lord on Tuesday, July 16th; brother Pells preached two heart-cheering sermons. We have reason to be glad. We believe we see the beginning of better days: two were added to us by baptism last month; and we believe others stand around. There has been a marked improvement in the attendance since our brother Rayment has been with us. The Lord is with him of a truth: to God be all the glory.

BOSTON.—Our smiling and truly happy brother, D. Wilson, of Clare, says,—“I had the pleasure of preaching two sermons in Ebenezer Chapel, Liquorpond-street, Boston, for dear brother Fish, on the 30th of June last. I hope the Lord was present. I was pleased to hear there is some talk of having a Sunday School there. May the Lord bless and prosper them, and their beloved minister, in the sincere prayer of my heart.”

The Nature of Christ's Friendship to his People.

By MR. DAVID WILSON, BAPTIST MINISTER, CLARE, SUFFOLK.

"And there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Proverbs xviii. 24.

TRUE friendship is, indeed, one of the greatest comforts of human life. Its importance has been acknowledged by the wise and good of every age. But, great and important as it is, it partakes of that imperfection and alloy which result from the corruption of human nature. It is at the best very uncertain. Since, then, friendship amongst men is so imperfect and changeable, those must be highly favoured who have a friend on whose fidelity they can fully rely. But where is such a friend to be found? Not amongst the fallen, false, and fickle sons of Adam. But blessed be God, there is One such friend as this, and that One is the glorious Lord Jesus Christ, who loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother. In him alone are centred all requisites for constituting true friendship.

We shall endeavour to form some estimate of his friendship by considering how, in ordinary cases, we estimate the strength of a friend's affection for us. We do so,

First,—BY THE ARDOUR OF HIS EXPRESSIONS. Then what are the terms in which the Redeemer speaks of his friendship to his people? "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. xxxi. 3. "My delights were with the sons of men."—Prov. viii. 31. He calls them his chosen, his little children, his lambs, his sheep, his jewels, his hephzibah, &c., &c. He makes sweet promises to them. See Isa. liv. 10, 17. Heb. xiii. 5. John xv. 15.

Secondly,—BY THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH IT IS MANIFESTED. We consider that person a true friend who comes to our help in circumstances of great destitution or distress; then we need a steady friend whose affection adversity cannot shake,—to cheer our hearts when they are chilled by the heartless desertion of many professed friends. Now such a Friend is the unchanging Jesus. It was when his chosen bride was wretched, miserable, poor, and lost, that he loved her, and came to her help. He came and paid all her debts. Isa. lxi.

Thirdly,—BY ITS DISINTERESTEDNESS. The friendship of our all precious Redeemer is purely disinterested. The great design in coming into the world was to deliver his church from sin and misery, and restore her to the enjoyment of God's favour

It is true that he undertook the salvation of his people in order that he might glorify God, and that they should glorify him. John xvii. 1, 4, 10. But this, when rightly understood, affords only another proof of the disinterestedness of the friendship of Jesus; for what is it to glorify God? Not surely to augment his greatness, or increase the happiness of the Godhead, for this is impossible; but our glorifying of God is, to have a high esteem of his perfections, works, &c., to ascribe all that we enjoy to the riches of his free and sovereign grace, and to let our light so shine before men, that they, seeing our good works, may be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven.

It is most cheerfully admitted that the precious Redeemer was promised a reward for his obedience and sufferings, and that he kept that reward steadily in view throughout the whole time of his earthly sojourn; and that it was for the joy set before him, that he endured the cross, despising the shame.

But what was the reward promised, and the joy set before him? Just such as none but a deeply disinterested friend would have considered a reward at all. Hear what it was, ye chosen, redeemed, quickened, called, justified, sanctified, and preserved in Christ Jesus! It was your free, full, and absolute redemption. This was his reward and joy. Isa. liii. 10, 12. What an amazing display of the glorious Redeemer's friendship, is here presented to our view; he counts it his joy, his honour, his reward, to seek and to save the lost. Eph. v. 25, 27; Jude xxiv. 25.

Fourthly,—BY THE SACRIFICES MADE, AND THE SUFFERINGS ENDURED. Then, my Christian brethren, how great and glorious is the Saviour's friendship! Was there ever sacrifice so great? Were there ever sufferings so intense as those which Christ endured? 2 Cor. viii. 9; Phil. ii. 6—8. My dear friends, to estimate aright the sacrifices which our precious Jesus made, we must endeavour to form some idea of the contrast between the glory and the happiness he possessed in his pre-existing state in heaven, and the depth of his humiliation on earth; and to have some little conception of the sufferings that he endured, we must listen to his groans in Gethsemane, and look to the cross of Calvary, and remember that it was the God-Man who was the sufferer.

Let us attend to his own confessions. Luke xii. 50; Matt. xxvi. 36—44.

Fifthly,—BY ITS BEING CONTINUED NOTWITHSTANDING MANY PROVOCATIONS. It increases our esteem of the kind and benignant heart of a friend, when his kindness is continued, although we have given him cause of offence, and when he visits and cares for us in spite of all our provocations. Now, such a Friend is the Divine Redeemer. He loved his people when they were his enemies, and heaping insult on his Father's government. He loved us even when we were dead in trespasses and sins. "Ye have not chosen me," is his own pathetic language, "but I have chosen you." And what chosen, regenerated child of God, when he looks back on the way by which the Holy Spirit has been leading him, and reflects on his many imperfections, his slowness of heart to believe, his littleness of love, his worldly-mindedness, and many other evils with which he is chargeable, can fail to acknowledge that his mercy endureth for ever? Thus we see that Jesus is a Friend that loveth at all times.

Lastly,—BY THE NUMEROUS BENEFITS HE BESTOWS. Here an extensive subject opens to our view; for who can estimate the benefits which the Lord Jesus bestows upon his beloved and redeemed people? He having purchased them by his most precious blood, delights in enriching, comforting, and honouring them to the uttermost. 1 Peter i. 18—20; Rev. iii. 21. He washes away all their sins; he gives them his Holy Spirit to regenerate, and to work all good in them—to guide and support them in all their trials, &c. He arrays them in the best, the royal robe, his own all-perfect righteousness, far more glorious than the ermine, or the Roman purple, with all their gaudiness; the Lamb's robe is of spotless white, incapable of being soiled, and endureth to all eternity. It so covered them that their sins and transgressions are for ever hid; he puts the ring on their finger, and shoes on their feet, and they sit at their Father's table, adorned in the proper habiliment of the household, whilst their faithful Friend triumphantly demands, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Rom. viii. 33—39.

He meets them at death, and conducts them safely to glory. In the passage of the children of Israel through the Jordan, we have a very striking representation of their safety even in the article of death. In the historic record of that ever memorable event, we see the ark of the covenant (Num. x. 33), which went before the Israelites in all their journeys in the wilderness (for the first time in their instructive history), standing still, whilst ALL the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until the people were passed clean over Jordan. Joshua iii. 14—

17: iv. 10, 11. Behold the Divine care! If destruction come upon the people, it must first come upon the ark. So in the swellings of the Jordau of death, the Lord Jesus is with his chosen people in a special sense. Isa. xliii. 2. For this reason that river, mighty though it be, cannot overflow them. Its billows may seem ready to devour them, and they may have only transient glimpses of their Saviour's face, nevertheless they are safe; for if they, any one, even the least, perish, their constant, their Almighty Friend must perish with them; for their life is hid with Christ in God. Col. iii. 3, "Sing, O daughter of Zion, shout, O Israel," &c. Zeph. iii. 14—19. The sheep of Christ shall never perish. He who has been their Leader and defence throughout their pilgrimage, now stands in the midst of the raging flood, saying, "Peace be still," until my charge be passed over. Exod. xv. 13, 19. And when they have entered into the world of glory, and look back on the troubles which are for ever fled, they will be filled with adoring gratitude to their best, their true, and immutable Friend, to whom they will sing, "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 and amen." He is a faithful Friend!

CIRCUMCISION, A TERM OF COMMUNION IN THE JEWISH CHURCH.

BY REV. J. BROWN, A.M., CONLIG,
NEWTOWNARDS, IRELAND.

"No uncircumcised person shall eat thereof."—Exod. xii. 48.

It has sometimes been rashly affirmed that nothing ought to be made a term of communion which God has not made a term of salvation; that nothing ought to keep a man out of the church below which will not keep him out of the church above. This, however, depends solely on the will of God. He has a right to make anything a term of communion which he pleases. And, in point of fact, we see that, during the former dispensation he DID make that a term of communion which was NOT a term of salvation, except in so far as any act of obedience may be considered so. Circumcision was no more a term of salvation under the Old covenant, than baptism is under the new,—yet in the words we are now considering, it is made a term of communion by the authority of the God of Israel: "No uncircumcised person shall eat thereof." Should it be said that circumcision was a plain command of God, and that no true Israelite would neglect it;—we have equal authority to reply that

baptism is a plain command of God, and that no Christian will neglect it. Or should it be said that a true Christian may not understand what the will of the Lord is on the subject of baptism, and that, consequently, he cannot conscientiously submit to be baptized until his mind be enlightened, and that, therefore, the church is bound to admit him to the Lord's supper without baptism;—should this be said, we admit the premises, but deny the conclusion.

The admission of an Israelite to the feast of the passover did not depend upon his perceiving or not perceiving the will of God in the matter of circumcision, but on the fact of his having been circumcised. It is not said that no person who *understands* circumcision, and yet is not circumcised, shall eat the passover; but that "No uncircumcised person shall eat thereof." Or, should it be said that it is the baptism of the Spirit, and not of water, that introduces men into the spiritual kingdom of God under the gospel, and therefore ought to introduce them into the visible church,—we will again grant the premises, but deny the conclusion. For it was the circumcision of the heart, and not of the flesh that introduced men into the spiritual kingdom of God under the law as truly as the baptism of the Spirit, and not of water, does under the gospel, "For he is not a Jew," says the apostle, "who is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew who is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God."—Rom. ii. 28, 29. These words are equally applicable to both dispensations, and might be applied to baptism with as much propriety as to circumcision. They teach us that it is the "inward and spiritual grace," and not the "outward and visible sign," that constitutes a child of God. Literal circumcision was no more a saving ordinance than baptism is now; and it was by the spiritual circumcision that men were introduced to a state of salvation then, even as it is by the spiritual baptism that they are introduced into it now. But the circumcision of the heart would not admit men into the fellowship of the Jewish church without the circumcision of the flesh also. It is expressly stated that "No uncircumcised person shall eat thereof." It was not enough for a man to observe circumcision and the passover in any order that he pleased. He must first be circumcised, and then eat the passover. God not only makes both ordinances imperative, but he prescribes the order in which they are to be observed. Whether God has established a similar connection between baptism and the Lord's supper, no doubt, requires to be proved; but the position that baptism ought not to be

insisted on as a pre-requisite to the supper, unless it be essential to salvation, is indefensible; for we have seen that God once made that a term of communion which was no more essential to salvation than baptism; and that on the same principle that he did so once, he might do so again. Those, therefore, who represent it as being uncharitable to make the terms of communion stricter than the terms of salvation, inadvertently bring this charge against God, who, in one instance at least, did so himself. The question being of a positive rather than a moral character cannot be decided by our views of charity or propriety, but by the will of our Divine Ruler, as that will is revealed in the statute-book of heaven.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF

MR. JAMES SHORTER,

*Of Wilderness Row Chapel,
Who entered his eternal rest on Sunday Evening,
July 28th, 1861.*

The weary pilgrimage of life is past,
Another saint has reach'd his home at last;
He's gone to be with him he serv'd below;
His earthly course is finish'd, and he's now
In mansions bright, and far from every care,
Nor can a single sorrow reach him there:
He sees without a veil, the Christ he loved,
Who, all his life, his gracious Keeper prov'd;
Tho' oft on earth his path was drear and dark,
Tho' grace he's reached his home, nor missed his
mark;

The prize he ran for, he has nobly won,
The goal is gained at length,—his work is done;
The Christian soldier has the good fight fought,
He now possesses what on earth he sought;
His toils are ended, all his tears are shed,
And blessed, truly blessed is the dead.

May we, like him, unto the end endure,
And find, like him, God's promise ever sure;
Tho' rough our path, tho' rugged be our way,
That our strength surely shall be as our day:
The road to glory must thro' troubles be,
In tribulation's path, we mercy see,

In dangers we deliverance receive
Tho' him who doth both grace and glory give:
To trust him be our aim—our highest boast,
That Jesus came to seek and save the lost;
And such are we indeed, we needs must own,
And all we are, and have, we have alone,
And are through sovereign mercy, gracious, free
Extended unto sinners such as we;

To God's great goodness be our tribute paid,
Who on his Son his people's sorrows laid.

To his dear people, God his grace impart,
Keep them in peace, united heart to heart:
God bless and comfort those he's left behind,
May they their Father's God a refuge find.
The God who gave, in wisdom takes away,
Nor dare his creatures murmur or gainsay.
God bless his partner, too, her mind sustain
Beneath HER heavy Loss, his lasting GAIN;
The sovereign Judge of all the earth does right,
Our heaviest trials in his scale are light,
When sanctified and bless'd in God's own way,—
In darkest hours he turns the night to day.

SHE soon will meet him with the unnumber'd
throng,

And with him join to sing the eternal song,—
"To him who loved and washed us in his blood,
And made us kings and priests to Christ and God,"

NEXT.

THE CHARACTERS AND TREATMENT OF THE MESSIAH.

By JOSEPH WINFIELD.

Isalah liii. 2, 3.

We find in almost every branch of science that truth can be discovered only by deep and serious investigation. If we rest in superficial enquiries, we shall be led into numberless and fatal mistakes. In what relates to religion more especially, an impartial examination is necessary because the doctrines of revelation are constantly repugned, both to the prejudices and passions of mankind. Yet, strange as it may appear, there is no other science wherein men form their opinions on such slender information as in that. The generality adopt the notions that are current in their day, without ever considering whether they be right or wrong, the natural consequence of which is that, in many instances, they embrace error in preference to truth.

This was too much the habit of the Jews in reference to their Messiah. Our Lord had cautioned them not to judge according to appearances, but to judge righteous judgment, nevertheless, they paid more attention to received opinions than to the oracles of God. Had they searched the scriptures they might have found that their expected Messiah was to suffer as well as to triumph; but they, thinking of only a temporal deliverer, despised the low condition of Jesus, and made his humiliation a ground of rejecting him. That such would be their conduct the prophet had foretold, in the words before us, wherein he assigns the low estate of Jesus] as the very ground on which the united testimony of prophets and apostles should be discredited.

In the words of the text, we have, in the first place, some marks and characters of the Messiah; and, secondly, the treatment he should meet with in the world.

I.—THE MARKS AND CHARACTERS GIVEN TO THE MESSIAH were not only exceedingly various, but apparently inconsistent with each other; and they were multiplied in the prophetic writing, in order that when the Messiah should appear, there should be no room to question his Divine mission, since the marks themselves cannot have been combined by mere chance, nor would have been invented by any one who had desired to impose upon the people. I will try and confine myself to those marks specified in the text.

We observe that he was to be obscure in his origin. This is intimated under the figure of a root out of a dry ground. The house of David had once flourished as the cedars of Lebanon, he himself having been one of the most powerful monarchs upon

earth; but now his family was reduced, inso-much that it was like a root, or a mere stump of a tree; its situation, too, like a root in a dry ground, was such as not to afford any prospect that it should ever revive again. Our Lord, like a weak and tender sucker, springing from this root, was, to all outward appearance, unworthy of notice: notwithstanding the prodigies that attended his birth, he grew up before him, that is the Jewish nation, in obscurity, working at the trade of his reputed father as a carpenter. This circumstance proved an offence, and a stumbling-block to the carnal Jews. When they heard his discourses, and saw the wonders that he wrought, they said, "Whence hath this man these things; and what wisdom is this which is given to him, that even such mighty works are wrought by his hands; is not this the carpenter's son? And they were offended at him." But if they duly considered their own prophecies they would have seen that his parentage and education were precisely such as had been foretold, and consequently were arguments in favour of his high pretensions.

Another mark exhibited in the text is that he was to be mean in his appearance. The Jews expected a Messiah who should come with pomp, and whose magnificence should equal, if not surpass that of any potentate on earth; and if Jesus had appeared in this manner, he would soon have been caressed, and followed by the great and noble. But he neither possessed himself, nor promised to his followers any of those things which are so captivating to a carnal heart. Instead of abounding in wealth and having the great and noble of the earth as his attendants, he was followed only by a few poor fishermen, and sometimes wanted the common things of this time-state, and even a place where to lay his head. Instead of affecting honour, he declined it, and withdrew himself when they would have invested him with royal authority. Nor did he give his disciples reason to expect anything in this world but reproaches, persecutions, imprisonments, and death. Thus was he destitute of all exterior recommendations; there was no form nor comeliness in him, nor any beauty for which he was to be desired. Now the Jews did not know how to reconcile his claims to Messiahship with his low condition; they could not divest themselves of their prejudices; they expected a temporal Messiah, and consequently concluded that the meanness of his appearance was a very

sufficient reason for considering him an impostor. They, therefore, contributed to make him more contemptible in the eyes of men, and thus reducing him to the lowest state of infamy, unwittingly fulfilled the counsels of God concerning him.

A third mark and character of the Messiah was, that he should be afflicted in his person, he was to be "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." To none were these words ever so applicable as to Jesus Christ; his life was a continued scene of labours, trials, temptations, and sorrows. We read only once in the whole Bible that he rejoiced in spirit, but frequently that he sighed, and groaned, and wept. The four last years of his life were almost wholly spent in sorrows, not to mention his bodily labours and fatigues, or his watchings and fastings, inasmuch as they exceeded all that ever were voluntarily endured by man—they might well be taken into the account. His other trials were greater than we can conceive! The contradiction of sinners against himself must have been inexpressibly painful to his benevolent mind. He came down from the Father to give his life a ransom for many, and was continually endeavouring to lead his own people to a knowledge of himself. He worked a series of the most stupendous miracles in confirmation of his own word. He was labouring night and day for their sake, making it his very meat and drink to accomplish the grand ends and purposes of his Father in the covenant which he made for his people before time began; yet how were his labours requited? They cavilled at his words, ascribed his miracles to Satanic influence, and rejected the counsel of God against themselves. This morning I was in Buckingham Palace, and when introduced into the interior I thought what a contrast there was; the Lord Jesus Christ, the great King of kings had not where to lay his head, while here is an earthly queen (justly beloved) with this magnificent mansion, and every thing that heart can wish.

But there were yet other sorrows, and grief more afflictive, if possible, than those. Whence arose his agony in the garden, when his body was bathed in a bloody sweat, whence those strong cries and tears with which he supplicated the removal of the bitter cup. A very learned man once said that sin swallowed up the Lord Jesus, but I do not believe that; but I do believe the Christ of God swallowed up the sins of his church and that she shall stand before him without fault. Whence the heart-rending cry which he uttered upon the cross under the hiding of his Father's face. Surely the vials of his Father's wrath were poured out upon him; the debt which the church had incurred was exacted of him as our Surety! the penalty due to sin was inflicted on his

righteous soul! The arrows of God stuck fast in him, and made his heart within him like melting wax. But

II.—THE RECEPTION HE MET WITH. One would not have supposed it possible that such a person as our Lord should sojourn upon earth, and not be universally respected. His exemplary piety, his diffusive benevolence, his instructive discourses, and his blameless conduct,—one would think, must conciliate the esteem of all, and that gratitude, at least, must bind to him many thousands whose maladies he had healed, or whose friends he had relieved. But not so. All whom he had benefited seemed to have forgotten their obligations, and to render evil for good; so far from honouring him they despised him, and even hid their faces from him as not deigning to acknowledge him. There was no name so opprobrious but they thought him deserving of it; they called him a wine bibber, a glutton, a deceiver; and, before the high priest, they accused him of blasphemy; and, before the Roman governor, they charged him with treason, that so they might secure his condemnation, and have license to treat him as an enemy both of God and man. The indignities offered him in the last hours of his life were altogether unparalleled; it was indeed the hour of Satan's reign, and all the powers of darkness seemed to be let loose upon him. It appeared as if nothing could satiate their malice; not content to wait the issue of legal process, they loaded him with all manner of insults and reproaches; they dragged him from one tribunal to another; they ploughed up his back with scourges, and compelled his judge to pass sentence upon him contrary to the convictions of his own conscience; they forced him, faint and macerated as he was, to bear his cross, till he even sunk under the weight, and, to complete the whole, they crucified him between two thieves, and continued their impious derision till the very instant of his dissolution. Nay, they were not even then satisfied; even after his death they could not refrain from shewing their hatred of him; one of the soldiers, expressing doubtless the feeling of the others, thrust his spear into his side, and all the chief priests and Pharisees made application to Pilate that he would set a guard to watch that deceiver, as they called him, lest his disciples should come by night, and steal him away, and report that he had risen from the dead. Thus did the whole nation despise and reject him. Every other part of creation gave testimony to him; the wild beasts in the wilderness stood in awe of him; the fishes of the sea confessed his power; the winds and the waves obeyed his voice; the holy angels ministered unto him; the devils acknowledged his Divine mission; but men, the men too of his own nation, the very men

to whom he came to live with, despised him. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

But must we confine ourselves to that age and nation? Alas! where is the nation that has not poured contempt on Christ? The apostles and other disciples of our Lord went to every quarter of the known world, and preached Jesus as the Saviour of sinners; but in every place did the glad tidings meet with the same reception. And how has it been received in our own nation? Blessed

be God, we are not left wholly without witness, but generally despised. There is a great noise in the world about revivals, and almost every public place is becoming a preaching station; we wish them God speed! but if we look at America, we do not see much effect as yet. We want more Holy Ghost preaching in every part of the world. May the Lord hasten the coming of his kingdom. Amen.

Willow Walk, Bermondsey.

July 18th, 1861.

CONVERSION TO GOD.

(Continued from page 140.)

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Grace and peace be with thee, and all the seed royal. In my last I spoke of my accepting the pastoral call at Southmolton. It is verily sweet, precious and profitable to recount the dealings of the Lord, individually or collectively, towards his redeemed ones; by it our faith is encouraged, as David's was, when speaking to Saul about his combat with Goliath, he mentions his exploits and deliverance in encountering the lion and the bear, and thus encouraged himself in the Lord his God.

"By whom was David taught,
To aim the dreadful blow,—
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword, nor spear, the stripping took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

Oh! I have seen the day,
When with a single word;
God helping me to say,
'My trust is in the Lord,'
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose."

A great door and effectual way was opened to me by the Lord, who gave testimony to the word of his grace, sinners were pricked to the heart, and saints gathered around the standard of the cross; we had a good deal of outdoor preaching, and thus a witness for the truth was publicly given, and was owned of the Lord. I was always careful to speak pointedly to the young converts respecting the ordinance of Believer's Baptism, and ever found them ready to be taught and willing to practise that scriptural and delightful command. The ordinance of Believer's Baptism, by immersion, was never known to have been administered in the town before; infant sprinkling, with all its absurdities, was the only initiatory rite prior to breaking of bread and fellowship,—but now in the providence of God, the time was come for the mists of priestly superstition and hereditary folly to be exposed and attacked. Consequently about August, 1836, a few of the Lord's people came forward to make a public profession of their faith by

baptism, in a most convenient place at the bottom of the town; we had an assemblage of about 2000 persons. The Lord's presence was felt, conviction fastened home on the heart; the bow in the preached word was drawn at a venture, the arrow was directed by God the Holy Ghost to the hearts of two men: thus the first testimony to the scriptural mode of Believer's Baptism was sanctioned by the Eternal Spirit,—and a new era for Southmolton was opened up, which, I trust will last as long as the world stands. In September, in the same year, we were formed into a church of baptized believers, and numbered twelve persons; with joy did we raise our Ebenezer, and say "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." I was mightily strengthened by the Lord in body, soul, and spirit; it was the halcyon days of my first ministerial love; the love of Christ, love to souls, and love to the church filled every power and faculty of the new man. Oh! the Bethel visits, the rich anointings, the sweet smiles of a precious Jesus, in going to, and engaging in the work will ever be unspeakable and unutterable; heaven, with all its glories, appeared to be revealed to the eye of faith; the scriptures in their rich vein of spiritual depth were opened to my understanding. Luke xxiv. 32. The King indeed again and again brought me into the banquetting house, and his banner over me was love; I understood what our Lord meant when he said, "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting;" *i.e.*, in rich, precious, and exalted communion with a Three-One Jehovah, through the blood and righteousness of Jesus is the present reward which the servants of Christ enjoy: they have, above all men, their peculiar trials, temptations, and sorrows; so also their consolations are peculiar. Thus in the case of

Peter, when the sheet was let down from heaven, containing four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air (which represented the Gentile part of the church of God), the command was given, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." Now the killing was by the sword of the ministry through the Spirit, and word; the eating was that soul-satisfying pleasure which the Lord's own sent servants enjoy, in being made instrumental in the conversion of sinners, or in being made a blessing to saints. Also in reference to the keys, of which Christ said unto Peter (Mark xvi. 19,) "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Now I presume this was not Peter's privilege alone, but that all faithful ambassadors are delegated with the same ministerial power; this highly favoured apostle used one key when he unlocked the mysteries of the kingdom to his Jewish brethren, and 3000 were pricked in their hearts; and the other key he used when he was directed by the Spirit to preach Jesus Christ unto Cornelius, and other Gentiles. "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." I realized at this time the sweetness of which the poet wrote,

"How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
And sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart."

And of which the Psalmist wrote in the 133rd Psalm, first verse, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" I was recognized as the pastor of the church at Southmolton, by the laying on of hands by my beloved brother in Christ, R. C. Chapman (who was at that time the pastor of the church at Ebenezer, Barnstaple) the whole church, with one heart, solemnly commended me to the work of the ministry unto which I was called. I went forth having their love, sympathy, and prayers. Here lies one great secret of ministerial prosperity, and in this respect I was highly favoured, for I stood between two bodies of praying saints. My little flock at Southmolton gave evidence of life, vitality, and power; peace, harmony, and unity prevailed in the church. We experienced that glorious truth. The church had rest and were edified, and walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied. If we wish to get a glimpse of heaven, it is to see a body of saints in church-fellowship, as described above; also humble, self-denying,

delighting to copy the example of Christ in girding on the towel, and washing the disciples' feet; such a sight the angels of God delight to see, the devils tremble, the world admire and exclaim as a heathen once did, "See how these Christians love one another." About January, 1837, I was privileged to baptize five brethren on as cold a day as I ever knew. The Lord was with us, and our hearts were warmed with the love of Christ, and love to one another. Several came from the adjacent parts, and united with us in church fellowship; we evidently felt the power of God in our assemblies.

A vast number of professing Christians and ministers think it is neither good, politic, nor safe to openly preach the distinguishing doctrines of grace; hence we find the grand doctrines of the gospel,—such as predestination, election, final perseverance of the saints; also the person and work of the Holy Ghost in his special operations for the conversion of souls, either ignored altogether, or but superficially spoken. I have found it as a great winnowing fan, purging the house of God, severing the chaff from the wheat. I do not deny that I have not seen it the means of stirring up the enmity of the heart against God's blessed sovereignty, as well as against the preacher, severing sometimes old ties and connections; at other seasons the watchman would meet with no better treatment than his Master, when they took him to the brow of the hill to cast him down headlong (Luke iv. 9), because he preached of sovereign love, as manifested to Naaman, the Syrian, and the widow at Sarepta, but to the poor, burdened, tempted, tried, assaulted child of God, who, as a "Syrian ready to perish" (Deut. xxvi. 5), who has been made deeply to feel the plague of his own heart, the leprosy deeper than the skin,—such ones are led to rejoice that the eternal God is their refuge,—that his love to them is eternal—that before they came into the world their names were written in the Lamb's book of life; in fact, that their best deeds cannot save them, nor their blackest sins damn them. Eternally loved, and Jesus, their Surety, by the blood of the everlasting covenant, has once and for ever put away their sins by the sacrifice of himself; to such souls the doctrine of substitution, as revealed to them by the blessed Spirit, is their anchor of hope in the day of adversity and sharp conflict.

I must mention one little circumstance in connection with the above. One Lord's-day I was invited to preach at Swimbridge, (about half-way on the road to Southmolton), in a chapel built by my good brother George Lovering, the much respected minister. I took for my text in the morning, Rom. viii. 22, 30. I observed we had for our consideration a golden chain of golden

declarations, and, as the Lord enabled me I should open each link. After preaching, when dining with one of the pillars of the church, she said, "Mr. Alexander, as soon as you took your text my mind was filled with opposition and dislike to the word itself. I thought, is there no other text in the Bible that he could select to preach from?" Oh! how busy is Satan against the truth, stirring up even God's dear children to oppose the plainly revealed will of God: however, I thought no more about it till a year after. As I was returning one beautiful Sunday evening from preaching, coming down one of the steep hills, I met a man, a stranger, who came up to me, and said, "Do you remember preaching at Swimbridge, sir, about twelve months since, in the morning, and can you tell the text?" I said, "Yes, I remember both the text, and the time very well." He said, "I am come expressly to tell you, that under the preaching of that sermon, it pleased God to comfort my soul." Our dear Lord said, "If the truth shall make you free, then shall ye be free indeed;" so that we must not be surprised where the gospel is preached in simplicity and purity: the creature abased, and Christ alone exalted, if we have a larger amount of trial and obloquy, and indeed all hell against us; may it be the experience of every faithful ambassador,—“Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the children of God, than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season.” We were not

without our seasons of church trial, in the exercise of a godly jealousy and care over one another. We did not require church rules drawn up by man, but taking the New Testament, as the basis of our discipline, and only guide, we endeavoured and sought by prayer to organize the church on its unerring rules; the Lord was with us, and blessed us with the single eye, the upright heart, and the loving spirit. I felt a desire in my heart to preach by the way-side on my way home; also in one village I stopped to open up the mysteries of the kingdom, and to speak of the unsearchable riches of Christ to a goodly number of the peasantry, among whom were Bible Christians, Methodists, &c., and glorious out-door meetings we had. The Scribes and Pharisees of old were envious at the multitudes that followed Christ. The priest of the parish in which I was preaching was stirred up with the same spirit, and came down in great wrath, when we were assembled together, and engaged in the worship of God, threatening the people with great vehemence, that if they continued to hear THAT VAGABOND preach, he would excommunicate them from the church, and do all he could to take their bread from them.

That the dear Lord may bless you in your work of faith and labour of love, is the prayer of your loving brother in covenant bonds,

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

July 19th, 1861.

WHAT IS MAN?

THE OUTLINE OF A SERMON PREACHED IN MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, CHADWELL STREET, CLERKENWELL, ON SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 7TH, 1861,
By MR. JOHN HAZELTON, MINISTER OF THE CHURCH.

“Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him; or the son of man, that thou makest account of him.”—Psalm cxliv. 3.

It appears that when David wrote this Psalm, he was looking behind him as it were on the field of battle through, which conqueringly and safely God, in his infinite mercy, had brought him; and reviewing his past life, which had been one of unparalleled victory, from the sheepfold to the throne, he was led to exclaim as in the first verse of this Psalm, “Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight.” David was delivered, and he knew where his deliverance came from, and ascribed all that he was and had done—to the power and goodness of his God: he then contrasted himself with God in the language of our text, “Lord, what is man?” &c.

I will direct your attention, as the Lord shall enable me this evening, to the two particulars suggested by the words, viz.,

first, the Infinite condescension of Jehovah; secondly, the Twofold Form in which it is Expressed.

I.—THE INFINITE CONDESCENSION OF JEHOVAH.—“Lord, what is man?”—Naturally. Can you answer that question? I cannot answer it, and especially when I contrast man with his Maker,—insignificant man with the infinite God. David looked up to the visible firmament, and in its celestial grandeur and beauty, he traced the finger of God; he contemplated the high and glorious works of nature, and struck by the contrast, he exclaimed, “What is man?” It is not wonderful that one man takes notice of another; the rich of the poor; and not so wonderful that angels look at men;—but when the infinite majesty of God is contemplated, what is there about man that he should take knowledge of him? Man

naturally, then, is a worm formed out of the dust, he exists by the will of God, and by that will he is what he is. Some people, or rather many people, attach great importance to what they denominate the dignity of human nature, but the dignity of human nature soon falls under great grace. Let us look at Abraham; he was a great man; great grace made him so with his Master. The great grace that Abraham had, was reigning grace, and what did it do for that man? did it cause him to feel himself a great man? Did the great grace Paul had lift him up above his brethren? We know it did not, but to the honour and glory of that grace, he confessed himself the least of the apostles, and less than the least of all saints. 1 Cor. xv. 9; Eph. iii. 8. Listen to the confession of that truly great and good man, Abraham, engaged in intercession for the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, "I have taken upon me to speak to the Lord, which am but dust and ashes." Great grace will always humble the heart, trample on self, and exalt the Saviour.

What is man intellectually? Man intellectually is a glow-worm. What is a glow-worm to the mighty sun? What is the ocean to a small receiver? Infinitely wider is the contrast between the mind of God and the mind of man! Man spends a lifetime to know a trifle. A philosopher takes up a stone, and spends a lifetime in describing and writing spacious volumes upon it; but God, with one piercing glance, sees through all, comprehends all, contains all! If there be one sin in the sight of heaven more abhorrent than another, it must be that of the man, who, possessing a smattering of knowledge, lifts his proud head above the people of God, and the Bible of God.

What is man morally? Naturally a worm, intellectually a glowworm, morally a worm in corruption and filth, a worm in the mud. I do not libel man physically, or mentally; I am speaking of man as a sinner, far from God by wicked works; nor can I set forth in sufficiently expressive language the depths of degradation and sin in his heart; his mind is the residence of the filthiest evils, the offspring of Satan lurks there, and thanks to restraining providence, and reigning grace which keeps them back. Is it true that man, morally, is fit fuel for hell, that he is in darkness and disgrace, capable of poisoning God's very gifts, and of lifting up head, heart, and hand, against his Maker? It is. Then what is there about man that he should notice him with complacency and delight? In himself he could not, but he sees him through meditation. Let me illustrate this point. Take a stained glass, and hold it between the eye and an object, the glass imparts its colour to the object. So God has taken this lovely medium, his dear Son,

with the blood and merit of Calvary upon him, and holds him between his holy eye and his people, and thus we are "accepted in him" (Eph. i. 6.), notwithstanding our moral deficiency and delinquency. Beautiful medium for both God and the sinner; God can look approvingly at us through him, and we through him behold the blazing sunlight of Deity.

What is man efficiently? With respect to providence, God could do without him. All the majesty of God is in his grace, and wherever grace is, it is reigning, invincible, conquering. Grace will not be otherwise than conquering. Divest grace of its majesty and it ceases to be grace. They cannot be separated. And will God have his majesty and grace co-efficient with man? Shall he be efficient in the great matters of Divine government? It is to be feared that too high an estimation is sometimes placed upon one particular minister by people of God, a feeling of excessive approbation, as if the presence of man were indispensable. Think not that the grace given, talents, and abilities of ministers are efficient. The foundation of God standeth more sure; God's eternal purpose, Christ's eternal merit, with the Holy Spirit's eternal power, are the sure foundation, while the talents and abilities of ministers form only a part of the "scaffolding" (if you will allow the term) of the building of mercy, and these will be unnecessary in glory, and divested of every semblance of mortality, the structure will stand an imperishable monument of Divine power. What is man, then, in creation, in providence, or in salvation. "The inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers."

But once more. What is man religiously? Elsewhere, David says, "Man in his best estate is vanity," and religion is the best estate of man. Then what is man religiously? If left to himself he falls. And what are we, my hearers? What fickleness, changes, murmurings, and rebellion, are we the subjects of! And,

Lastly, here, what is man as to his existence? A creature of a day, a meteor with a momentary flash. "But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

II.—THE TWO-FOLD GRACIOUS FORM IN WHICH IT IS EXPRESSED.—"God takes knowledge of him."

I might dwell on creation. Has not God taken a knowledge of him in all his works by adapting them to his comfort, requirements, and pleasure? My God takes knowledge of that which is my pleasure. At this season of the year, in most parts of the country, the very air is laden with fragrance, there is pleasant perfume for the sense of smelling; loveliness of landscape for the sense of seeing; beautiful sounds for the sense of hearing; and a prospect of plenty for the

sense of tasting—for both man and beast. Does not all proclaim the fact announced in the text?

As the God of providence he takes knowledge of man. There is a general providence which governs all things, from the successive velocity of the mightiest star, to the motion of the most minute particle that floats in space, and a special providential knowledge which God takes of the interest of his church and people, a wheel working as it were within a wheel, and all things working together for good. This passage upon consideration you will find to be wonderfully comprehensive. *All* things. There is not a time—all times; nor a place—all places; nor a position—all positions, how disordered soever they may seem, or naturally opposed, God will gather the disconnected links, and connect them—the diversified circumstances, and arrange them—the confused periods, and reconcile them—and will shew that *ALL* things work together for good under his guiding mind.

But eminently, and pre-eminently as the God of grace; he takes knowledge of man.

He took knowledge of his person in electing love and grace; not for his own happiness, for the infinite God requires nothing of man to insure that. If he were to do in accordance with what man has done, he could sweep all things from creation, and yet be happy. Our God took knowledge of man's salvation in mediation, by the constitution of the person of Christ, and he took knowledge of our sins, that they should not damn us by laying on him the iniquities of us all.

"The Lord in the day of his anger did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away."

Very particular, too, was he; he took knowledge of all their number, and thus salvation is an absolute certainty.

What moved him to die? His great love, "For he loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Nor can Satan find a foothold here, for the covenant of grace is sealed eternally, sealed by the blood of Christ.

Is the Holy Ghost at work in our hearts? he will take knowledge of our meanness for heaven; therefore let us never undervalue the work of the Spirit, since it is he that reveals our names written, and slew our enmity by regeneration and sanctification. Moreover we are told that the covenant is "ordered." It is not an unpremeditated speculation, but wisdom's well laid plan; a Trinity in Unity concurs in it, and an Unity in Trinity. I consider it to be, therefore, the duty of every minister to preach Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. "You preach Christ full and free," a good man once said to a gospel minister, "but be sure you honour the Holy Ghost." And so much importance did he attach to this, that he had printed and placed in his study, "Be sure you

honour the Holy Ghost," without whom we shall know nothing of election, redemption, or regeneration. He takes knowledge of our broken petitions at the throne of grace. He took notice of that faintly articulated prayer which I should not have wished my fellow man to hear. It is thus with many a child of God; he goes to the throne with such poor, feeble, broken petitions as he could not like his brother to hear, and yet he is not ashamed to take them to God. What is man, with his muddy tears and broken petitions, that there should be beauty in a tear, and music in a groan?

He takes knowledge of life's minutest circumstances, of all my wants. Many of the children of God are sadly troubled about these things. They can trust their eternal all in their great Benefactor's hands, but cannot trust him for temporal supplies. Blessed be his name, say you, I can trust him for the bread and water of eternal life, but how shall I get to-morrow's loaf? I can trust him for a spotless and eternal robe that will fit me to appear in his presence for ever, but how shall I manage to get another coat? Hearken! Has he not said that the very hairs of your head are all numbered? Then if he has numbered your hairs, will he not number your wants, and if so he will number your days, your steps, and your enemies. He makes account of him.

This, with the expression, "Son of man," I take to be but a repetition of the first. But it is highly probable that when David uttered these words, his mind was dwelling on "original sin," and Adam was not the son of man; may we not, therefore, interpret the passage thus, "Lord, what was Adam, that thou shouldst take knowledge of him; or we, the sinning sons of Adam, that thou makest account of us."

He makes account of man, then, by raising his nature into union with his own. Was not this making account of him? Talk about the dignity of human nature—here, and here only, is it found, in the glorious and complex Person of Christ, who substituted himself for us, thus dignifying and saving our nature, which he did not do for the angels, "For he took not on him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham." Here, in this mysterious and glorious Person, is the wisdom of God in a mystery—in a mystery of condescension—in a mystery of love—and in a mystery of suffering.

God makes so much of his people that he has destroyed nations for their sakes.

"I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia, and Seba for thee. Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee, therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life." Isa. xl. 3, 4.

Assyria, a great and mighty empire, was

not too much for God to destroy for his people's sake. And are not the people of God the glory and defence of England?—notwithstanding her boasted wooden walls.

Thousands and thousands are continually ascending to heaven. God makes account of man by receiving him into his own residence. And if we have laid up for us treasures which time's rust cannot touch; if we have been led to throw our whole interests upon the merits of Christ, then

"A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land us on fair Canaan's coast."

God will then put his glory upon us, and

raise us to greater dignity than we lost in Eden.

May the review of such condescension, fraught with so much lovingkindness, buoy us above every distressing circumstance, create in our hearts a deep feeling of gratitude, and love, and reanimate us for further conflicts, for conflict we must

"Until we reach that peaceful shore,
Where winds, and waves, distress no more."

And where

"The echo from eternal hills
Will speak the Conqueror's joy."

Amen.

A FRIENDLY RECORD OF SOME FEW THINGS IN THE Life, Ministry, and Death of the late Mr. William Tite,

BAPTIST MINISTER, FOTTON, BEDS.

BY MR. DAVID ASHBY, OF WHITTLESEA.

(Concluded from page 204.)

WE now come to the closing scene of our dear departed brother. Extreme debility, and unmistakable signs that his labours were drawing to a close began to show themselves as the winter months of 1860 came on, and that the public ministry of the word of life, he had so long and so welcomely been honoured of God to make known, was now at an end. On the 13th of December he was taken worse, and from that time he felt his work was done and the "time of his departure was at hand." Although from that time to the 6th of February he was able to get about, yet from the affliction of deafness, and the weakening effect of disease, he was unable to converse much with the many friends who were anxious to have an interview with him. Our visit to him in the early part of February was one of a solemn and truly profitable nature to our own soul. The truth of God he had preached was then very precious to him, and with the affection of a father, the wisdom of one well taught of God, and the earnestness of a dying man, did he converse with me as I knelt by his bedside.

Many and precious were the sayings he uttered; but, as a matter of course, we can only give a few of them here. The following, expressed to me and to others, may show the state of his mind in the prospect of death. On one occasion he said—"All is peace, I am as happy as I can well be; I am in the land Boubah, where the birds sing day and night." Again he said—"I shall soon be at home; I long to be gone, but I would pray for patience to wait the Lord's time." He told me that Scripture in the 2 Sam. xxii. 47, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock,"

had been very precious to him for several days. Again he said, "I shall soon be gone; the Lord has told me I am as a shock of corn fully ripe, and you know the corn does not remain long in the field after it is ripe." To another friend he said—"The foundation I have so long trusted, I do not find to give way. I have none to trust in or rest on but JESUS, the ETERNAL GOD. I have learnt this above all, that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." Again, to a friend he said—"Happy is that man who dares to preach Jesus Christ in his complex person as the sinner's only hope, the true and proper Son of God." On another occasion he said—"Truth is fallen in the streets, and equity cannot enter. Many think I have done wrong in contending against good men, but I feel I have spoken the truth, as far as God has given me wisdom; and I have no reflections of having done wrong, except it be in sharpness of manner, and I wish not to excuse that, though an Apostle found it necessary to use sharpness. I could wish to assure my chief opponents, who formerly received me as a minister of truth, that I have nothing personally against them, but I have against that which is opposed to the Lord's glory." On another occasion he said—"If the professed friends of truth are afraid to speak, they are 'like dumb dogs;' if they are afraid of losing some temporal advantages by speaking, they are 'like greedy dogs;' and if they care not for truth falling in the street, then are they 'sleepy dogs.'" But my Royal Master has mercifully preserved me from these things, and now I am on my dying pillow, can say, "Having obtained

help of the Lord, I continue." To two other friends, who came from a great distance to see him, and on asking him how he felt now he was so near his end, he replied—"I am as happy as I can be. I have JESUS, therefore I have all things. I have lived a stormy day, but I have a *beautiful evening*. God will not cast off for sins and infirmities, or errors of judgment; but a man is in a solemn place, who is convinced of his wrong, yet determined to have his own way, and still goes on opposing the Bible-revealed truth of God." At another time he said—"What would the world be to me now, if I had not a good conscience, and the Lord Jesus as my only rock."

About a month before his death, on being visited by an esteemed friend, who enquired how he felt in the prospect of changing worlds. he replied with tears of joy, and evident peace—"That just before he had had such a sweet manifestation of the Lord's favour to him that he felt in the position of Abraham's servant, who had been sent to provide a wife for his son, who, when he had finished his mission, and the damsel was willing to go, said to those about him, 'Hinder me not.' Any one might have the trinkets; for his part, he was anxious now to get home."

A few days after this bright shining and the sweet fellowship our dear friend was blessed of the Lord to enjoy, the enemy severely assailed his soul as to the future—insinuating that he would be left to die in the dark, and then his opponents would rejoice, and say it was a judgment from the Lord. We wonder not at this, for Satan seeks to distress where he cannot destroy; but we might wonder at the following (upon which, doubtless, the enemy of souls worked to distress the mind) that a professed minister of the Gospel in the neighbourhood should receive a report, and without investigating the truth of it, should convey it to London; viz., that our friend had been struck with palsy while preaching his *last sermon*, which indeed might have been the case, and yet not have served the cause of those who were apparently anxious to find an occasion of reproach against an upright, though dying minister of the Lord Jesus.

Just about this time also, a report or statement was made by a Wesleyan preacher from the pulpit of a neighbouring village, that a certain and well-known Baptist minister, who was then upon his death-bed, had openly renounced his belief in the doctrines of Calvinism, and deeply regretted that he had ever preached them. This was told to him by one of his friends, and with much feeling he replied—"My dear friend, I know NO OTHER JESUS—NO OTHER WAY OF SALVATION—NO OTHER WAY OF ACCEPTANCE WITH GOD than I have preached, I WANT NO OTHER." His faith in the truth of God had been so long tried and deeply rooted, and he found it

full of holy comfort to the last; and although he could not converse freely because of his affliction, yet for the most part he was calmly resting, and sometimes joyfully speaking of the Lord's great goodness to him; and often spoke of that sweet text he gave to me as a kind of dying testimony, and from which he had received so much comfort—"The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and exalted be the God of the rock of my salvation."

A few hours before his departure, he said—"I am dying, and I have nowhere else to go to now, but to Jesus." Again he said—"All is peace! no rest but in HIM." And still nearer to death, and while under great bodily suffering, his eyes beamed with happiness as he pressed the hand of a beloved friend, and tried to tell the joy he evidently felt; but his words could not be understood, and a little while after this, at 10 minutes past four o'clock, on Wednesday morning, April 17th, 1861, he peacefully slept in Jesus, aged 72 years and three days. Rest, dear saint and servant of the Lord, was the silent wish of those who stood around; all toil and suffering with thee are over. The fierce attacks of Satan, the inbred evils of the heart, the anger of enemies, the errors of friends, the chastening rod of thy Father shall grieve thine heart no more. Rest, wearied one, thy labours are over, thy welcome work is done. Many shall yet remember thee on earth, and shall be found praising God to all eternity, that William Tite *lived, loved, and preached* the Gospel of Jesus; and I, more than many, am deepest debtor to God for the use He made of our friend's ministry years long past, in quickening my soul to life, and leading me into some little understanding and establishment of the truth of salvation, by the ancient love and choice of the Father, the alone work and mediation of Jesus, and the quickening power of the Holy Ghost, as the one undivided and Triune God of Israel.

I may just say, it was the written, as well as oft-expressed wish (subject to the will of God), that I should bury him, and with this wish I promised to comply. And I give the following account of the funeral services, as supplied by one of the friends who was present:—"On Lord's day, April 21, 1861, the remains of our dear friend, Mr. W. Tite, were interred in the burying ground of the Baptist Meeting House, Potton, Beds. In the morning, Mr. D. Ashby, minister of Zion Chapel, preached to us, and in the afternoon the body of our beloved minister and friend was conveyed to the chapel, followed by many relatives and friends, where, after the reading of some beautiful and appropriate portions of God's word and prayer, the coffin was removed to the grave, when an address was delivered by Mr. Ashby to the many hundreds present, who were reminded 'That

they would hear that voice no more which for so many years had been heard in their midst.' Need we wonder (he said) that many should weep? For though we know the minister of Christ must die and leave his honoured work; yet the separation, when it comes, touches the feelings and grieves the hearts of many, and even some who, perhaps, might never weep under the voice now *silent in death.*

"Many of the inhabitants, who had never been seen at the chapel, were present at the grave to show their respect to a man, a neighbour, a Christian, a minister, who had lived amongst them so long. Amongst others who followed our dear friend to the grave, were some Christian friends from London, whose kindness he had for many years proved, and whose Christian fellowship was maintained until death.

"The chapel, for the evening service, was filled to overflowing; many could not get in. The text on the occasion was one that had been so precious to our dear friend in his affliction—2 Sam. xxii. 47—"The Lord liveth." &c.

"Mr. Ashby commenced by saying—"This text appears to have been written by the Psalmist as he drew near to the end of his earthly pilgrimage. How welcome to the Christian at any age, and at any time, but especially as he draws near to the grave. The words were expressive of the personal state of David's own soul in the prospect of death, and figuratively and really of the person and work of the Lord Jesus, and, lastly, the sure ground of safety and triumph to the godly in all ages. And while little was said about our dear friend, much was said about the *Rock and Glory* of his salvation; and while many mourned the loss of a minister, they had good reason to rejoice that 'the Lord liveth,' and the gospel appeared that day to be made a word of welcome and of joy to the mourners in Zion."

I may just say that Mr. Tite had expressed a wish that if anything was recorded on his tombstone, it should be the following:—

IN MEMORY OF
W I L L I A M T I T E,
Twenty-five years Pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, Potton, who departed this life
April 17th, 1861, Aged 72 years.
A Great Sinner Saved by Great Grace,
And then Harnessed by his Loving and Loved
Master with the whole armour of God,
and sent into the Field of Battle,
which the same grace
enabled him to
maintain

For a period of Thirty-four Years,
Keeping him in the Faith, looking unto Jesus his
Captain, till flesh and heart failed, and then
he was graciously called by Him
TO HIS CROWN AND REST ABOVE!
H A L L E L U J A H!

We understand a subscription has been entered into by the church and attached friends, to erect a tomb in the chapel-yard to mark the spot where rests the remains of this faithful and honoured servant of the Lord Jesus.

And now in closing this very imperfect "record" of one whose memory may soon pass away from earth, while his labours shall be recognised in Heaven, and his memory there—as one of the redeemed—shall be regarded for ever and ever,—we would now hope that the church over which he was so long pastor, may be kept in the *love, possession, and practice* of truth, and those unhappy divisions which often follow upon a minister's removal may not be known at Potton. And one excellent preventive is, to regard the voice of God in the Church, and not the voice of one or two who, "Diotrephes" like, too often seek to have the pre-eminence. Brethren, seek the mind of God in the ministry you may have amongst you; and study the benefit of the cause of Christ, and the probable usefulness and real religion of a minister, and not his apparent *affability* or *in-expensiveness*. Both these may easily be obtained, and the living in Zion shall languish, because the ministry of *life and power* is wanting. God give you spiritual discernment, unity of heart and purpose, strengthened by personal religion and wrestling prayer; and the Divine hand guide you, and the word of the Lord comfort and establish you, is the prayer of your brother and willing helper in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

A SKETCH OF THE RISE & PROGRESS OF FULLERISM, OR DUTY-FAITH:

THAT GANGRENE NOW RAPIDLY SPREADING IN MANY BAPTIST CHURCHES.

THE question was once asked of Mr. James Lackington, the celebrated bookseller, "What plan did he take, when he had published a work that did not sell to his expectation?" He replied, "I endeavour to get one or two clever persons to write against it; and if that does not increase the sale, nothing will do it."

This is exactly the case with an *ephemeris*

performance on "Duty-faith," by one Dixon Burn. He has puffed it off as well as he could; but, alas! it appears it does not sell to his expectation, and, unfortunately, he can obtain no reply. This seems to mortify him; as is apparent by his piece in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for last month. Poor man! He can hardly keep his temper. He says, "Will Mr. Wells or Mr. Foreman take

any notice of my work, think you? Or will they take the old policy of 'least said is soonest mended?' I expect that those two honoured brethren don't think his pamphlet worth notice. However, what he has written has been irrefutably, because scripturally, answered again and again, by most able writers in their day and generation. I have a treatise on the subject, written 123 years ago, by Mr. Wayman, of Kimbolton, in reply to a Mr. Morris, of Rowell; which sets the question at rest. But the Baptist churches (generally speaking) were sound in the faith of the distinguishing truths of the gospel, until about the year 1776, when three young men scraped an acquaintance, and became very intimate. Their names were John Sutcliffe, aged 24; John Ryland, jun., aged 23; and Andrew Fuller, aged 22. This trio met together for the first time on May 28, 1776, at the Northamptonshire Association. Morris, in his "Memoirs of Fuller," informs us that "then Mr. Andrew Fuller first saw Mr. Sutcliffe, and that his acquaintance then commenced with Mr. John Ryland, jun. These young associates (Ryland and Sutcliffe) had lately drunk deep in the writings of President Edwards, and they introduced that excellent author (?) to the acquaintance of their new friend, Fuller."

Woe and alas! for the introduction of this American exotic, this New-England-School theology, into our churches. However, these three young lads became wonderfully taken up with their new Dolly. The father of one of them, the celebrated John Ryland, sen., wrote at the time as follows. He said, speaking of the "Modern Question" (the term then used to express the sentiment by), "His son and Fuller were busied on it. The Devil threw out an empty barrel for them to roll about; while they ought to have been drinking the wine of the kingdom. That old dog, lying in the dark, has drawn off many good men to whip syllabub and to sift quiddities, † under pretence of zeal for the truth.—Extracted from Dr. Newman's *Rylandiana*.

What! and is this Duty-faith sentiment but as frothed up whip-syllabub, compared to the old wine of the kingdom? And are the Lord's people to be amused by Fullerian ministers rolling about an empty barrel, and listen to their sifting of quiddities (that is, caviling, captious questions), under a pretence of zeal for the truth? The good Lord forbid it.

But I proposed a glance at the history of Fullerism, I therefore proceed. It was in the year 1781 that Andrew Fuller published his work, entitled *The Gospel of Christ worthy of all acceptance*. A copy of the first edition I have now before me. Mr. William

Button, who was for upwards of 40 years pastor of the Baptist church in Dean Street, replied to it, in a well-written and most conclusive pamphlet of more than 100 pages, now before me. In his preface he says, "Mr. Fuller's treatise appears to me to be opposite to Scripture and experience; and tends to overthrow the distinguishing and glorious doctrines of the gospel. Yet I wonder not at its prevailing, as it is exceedingly pleasing to human nature, and very gratifying to a proud man to be told he can believe *if he will*. But it is too humbling and too degrading to tell a sinner he has neither will nor power. So that those ministers who maintain the hypothesis of the creature's natural ability, will be sure to please the ear of men in general, and so gain what is so much sought after in the present day—vain popularity.*

In the year 1788, Mr. John Martin, pastor of the Baptist church in Keppel Street, published (in three parts) his *Thoughts on the Duty of Man*, in reply to Fuller. This I have. This treatise vexed Mr. Fuller not a little; as his remarks were somewhat provoking, though his arguments were weighty. In the year 1803, that deep-thinking man of God, Mr. John Stevens, of Meard's Court, Soho, published the first part of his *Help for the Disciples of Immanuel*, in answer to Andrew Fuller. The third edition of this unparalleled work, comprising nearly 400 pages in octavo, was given to me by its author, and is now before me. Here Fullerian Duty-faith is ground to powder. Fuller is driven from every hiding place, and left without even the semblance of truth to defend himself. Mr. Stevens's deep-thinking powers are here powerfully displayed against this sad corruption of the truths of our most holy faith.

One more opponent I name; viz., Mr. William Rushton, of Liverpool, whose work on *Particular Redemption* is worth its weight in gold. Rushton incontestably proves that no man can maintain Particular Redemption in connection with the duty of all men to believe, &c.

Now then, last, but not least, comes our well-known and well-beloved brother, John Foreman. Previous works on the subject having been long out of print, Mr. Foreman's pamphlet became suitable and exceedingly well-timed. I have read it carefully through-out; it has my entire approval, and I am of

* Mr. William Button was educated by Mr. Ryland, sen., and was very early called by sovereign grace. John Ryland, jun., and William Button, were both baptized on September 11th, 1767, in the river Nen, near Northampton. The former was not then fifteen years of age, and the latter not fourteen. On the death of Dr. Gill, a large minority of the members not profiting under his successor, withdrew, and built Dean Street Chapel, and Mr. Button became their pastor July 5, 1776.

† Quiddity implies a trifling nicety.—Dr. Johnson.

opinion that it will take a more able polemic than Dixon Burn to answer it, even apparently, for a scriptural reply is quite out of the question.

I shall not condescend to enter into the arena of this controversy with Mr. Burn; but I just look at what he terms "the sum of his argument." This he gives us in seven particulars. I take the first of them. He says, "That as all men by nature are under the law, and as the law is necessarily related to the gospel, so all men are, *by the law*, enjoined to hear the gospel, to believe its testimony, to receive it in the love thereof, and to call upon the name of the Lord that they may be saved."

Now I require chapter and verse from the sacred Word in proof of the above particulars (Isa. viii. 20), but this can never be produced. There was a man of truth, the well-known Job Hupton, of Claxton, in Norfolk, who many years ago masterly handled this technical point; and he styled his work *A Blow struck at the Root of Fullerism*. This is also now before me. In his preface he says, "Let the axe be applied to the root. Let Mr. Fuller prove, if he can, that there is a natural man upon the earth who is not under the law as a covenant of works. To prove that the faith of God's elect, with which their salvation stands connected, is *not* a duty of the law, is the end aimed at in the subsequent pages." Mr. Hupton fully accomplished his aim. He tells Mr. Fuller, "By making the faith of God's elect an old-covenant duty, you put a legal yoke upon the necks of the disciples of Jesus, you bring the free-born sons of Zion into bondage, and expose them to all the thunders of the ministration of death; for, 'Whatsoever the law saith, it saith to those that are under it,' and 'As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse.' Gal. iii. 10. Your notion, therefore, robs both Christ and his people. 1. It robs Christ of the honour of making them free from the yoke of bondage. 2. It robs the people of their right to that liberty with which he has made them free."

With these remarks I take my leave of Mr. Burn. I repeat it, that the Fullerian Duty-faith system, is opposite to scripture and experience, and tends to overthrow the distinguishing and glorious doctrines of the gospel. It has had my determined and unqualified opposition from the first day of my ministerial labour to the present hour. I consider it to be an heresy of the very first magnitude. It is a calling on the creature, while dead in trespasses and sins, to make himself alive; and to do that work which our Lord himself says is the work of God to perform. See John vi. 29.

May I just add, that, in my printed *Confession of Faith*, as delivered by me at my ordination to the pastorate, nearly 46 years

ago, my article therein on "Faith" is as follows:—"Precious faith is a grace wrought in the soul by the Spirit of all Grace. In its operation it is the goings forth of the soul after life and salvation by Jesus Christ; it is an humble, cordial, hearty reliance on the Lamb of God; it is a relying on the sacred record of God in his holy Word, concerning his dear Son. By faith, Christ is beheld as an all-sufficient Saviour, he is looked to alone for salvation; believers come to Him, cordially accept of Him, freely receive Him, lay hold of Him, and rest and depend on Him alone for pardon, peace, complete salvation, and eternal life. I repudiate and reject the unscriptural Fullerian sentiment of Duty-faith. To enjoin and invite *all* to believe in Christ, and to inculcate it as their duty to do so, unless Christ died for all men, is, to say the least of it, a most thoughtless inconsistency. There can be no union between a limited provision for some, and an unlimited exhortation for all to partake of the same. If Christ died for all, then invite all. "The legs of the lame are not equal." Prov. xxvi. 7.

I am sorry I have trespassed so much on the pages of the VESSEL, but the subject is of vast importance. I must therefore, crave leave of the Editor to allow me about a page in the next VESSEL, as I wish to both shew and prove that Andrew Fuller was not sound in the doctrine of Particular Redemption. In short, that general invitations can only harmonize with general redemption; and this is altogether unscriptural,

I am, &c.,

J. A. JONES.

Jireh Chapel, East Road, City Road,
Aug., 1861.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE
ON THE ANTIQUITIES
OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

BY CHARLES GORDELIER.

ON BAPTISM.

THIS sacrament, says Dr. Mashion, was administered in the first century, without the public assemblies in places appointed and prepared for that purpose, and was performed by immersing the whole body in the baptismal stream, or font. At first it was usual for all who laboured in the propagation of the gospel to administer this rite, and each baptized his own disciple, and then by him received into the fellowship of the church.

In the third century, it appears that there were stated times, twice a-year, Easter and Whitsuntide, when the ordinance was administered to such as, after a long course of trial and preparation, offered themselves as candidates for the profession of Christianity. It was performed with invocation of the

sacred Trinity, and only in the presence of such as were already initiated into the Christian mysteries. Even so early as this age, the remission of sin was thought to be its immediate and happy fruit, while the bishop, by prayer and the imposition of hands, was supposed to confer those sanctifying gifts of the Holy Ghost, necessary to maintain a life of righteousness. The new converts received the sign of the cross, were anointed, and by prayer solemnly commended to the mercy of God, and dedicated to his service. In some places salt was employed as a symbol of purity and wisdom, and, with this view, was thrown into the mouth of the candidate. The common food of little children, milk and honey, was then given them, to indicate that they ought to exhibit in their conduct the innocence of infants. This concluded the ceremony; after which, they were obliged to go clothed in white garments during a space of seven days; these garments were carefully preserved as memorials of baptism, and the name of the owner was inscribed on them, and were ready to be produced against them, in the event of their falling away from the profession of faith in Christ.

The place where the rite was performed was according to the convenience or situation of the party; the river side, the sea shore, or the baths or fountains attached to the house or building.

But when Christian worship was established, after the sixth century, it was administered in a baptistry or font belonging to the place of meeting, situated at first in the porch, afterwards fenced in the body itself. The receptacle was spacious, capable of accommodating several persons at a time. The structure appears to have been of wood, and divided by a partition for the orderly and decent accommodation of the persons baptized.

The custom of baptizing babes arose from the opinion which began to spread, according to some writers, in the third century, that no one could be saved without being baptized. At first, however, the rite was administered to youths only, after close examination by the deacon, and then to infants, as soon as they could pronounce the words, "Baptizare" and "Credo;" and at length to unconscious babes. The earliest mention of Pædobaptism in Ecclesiastical Council, is that of Carthage, 401; and of another called in, 411, at Milevi, in Africa, now called Algiers, when it was declared "Whosoever denies that infants are by Christian baptism delivered from perdition, and brought to salvation, let him be accursed." This appears to be the first declaration by council of the necessity of baptism for salvation. In 754, the clergy and monks obtained from Pope Stephen 3rd, the liberty of infants in cases of necessity,—such as dying, to be baptized by pouring water out of the hands, or cup, on the head of the infant. In 1311, the Council of Ravenna, declared dipping and sprinkling to be indifferent.

The words baptism and to baptize are Greek terms, which imply, in their ordinary acceptance, washing or dipping.

Baptism for the dead was a practice formerly in use, as when a person dying, without baptism, another was baptized in his stead. Chrysostom says, this was practised among the Marcionites with a great deal of ridiculous ceremony, which he thus describes.—"After any catechumen was dead, they hid a living man under the bed of the deceased, then coming to the dead man, they asked him whether he would receive baptism, and he making no answer, the other answered for him in his stead, replying, yes he would, and so they baptized the living for the dead."

Things Worth Looking At; or, Visions of Mercy. FROM MY LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE FIRST FIGHT.

"Then came Amalek, and fought with Israel at Rephidim."—Exodus xvii. 8.

STOP! good reader, don't turn away from this page till you have read it. Don't say that because you live in the nineteenth century, under the full light of the gospel dispensation, that you have nothing to do with the old economy. If we lead you for a moment back to the old days of the law, it is only that you may more fully comprehend the grace and glory of the gospel. The Bible never proclaims a new truth, but to

lend fresh face to the old. In reading it we always look upon the same landscape. The only difference is, that as we pass onward from the old to the new dispensation, that more and more of the mist is rolled away from the horizon, so that the eye can include a broader sweep of beauty. There is indeed a vast difference between the Psalms of David, the books of Moses,—and the epistles of St. Paul; but it is the differ-

once between the landscape while the morning mist yet rests on its villages and lakes, and the samo outspread of scenery, when the noontide sun irradiates every spire, and every rivulet. It is no fresh system of religion which is made known to the dwellers on our earth. As the brief hints given to the Patriarchs, expand into the institutions of the law, and under the teachings of prophecy,—till in the days of Christ, and his apostles, they burst into magnificence, and fill a world with redemption!

Come, then, reader, sit down with me for a few moments at my tent door, and as we contemplate that crowd of Israelites coming out of the wilderness, and see them engaged in their *first battle*—let us remember that all the events in their history are typical—that they have all a high spiritual meaning—that they are types of the Lord's spiritual dealings with us—(1 Cor. x. 11). There, as in a series of divinely painted pictures, thou mayest see, O believer, thy own spiritual history. In the passover, thy deliverance, by the blood of the Lamb, from the destroying angel, and the house of bondage (1 Cor. v. 7); in the daily descending manna, thy daily dependence on God for the bread of life (John vi. 32, 33); in the pillar of fire and cloud, thy chequered pathway home; not *all cloud*, lest thou shouldst be unduly cast down; not *all brightness*, lest thou shouldst be unduly lifted up. In the land of Canaan, and their passage into it, thou seest thy triumphant entrance into the promised rest, not because of thy *good deeds on the road*, but because it is the PROMISED rest. In their wars, too, thou mayest see thine own spiritual conflicts shadowed forth.

This is Israel's *first fight*. They did not fight with the *Egyptians*—they did not fight in the house of bondage; God fought their battles in the house of bondage, effected their redemption, and defeated their foes—in his own unassisted strength,—his own arm brought salvation. They had then simply to *stand still*, and see the salvation of God. O! blessed type of a finished salvation, completed by the arm and power of Christ alone; justice satisfied, the law honoured, the powers of darkness defeated, and redemption's work accomplished for my soul, while I was yet in the house of bondage, in nature's darkness, and under the power of the oppressor. No human hand must touch that ark, no stitch be added to the seamless robe of a Saviour's righteousness. He hath trodden the wine-press *alone*, of the people there were none with him. There must be *no man* with the High Priest when he maketh *atonement*, and goeth into the holy place (Lev. xvi. 17). Redemption's work is accomplished by God alone. He places

between the believer and the house of bondage, the Red Sea of a Saviour's blood, so that whatever be the trials of the wilderness, to that house of bondage he returns no more. But though redeemed and released by power Divine, the true Israelite is not to get home without fighting. *Then* comes Amalek—*then*, after redemption has been accomplished, and revealed—*then*, after he has taken tabret and harp, and sung the song of triumph—*then*, after the manna has descended, and the rock been smitten—*then*, when he stands in the full glory of redeeming love, surrounded by the presence and power of Jehovah, as with a wall of fire.

“When his peace is procured, and his pardon is signed,
From that moment his conflict begins.”

As Pharaoh was a type of the *devil*, oppressing God's people, and seeking to keep them in the house of bondage,—Amalek is a type of the *flesh*, coming out to war with them in the wilderness. Amalek was a grandson of Esau, and therefore closely related to Israel, as the flesh is to the believer. The signification of the name is a *licker up*, striking type of the flesh, which, with its corruptions, infirmities, and sins, soon saps up our spiritual strength, and licks up our spiritual joys. He is the *first* of the nations.—Num. xxiv. 20. The *earthly* precedes the *heavenly* in the believer, but his latter end shall be that he perish for ever; the Lord hath sworn that he will have war with Amalek from generation to generation.—Exod. xvii. 16. The new man and the old will ever be at war in the believer's heart. No Amalekite was permitted to enter the tabernacle of the congregation. So nothing that defileth shall enter heaven. Haman was the last of the race, and he warred with Israel till his last breath, and died a death of ignominy; and so must the flesh; it must be consigned to corruption and the worm.

But though Amalek could not drive Israel back into Egypt, nor destroy them in the wilderness, he made them feel the severity of the conflict; sometimes he seemed to prevail, sometimes they: and so it is still,—sometimes the flesh seems to prevail, sometimes the spirit. But our strength, like Israel's, lies in the uplifted hands of our great Intercessor. As this was Israel's *first fight*, I dare say when Amalek began to give way, they thought within themselves—We are brave fellows; we shall beat. But suddenly they are taken in flank, and begin to fall back. “Ah, now,” say they, “we shall perish.” Till, by and by, as their eyes are directed to the rock of Horeb, they see in the uplifted hands of Moses the secret of their strength and their success, and I doubt not that from that moment they fought

with greater confidence as to the final victory. Is it not so, brother believer, with thy soul and mine? The conflict may be long and severe, prolonged till the sun of life goes down (12th verse); faith is stronger now than when it first began the conflict, and the end will be perfect victory and perfect rest. So, at least, feels and believes

A PLAIN MAN DWELLING IN TENTS.
(To be continued.)

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THE ORDINATION OF MR. H. MYERSON.

ON Tuesday, Aug. 6th, 1861, was held at Shalom Chapel, Hackney Road, the recognition services of Mr. H. Myerson.

At three o'clock, Mr. Webster and Mr. Cozens conducted the service in the afternoon. Mr. Webster read and prayed, and Mr. Cozens preached an instructive and soul-stirring discourse, the main features of which were the vital union subsisting between Christ and his bride, and was accompanied with the unction of the Holy Ghost.

At five o'clock tea was provided, and about 200 sat down, evincing the greatest satisfaction, both with the tea and the attendance; all seemed by the expression of countenance to indicate gladness of heart (religion never was designed to make our pleasures less), and if one thing was more pleasing than another, the brethren in the ministry appeared, like David's harp, in right good tune; there were no jarring notes, but strict harmony. I could but think of the Psalmist's words, "Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." I will just mention the names of the good soldiers that came in full gospel uniform to take tea and help in the engagement—the good old veteran, Mr. Webster; the mild, kind-hearted Mr. Dixon; the unflinching young soldier of the cross, Mr. Butterfield; and Mr. Cozens, whom I should take to be apt at his bow. Besides these good soldiers of Jesus Christ, there were two or three others; but we regret to state that, as we did not anticipate furnishing the Christian public with particulars, we neglected getting their names.

After tea, Mr. Cozens proposed to the friends, that as so good a tea was provided at so limited a charge, no doubt some would feel great pleasure in giving ninepence or a shilling, which was responded to. The grace being sung, the friends dispersed, and before the appointed time for the solemn service, the chapel was almost full, and when it commenced, the chapel was crowded. At half-past 6 o'clock Mr. Dixon commenced the service, which concluded at half-past 9 o'clock; During the whole of the time the congregation, though closely packed and overheated, listened with riveted attention, and evinced the deepest feelings of sympathy and delight.

Mr. Dixon read from the Old and New Testament portions suitable to the occasion, and after he had poured forth his soul in earnest solicitudes for the Divine blessing, vacated the pulpit. Mr. C. W. Banks then occupied it and said—I stand before you this evening with very different feelings to those I had used to have, in times gone by, when this chapel had very few within its walls to preach to. I am thankful to see the change, and may the Lord continue to bless you. Having thus kindly referred to the healthy appearance of the cause, he said—As they had much to attend to, he would at once proceed to the business of the evening, and without calling on the church for the report, he should ask his brother Myerson to give to the church and congregation, and that briefly as possible, his call by grace.

Mr. H. Myerson then rose and said—I believe the Lord commenced a work in my soul at a very early age. I had a pious mother, who strove hard to inculcate in my mind religious views, and not without effect, for the Lord blessed her instructions to me. She used to caution me against lying, and often, very often, advised me for my good. When I was about four years old I remember she told me if I was a liar I should go to hell, for all liars had their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. I felt much alarmed at this, and well do I recollect asking my dear mother what kind of a place hell was. She told me it was fire and brimstone, where all wicked people went; but that if I was good, I should go to heaven. It appears at this time my mother was not clear herself, but still I thank God she died a believer, and I will give you my reasons for coming to this conclusion. Just before she died, she requested that sweet hymn to be sung—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

As they were singing, she stopped them at that verse, "Weak is the effort of my heart," &c. She said, "That is it; the effort of my heart is weak. Oh! that I could praise him more; but when I see him as he is, I'll praise him as I ought." Shortly after that

she expired. Thus I have every reason to believe my dear mother died a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. I hope you will pardon this digression: but I have just adverted to this to prove that my mother was a Christian; but, as I said, at that time she was not clear, and she taught me that good works were essential to salvation. I tried hard to keep the law; but could not. I found it true, the more I strove against sin's power, I sinned and stumbled the more. At the age of six years I left home, and was placed in the Hebrew School belonging to the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. That society is the means of great good. We have reason to fear that many who apply there, though they profess to be converts, are only proselytes; yet I believe there are some true converts and bright ornaments to the Christian world. I recollect my schoolmaster, upon one occasion, conversing with a Christian Jew. I listened very attentively to their conversation, being eager about my own soul's welfare. My schoolmaster said—"Hoffman, it is no easy matter to be a Christian. For a man to be a Christian, he must be holy in thought, word, and deed." This was confirming what I was taught in infancy, and I thought, "I am afraid I shall never be a Christian; but still (thought I) I will try." And so I set to work. I contrived a plan which I thought would assist my endeavours. Accordingly, I sought the company of five or six of the best boys of the school, and I talked to them as well as I was able upon the solemnities of eternity: and in order that we might keep from evil, I said it would be best for us to talk together, to pray together, to read together, and to play together after school-hours. We met, and the well-known game of "Touch" was decided upon.

(To be continued.)

THE FAREWELL SERMON OF MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

The farewell sermon to the church and congregation at Mount Zion Particular Baptist Chapel, Little Pagre-street, Geelong. The text he chose is recorded in Acts xx, 32, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." The divisions of the text were as follows,—first, the persons addressed, "And now, brethren;" secondly, the commendation; "I commend you to God, and the word of his grace;" thirdly, the ability to accomplish the great end of the commendation, "which is able to build you up;" fourthly, the gift bestowed, "and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

After the sermon the Lord's supper was administered. The attendance was very good; the chapel full; the preacher was blest with the presence of his Master; and the people felt it to be a solemn service indeed, to listen to the farewell sermon of one who had preached the word of life to them for more than eight years, without fee or reward, who had been the means of gathering and building them up as a church and people.

On the following Monday, a public tea meeting

took place, after which, a meeting was held, when Mr. Friend, a deacon of the church, took the chair gave out a hymn, and called upon Mr. Ward, of Preston, to implore God's blessing on the meeting; then Mr. Matthews, of Melbourne, delivered an address; a solemnity pervaded his mind; he spoke under great feeling, exhorting the church to keep together, and also to brother McCure and family his remarks were most suitable. Mr. Cakcbread, of Geelong, whose mind was led in the same strain, next spoke to us, with great freedom. Mr. Day, of Preston, followed, with the like freedom and liberty on this solemn occasion; for I believe all present felt it to be such. A collection having been made, the proceeds to be handed to our brother as a token of regard and love for his work's sake. Mr. McCure then stated the leadings of Divine providence in his removal to Sydney, which address occupied about half an hour. From the account he gave there can be no doubt but that it is the Lord's doings, and that our brother will be happy and useful to many of the Lord's people where he is going, for there is no Particular Baptist Church in all that great city; the small cause that met under the ministry of Mr. Emery I hear is broken up, therefore there is a large field open for him to labour. In the knowledge of this and the finger of God so evidently pointing to our brother to accept the call, led the church to give him up. The chairman then presented the amount collected to Mr. McCure, and the farewell address delivered in the name of the meeting, which was to him a great task, as he said it was severing an union between him and his brethren, which was like that of David and Jonathan, as there was none other he could so walk with. The delivery of this address drew many tears from the friends, which to them was like the saints and brother with Paul, "They sorrowed most of all because he said, you will see my face no more," to which our brother McCure replied in a most affectionate and feeling manner. A hymn having been sung, brother Stephens, of Melbourne, closed the meeting by prayer. I can truly say it was a time to me never to be forgotten. May the dear Lord in his great mercy send the church another faithful pastor, that the sheep may not be scattered, is the prayer of one of the Lord's little ones,
W. S.

P.S.—Mr. Samnel Day, late of Coxhill, near Maidstone, is settled over a church at Preston, six miles from Melbourne, whose ministry is well received; he preaches on Friday evenings in Melbourne.

COLERAINE, NORTH OF IRELAND.

The Lord is manifestly with us here, cheering our hearts, strengthening our faith, and encouraging us onwards. On July 24th, Mr. T. W. Medhurst immersed an aged sister, over whose head *seventy-seven* years have flown. On July 8th, our senior deacon, Mr. Edward Gribbon, had the pleasure and privilege of witnessing his *only daughter* put on Christ by baptism. On July 11th, another of our members beheld his son pass through the baptismal waters. On June 20th, a sister was immersed into Christ. On July 26th, *three* believers were buried with Christ by baptism into death. On Thursday evening, August 1st, *six* others publicly professed their union with Jesus in his death, burial, and resurrection, by being immersed into the name of the Triune One, Father, Son and Holy Spirit; *four of these were sisters of one family*. Since September 9th, 1860, Mr. Medhurst has baptized *fifty* persons in all; each of whom, before many witnesses, had testified that they had passed from death unto life, by the regenerating, quickening, and converting power of the Third Person in the ever-adorable Trinity. The total number of additions to the fellowship of the Church in eleven months is *fifty-six*. On the morning of Wednesday, June 5th, a dear brother, James McAfee, aged fourteen years, sweetly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. Our beloved young brother was savingly converted by the quickening operations of the Spirit, during the wonderful "revival" of 1859.

He was among the number of the "converts" who were "stricken." On his finding peace through faith in the finished atonement of the Lord Jesus, he was baptized, and then united to the communion of the Church of Christ at Coleraine. Notwithstanding the weak and debilitated condition of our young friend's health, from this time to the day of his death, he was never wilfully absent from the Lord's house whenever the doors were opened. Often has his pastor been cheered by seeing James present at the village stations to listen, with beaming eye, to the Gospel proclaimed. When told by his medical attendant, that his end was near, James said to the writer, who had just called to see him, "The doctor has been, and says my lung is diseased; it is ulcerated, and I am dying. I am going home to heaven, to be with Jesus for ever." On being asked, "Have you any fears as to your state before God?" he replied with evident enthusiasm, "I have no doubts, no fears: I am on the rock Christ Jesus. Read to me the account of the crucifixion." One evening his sister said to him, "James, are you *sure* you are saved? Many say they are saved, and are deceived." He quickly answered, "Some may be deceived who say they are saved; but I *know* I am safe—I *feel* secure." On one occasion during his affliction, turning to his father he said, "Oh, the glorious revival!" At another time he said, "I am going home." When asked by a brother Christian, "Do you fear to die?" he replied, "This side or the other, it doesn't much matter: only it's just a little awkward getting over." The last time the writer visited James, he asked him how he felt, his answer indicated the calm serenity of his mind, "The same as before, just as happy; the same feelings. My mouth is sore; I cannot talk; read the chapter beginning, "Let not your heart be troubled." After reading the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, the writer bade James farewell, and saw him no more. On the following morning at eight o'clock, the summons came, and the spirit of our brother departed to its mansion prepared above. This is one out of many testimonies to the reality of the work called, "The revival in the North of Ireland." Not a few of the members of the Baptist church bless God that he was pleased savingly to meet with them during that ever to be remembered "year of grace." The number of members in full communion with our church is 130. We trust we are more established in the faith once delivered to the saints, as we increase in number daily. To the Father, who everlastingly elected us; to the Son, who completely redeemed us: to the Spirit, who effectually quickened us; to the Three in One, and One in Three, be endless praise and glory given. Amen.

TOUNGHALL.

GLEMSFORD AND BROCKLEY.—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have delayed in consequence of a succession of anniversary and other services around us. Surely if our minds were healthy and our pockets full, our dear people ought to thrive spiritually, and the varied causes helped providentially. We held a public service on April 24th, when our dear friends promised to raise £50 by the end of June. We held a tea and public meeting July 12th, to receive the monies promised, which (after mistakes corrected) was £47 14s. 6d.: and to the credit of our dear friends, the whole (except about 11s.) was paid in, and other sums added to that, the total sum raised was £51 17s. 6d. Well might we say—"What hath God wrought!" Our esteemed brother, Mr. William Clark, of Ipswich, was present and occupied the chair at the public meeting. About 160 sat down to tea, and a more quiet, cheerful party could never meet together. This social repast over, our public meeting began. Brother Poock read the word of God; brother Bentley, of Sudbury, sought the Lord's blessing on the service of the evening; the money matters were soon settled, for the good folk had come for the purpose of giving, and very soon £51 5s. was placed in our Chairman's hands, who, with his cheerful remarks, greeted each giver as the sums were re-

ceived. Addresses were delivered by Messrs Poock, Harber, Kemp, Whorlow, Bensley, and myself. When we take into consideration, the state of our population (so poor), the high price of provision, the scarcity of labour, both in the silk and velvet trade, we feel assured our friends must have made great sacrifices. Our people support the cause of God from the love they bear to the dear Redeemer. Thus in just over two years, the people here have built a chapel and school-room, which cost £450, and have paid £310, leaving a debt of £140; and we hope very shortly to receive a loan of £100 from the Baptist Fund, which will leave £40; as we have done this besides supporting the ministry of the word, we hope we may receive a little help toward this desirable end, that this chapel may be clear of debt.— On Tuesday, July 16th, a friend kindly drove me to Brockley, where C. W. Banks was announced to preach. In the morning, Mr. Pung, who supplies at the other Baptist chapel here, opened the services; brother Banks preached some good things from Psalm xxxv. 27; in the afternoon from Rev. vii. 15; and in the evening from Zech. xii. 8. We had some searching truth, some comforting words, and some that led to look inward, upward, and forward, with hope and exultation. About 170 sat down to tea; and in the afternoon and evening the people were crammed together. The chapel was tastefully adorned with mottoes, flowers, and evergreens; the minister and people seemed happy, and it did one's heart good to see persons from varied sections of the Christian community gathered together to give countenance and support to the worthy pastor: his heart appeared full and the people happy, and I think our brother Banks must feel that his labours were appreciated.—As C. W. Banks stood engaged to preach at Ebenezer chapel, Sudbury, on Monday, I thought I would go over and hear the morning sermon, and return. Brother Powell, of Coggeshall, read and prayed; brother Banks went to work with heartiness, and gave out a precious text, (Rom. xv. 29.) and if he had not had something of the gracious confidence expressed in the text, I must judge by my own exercises, he could not have preached at all. I do hope his remarks will not be lost,—he forcibly shewed what the Holy Spirit would induce in the mind by his gracious visitations, assurances, holy affections, holy boldness, and largeness of heart; and shewed how contrary to the gospel is that narrow, contracted spirit which marked some good men, which he attributed to natural temperament, defective education, and want of association. In the afternoon Mr. Banks's text was Rev. xi. 17. A nice party sat down to tea; it was pleasant to see the Baptist minister of the other chapel, and his principal deacon, present at the tea table and evening service, thus practically ignoring the statement that they are prejudiced against our brother Place. I hope he will return the compliment. The chapel was full in the evening; C. W. Banks preached for the third time from Jeremiah 1. 34. I should be glad to give the outline of each sermon, but it must suffice to say, instead of returning after the morning service, I stayed all day, and my good brother just dropped a remark in the evening which fixed upon my mind, and set me thinking and praying—it came like a message from God to me,—and met a most severe exercise, and stayed my soul. I was persuaded it came from God, as I had never breathed the matter to a living creature, to none but God; and though I had a seven miles walk home, I assure you I did not regret staying. Your's, dear brother,

JONATHAN ON THE HILL-TOP.

Glemsford, Suffolk, July 23rd, 1861.

MR. HALL'S OPENING DAY.

MR. EDITOR,—An advertisement on the cover of the VESSEL of this month says that "every gentleman should keep his head cool;" now, without calling in question the benefit of a cool head, I confess great difficulty in carrying out the advice. The perusal of a letter in your August issue made me

feel hot, the letter in question is signed "Vermis." I am surprised you should have admitted it. The brethren in the ministry who met at Clapham on the day in question, met as one in the faith, and yourself among them; yet you admit a letter into your pages which holds you up to admiration, and at the same time holds your brethren up to ridicule! Did you see a foppishly-dressed minister there? Are we to become slovenly and dirty to avoid a charge of spending "too much time at the toilet?" "Alas!" exclaims your correspondent, "that these things should be!" What things? Why, "effeminacy" in ministers, and that because they wear a beard. Does "Vermis" understand the language he uses? If fancy not, or he would never have accused men of being like women, through having a good crop of whiskers; pray where are the bearded-ladies whom we imitate? I should like to see one of them; I should think "Vermis" is of that tribe. I would just say to him, I hope that the next time he may be favoured with the opportunity of hearing a sermon that he will employ himself better than by finding out and publishing the supposed faults of God's ministers: and I trust that the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL will not again be devoted by its Editor to the circulation of such reflections upon brethren who love him in the truth. Or, if we are to be thus publicly called to account, pray let us know exactly what kind of garb is orthodox? When it became a sin to be neat and clean? And please inform us exactly to what extent the razor shall be used? I am sure any of us who may have offended the truly sanctified "Vermis" in this matter, would be very sorry to have one more hair upon our effeminate (!) chins than is in conformity to the strictest orthodoxy. But, to be serious, it is a grave matter to become an accuser of God's servants, and that publicly. Let "Vermis" look at his own heart, and if he do not find pride enough there to contend with, without meddling with public men, he knows not what is therein. Referring him to Matthew vii. verses 1 to 6, I leave the matter; and wishing you, Mr. Editor, every blessing, and great usefulness, I am your's in Jesus,

JERICHO.

A LETTER FROM MR. HENRY HALL,
GARNER CHAPEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—My attention having been called to the letter of Mr. Wells, in this month's *Vessel*, relative to the Garner Chapel business, I must beg for truth's sake and that only, permission to say a few words in reply. To Mr. Wells, yourself, and to all others who rendered us such important aid on the opening of our new chapel, we render our hearty thanks, and beg to add our testimony to that of Mr. Wells, that neither he nor any other minister came to us as a party man; and I feel sure that if Mr. Wells had been thoroughly acquainted with all the facts of the case, he never would have said what he has respecting Garner Chapel having been "private property," &c. On this subject permit me to say, that if Garner was private property, then the generality of our Baptist chapels are private property also; as it was built by a Committee, leased to three of them, loans were contracted on their behalf, and to the securities were attached their names; public subscriptions were sought and obtained; and the inscription in the foundation stone states the chapel to have been "built by a people called Strict Baptists." Had it been private property, would it have been right to solicit public subscriptions for a Baptist chapel, which was most certainly done? Neither is it just towards the former Baptist church, or the latter one either, to say that the church could not, or did not, take to the chapel: seeing, that in the former case, the Committee and Lessees were members of the Baptist church; and from the funds of the Baptist church were paid not only current expenses, but also some portion of the debt itself,—which was taken to the chapel as much as it could be taken to by any church; and since the chapel was re-opened, and another church re-formed, the Lessees were members of this Church also, with the exception of Mr.

Foreman, who became a Lessee subsequently; and out of the funds of this church were paid, not only current expenses, but also debts which were contracted before she had an existence. In addition to which, one of the members advanced one of the Lessees all the money which he had invested in the chapel (about £70); and would have become a Lessee also, beyond a doubt, had not the Lessee wanted a premium for the transfer; and, although I could not see my way clear to become personally responsible upon my first going to Garner, so sad a state were the affairs in, yet in April, 1860, I solemnly declare that I did on behalf of the Baptist church accede to the arrangement proposed by Mr. Foreman, for the future conducting of the cause, to which arrangement we did most rigidly adhere; and it is well known that for the church's security, Mr. Foreman did (as a Lessee) place a written agreement in my hands, which we accepted. We also agreed to Mr. Foreman's own proposals—which were, to pay all debts, with the exception of the interest of the Lessees,—this was to remain as hundreds did on his own chapel, until the church became stronger; yea, so thoroughly did I believe that Mr. Foreman wished the cause to be continued a Strict Baptist cause, that I even had a letter stamped at the advice of a friend, to secure the chapel to the Baptist interest, to prevent any improper advantage being taken by the other Lessee in after years; and I declare that from the time of this arrangement we went on with the cause with the full expectation, as the Lord might in mercy prosper us, of paying the whole debt and interest on the chapel. Could any church do more than this? It is indeed true that Mr. Foreman did all he could for the Baptist church up to a certain time. I went to it through his influence; he advanced money, and became a Lessee. But why after this he so altered his conduct I must leave. One thing is quite clear, it was no fault of ours. The church was prospering beyond what it had previously, and the funds had increased 25 per cent.; the debts were paid by us to the day; and the interest on the mortgage to Mrs. Foreman also. Yet without paying the slightest regard to the arrangement, or to the Baptist church, or to myself, the chapel was sold privately to the Arminians, and we knew nothing of it until we received notice to quit,—for the purchasers have since told me that they were told to keep us in ignorance of the sale. If the sale was caused, as Mr. Wells states, through a money pressure, why all this secrecy? We had relieved one Lessee, why were we not asked if we could relieve a second? for the second had only £200 in the chapel out of the £1,200. My firm opinion is that the Baptists would have done so. I trust these remarks will convince Mr. Wells, and others too, that instead of the sale of the chapel being through the indifference or inability of the Baptist church, the secret way in which the business was transacted, entirely deprived her of all power in the matter. We believe also that Mr. Wells is misinformed relative to Mr. Foreman's loss in the transaction; but even if that should be the case, it cannot be any fault of ours, for the cause was in a much better state when the chapel was sold than when we took to it. Mr. Wells is quite correct in quoting my remarks to him in the vestry; and to them I still adhere; for although I have been cruelly used, and a considerable loser all through yielding to the Lessee's influence to put my hand to Garner chapel, yet it is not the Christian's part to revile when he is reviled, or to threaten when he is called to suffer,—but to commit himself into the hands of Him who judgeth righteously. And I can assure Mr. Wells and all others, that I have not a particle of enmity in my breast against any man living. I have offered to meet the Lessees over and over again; and to prove all I have said before any audience, but in vain; and can only hope that God may yet cause secrets to be divulged, and the true cause of the sale of Garner chapel to be revealed. Till then, and ever after, may uprightness and integrity preserve me. I am, dear Mr. Editor, your's in all truthfulness. H. HALL.

DEATH & FUNERAL OF

THE LATE MR. JAMES SHORTER,

OF WILDERNESS ROW.—Our departed brother, Mr. Shorter, who was well known, ranked honourably among our Strict Baptist ministers. His sojourn on earth was beyond the average period allotted to man, having arrived at the age of three-score years and four, when he was summoned hence. For the space of forty-years he had been engaged in the ministry, the greater part of the time in the provinces, where he was well known and as highly esteemed. It may be hinted he more particularly adhered to our "Gospel Standard" friends (for we will not say party), for our desire is to know no party but those who follow the Lord Jesus, and, far as possible, those who honourably and blessedly labour for him. Of them we are resolved to speak,—such shall not glide out of time into eternity unnoticed, without proclaiming to the world, and to the church, "These are the men whom we delight to honour, and their names shall be blessed." Mr. J. Shorter died on Sunday evening, July 28th, 1861. The final struggle was short, though severe. For about nine months he had been partially confined to his room, occasionally being able to appear before his people. He stood before them in his ministerial capacity for the last time the Sabbath fortnight previous to his death, when he spoke of Jesus, his Saviour, in solemn and earnest terms, which by his church and congregation will not be soon forgotten. After service he was much worse bodily, though strong in faith. He was conveyed to his abode, and he continued to get weaker and weaker, till his spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord. The funeral took place on the Friday following his death, at Abney Park Cemetery, where so many of the faithful and duly venerated rest. About one o'clock the solemn cortege arrived at the cemetery, where a goodly number was awaiting its arrival. Among the mourners, beside the members of the family, were several provincial ministers, the deacons, and the members from Wilderness-row. The remains being taken to the chapel, Mr. Walker gave out a hymn, and Mr. Freeman read a portion of the Holy Scriptures. The service in the chapel being ended the body was borne to the grave, and lowered amid great solemnity to the tomb. Mr. Beard then addressed the mourners and friends assembled (numbering about 300) in terms befitting the occasion, advertising to those peculiarly suggestive words uttered by Job, "If a man die shall he live again?" Job. xiv. 14. Mr. Knill offered a very solemn prayer, that the blessing of God might descend on all present, especially on the bereaved family.

THE FUNERAL SERMON.

On the Sabbath evening following, the funeral sermon, in token of esteem for the deceased, was preached by Mr. Beard, of Malmsbury, in the chapel at Wilderness-row. This chapel it may be presumed was built along while ago, and is one of those places very difficult to find, but with the people worshipping here, Mr. Shorter laboured for upwards of fourteen years, though not the whole time in the same chapel. Mr. Beard, an old friend of Mr. Shorter, and of whom he spoke in terms of sincere attachment to a crowded and saddened audience. The pulpit was hung in black; the congregation mainly consisted of the aged, whose whitened locks and time-worn countenances, told they too must soon follow their pastor; with few exceptions all were in sombre attire; from many an eye the glistening tear dropped, and many a deep felt sigh from the heart was heaved, as the aged members gazed on the mournfully looking pulpit, and remembered he who had stood before them there, was now taken from them. The service commenced by the clerk tremulously giving out,

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

which was sung evidently with deep emotion. The preacher read as his text, "He will swallow up death in victory! and the Lord God will wipe away

tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off the face of the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it." Isaiah xxv. 8. He assured his hearers what the Lord had promised he most certainly would perform; victory was promised, and victory would be given, even finally, over sin, hell, and the grave. He then proceeded to enumerate some of the various deaths through which the children of God have to pass; and the rebuke heaped on those who were honest in preaching the gospel. The faithful were sure to be vilified, but after a man was dead it often happened his true worth was acknowledged; thus often rebuke was taken away. The preacher addressed a few words to the bereaved family, and to the church, faithfully warning those who spoke ill of God's saints, to be careful, as the day of reckoning was at hand. At the conclusion of the service Mr. Beard broke bread to about one hundred communicants.

PLUMPSTEAD NEW TABER-

NACLE.—The foundation stone of our new Baptist Chapel was laid on Wednesday, August 14th, which is to be designated "The Plumpstead Tabernacle." The weather proving most propitious, for such an occasion, brought together a goodly assemblage of friends from various churches, to aid and encourage us by their presence. At three o'clock the service commenced by brother G. Webb giving out the 337th hymn, which was heartily and we trust, prayerfully sung; after which, brother T. Jones, of Blackheath, offered a fervent and appropriate prayer; brother Edgecombe then gave out the 158th hymn, the sentiments therein contained found a response in many hearts present; brother Gwinnell, of Greenwich (whose kindness to us may the God of heaven reward), gave a very able address, containing most suitable advice; then the stone was laid by T. M. Whittaker, Esq., of Blackheath; after which performance, he delivered a few words of counsel most opportune and faithful; another hymn was then sung, and our valued friend Bland, of Blackheath, spoke very energetically and feelingly; after singing the doxology, brother Edgecombe closed the interestingly solemn service. The ministers and some of the friends (about 150) then retired to the Lord Raglan Hall, to partake of tea; after which the room, capable of holding 300 persons, being comfortably filled, the public meeting commenced at seven o'clock, when T. M. Whittaker, Esq., presided as chairman. After opening the meeting with praise and prayer, suitable and excellent addresses were delivered by the ministerial brethren Webb, Jones, Gwinnell, and Chamberlain. Our esteemed brother Gibson (one of the deacons), gave a brief outline of our present position, and prospects as a church; then followed some able remarks by our worthy chairman,—and this happy day's services were concluded by singing,

"Once more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name."

There was collected and promised for the building fund about £40. Thus our hearts were greatly encouraged and cheered in this undertaking. The good hand of our God having been so signally with us, we believe he will bless us, and grant prosperity. The building, situated in a densely populated locality, when completed will be a commodious and substantial place, at an outlay of about £700. Friends of Zion, aid us in our attempts to erect this tabernacle for the honour and worship of our God.

ANN.

TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.—DEAR BROTHER

BANKS,—The God of all grace and truth still causes his goodness to pass before us here. We have good reason to bless and praise our ever precious Prophet, Priest, and King. I am still favoured to proclaim the name of the Lord to the people; and a rich blessing has been poured upon the souls of many; causing my soul to sing,

"Wonders of grace to God belong,"

Oh, for grace to

"Repeat his mercies in our song."

On the 1st Lord's-day in June last, I baptized one who was set at liberty from these words, 2 Timothy ii. 19. On the first Lord's-day in July, I baptized two of the redeemed; these were man and wife; the man has been a praying man for 20 years, but could not be set at liberty until brother Corbett came to my ordination; the Lord caused the fetters of fear to burst, and kindled the vital spark into a flame: his wife had lived 42 years a prayerless life, but the Lord's time has come; she came to see one baptized, and the Lord mercifully caused her to fall down before her children, and cry for mercy: so I am happy to say they are both under the sweet smiles of Zion's King. On the first Lord's-day in August, two more descended into the water to put on Christ; one of these the Lord most mercifully snatched as a brand from the fire of sin on the Monday night that I preached here when I was a soldier of England; but could not come until the Lord said, "Loose him:" the other is a daughter of many prayers, whose parents have many years enjoyed the Lord on earth, but one of them is now enjoying the Lord in glory. This dear woman has been a praying soul for five years, but the Lord gave her a great deliverance from Romans vii. 25; he favoured me to speak upon this word. Thus, my brother, the Lord has caused his goodness to pass before us at Tunstall, but be it understood the devil has not let us alone: neither external nor internal, but I shall not say anything of it: all the glory be to God.
Tunstall.

A. BAKER.

CITY-ROAD—JEREM NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, EAST-ROAD. This place of worship recently erected for the church and congregation under the pastorate of our aged and well-known brother, Mr. J. A. Jones, and which was opened for divine worship in April last, the friends held their first tea meeting on Tuesday, the 9th of July. The place was filled; it was a holy, cheerful, heart-warming assembly. Mr. James Wells delivered a solemn address on "the finished work of redemption by Christ." Mr. Wm. Palmer spoke ably on "the omnipotent work of the Holy Spirit." And Mr. Pells treated excellently on "the good and pleasure resulting from Christian Union." Prior to the delivery of the above weighty addresses, the Christian friends brought up their collecting cards, when the noble sum of £84 was laid on the table, and for which we beg to return our sincere thanks. We have a neat, well-built place of worship, which will hold from four to five hundred people, and in a central situation. It is true we cannot boast (nor do we wish it) of being free from debt. We have done what we could; but we look forward with some anxiety to obtain about £59 for the builder, to be paid shortly. Now we have thought that as our pastor, now within two months of 82 years of age, is so well known, and his numerous writings, through the kingdom, perhaps a few packets of postage stamps, or a small Post-office order, might be kindly sent to his address, (50, Murray-street, City-road, London,) towards this object. It would tend to cheer his spirit, as our resources are exhausted. He will send such kind friends in return a "thank-offering" in the shape of a "Sketch of the four first sermons he preached after the opening of Jerem, from Isaiah xxxlii. 20, &c."

GREAT GIDDING, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.—The annual Sabbath School treat took place on Wednesday, July 31st, when the children assembled in the Baptist Chapel, with their friends and teachers in the afternoon, and repeated and sung hymns, to the delight of all present. Then the friends, teachers, children, and neighbouring ministers, adjourned to a grass field, where they sung suitable pieces again; then they amused themselves with innocent play, but a heavy rain came on, which partly spoiled their amusements; they then hastened to the place prepared for their tea, where Mr. Wilkins, of Chatteris, addressed the children, and

asked them some important questions, which they answered exceedingly well, and we concluded that their teachers had taken great pains with them. Upwards of 200 partook of tea. In the evening, Mr. Wilkins preached the anniversary sermon for the place, from John iii. 2. He was heard well; his matter was frequently alluded to in days after, in company with the friends, and we hope it yet abides. Mrs. Welsh was present, and enjoyed the day, although not in good health. The kind friends at Gidding, on the Lord's-day following the 4th of August their chapel and baptistry to the Christian friends at Winwick, a village about two miles off, to baptize eight persons, which took place at nine o'clock in the morning, so that it did not interfere with the three services of Gidding friends. Mr. Piggot, the minister at Winwick, very appropriately addressed the candidates for baptism, making very affectionate appeals to them, calculated to encourage them. Then, although not a strong man, the Lord did give him strength to perform the plunging exceedingly well. May the Lord give him still more seals to his ministry, is the prayer of
MINDIUS.

GRAND SIGHT AT

LIMPLEY-STOKE.—Whilst many are saying—"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" and crying in the streets of Zion—"Who will show us any good?" I just drop a line to raise an Ebenezer to the God of all grace, to encourage praying parents not to be faint, because God—for a season—delays to answer. Delays are not denials. A pleasing sight occurred at Limpley-Stoke on Lord's day morning, August 11th. My dear father had the unspeakable pleasure of baptizing his last and eighth child, with another young person, in the River Avon. It was an affecting sight: and the Lord's presence was sweetly enjoyed. What can be so delightful to a godly parent as to see all his children thus publicly avowing themselves the disciples of Jesus? and to see a whole family—father, mother, and all the children—marching onward the same way, with the glorious prospect of joining the blood-bought singers around the throne in the magnificent temple of praise, where Jesus scatters infinite delight o'er every heavenly mind. The day will not soon be forgotten. My beloved parent was assisted in the services during the day by his two sons, who proclaim the glorious gospel of the blessed God. May the God of all grace arouse us to greater steadfastness, more burning zeal, a more valiant spirit in the cause of God—that the glories of the cross may excite us, the value of souls constrain us, to be up and doing, knowing that soon we must give an account of our stewardship. I am, dear Banks, yours sincerely,
JOHN HUNTLEY.

BERMONDSEY.—EBENEZER SABBATH SCHOOL.—According to advertisement, the excursion to Southend, Sheerness, and back was carried out, Monday, August 5th. Both temporal and Divine Providence smiled upon and crowned the day with success, pleasure, and we trust profit to thousands. It was heart-gladdening to see our highly esteemed brethren, Bowles (from Hertford), Moyle, Anderson, Cracknell, Webb, Sack, Witteridge, Walliss—each with a good congregation around them—rehearsing the goodness of God; while our excellent choir mingled their voices in ascriptions of praise to the great I AM. An aged Christian on board expressed strongly his desire that dear Joseph Irons could have arisen from his grave, and come on board the "Sea Swallow;" our friend having once heard dear Joseph say he very much disapproved of steam-boat excursions for Christian folks—the Devil was generally at one end and Jesus Christ at the other. Our friend could not discover Satan's cloven foot or tongue at either; hence, had brother Joseph been present, his prejudice would have been swallowed up quick. The leading principle of the day was the love of Christ constraining. The pastor, deacons, and committee affectionately acknowledge the sympathy

shown and support rendered by their numerous friends, and in sincerity commend them for keeping and reward to the Father of all mercies in Jesus' name. Faithfully yours in truth,

THOS. CHIVERS.

HOXTON.—The anniversary services of Ebenezer Chapel, High-street, Hoxton, were held on Sunday, June 30th. Three sermons were preached; the morning and evening by Mr. Ashby, and in the afternoon by Mr. Foreman. On Monday evening, a sermon was preached by Mr. Wells. The cross of Christ was Mr. Ashby's theme, and so precious was his message made to the people, that for some time to come his visit to London will not be forgotten. Mr. Foreman and Mr. Wells are too well known for to say a word about them. A truth loving church is strengthened at all times by a visit from them, and from their messages we were delightfully encouraged. Mr. S. Green is happy in the midst of his people, and beloved by all. His ministry is much blessed. Nine were baptized, and seven from other places of the same faith were received into membership with us on Sunday, July 7th. Twelve weeks ago the debt on the chapel was £80, which has been reduced £45 in that short time; all the glory be to our covenant God. These facts will be a sufficient index to our position as a church without another word.

A LOVER OF THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

SUTTON, ISLE OF ELY, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Mr. R. G. Edwards having sent in his resignation as pastor of this place, has consented to the unanimous voice of the deacons, church and congregation, not to leave, but to continue his labours amongst them. It was thought best to place the matter before the whole congregation on last Sabbath evening; there was a very crowded place of members and hearers. After service the pastor put it to the vote whether he should leave according to his resignation, those who wished it to stand up; not an individual moved, but a death-like silence prevailed through the whole place not easily to be forgotten. It was then put to those who wished him to remain; the whole mass instantly were standing, and gave unmistakable proofs of their attachment to the ministrations of Mr. Edwards. He is evidently surrounded with very many constant, warm-hearted friends; many acts of kindness has he received from their hands, but last Sabbath exceeded all.

GRAVESEND.—ZOAR CHAPEL, PEACOCK STREET.—The Lord is smiling on this little hill of Zion; his loving kindness was never more manifested than on the anniversary day, August 6th, when His glorious gospel was faithfully proclaimed by those champions for truth, Brethren Foreman, Wyard, and Wells, who joyfully came, filled with the spirit of their Master. Hearts were made glad, and well they might; on that day one more of His ransomed ones was added to those who are now cheerfully waiting to follow their Lord through the Baptismal waters—making six to be added to the church. All hail! The chapel was well filled morning and afternoon, and in the evening to overflowing; the school-room was converted into a gallery, and seats had to be provided outside; there was not room even at the doors. Many were the congratulations at the internal arrangements of the chapel and the improvement effected by the alterations. About 100 of the friends dined together, between 200 and 300 sat down to tea; more than 50 also remained to partake of supper, after which they sang a hymn and departed.

PLYMOUTH.—"We have had Mr. Wilcockson, Editor of *Zion's Witness*, preaching here: it is said he has purchased Trinity; whether he will preach in it himself or not, we cannot say. We Plymouth people are not so much moved by new men as we used to be. Our friend Collins, at Howestreet, is standing well in harness; Mr. Vaughan is overflowing at Devonport. Brother W. Day is

coming to settle here we are told. He is a blessed man of God, and many have heard him well. Our good brother Westlake is anxious to remove the sphere of his ministry. He is a man of God in heart, life, and conversation. Surely, Mr. Editor, you must know of some good people who would rejoice to have him. Your agent, Mr. Easterbrook, of Devonport, is getting on—I think all friends to the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, and to the *Gospel Times* should encourage him. I am

AN OLD PREACHER AT "TRINITY."

DORSET SQUARE.—MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, HILL STREET.—On Lord's-day, July 28th, our Pastor, Mr. John Foreman, was privileged to immerse five believers in the Lord Jesus Christ; who, despite the world's scorn, and the opposition of enemies to the Lord's command, were constrained thus publicly to follow in his footsteps, and copy his example. W. H.

If infant sprinkling's scripturally sound,
Faith that's by proxy must therein be found;
"Believe and be baptized," the scripture saith:
The babe is senseless—where is then the faith?
First prove another may a surety stand,
Or else be sure thou alterest Christ's command.
M. L. M.

NEW WORK BY REV. SAMUEL COZENS.

The Axe of Truth laid at the Root of the Trees of Unrighteousness; or God's Verdict against the Formalist. By SAMUEL COZENS, Minister of Rehoboth Chapel, Shadwell.

In the literary circles, in the evangelical communities, and throughout the ranks of Protestant Christendom, there has been a kind of mental earthquake produced by a book called the *Essays and Reviews*. Every reviewer has been reviewing, every critic has been condemning, every little farthing-rushlight editor has been exposing these sparks beat out of the brains of carnal reason. Yet, after all, millions of men are wondering what all this noise is about. Mr. Samuel Cozens, in a few pages, has heaped up in one pile the arguments and daring speculations of the writers, has set fire to them, exploded, and discarded them, without confusion or extravagance. This forms the first part of this new pamphlet. We can find no words whereby to describe the second part of Mr. Cozens's new work. The "Formalists" have all the battering rams his mighty mind can mould and move against them. His definitions of "a deep experience" are both dreadful and delightful; but the very climax of man's misery, on the one hand, and of God's glorious gospel on the other, is found in the closing chapter for "Legalists." If this book does not send Satan himself into an awful rage against Samuel Cozens, then we are mistaken. If this book does not make professing men tremble, they must be either double-dead, or—most blessedly bound up in the bundle of life. If this book does not commend the writer as a scribe, for which the church ought, in these days, to be thankful, we have been deceived. Mr. Cozens has not beat the bushes here; but he has threshed the mountains, opened up the deeps, and done good service for the times in which we live.

The Scotch Woman's Frantic Cry, "There's No Hope for Me!"

A FEW years ago, while walking one morning near the back of the London Hospital, I was met by a dear Christian brother, now in glory, who asked me to visit a poor woman who was on Little Alie-street Sick Fund, for she lived near to me, and he was suffering from sciatica,—urging principally that she was in that state of mind approaching madness, or, at least, fixed melancholy, or despair; and that she obstinately refused to hear a religious word from any one—would not allow the Bible to be read, but set up yelling and screaming; and, therefore, not being permitted to speak to her, or to read the word of God, he did not wish merely to carry the money. I consented and went, not without earnest prayer for help; for indeed I felt deeply my insufficiency, and had not long, myself, been brought out of deep exercise of soul before God.

The poor woman lived in the Globe-road, Mile End. Passing through a passage under the house, and proceeding up the stairs, outside at the back, I knocked at the door, when two women came, and, ascertaining the nature of my call, forbade my seeing her; but they offered to take the money, which I declined to give, unless I could see the poor woman; their objection was, that if any one spoke to her on religion it would send her raving mad. After some entreaty, I promised, that *unless she spoke to me I would say nothing*; on that condition they opened the door, and I entered.

The room merely contained two old chairs, a table, a chest of drawers, and a stump bedstead, on which lay a tall, large boned Scotch woman, her feet overhanging the bedstead; she was lying on her right side, with her left arm on her side outside the bed, with her face towards the door; her eyes seemed to dart red flaming glances at me, her countenance was full of malice, her horrid glare induced me to take my seat on the other side, at her back. I took hold of her cold hand, held it for some time in mine; I did not speak; she groaned heavily and frequently, the language of which, however, was perfectly intelligible to me, and I could not refrain from echoing by deep fetched sighs. At length she broke silence, she turned her face, and fixing a piercing look at me, said in a deliberate, demanding, and surly tone of voice,

"What have you to say to me?"

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Gently pressing her hand, and looking kindly at her, I replied,
"Hope in God."

Instantly she snatched away her hand, and sprang up, and became shockingly frantic, vociferating most furiously,

"There's no hope for me, there's no hope for me!"

She continued this for a long while, alternately shrieking, screaming, raving and shouting, "There's no hope for me," gnashing her teeth, and making a harsh noise with her throat, expressive of rage; she flung about her arms with such force that neither myself nor the two women were able to keep her in the bed. This dreadful scene lasted nearly half an hour, till at length she became exhausted. We then succeeded in shovelling her down in the bed, and put the clothes straight; the women begged me to leave her, for said they, I had done more harm than good, "We told you what it would come to." I replied, I could by no means leave her yet, and so I resumed my seat.

There I sat, and there she lay, on her right side as before, her face away from me; she groaned most hideously, now and then giving me furtive glances. At length, finding I was immovable, she turned her face, and in the same, gruff, surly voice, said,

"You cruel man to come here, and disturb me like this."

I answered, "Poor soul! I have been where you are!"

Looking at me with a scornful steadfastness, and raising her head, she said, "You have been where I am? How dare you say that?"

"Ah!" I said, "I have indeed! and so has David, and so has Peter, and so has the Lord Jesus Christ!"

Then she seemed to be going off into another paroxysm as before, but with the tone of grief and distress, crying,

"Oh! oh! what blasphemy! Oh! what blasphemy! do pray go away; oh! what blasphemy, to say that Jesus Christ has been where I am! Jesus Christ never sinned, he never was where I am; oh, do pray go away; I cannot bear this."

I succeeded in pacifying her a little, and assured her if she would listen to me I would explain what I meant. She replied, it was no use my talking to her, her soul was in

hell, though her body was on the bed, and that she was at that moment suffering all the torment that could be felt by damned spirits. "Soon," she continued, "my body will die, my breath will return to God who gave it, and my body be laid in the earth."

I said, "I know all you feel; I know where you are."

"Ah!" she replied, "you may know where I am, but you cannot know what I feel."

"Yes," said I, "I do."

"What!" she exclaimed, with an indignant scorn, "You know what I feel?—impossible! My soul, I tell you, is in hell; I have trampled under foot, the blood of Christ." "And," said I, "counted it an unholy thing?"

This was too much for her; she responded by an involuntary roar of grief and a flood of tears; again she urged me to leave her,— "It is no use you talking to me; my soul is in hell; you have never been there; you are here; your soul is in your body, mine is not, that is in hell, though I am talking to you; it is no more use you trying to comfort any one in a place of torment, than the tip of one's finger would quench the fire of hell. I have committed the unpardonable sin; I have trampled upon the blood of Christ; there's no hope for me."

I endeavoured to assure her there was hope for her; she had not trampled upon the blood of Christ, as she supposed; and that I could see her feeling was still tender on that point.

"Sir," said she, "I have sinned, and sinned, and sinned again."

I said, "So have David, Peter, and others; they did not lose their hope."

"No," she replied, "they never lost their hope; they sinned, they repented, and were saved; but I have sinned; I have never repented; I cannot repent; it is too late," and shrieking out in wild agony, "I have trampled upon the blood of Christ. I tell you again there is no hope for me; my soul is in hell, and I am there for a never-ending eternity; there's no hope for me; there's no hope for me!"

At this sad and hopeless speech, I felt on the point of yielding the contest; but, raising myself, looking firmly at her, lifting up my hand, and, with a decided tone, I said, "My good woman, I know you feel yourself in hell; I know you feel all the agonies of remorse; I know you feel that self-reproach has broken your heart, but your soul is not in hell—IT IS HELL THAT IS IN YOUR SOUL!" At that moment it was as if a veil had dropped off; light broke in, the cloud was gone; her countenance immediately changed; the blackness of her looks went off, and her face radiated with surprise and attention. I saw what was done, and what was going on, and began to talk to her of Christ's sufferings

and griefs as borne for us. I recited several passages out of the Messianic Psalms, especially the 22nd and 69th, shewed how his sufferings qualified him for sympathising with the believer when under grief and self-reproach for sin, and that the believer did really find that it was Christ's sympathy which restored the fainting soul, and brought it back to God; that it was under such extreme distress of soul and sorrow for sin that Christ's sympathy was so especially needed and imparted; no human sympathy alone was sufficient; it must be divinely communicated; it must be by the Holy Spirit. Pointed to the experience of David, Peter, herself, and referred to my own; that it was all of the same kind, though different in degree, according to circumstances. To all this discourse she patiently listened with interest, and calmed, argued the question of there being "no hope" for her; spoke of her long continued course of backsliding and neglect of the worship of God, and which had originated in neglect of secret prayer, and in breaking the Sabbath day, by keeping open her shop on that day, and seeking out-door pleasure. I exhorted and encouraged her to hope, appealing to David's own case, as in the 42nd Psalm; after which, I prayed with her, and bade her adieu. She entreated me to come again, which I promised to do. The women who were there, expressed their astonishment, and thought the change most wonderful. Truly it was, but it was the dreadfulest sight I ever saw.

She had been formerly a member of Dr. Reed's church. I went again, and found her in her right mind. She had been peaceful ever since; but she was weaker in body and evidently fast sinking. How different was my reception this time! Her eyes gleamed with delight on seeing me enter. I took my former seat; she turned herself towards me: she could scarcely speak, but pointed to the place where the Bible was laid. I understood her meaning, and read a portion of the 40th Psalm. I found her mind resting of Jesus, trusting to his blood as her only hope; she blessed God for sending me as the means of bringing her out of the horrible pit, and setting her feet on a Rock.

I did not renew my visit, my work was done; but I enquired after her, and was informed she had died, and died happily; and that even in her coffin she seemed to have a smile; so that it appears while she was crossing the Jordan; "the enemy was as still as a stone," and she, literally, as Dr. Watts expresses it,—

"— with a smile upon her cheek,
Passed the important hour of death!"

This incident in my visits among the sick is related without comment, dress, or finish; let the fact speak for itself. First, to the

praise and glory of that Jehovah who never forsakes his people, though they may forsake him; he will search and seek them out in the cloudy and dark day of unbelief and despair, he will bring them back with weeping and supplication; the covenant of grace shall not be dishonoured and broken up by the wilfulness and departure of any of the members of Christ's body.

"Our Surety knows for whom he stood,
And gave himself a sacrifice;
The souls once sprinkled with his blood,
Possess a life that never dies."

Again, how this fact speaks to the wanderer. You who have tasted that the Lord is gracious—look at this poor woman's case; look at it as a looking-glass in which you may see your own; see to what a dreadful precipice you are hastening: when you leave the closet of communion with God, you enter upon a downhill path; the farther you proceed the faster will be your steps, and nothing but mercy will stop you; you cannot calculate on being brought back, you may soon reach the place where this poor woman was found—but who can tell that you will be rescued? Let every one beware of neglecting the throne of grace in secret, and of grieving the Holy Spirit, by the commission or indulgence of any habits of thought, feeling, or action, that shuts out the communication of his gracious influences.

Finally, let this fact encourage visitors of the sick, and all who are desirous of serving God in his people; they may be brought into circumstances of deep trial and experience, and many of the Lord's people are called to endure a hard fight of affliction of every shape and name, for the sake of others, but out of them all God will not only deliver his tried ones, but he will make use of them as instruments to be of great use to others who may be brought into the like; these trials of faith and hope may be hard to bear, but it is good to bear, notwithstanding.

I trust the reading of this narrative may be made useful to many who are broken hearted—God's broken hearted ones, whom God alone knows where to find, and how to touch. For myself, I can say, if I were never to hear of any other case of God blessing my feeble efforts in his cause, this testimony to the power of his grace, will be a crown of abundant honour to the latest hour I live. "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

CHARLES GORDELER.

13, Stepney Green.

It is a devilish humility that keeps you from believing; for the more unworthy you are of the grace or favour of God, the more fit you are for receiving the grace of God, at a throne of grace, by virtue of the covenant of grace.—*Erskine*.

THE GRAVE OF
THE LATE WILLIAM GADSBY,
OF MANCHESTER.

THE following lines I composed whilst at the tomb of my dear old friend, Mr. William Gadsby, late minister of the Baptist Chapel, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

R. DAGGETT,
15, Ann's-street, Hulme,
Manchester.

Sleep, ransomed sinner, sleep,
Here take thy sweet repose;
Jesus thy sleeping dust will keep,
Thou'lt rise as Jesus rose.

Peace! to thy sleeping dust
That's now within this tomb;
In life thou did'st the Saviour trust;
Here, waiting till he come.

That tongue is silent here,
That told of Jesu's love;
In life thou did'st the mourners cheer
And raised their thoughts above.

A burning shining light,
A son of thunder too;
And gospel truths were thy delight,
Because thou found'st them true.

Election's ancient plan,
Thou lov'd'st for to unfold;
That God decreed e'er time began,
The sheep to fill the fold.

Methinks I see thee still,
Where crowds did throng the place;
Methinks I see that fire and zeal,
Still shining in thy face.

Not blessed with learning here—
Well taught thou wast of God;
Thou did'st not please the itching ear
Thou servant of the Lord.

Eternal truth must stand,
And God that word will bless:
In life thou blaz'd'st it thro' the land,
Free and eternal grace.

Thou had'st no meat to give,
To feed the boasting mind;
The Pharisee on self must live,
But saints must Jesus find.

The Pharisee, too proud
To own free, sovereign, grace—
Thy voice against them it was loud,
In giving God the praise.

Thou preach'd'st the saints were dead
To Moses and his law;
They liv'd'st by faith in Christ their head
From him their comforts draw.

These truths thou lov'd'st to preach,
And saints approv'd them well:
And faithful men these things will teach,
In spite of earth or hell.

Well, Gadsby, when we meet
To sing redeeming love—
In glory, at our Saviour's feet,
Before his throne above.

White are the robes you wear;
A crown upon your head;
Oh! how I long for to be there,
With Christ that for us bled.

How saints then will adore
The Majesty above;
When all have met on Zion's shore,
To praise electing love.

This is the thing that begets faith, love, hope, and confidence—God's love in giving Christ. Have you seen God to be love?—*Erskine*.

Original Papers on the Canticles.

BY THOMAS GEORGE BELL, LL.D.,
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

THE GARDEN.

"A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse."—Canticles iv. 12.

The fifth part of the Song appears to extend from this twelfth verse of the fourth chapter, to the end of the first verse of the fifth chapter. The speaker is the Bridegroom, who likens his spouse to a garden. He is only interrupted once, and that is by the invitation, "Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." This he answers by the assurance that he has come, and is already in his garden.

Christ and his body, the church, appear to have been set forth at creation, under this beautiful figure of a garden. The world, in all its original beauty, had just come forth, newborn from the hands of its Creator, who, looking on it all, could say, "it was very good." "The Lord God," then "formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." God then determined to provide this man with an especial home, in the midst of this beautiful world, which he had created. "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life, also, in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden." "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it. It must be at once seen how distinctly this prefigures Christ and his church. The garden of Eden was a chosen spot even in the midst of God's wonderful and beautiful creation. So is the church, compared with all the world, and all created things; most precious to the Lord. And, in like manner as Adam was set in paradise to dress and keep that garden,—so is Christ the glory in the midst of his church; and so does he, by his Spirit, nurture and keep every member in it. How appropriate, then, the figure before us. "A garden enclosed." A garden is private property; the waste, or open country around, is left to public use. The church is the property of Jesus: separated for himself, from all the world beside. A garden contains a variety of fruits and flowers. The very beauty of gardens is the variety of plants in them, but all are for use or for show, "pleasant to the sight, and good for food." "Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; cypress

with spikenard, spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices." There is, also, a variety in the church. A variety of members, and in each a variety of graces. In the garden there is the tall spreading cypress, and, by its side, the little tuft of spikenard. So in the church; there is a Moses, a Joshua, and a Rahab, of Jericho. There is a Boaz, "a mighty man of wealth;" and the poor widowed kinswomen, Naomi and Ruth. There is a David and Jonathan. There is an Elijah, and the widow woman of Zarephath. There is a Nehemiah, a king's cup-bearer, and the poor Jews that were "left of the captivity in great affliction and reproach." There is an Esther, in the king's palace; and a Mordecai at the gate. We see at many periods of the history of the church, men raised up by God suited to their times. A Luther, or Knox, or Whitfield. Men of bold determination, unflinching courage, and unwavering perseverance, who at once grapple with evils which every other person shrinks from, but dare not touch. Such men we would liken to the cypress or the mighty cedar of Lebanon, towering up above all the other plants in the garden. At the same time we see the poor widow or orphan; it may be sick and afflicted; it may be the poor old woman, only able to get from her bed to the fire, and there sit all day long, and seek to warm her palsied limbs. Or it may be the poor, neglected orphan, on a bed of sickness, tossing to and fro in agonies of pain. In either case there is patience and resignation—unfeigned trust in Jesus—earnest desire for his glory. There is a continual communion with God, and patient waiting on his hand. In such case we say there is the lowly growing spikenard, but a plant as precious in the sight of the owner of the spiritual garden, as even the cedar of Lebanon. In the church of God, then, there is every variety; but every member has his place; the very humblest has his work to do, and all alike are precious in the eyes of the Lord. There is a variety of graces too. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

In a garden nothing is tolerated which grows up of itself; these are weeds; all the cultivated plants are sown or planted. So in the church; every plant which is not of God's planting, must be pulled up. Every-

thing is from God through Jesus; we have nothing which we have not received.

A garden requires unwearied care. Weeds must be plucked up. The soil must be dugged and manured. The plants must be trained and pruned. The gardener must be always at work. In like manner, the church is only kept by the care and power of Jesus. He is said to walk in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. "He fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a wine-press therein." "I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her." "I, the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." The last quotation reminds us that a garden needs water. Hence we read in the song not only "a garden enclosed," but "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." And also "A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon." How frequent and how beautiful the allusions in God's word to this *watering* of Christ's garden, the church. "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles O Israel. As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens *by the river's side*, as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees *beside the waters*. He shall pour *the water* out of his buckets." "Thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." "Their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all." Our Lord Jesus himself puts the interpretation on this figure. "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, if any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive." The Holy Spirit is the only source of life in the church, and there is no true life out of the church. "Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." The Holy Spirit is "shut up" to the church: and by it the church is separated from, and "shut up" from the world, so that the very proof of the Spirit dwelling in any person, would be his living and walking in a continual state of separation from the world. "Well defined separation unto God ought ever to have characterized the church." We have apparently a distinction set before us in the terms used,— "a well of living waters," and streams from Lebanon." The one would be a perpetual spring, ever rising up within the garden; the other would be streams, or a river rolling

through the garden on particular occasions, as after torrents of rain. Lebanon is a very high mountain, always covered at the top with snow. It is the source of many streams and rivulets, which occasionally swell into rivers. If the weather has been hot and the snow melts, or if rain falls, then floods of water roll down the sides of the mountain. There appears an allusion, therefore, to the power of God the Holy Spirit manifested in a variety of ways; at all times dwelling in the church, and in it as a well of living waters, giving life and refreshment; but at some times manifested in special power, both in the church and upon the world—stirring up the one, and gathering out of the other. There were "streams from Lebanon," "when the day of Pentecost was fully come," "and the same day there were added to them about three thousand souls." There have been streams from Lebanon since then, as the history of the church abundantly proves; times when the power of the Spirit has so accompanied the word, that hundreds, and even thousands, have been converted to God within less space of time than dozens, or scores had been converted before. The late R. McCheyne, of Dundee, writing of one such occasion, said,—

"It is my decided and solemn conviction, in the sight of God, that a very remarkable and glorious work of God, in the conversion of sinners, and edifying of saints, has taken place in this neighbourhood. In August, 1839, immediately after the beginning of the Lord's work at Kilsyth, the word of God came with such power to the hearts and consciences of the people, and their thirst for hearing it became so intense, that the evening classes in the school room were changed into densely crowded congregations in the chapel, and for nearly four months it was found desirable to have public meetings almost every night. Prayer meetings were also held. At the time of my return from Palestine, I found thirty-nine such meetings held each week in connection with my congregation. Many hundreds, under deep concern for their souls, came and conversed with the ministers. They who preached, preached nothing but the pure gospel of the grace of God. From six to seven hundred came to converse about their souls in the autumn of 1839. Some of those converted have now walked consistently for four years; the greater part from one to two years. I do not know of more than two who have openly given the lie to their profession. In 1839, there were many seasons of remarkable solemnity, when each meeting literally became a 'Bochim,' a place of weepers.' I have frequently seen the preaching of the word attended with such power, and eternal things brought so

near, that the feelings of the people could not be restrained. I have observed an awful and breathless stillness pervading the assembly; each hearer bent forward in the posture of wrapt attention; serious men covered their face to pray. I have heard the half-suppressed sigh, and have seen many bathed in tears. At other times, I heard loud sobbing in many parts, while a deep solemnity pervaded the whole audience. On one occasion, for instance, when the minister was speaking tenderly on the words, 'He is altogether lovely,' almost every sentence was responded to by cries. I am far from believing that these signs of deep alarm always issue in conversion, or that the Spirit of God does not often work in a more quiet manner. Sometimes, I believe, he comes like the pouring rain; sometimes like the gentle dew."

Continuing our examination of the passage before us, we come next to the call upon the winds, "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." There is stillness in the garden; and hence the fragrance of the several flowers is not felt; there wants a breeze to bring that fragrance out, and make it pervade the garden. In like manner there may be a time of torpor and drowsiness in the church, or amongst individual members of it, wherein no grace seems to shine, there being no circumstances to call it forth. It is well for the church that her watchful head never sleeps, and is aware of every danger. This torpor might betoken death if it were not for the truth that we are "preserved in Christ Jesus." The Lord deals with us, therefore, in his providence as well as by his Spirit to keep us in the narrow way, and when such torpor is seen, or to keep us from it, he sends chastisement, or discipline—and ther blessing. These appear to be pointed out by the winds blowing on the garden. The north wind is generally a cold, pinching wind, and often blows a gale so that destruction follows. After a piercing north wind has been blowing across the garden, the gardener has to go his rounds,

and bind up the broken plants. Many a beautiful shrub, or flower, has been broken to pieces. And yet the north wind is needed. Without it the atmosphere would soon be unfit to breathe. There has sometimes been a hot, sultry day, when not a breath of air seemed stirring, and the sun appeared scorching up everything in the garden. Then came the north wind, accompanied with rain. It was an uncomfortable time. No pleasure in the garden whilst it lasted. Go out when it is over. How the atmosphere is purified! How sweet and balmy the air! How fragrant the roses and lilies! So is it in the church. Spiritually, the very air you breathe in some gatherings of the Lord's people, seems charged with noxious vapours. There is a brother, his look so very cold and frigid, reminds you of the poor flower amid the frosts of winter! There is another; he reminds you, by his evil temper, of the burning rays of a tropical sun. Look at those, they used to delight in God's word, were always at the prayer meeting—never turned their backs on the Lord's table. How different now! Grace seems all but gone! The world has come in like a flood. This man is too busy to come to meetings. That one has taken offence, and will not come. Pride is at work. Contention has come in. What is to be done? Nothing by man, much by God. He sends the north wind of trial and affliction. Health gives place to pain and suffering. Prosperity makes room for adversity. Friends are removed. Families are broken up. Death visits some of their firesides. Desolation seems to prevail. It is only for a season. Proud ones are broken down. Masks are stripped off. True ones are made more manifest. Humble confession is presented to the Lord. The flesh is crucified. Souls are weaned from the world. Eternal things appear as if present. Faith is strengthened and hope quickened. Now it is as if the south wind was blowing again. Communion with the Lord is sweet, and fellowship amongst brethren restored. The spices are flowing out.

CALEB, THE COLLIER.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF DIVINE INTERPOSITION.

[Contributed by Mr. JOHN BARD, of Clare, Suffolk.]

THE following remarkable narrative was in Dr. Rippon's *Baptist Register* for 1802, p. 1097. Dr. Samuel Stennett, on whose authority it was related, had it from Dr. Joseph Stennett, his father; so that its truth is beyond a doubt.

Dr. Joseph Stennett married a lady in

Wales, in consequence of which he resided there several years, and preached there with great acceptance to the Baptist congregation in Abergavenny. There was a poor man in that congregation, known by the name of Caleb; he was a collier, and lived among the hills between Abergavenny and Here-

ford. He had a wife and several small children, and walked seven or eight miles every Lord's-day to hear the doctor, the weather seldom preventing him. He was a very pious man; and his knowledge and understanding were remarkable, considering the disadvantages of his situation and circumstances.

The doctor was very partial to him, and pleased with his conversation. One winter there was a severe frost, which lasted many weeks, and not only blocked up his way to meeting, so that he could not possibly pass without danger, but prevented him from working for the support of himself and family. The doctor and many others were much concerned lest they should perish from want. However, as soon as the frost had broken up, Caleb appeared again. The doctor saw him from the pulpit, and as soon as the service was ended, went to him and said, "O Caleb! how glad I am to see you! How have you done during the severity of the weather?" He cheerfully answered, "Never better in my life. I not only had necessaries, but lived upon dainties during the whole time, and have some still remaining, which will serve us for some time to come." The doctor expressed his surprise, and wished to be informed of the particulars. Caleb soon told him, that one night, soon after the commencement of the frost, they had eaten up all their stock, and had not one morsel left for the morning, nor had any human probability of getting a new supply; but he found his mind quite calm and composed, relying on a gracious God, who wanted neither power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till the morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at the door, and on going to see who was there, saw a man standing with a horse, loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb. He answered in the affirmative, and the man immediately desired him to help to take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said, provision. On his enquiring who sent it, the man said he believed God had sent it: and no other answer could he obtain. When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles. There were bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, neat's tongue, &c., &c. which served them throughout the frost, and some remained to that present time. The doctor was much affected with the account, and mentioned it in all companies where he went, in hope of finding out the benevolent donor. His attempts, however, were all in vain, till he went about two years afterwards to visit Dr. Talbot, a noted physician, of the city of Hereford. Dr. Talbot was a man of good moral character and a very generous

disposition, but was an infidel in principle. His wife was a godly woman, and a member of the Baptist church at Abergavenny, but could not very often attend on account of the distance. Dr. Stennett used to go and visit her now and then, and Dr. Talbot, though a man of no religion himself, always received Dr. Stennett with great politeness; and Dr. Stennett generally stayed a night or two at his house when he went. While they were conversing very pleasantly one evening, Dr. Stennett, with the view of introducing something entertaining and profitable, spoke of the great efficacy of prayer, and instanced the case of poor Caleb. As he was relating the affair, Dr. Talbot smiled and said, "Caleb! I shall never forget him as long as I live." "What! did you know?" said Dr. Stennett. "I had but very little knowledge of him," said Dr. Talbot; but by your description I know he must be the man you mean." Dr. Stennett was now very anxious to hear what account Dr. Talbot had to give of him, upon which Dr. Talbot freely related the following circumstances. During the summer previous to the hard winter above mentioned, he was riding on horseback for the benefit of the air, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, and generally chose to ride among the hills, it being more pleasant, rural, and romantic. A few farm houses were dispersed here and there, and a few little cots. As he was riding along, he observed a number of people assembled in a barn, and his curiosity led him to ride up to the barn-door, to learn the cause of their assembling. He found to his great surprise that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people, and he stopped till the service was ended. He observed that the people were very attentive to what the preacher said, and one poor man in particular attracted his notice. He had a little Bible in his hand, and turned to every passage of Scripture the minister quoted. Dr. Talbot wondered to see how ready he was for a man of his appearance in turning to the places, and likewise noticed that the Bible was full of dog's-ears, that is, the corners of the leaves were turned down very thick. When the service was over, he walked his horse gently along, in order to observe the people, and the poor man he so particularly noticed happened to walk by his side. The doctor entered into conversation with him, asking him many questions concerning the meeting and the minister, and found the poor man to be more intelligent than he could have expected. He inquired also about himself, his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb. After the doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, and thought no more about Caleb till the great frost came on, the following winter. He was one night in bed, but could not tell

for certain whether he was asleep or awake, when he thought he heard a voice say, "Send provisions to Caleb." He was a little startled at first, but concluding it to be a dream, endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he imagined he heard the same words repeated, but louder and stronger. He then awoke his wife, who was in a sound sleep, and told her what he had heard; but she persuaded him that it could be no other than a dream, and she soon fell asleep again. The doctor's mind, however, was so much impressed that he could not sleep. He turned and tossed himself about for some time, till he heard the voice so powerful, saying, "Get up and send provisions to Caleb," that he could resist no longer: he got up, called his man, and bade him bring the horse. He then went to his larder, and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he could possibly with whatever he could find, and having assisted the man to load the horse, bade him take that provision to Caleb. "Caleb," said the man; "what Caleb, sir?" "I know very little of him," said the doctor: "but his name is Caleb; he is a collier, and lives among the hills; let the horse go, and you will be sure to find him." The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master, which accounts for his telling Caleb, "God sent it, I believe."—JOHN BARD, Clare.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON
SAMPSON'S RIDDLE.

"What is sweeter than honey? What is stronger than a lion?"—Judges xiv. 17.

SAMPSON was a strong man, a wonderful man, a miracle; and, as we find him among the worthies mentioned in the eleventh of Hebrews, he was a good man, though at times very foolish.

The above questions were put to him by his enemies, who, through craft and deceit, found out his riddle.

"What is sweeter than honey?" All spiritual men, who alone have spiritual tastes, will join with David, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey," &c. Is not electing love sweeter than honey? Had not God loved me first I should never have loved him. But why, dear Lord, oh why? "What is sweeter than honey?" Redeeming love! Jesus died that I might live;—"He was made sin for us:" and

"Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

"What is sweeter than honey?" Regenerating love! All the Father loved, the Son redeemed, and the Spirit regenerates every one.

"Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death."

"What is sweeter than honey?" A sense of blood-bought pardon to a sinner distressed.

"Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." "Daughter be made whole."

"What is sweeter than honey?" Communion with God! having his love shed abroad in the heart; his Spirit bearing witness with our's—his voice speaking in our soul, and telling us he will never leave nor forsake us, strengthening us when weak, comforting us in distress, making crooked things straight, giving us a view, a glimpse of the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon, and at times, oh, that it might be oft repeated, to walk with God high in salvation, and the climes of bliss. When we can get away from these chilling, perplexing things of earth, and breathe a purer air—when we can catch the sound of the harpers of heaven, and find their music and their song, we have partly learned and can heartily join. "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."

"What is stronger than a lion?" The power of God to defend his people, and destroy his enemies!

"What is stronger than a lion?" The spirit that dwells in carnal men, called the "prince of the power of the air," urging them on to hell

"What is stronger than a lion?" Triumphant grace, in the conversion of a sinner and bringing him to heaven!

"What is stronger than a lion?" Death! there is no discharge in this war,—all must die!

"What is stronger than a lion?" The prayer of a little child, taught from necessity to pray, through the power of the Holy Spirit, even a spiritual sigh or groan, can bring Almighty help. But none can or will leave such a sigh without Almighty grace!

"What is stronger than a lion?" The love of God! "Many waters cannot quench it."

"What is stronger than a lion?" Angels of light, who guard us through life! those chariots and horses of fire who surround every child of God, and will at last escort them safe to their Father's house above. Think! weak trembling believer of their power; one of them in one night slew 185,000 Assyrians: 2 Kings xix. 35.

Wycombe.

R. COLLINS.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY W. LEACH, NORTHAMPTON.

"Love covereth all sins."—Prov. x. 12.

SUCH is the love of God, it hides from view, Sins many, great, and of a crimson hue:

Then why should I despair?

Guilty am I in thought, and word, and deed;

But when by faith I see the Saviour bleed,

My soul obtains relief.

Words reach my ear,—"Thy sins are all forgiven;

Be of good cheer, I've made thee meet for heaven;"

This makes my heart rejoice.

Absolved and justified by grace, rich grace,

My spirit longs to dwell in Christ's embrace,

And never from him roam.

O bless the Lord, my soul, nor silent be,

His love demands an endless song from thee,

Then praise his glorious name.

“FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOR EVER.”

AN EPISTLE OF GRATITUDE WRITTEN AFTER A SEASON OF AFFLICTION.

ALLOW me, Christian reader, to enlist your sympathy with my present subject, and ask the union of your praises with mine, that shall ascend through the intercession of our Great High Priest, as an incense cloud to the blest abode of him who is our Maker—our Saviour, and our King.

He has granted me another occasion to praise him, for “He hath remembered me in my low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever.”

I have just arisen from a comparatively short, but severe illness, having experienced for some time, both night and day, pain and inquietude of body, so that I could say in the morning—would it were night; and in evening—would it were morning.

Usually, time with me seems to go as the winged arrow flies through space when urged from the elastic bow by the muscular arms of an Athlete—or like some shooting star, that sweeps the sky, and is again lost to sight ere you are aware.

Day follows day in quick succession; morning gives place to noon—and noon to night—; and night again disappears before the rising sun. The seasons, too, march on with hasty steps; spring appears in her welcome livery of leaves, and buds, and fragrant flowers, but soon yields up the reins to her fair sister summer, who in her turn, spreads out her verdant carpet on the floor of nature, and fills the boughs of goodly trees with fairest summer fruit. But, scarcely have we had time to welcome her arrival, than lo, she turns away, and autumn spreads her fields of smiling grain, whose golden ears in graceful undulations, repeat the annual story of the great Creator's goodness; whilst under the moving influence of the winds of heaven they simultaneously bow, in mute acknowledgment of the Almighty's care; a tribute oft refused by the senseless creature man.

Then comes stern winter with its icy manacles, and snowy garments, to put a new complexion on the scene, reigns its appointed time, and then departs. Thus ever-moving time goes on apace, with rapid steps and leaves the footprints of age upon our brows; the periods of infancy, youth, and early manhood pass away as a dream, and “we spend our years as a tale that is told.” It really seems but the other day that the first number of this periodical made its appearance in the world—but several years have passed away since then.

This feeling, of the rapidity of the flight of time, is that of which I am usually the

subject, but during my period of indisposition, the rapidly revolving wheels of time seemed to have had a break put on them. Minutes seemed to be hours, hours days, and days appeared to be lengthened into weeks, and what made the tedium so much more tedious, I had no unction of the Holy Spirit on my soul; my branch was dry and withered; no moisture of melting mercy filled my spirit. I scemed alone in pensive solitude, without sweet fellowship with God through Jesus Christ. It were vain to say “Have fellowship with us, for truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ,” for it was not so. I thought—if this light affliction, which is but for a moment, is so cheerless, tedious, and gloomy, what must be the state of those who are cast out for ever—experiencing a constant course of uncomfortable consciousness, where the worm (of a guilty conscience) dieth not and where the fire (of God's wrath) is not quenched, beyond all hope of release, beyond the reach of mercy's pardoning voice. These were my meditations, but I had no heart to pray, nor mind to praise; a kind of paralysis in spiritual things had seized me for a time, and I lay low in a low place. I was too low for duty-religion to reach me, either in its duty-faith, or free-will forms.

If any grace at all was stirring, it was the grace of PATIENCE. There was a consciousness that the Lord would not do wrong, and I felt as clay in the hands of the potter, but there was no incoming of mighty power, nor outgoing of prevalent prayer. I could neither think nor speak to purpose, and found myself at my true level, the zero of a sensible sinner,

“A helpless, weak, and worthless worm,”

without one atom of a rag of creature-goodness, comeliness, or strength, and destitute of the shadow of a shade of hope founded on creature vows and performances, either for time that now is, or for eternity that is to come. No more to recommend me to the God of heaven apart from Jesus Christ, than Beelzebub, the prince of devils hath. In this my low condition, the enemy of souls sought to take advantage of my physical and spiritual imbecility, suggesting that perhaps after all my profession, that my religion is not genuine, because now is the time for prayer, in time of need, in illness more than in health; as though he would insinuate you can pray to God night and morning, and at other times, when all goes smoothly on,—but now affliction comes, you have no heart for prayer.

Thus was patience needed under these very trying circumstances, to wait the issue of the Lord's dispensation—and patience still was granted. It was the peculiar office of this grace, to be on the tower during this night of trial, to watch for the dawning of the day, for patience, as well as other graces, must have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing in all the machinery of heavenly experience.

The enemy is a skilful adversary in warring against the Christian's soul; but in this case he did not generally succeed, for happily, with all my darkness, and torpor, and half-heartedness, I was quite conscious of what, and what alone, could loose my bonds, and that is the sweet presence of Jesus, and the soft whispers of his love. Yes!

"One sweet ray of heavenly light,
Would break the clouds that come between;
Would turn to day my gloomy night,
And quite renew the scene."

Thus FAITH, that heretofore seemed to have been sleeping, came quickly in to the assistance of patience, and suggested with its wonted firmness, that all was as it should be, and that although "heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." And "if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." And that neither bodily afflictions, nor soul darkness are marks of reprobation, as the hatred of God's truth is. This latter, neither Satan, nor men, nor conscience could justly accuse me of; for, bless the name of the Lord for ever, he has caused me to love his holy truth under all circumstances; and, as he desireth truth in the inward parts, so hath he deposited that truth in the depths of my soul, "And in the hidden parts hath he made me to know wisdom." It is entirely his own work from first to last. I did not seek him, but he sought me. I did not originally love him, but he loved me. I did not in the first instance choose him, but he chose me. Yes!

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood."

Then came up another of mercy's messengers, named HOPE, and bid me lay hold of sworn promises inscribed in blood, even the blood of God's dear Son. "Because he could swear by none greater, he swore by himself," &c. The object of which was, "That we may have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us in the gospel." So that my soul could now soliloquize in the language of the Psalmist, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." I feel so completely in his hands,

and that all my times too are in his hands, that

"If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days."

And just as the bodily disorder began to yield to the heaven-blest means employed, the heart, too, began to lose its wonted hardness, and soften down like wax before the flame of a burning taper.

Just as the pointed icicles in winter, pendant from the eaves of your dwelling house, with proud frigidity disdain to drop a single globule of the element of which they are composed, until the panting clouds reveal the king of day, whose calorific beams infringing on those congelations, cause them to weep in floods of falling tears, until they weep themselves away, so also is it in the experience of the child of God. He is cold and tearless—praiseless and prayerless, if left but a moment to himself; there is in exercise no contrition, no holy compunction, no heavenly aspiration, no outgoing of soul—but all is blank and barren, until the clouds are dissipated, and the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in his beams, and melting in his rays. Then is it that

"The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
Whilst Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his."

Now, with the heart somewhat softened, there was a bubbling up of fervent prayer, like water from a living spring; and although on the one hand there was a desire to acquiesce in the divine will, yet was there mingled a humble desire for the removal of the disorder, for no affliction seemeth for the present joyous, but grievous; yet afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them who are exercised thereby. And the Lord listens to the voice of humble, though silent supplication, and hath said, "Call on me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Now manifest answer to prayer always sets the grace of LOVE in motion. "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice, and my supplication." "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, he put my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and put a new song into my mouth, even salvation to our God."

"I will extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?"

When contemplating the weakness that I am generally the subject of, and the fulfilment of the promise in my experience, "As thy day thy strength shall be;" and feeling that I never had any surplus power in any circumstance, but a constant felt weakness, turning from the contemplation of creature

things to the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ, the words of the poet Hart come to my mind with some force,—

"Bore all incarnate God could bear,
With strength enough and none to spare."

But here arose a question—is this language true?—for the popular notion is, that one drop of Christ's blood is sufficient to save, not only this world, but other worlds besides. One of these two ideas must be wrong; whether the former be true or not, the latter cannot be right,—for if one drop be sufficient, why did the precious Saviour in the garden sweat great drops of blood, falling down to the ground?

"Come saints, and shed a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood."

Why, on the cross, at the command of the soldier's spear, issued forth blood and water? Why did the crown of thorns extract so many precious drops from his holy brow? Why, at the instance of the cruel nails, did those blessed feet and hands of his pour out the purple stream? Echo enquires—why?—if one drop was sufficient to atone for sin.

It is no proof of wisdom to employ the greater means, if the lesser will accomplish a desired end; but infinite wisdom characterizes all the Creator's works. Planetary worlds revolve around the sun with a precision that indicates the putting forth of measured power; they go their appointed rounds with a certainty of accomplishment, completing their various revolutions with such nicety as to time and space, that altogether excludes the idea of surplus force; the exact balance of the centrifugal and centripetal forces retains these ponderous orbs in their appointed orbits. So that they all as they move majestically along with silent eloquence exclaim, "The hand that made us is Divine."

In all human contrivances there is a clumsiness of form on the one hand, or failure on the other for want of sufficient strength in the right place. Not so with Divine con-

trivances. Here is no surplussage of strength. The trunks and roots of the majestic cedars of Lebanon are exactly proportioned to the superincumbent branches and foliage, and these all taper away upwards in symmetrical diminution, until the points of the leaves are attenuated to the minimum of substance having nothing above them to support. And shall exact adaptation characterize the works of God in creation, but be denied in salvation? No! but in redemption, as well as in creation, there is beauty, harmony, and certainty.

The Lord Jesus, by virtue of his covenant had to bear all the sins of all his people; he had to bear too all the wrath of God due to those sins—in his own person. Now, unless I greatly err, mere humanity, sinless though it was, could not have sustained the load of guilt and wrath, without communications of strength Divine to enable it to bear them, but strength was put forth, and his humanity did sustain all that was needful it should, until all the sin was consumed by the wrath of God; and when this great work had received its accomplishment, no more strength was imparted, because no more guilt remained upon him; he then, and not till then, yielded up his soul, with the wondrous sentence on his dying lips, "It is finished." Thus he bore all incarnate God could bear, with strength enough, and none to spare.

Thus, Christian reader, you and I are delivered from the wrath to come. Our sins were laid on him, his righteousness on us. He bore the curse to give us the blessing. He endured the pain that we might have the pleasure. He suffered on the cross that we might wear a crown. He died in time that we might live eternally. So that whatever may befall us here,—be our pathway dark, or be it light, be it prosperous, or be it adverse, we have the blest assurance that nothing should be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord. And because Christ lives, we shall live also.

I. C. J.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE TURKISH MARTYR.

[Contributed by Mr. HENRY HUTCHINSON, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Bedmond, Herts.]

ABOUT two and forty years ago, there resided in the city of Smyrna, two tanners; the one named Mustapha, a native of the island of Mitylene, a Turk by birth and religion, but speaking the Greek language. The other a Greek of Athens, and a Christian.

The Turk, who was frequent in his visits to his neighbour's shop, was much struck with the manner of Californius, an open-

hearted boy of fourteen, whom he occasionally found reading.

"What book is that?" one day enquired Mustapha.

"My Bible," replied the boy, which had been given him a short time before.

The Turk requested Californius to read a portion to him. "Not so," replied the boy "If," added he, with his usual simplicity

"you were a Christian, the case would, indeed, be different." The Turk rose, and left the shop; but scarcely was he out of sight, before Demetrius, the elder Greek, fell upon his brother, upbraiding him for his inconsiderate answer.

"What have you done?" exclaimed he. "How could you speak to the Turk of becoming a Christian? Do you not know that he can inform against us? We shall then be both sent to prison; our property will be seized; and, perhaps, even death may be the consequence of your rashness."

The poor boy began to weep bitterly, for his brother's fears were but too wellgrounded; the tyrannical law of Turkey, having made it a crime for a Christian even to speak of his religion to a Mahomedan,—and to name his conversion, a capital offence.

In a few moments the Turk re-entered; he insisted on knowing the cause of his favourite's tears; and, on his brother's leaving the shop, Calistinus confessed the whole.

"By all that is holy," said Mustapha, "I swear that I will not inform against you; only read to me a part of your Bible."

The boy complied, and the Turk listened with the most profound attention. From this time Mustapha, watching from his window the departure of Demetrius, would repair to the young Christian for further information. Four months passed away in this manner, during which the word of God found its way into the heart of the Turk, who resolved to abjure the false faith of Mahomedanism, and embrace the Christian religion. With this view, he disposed of his business, and repaired to a Greek priest at Smyrna, to whom he made known his desire to be baptized. But so rare and remarkable a circumstance is it for a Turk to embrace Christianity, that the priest looked upon the application as a snare to betray him to death, and earnestly besought the Turk to leave him. Mustapha applied to another, but was dismissed with the same entreaty; "For God's sake, leave me!" Distressed and mortified at this unexpected check, the mind of Mustapha almost sunk in despair. One resource alone remained, the monks of Mount Athos, to whom he repaired; but, though their body is numerous, they every one, like the priests at Smyrna, refused to give ear to his entreaties; knowing the jealousy with which the Turks eyed their order, they deemed it necessary to observe a greater degree of caution against any arts which might be practised upon them by the Mahomedans. Dismissed from the Convent as a hypocrite, Mustapha resolved to apply to the hermits who inhabit the caves and grottoes of Mount Athos, and are in some degree dependent on the Convent. With this intention, he entered the dismal habitation of an aged recluse, to whom he made known the circumstance of

his conversion, and the reception he had experienced from the Christian priests, to whom he had applied for baptism. The venerable old man was much affected, but, fearing to offend the monks, would not venture to perform the rite; perhaps, also, entertaining some doubt as to the Turk's sincerity. Again rebuffed, he bent his steps towards the brow of the mountain, with a heavy heart. A young priest, who happened to be with the recluse, offered to conduct him through the wood, and employed every means of comforting him, but Mustapha refused to listen, and burst into an agony of tears. The priest's heart melted at the sight.

"My dear friend," said he, "have you then, in truth, a sincere desire to become a Christian?"

"Do not these tears shew you the fervency of my wishes?" exclaimed Mustapha.

"Then follow me," said the priest, "here is a cave that will afford you shelter: remain here, and I will daily bring you food, and converse with you on the nature of Christianity."

Mustapha remained several months in this grotto, and the young priest daily brought him food, as well as spiritual comfort. In the meanwhile the old hermit, who had been much struck with the fervour of the Turk's manner, not unfrequently reproached himself for sending him away with so much seeming indifference. He one day named his regret to the young priest, and expressed a wish to see the Turk once more. The priest smiled, and offered to conduct him to the place of his concealment. The meeting was one of mutual gratification, and Mustapha's admission into the Christian church took place a few days after. He continued to reside with his friends on Mount Athos for several years, but his ardent spirit would not let him rest here. He had an aged mother and a brother at Mitylene, and his soul thirsted to bring them to the knowledge of the true faith. After duly considering the risk he might run, he left his peaceful retreat, and took shipping for Cydonia.

This flourishing city is chiefly inhabited by Greeks, at least, prior to the revolution there were but few Turks there, except such as held official situations. One of these recognizing the new convert, by a scar on his forehead, ordered the vessel which was on the point of putting off for Mitylene, to be seized, and the Turk to be brought before a magistrate. Without hesitation, Mustapha acknowledged himself to be a Christian, and declared his determination to die rather than renounce his faith. The magistrate commanded him to be taken to prison, and placed on the rack; but under the most agonizing torments, Mustapha continued firm. This circumstance soon became known in the town, and caused a great sensation among

the Christians. A Greek, named Georgius, who had an academy at the place, immediately assembled the scholars of his first class consisting of youths about twenty years of age,—and related to them the melancholy fate of the Turk, and called upon them to offer up supplications in his behalf. "But it is not enough that we pray for him," continued Georgius, "we must also endeavour to visit him in prison, to comfort and console him; and which of you will adventure his life in this undertaking?"

"I," "I," re-echoes from all sides, and a contest arose among the lads for the honour of this dangerous enterprise. John Skonzes, a young Athenian, at length claimed the preference (a countryman of his having been the first instrument, under Divine providence, which led to the prisoner's conversion). To him, therefore, the others yielded, and the following stratagem was resorted to to gain admission into the prison,—

Skonzes disguised himself as a bricklayer, and took the road to Magnesia, while a Greek of the same trade, went to the Magistrate, and charged his apprentice with having decamped to Magnesia with a sum of money. Pursuit was instantly made. Skonzes was arrested, and sentenced to confinement in the same prison as the Turk, it being the only one in the city.

But what were the feelings of Skonzes when he beheld the unfortunate Turk. Exhausted from the tortures of the rack, Mustapha lay, with his feet suspended by a rope from the ceiling, and his head dragging on the ground. In this position he was to remain till he should renounce Christianity. With difficulty Skonzes suppressed his compassion, and his indignation; but he kept quiet till midnight, when, watching the other prisoners till they fell asleep; he stole softly to the Turk, sought to comfort him, and assured him of the cordial sympathy of his fellow Christians, and that their compassion for his fate had been the motive of his seeking imprisonment.

"I thank you for your love towards me," replied the martyr, "but, praised be God, I stand in need of no encouragement; I shall continue faithful to the end."

In a few days, Mustapha was conveyed to Constantinople. Rewards and allurements were held out on every side; liberty, riches, and a lovely bride were promised him on the only condition that he should return to the Mahomedan faith. But in vain! Tortures still more execrating than those which he had endured at Cydonia were resorted to, but they, too, were unable to shake his Christian confidence. He was then sentenced to be beheaded; and the same Almighty power that had sustained his spirit on the rack was with him in his hour of need.

This story was related to M. Fenger, a Danish missionary from Copenhagen, by a Greek, of Smyrna, one of the scholars at Cydonia, who was fully acquainted with all the circumstances of Mustapha's untimely fate.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF
A FUNERAL SERMON
PREACHED BY S. COZENS,

At Rehoboth, for Mrs. Littlejohn, from the word,
"Amen."—Rev. iii. 14.

FROM a personal friend of Mrs. Littlejohn, I am told that our departed sister was first impressed with the importance of Divine things in a Sabbath school. This is an encouragement to those of you who are engaged in the Sabbath school—to work while it is day—to work on hopefully—to work on believingly—to work on diligently. The *work of faith* shall not be in vain in the Lord. This is also an encouragement to parents to send their children to the Sabbath school; God has blessed little children in the Sabbath day instructions; and who can tell but he may bless yours; ay, even bless them with a blessing that shall preserve them in life, support them in death—fit them for heaven—and land them safe on Canaan's happy shore?

My informant, who knew the late Mrs. Littlejohn from her girlhood, assures me that she was the subject of grace at 15 years of age. What a mercy it is when the grace of God takes possession of the heart just as the passions are becoming most strong—just in the hey-day of youthful vigour, when we are most susceptible of temptation; when one false step may give a moral momentum to our character that no human power can stop. What a blessing to have the grace of God in the heart, when passing out of girlhood into womanhood; or out of boyhood into manhood; that grace giving moral power and courage to grapple with the sterner duties of life.

Mrs. Littlejohn, in the providence of God, was led to hear that highly honoured servant of God, Mr. Williams, of Grafton street, by whom she was baptized when about 20 years of age. She continued an honourable member of that church for many years (about 20) till Mr. Williams was taken hence. She soon after became a member of this church, then under the pastorate of Mr. Milner. Her coming in and going out among you, I need not remark upon. She was a living epistle, read and known of all in this church.

We come now to her last days on earth. The first intimation I received of her illness, was by a note from sister Collis, who informed me that she was seriously ill, and very much wished to see me. I went the same

evening; seeing she was very low, I at once made up my mind to say but little. I approached her bed-side, shook her hand, which by an effort she extended; and said to her in a calm and deliberate manner, that she might hear, and take in, every word,—

“On—Christ—the solid Rock—I stand,
All other ground—is sinking sand.”

I said, “Do you feel that you are standing on that Rock?”

She replied, “I hope so.”

But there was a calmness—a sweetness—an influence in that “*I hope so*;” that led me to exclaim to myself as I walked from the house—“How calm in death!” Here is one who all her life time has been subject to bondage through fear of death—in death without a fear. Ay, methought, perhaps the fear of death in life and health, may tend much to disarm death of fear when he comes. “As rivers roll the smoothest the nearer they approach the ocean; as the rose smells the sweetest when dying; and, as the sun appears most glorious when setting,—so it is with the dying saint.” So it was with our sister. To her female friend she said, “Angels are wafting me to heaven,” and she closed her Christian life on earth, with a loud “*Amen*” upon her lips. That amen might have been the loud amen of *submission* to the Divine will; or it might have been the amen of the promise realized, for all the promises of God in him are *amen*: or it might have been the amen of her faith. Receiving the *end* of her faith, even the salvation of the soul: or it might have been the *amen* of her prayers. She had often prayed “Give us this day, our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever.” She got to the *end* of that prayer in the swellings of Jordan, and then cried “*Amen*,” saying with her once suffering and dying Lord, “It is finished;” or it might have been the *Amen* of welcome to the Lord’s coming. “Surely I came quickly, *Amen*. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.” Or it might have been the *Amen* of *victory*. “And the four beasts fell down and worshipped God, saying, *amen*, alleluia.” We have every reason to believe it was “*The Amen*.” The coming, the revelation of him who is “*The Amen*, the faithful, and true witness.”—Rev. iii. 14. Christ is “*The Amen*,” of that covenant, which is ordered in all things and sure. The *Amen* of all gracious *purposes*—the *Amen* of infallible *promises*—the *Amen* of spiritual *blessings*—the *Amen* of that *love* which shall never end—the *Amen* of that *grace* which shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life—the *Amen* of that *mercy* which is from everlasting to everlasting—the *Amen* of that law which will by no means clear the

guilty—the *Amen* of that *gospel* which proclaims pardon to the most vile—the *Amen* of those *doctrines* which sanctify the soul—the *Amen* of those *providences* which work together for good—the *Amen* of that *salvation* which saves to the uttermost. That *Amen* was the *Amen* of all her afflictions, He carried her sicknesses, and sunk under them, and took her out of them (2) The *Amen* of all her crosses. He took the cross from her, and bore it on his own back, and died with it on his own shoulder. (3) The *Amen* of all her conflicts; he fought all her battles for her, and brought her off a triumphant conqueror. (4) The *Amen* of all her distresses; he wiped away the tears from her eyes, and gave her a song in the night of death.

DAVID’S CONFIDENCE IN THE LORD.

“I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me.”—Psalm lvii. 2.

THE early part of David’s life was spent in comparative retirement. His occupation as a keeper of sheep was favourable to his contemplative mind; and some of the psalms appear as the fruit of his meditations during this period. See the shepherd, beneath a clear, blue, eastern sky, gazing with wonder upon the splendour and magnitude of the heavenly bodies, and then reflecting on man’s meanness and littleness, at the same time knowing what God’s thoughts were concerning him, and how graciously he dealt with him. He thus gives expression to his feelings:—“When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?” During this period, he gave proof of that heroism which was displayed by him more fully when he came into public life, and which he thus relates to Saul: “Thy servant kept his father’s sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear.” This strengthened his faith in God, and he adds concerning Goliath: “This uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God.” Entering into public life at the age of twenty-three, for seven years he passed through scenes of deep trouble, through the inveterate hatred of Saul, by whom he was hunted as a partridge upon the mountains; and it was on one of these occasions that the psalm was penned, in which we see the

power of faith by which he triumphed in God. Notice the description and the resolution.

I.—The description, God Most High, God that performeth all things for me. This view of Jehovah was very suitable to David's situation, and one calculated to produce confidence, and afford relief.

1.—God Most High. Here we have the supremacy of Jehovah. He occupies the highest throne. He reigns supreme, and he exercises an uncontrollable authority over all creatures in heaven, on earth, and in hell. "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, what doest thou?" Being God over all, *he is above men*; they are in a state of entire subordination to him, so that they cannot do as they please. The greatest monarchs have been taught this;—for instance, take that great leviathan Pharaoh; apprehensive of serious results attending the growth of that people, whom Jehovah had promised to multiply as the sand upon the sea shore, he tries to check their increase by imposing on them heavy burdens; but in this, God was above him, for the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew. Again, he has the cruelty to command the midwives to kill at the birth all the male offspring of Israel; but in this was God above him, for he put his fear in their hearts, so that they could not do the foul deed, and he dealt well with them, thus finding it to their advantage to do the best they could for mother and child. Further, when the demand was made, "Let my people go that they may serve me," he replied, "Who is Jehovah that I should obey him? I will not let the people go." Ah Pharaoh, would you know who Jehovah is? Learn, then, by his bringing his people out with a mighty arm, that he is God Most High. One attempt more. For when the people had departed, the monarch said, "I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them." This was vain boasting, for God Most High interposed! Israel escape, and Pharaoh and his host sink as lead in the mighty waters.

He is above devils. The legion who were cast out of the poor Gadarene could not enter the herd of swine without the permission of the Son of the Most High—the lying spirit cannot go forth to deceive wicked Ahab till he who sat on the throne said, go; nor could Satan get near Job till God allowed him. "Hast not thou made a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?" The devil knew well that Jehovah had done so, for he had been trying hard to touch him, but could not. No sooner did the Lord

say, "Behold all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand," than Satan touches Job, in his family and in his property. The principal thing the adversary aims at is that which he hath no power to do, through the Divine prohibition. "Touch not his life"—however far he may be allowed to go, he has his prescribed limits. Your life, O believer, is hid with Christ in God, and cannot be touched.

He is above angels. They surround his throne to obey his mandates, legions are at his beck, and all the vast host do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

2.—The Providence of God, that performeth all things for me. There is a special providence over God's people, arising out of the peculiar favour of God toward them. Thus they are preserved in Christ and called; to the disciples, Jesus said, "The hairs of your head are numbered." The man of God realises this particular providence; hence, he uses the personal pronoun *me*. It is not in generals we find satisfaction, but in that which is special: it is sweet to feel that providence is concerned about us in a personal way;—there is also the *efficiency* of providence, which performeth—providence doth not only engage the wisdom of God in planning, but his power also in accomplishing, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will; thus providence is the execution of God's decrees, and it bringeth all things to their appointed issue; then we have the *universality* of it, all things, there is nothing left to chance, "All my times are in thy hand"—our sorrows and our joys, our troubles and our deliverances, our losses and our gains, the most apparently trifling incident, as well as the greatest events of our life.

"All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please our heavenly Friend."

Finally, notice the *beneficial* aspect of it for me, influenced by unbelief, and guided by sense, we cry out, "All these things are against me," but such is not the case, for "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose." Providence will not allow anything to transpire that would be disadvantageous to the saints.

"Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies,
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise."

II.—The Resolution. "I will cry," &c.

1.—Earnestness as opposed to formality. The discipline we are under is calculated to maintain the power of prayer. Never doth the soul pray with greater vehemence than when in trouble. "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God." I believe the best prayers are those which

are wrung out of our hearts by deep mental exercises.

2.—Dependence is opposed to self-confidence; though using all proper means, he would not rely for success upon them, but would trust in God. It was judicious counsel that Oliver Cromwell gave to his soldiers on the eve of a memorable event, the rain falling heavily at the time. "Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry." Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, for he will honour the faith of his people.

3.—Expectation is opposed to despair; we look to him to appear according to his promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

4.—Acquiescence as opposed to discontent. Persuaded that God knows best, we leave our affairs to him, satisfied that he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.

Northampton.

W. LEACH.

UNIVERSAL INVITATIONS CANNOT HARMONIZE WITH PARTICULAR REDEMPTION.

At the close of my remarks in the VESSEL, on Fullerial Duty-faith, I proposed to consider the above.

If you enquire in Ecclesiastical History concerning "the Introduction of *Error* into the Church of Christ," you may invariably trace it to the *Priesthood*. And so it is now. Arminian pastors, men (as Dr. Owen calls them) of "subtle hearts," by their preachings and writings, they *harminianize* the people. So also our Baptist *Colleges*, as they are now termed, they *profess* to teach Calvinism, but it is not so: they are Arminian *Colleges*; they train up and send forth Arminian preachers. These traverse the land, in the length thereof, and the breadth thereof; and by the mere *meretricious tinsel* of acquired eloquence, and fair speeches, they deceive the hearts of the simple ones. See Jer. v. 31.

But, what is real Fullerism? I reply, it is the wide-spreading error, or rather heresy, of the present day. Its *doctrine* is—That it is the *Duty of man to do* and perform that which God alone can accomplish; and, if man does it *not*, his damnation is sure.

A Master of Arts, who is now a Baptist minister in London, has declared in print as follows:—God makes your future happiness or misery to *turn upon* an alteration of mind made by yourself, without any impulse from *him*. You can do it, and, if you will *not*, then the consequences are your own."

Another celebrated Baptist minister in London, closes a sermon of his with—"It is for you to say. Devils, afraid of losing you, are waiting your answer. Angels, too, await

your answer, ready, should it be *favourable* to bear the tidings to heaven. Yea, God himself, on high, awaits your answer."

I might multiply quotations *ad infinitum*. But the doctrine inculcated by many of our *eloquent Dons* now, is *Fullerism run to seed*; it out-herods Herod. It is such as Andrew Fuller would not own. He never went half so far; but he sowed the seed of the groundsel *weed* (as Dr. Hawker has it) that has now o'erspread the land. The late Andrew Fuller had a neighbouring minister, good old Robert Twelvetree, the pastor of Ringstead Baptist Church for forty-three years. He favoured this old veteran with a perusal of his treatise on Duty-faith while in MSS, desiring his opinion thereon; and he had that opinion in pretty round terms. I give the reader an extract, copied from an autograph letter of Twelvetree's to Fuller in my possession. * He says to him, "You desired my free remarks, and I have done it. They are free and *honest* too; and you are offended. Now don't be over hasty with a man that deals *honestly* with you. *What I have written, I have written*. I see no just cause to change my mind, and believe I never shall. Now were you capable of conviction, there is enough in your *own* MSS to convince you that your *pretended* gospel scheme is a *general* scheme; a scheme of works, and not of *grace*; even as the *Arminians* build their *covenant of works* upon their *imagined* gospel foundation. *This is your scheme* which you are about to publish to the world; this is the voice and language of it—"All you that hear the gospel (ministerially), it is *your duty*, the moral law requires it, not only to believe the *report*, and to credit what God says, as true; but to believe in Christ, and with *that faith too* which is *solely the gift of God*. And be it *at your peril too, if you do not*." You say to them, 'It is your duty, the duty of you *all*; the law commands all and every one of you to *come*, and to believe in the Saviour, whether you can or cannot; whether you see your *need* of a Saviour or not. You *must* come to him, dead or alive, and exercise that *living* and *spiritual* act upon him, which is the sole and proper work of God, who is the *author* and finisher of faith; or else awful will be your damnation.' Yes, sir, this is the divinity, this is the gospel of your MSS. Upon my word, it is divinity, it is gospel, it is doctrine indeed! The Lord deliver me for ever from such doctrine, such gospel, such divinity, such preaching, as *this*.'" R. Twelvetree.

Reader! The above is Fullerism dissected and anatomized.

* I have some hundreds of foolscap folio pages in Twelvetree's own hand writing, written to Fuller on the subject.

Some persons may suppose that certain ministers hold the doctrine of *Particular Redemption*, because they occasionally speak of Christ's dying for his people: but, no, for at bottom, they are *general* redemptionists. Let us attend to Mr. Fuller himself on this subject. He says:—"There is such a fulness in the satisfaction of Christ, as is sufficient for the salvation of the *whole world*, were the *whole world* to believe." So that the atonement is an universal atonement; all the human race may be saved, provided they will but believe. So that *general* exhortations cannot harmonize with *particular* redemption. It amounts to this,—either that Christ died for *all men*, or, that he died only for *some men*, else that he died for *no man*. Now our Lord himself has decided this point. He says, "I lay down my life for my sheep."—John x. 15. And he says to certain persons, "Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep."—Verse 26.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife,
When men's devices fail."

The plain language of Fullerism, then, is, addressing the sinner, in substance thus: "Christ has died for you, provided you will only believe. He has paid your dreadful debt—that is, if you will but be kind enough to *accept the receipt*." Acceptation then, or rejection, is the ground of *salvation or damnation*. Is this Scriptural? I trow not. This I do know, that Ryland was right, when he wrote as follows:—

"O may the Lord the Spirit, shew thy soul
Its wounds; and Jesus' blood to make them whole,
In thee implant a principle divine,
Give thee a right to call Christ Jesus thine:
Else, I must attempt in vain to make thee think.
Yea, should Hell open, and its flames disclose,
Shouldst thou look in, and see the damned's throes,
And hear their flaming tongues declare their woes,
'Twould drive the mad, perhaps, but leave thee still
With an unmelted heart, and unsubdued will."

There are some preachers who are famous in using the *alarm bell*. I have read a statement, that when Mr. Spurgeon preached concerning *Hell*, the very air of the chapel seemed to grow *sulphurous*. I put this down as hyperbolic: but I have now in my possession a sermon, preached by him from Isaiah xxx. 33. 'True the text does treat of *Tophet*, and *fire*, and *brimstone*; the meaning of that text is one thing, but the *whole* of the sermon is one of alarm from beginning to end. It is a *flaming* discourse, all about *brimstone* and hell fire. "Let us," said two young persons to each other, who were village preachers, "let us go to Shalford, near Guildford, and preach *Hell* and *Damnation* to them." "No," said the other, "let us rather proclaim *Christ* and *salvation* to them."

It is with pain of mind that I notice the sad erroneous views of that person, who seems, at present, to carry, as it were, all

before him. His sentiments are far beyond those of Fuller. I could produce *proofs by dozens* from his sermons, in corroboration. I give but *one* as a *sample*; and if that does not satisfy the reader, then he is like the man him himself, who is so elated with his *great Babylon* as to be callous and case-hardened to anything. I have now lying before me, "The London City Mission Magazine" for February, 1861. Eleven close printed pages are filled with Mr. Spurgeon's address, as delivered by him to the City Missionaries on New Year's Day. He says to them, "You missed opportunities of doing good; you *passed by* seasons when the *heart was impressible*, and when you *might have driven home* the truth; and—*there they are in Hell!* The *thousands* of your district—and there they are, weeping, and wailing, and gnashing their teeth! What will the unfaithful minister dare to say? Will not a *double hell*, a hell multiplied in proportion to the number of souls who, by his *instrumentality*, were *damned*, seize upon his soul at once?" Ah! my hand trembles! I forbear to transcribe more. Yes, this is ultra Fullerism. Here you have it *fully developed*, and no mistake.

I have no words to express the abhorrence of my very soul to such statements; and it seems to incapacitate me to write more at present. But the following *sarcastic* lines are much to the point:—

ARMINIAN ADDRESSES TO SINNERS, BY
J. RYLAND.

"Arise ye dead," Arminius cries,
Arise ye dead in sin;
Unstop year ears, unclose your eyes,
And a new life begin.

Why will ye die, ye wretched souls?
Ye dead, why will ye die?
Quicken, and make your spirits whole,
To life eternal fly.

Deluded Seer! But man will lie
Still senseless as a stone,
And you yourself stand stand fooling by
Till both are quite undone,

Unless Almighty pow'r be moved
By God's free-will, not thine,
To quicken both, and make his love
On both your hearts to shine."

Reader! Prove all things; and mind, hold
fast the Truth.

J. A. JONES.

Jireh Chapel, Sept. 12th.

The manna of heaven is rained down;
God's banqueting house is opened; He is making to you a feast of fat things. Therefore, O starving sinner, come and take, and eat and drink abundantly; for there is bread enough and to spare; and, as every man and woman in the camp had a right to gather the manna, so has every soul a right to take Christ; to eat His flesh and drink His blood.—*Erskine*.

A FEW WORDS TO
MR. JOHN ANDREWS JONES.

BY MR. DIXON BURN.

"What's that which brings contempt upon a book,
And him who writes it—though the style be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact?
That makes the minister in holy things
The joy of many, and the dread of more,
His name a theme for praise, and for reproach?
Tell me! and I will tell thee what is truth.

COWPER.

"WHOSOEVER shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," is the counsel which He gives us who best knows what is good. In this counsel I feel disposed to stand with respect to J. A. Jones, who has, without any provocation on my part, smitten me.

In the September VESSEL, he thus opens his attack upon me.—

"This is exactly the case with an *ephemeris* (ephemeral) performance on "Duty Faith," by one Dixon Burn. He has puffed it off as well as he could; but alas! it appears it does not sell as his expectation, and, unfortunately, he can obtain no reply. This seems to mortify him, as is apparent by his piece in the EARTHEN VESSEL for last month. Poor man! he can hardly keep his temper."

What, I ask, is my offence, that I am thus provoked, reviled, and defamed? "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil, but if not, why smitest thou me?" One would have thought that J. A. Jones had had enough of such provoking language of late to make him sick of it, in his unhappy affray with the editor of the *Gospel Standard*, who, forgetful of his high position, and of that honour due to the aged, contemptuously called J. A. Jones, "the poor old man!" repeating the odious phrase to the grief of many that stood in his opinion, and which at last brought down upon himself the just indignation of others. There is an honour that is due to the aged, and more especially to those who, like J. A. Jones, deserve well of the church. "Thou shalt arise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, is the command of God, a principle that nature itself teaches us, and which no man is warranted in breaking, though old men have many faults and infirmities ever tempting us to do so.

Although I esteem Mr. Philpot very highly for his work's sake, and pay more deference to him than to any man living, it grieved me greatly to see him treat an aged minister of the gospel so unaccountably. But it appears that I am now to be tried by this same man of venerable years, whom in my heart I so grieved for. J. A. Jones was the first to attack Mr. Philpot, and he is foremost again to do battle with me. His fingers still tingle at the sound of war; his veins still swell for the contest, and he is first on the field. Surely it is a truth that all old generals have the fire of youth in them; at least they think so; although most other people will conclude that quietness would more become them. As all senior belligerents use old tactics, so J. A. Jones perpetuates the blunders of the last century. He cannot animadvert on a book

without smiting the author, nor contend earnestly for the truth, without fighting with the man. Hence it is that he comes to me with mocking words to provoke me.—"Poor man! he can hardly keep his temper!" Thus he for whom I grieved, because he was dishonoured by Mr. Philpot, provokes me by similar contemptuous language. Alas, what is man! Shall I therefore now rebel, and answer him word for word? No, I will not. But I will grieve still more, because our nobles, our mighty men of valour, in contending for the truth, have turned from the truth, which should be the only object of battle, to contend with one another.

Mr. Jones comes down upon me again. "I shall not condescend to enter the arena of this controversy with Mr. Burn." Surely if he would, Mr. Burn would not presume to accept him. A man of fourscore years and four, will not be a very enviable antagonist. But what a haughty speech for an aged Dissenter! how he exalts himself! swells his chest! raises high his bowed shoulders! stretches his neck! and scorns his adversary! Now I would that this aged minister did really preserve a becoming dignity, and not condescend to that which is mean indeed. To speak proudly, to exalt himself, to degrade a stranger, to treat him unaccountably, to expose him to contempt, to provoke him to anger,—are mean things which no aged servant of our Lord Jesus Christ should ever condescend to do.

Unfortunately, Mr. Jones gives from my book a *garbled* quotation, which does not express my meaning. One would have thought he would have been more careful of this, having so recently been rebuked for a similar fault. I shall, however, give him the honour of doing me justice by leaving him to correct his own mistake, which I charitably conclude arises not from design, but infirmity. But such mistakes as often bring him into suspicion, and others unjustly into disrepute, should warn him to retire from the scenes of conflict, being content with the honours he has gained, lest his glory be turned into shame.

Chapter and verse is everything with Mr. Jones. But I am sorry to observe that this method of argument is grown stale, like many other things which were in repute in his day. It is, however, a necessity of the times. Chapters and verses have been so often brought to support almost any thing, till there are few people now that have any confidence in them. Nor is it to be wondered at, when Mr. Jones quotes John vi and 29, to shew that faith is the work of God which he doth, when the natural conscience shews, that believing is a work of God which he has commanded us to do.

The worthies of Mr. Jones's times have also passed away. Few besides himself have ever heard their names; and their works that he tells us of, served their purpose no doubt, and accomplished some good, but they are out of print now, and not likely to be wanted again. They were to use Mr. Jones's words, "*ephemeral performances.*"

Even Mr. J. A. Jones's confession of faith, will scarcely survive him in its present

form. What he transcribes, I do most cordially approve; and I also repudiate the Fullerian sentiment of duty of faith. I do no more believe, or teach, that the faith of God's elect is a duty than he does. And if Mr. Jones had been as ready to hear as he is to speak—as ready to lay hold of the truth, as he was to expose me to contempt, he might have discovered this in my last letter, and spared me the trouble of repeating it.

Mr. Jones says, "I expect those honoured brethren don't think his pamphlet worth notice." This is very uncharitable, and evidently intended to be provoking. What, does Mr. Jones tempt me to answer him according to his folly? Let him know that I will not do so. God has taught me that I ought not, and I fear Him more than all the scolding of John Andrews Jones.

But, perhaps, after all, my defamer may be in the secret of these honoured brethren, and has only prematurely divulged what at last must transpire. If so, it may not be amiss to take this opportunity of making these confederates understand their position.

When any one issues a work from the press, he steps out of his own private sphere of labour into the great circle of the public, and has the whole world for his audience, as far as his work extends. And if he sends forth a formal challenge, daring any one to answer him, he makes himself responsible to reply to any man who respectfully and earnestly accepts it. Now Mr. Foreman, supported by Mr. Wells, has issued a work denying the duty of faith, and therein he has formally challenged any one to answer it, backed by the degrading consequence to those whom he opposes, that, if no attempt be made to prove

him wrong, he will conclude it is because his remarks on duty faith cannot be refuted, and that silence is deemed the most convenient.

Now I would observe that I was not in haste to examine this work. More than twelve months elapsed before my examination appeared. Sufficient opportunity was therefore given for any abler hands, if there were any forthcoming, to undertake the task. But none appears. I stand alone on the ground, ready to try the truth of the doctrine. Mr. Foreman has passed his word as a man of truth, saying, "If any sort of an earnest attempt be made to prove me wrong by the unjarring testimony of the word of God, the same shall have my most earnest attention." If, therefore, he declines a reply to this examination, which I have respectfully and earnestly laid before the public, and which I am persuaded completely removes the foundation of his position, it is but just that his own words should return into his own bosom. By refusing to give my performance a respectful consideration on account of any petty or equivocating grounds, he either forfeits his own word, and makes himself contemptible, or that same degrading consequence lies at his door which he placed at that of others; namely, it is because no answer can be given, and therefore "silence is deemed the most convenient."

Having felt that a reply to Mr. Jones was necessary, I have endeavoured to make it as edifying as the subject would allow. Hoping that you will not deem it unworthy of a place in THE EARTHEN VESSEL, I subscribe myself, in the faith of Christ Jesus,

DIXON BUEN.

Houghton-le-Spring.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THE ORDINATION OF MR. HENRY MYERSON.

(Continued from last month.)

BUT my contrivances proved a failure; I was not able to obtain my point; the boy that was to run after us, was determined to chase me more than the rest. This annoyed me very much. I kept my temper as long as I could; but at length it got the better of me, I turned round, and in my temper struck him.

"Why do you run after me more than the rest?" I said. "There are other boys beside me; why not give them the chase?"

They all turned a deaf ear to my remonstrance, and commenced upbraiding me.

"You! that proposed to us the subject of religion—the first one to do wrong."

I felt ashamed of it; and again concluded I should never be a Christian. I thought that I would try no longer; it was quite useless; and concluded hell would be my portion; for I should never be holy; but I

have to thank the Lord that he would not give me up. I often thought of death and judgment, and wondered what would become of me. Sometimes I would try to pray that God would have mercy upon me. I now see the Lord was (at this early age) at work in my soul. I could not get rid of these serious impressions, although I tried hard to do so; which led me to pray for mercy. Thus I went on till I left school, which was at the age of 14 years, and was bound apprentice to a clock-case maker. I mention this because it is one of the links in the chain of God's providential dealings in bringing me to this place, which I shall have to introduce presently.

I shall never forget how I dreaded leaving school. I thought, I am going out into the world; I shall have to meet with all sorts of society;—swearers, Sabbath-breakers, and song-singers. I was quite sure of this—because some of the young men who were educated in the school, would sometimes pay us a visit, and would swear most awfully,

and would also sing songs. This I very much feared. But, as I have stated, I was apprenticed, and I prayed God to keep me from these sins. I had to work in a shop with men that could swear, and lie, and get drunk, and also sing songs; and I soon found that I could swear as bad as they—lie as bad as they—and sing songs as bad as they; indeed, I was inclined to every thing that was wicked; and, but for the grace of God, I had been in hell before now; but I bless my God that he graciously appeared, and stopped me in my mad pursuit after sin. I was thus going on, seeking my eternal ruin, pursuing an evil cause with eagerness; and, although I saw my danger, and dreaded the end, I could not stop my feet; but, what I could not do, the Lord did for me.

One Sunday, my brother, who took a deep interest in my eternal welfare, felt constrained to talk to me on religious matters. He said,

"You are going on in a bad course, I should like to see you different; suppose that instead of going Sabbath-breaking next Sunday, you go with me to chapel? there is a very excellent preacher at Long Acre I should like you to hear, for I feel convinced that you would like him."

I agreed to go; for although I was thus going wrong, I still felt very anxious about my soul.

The next Sunday I was at my brother's residence very early; and we sang a few hymns together; my brother prayed; and, at eleven o'clock, I accompanied him to the chapel. Mr. Break, who was minister of the place, did not preach; and I cannot recollect the text, neither any of the sermon. The next Sunday I went to my brother; as before stated it was then the Lord met me. Oh! I shall never forget it. Mr. Break was speaking then about the mercy-seat; the cherubim of glory, and the shekinah; and, after saying that God was present in the Holy or Holies, he said, "And God is in this place." "Oh! man," said he, "what are you before this great God? You are like a moth, and could be as easily crushed; or a worm; you walk your garden—you see a worm—you tread on it—it dies. O, say you, it is only a worm. Such art thou before God: yea, less than that; you are but dust and ashes." This made me feel my nothingness, and God's greatness; and I felt what a sinner I had been; and again I made up my mind that I would be a Christian; for I was quite ignorant of God's power and grace; yet I felt my weakness, and prayed to God to make me good, as I had been taught my goodness was essential to salvation. My brother would often ask me how I was getting on. I told him it was hard work; and he would say, "You must persevere;" for he, like myself, thought it depended upon

ourselves. I would say, "I am afraid I shall not be able to go on." He would reply, "You must not look forward to the future; you must only think of the time present; and then you will find it much easier." You see my brother, like myself, concluded that the work depended entirely upon his own perseverance. How I tried to get holy, but alas! I could not. The further I went, the worse I seemed to get, and, instead of going forward, I appeared to be going backward every day; often when I retired to rest did I fear to close mine eyes in sleep, lest I should wake up in hell. I very often wished I had never been born, for I felt convinced that I should be lost.

Year after year I had thus to mourn over my state, until I was almost frantic. One evening whilst in this state of distraction, I went into my bedroom, took my Bible, but felt almost afraid to open it, for I had gone often and again to this blessed book, and could only find that it sealed my condemnation: but I prayed God to let me read something in his holy word that would comfort me. I opened on the eighth chapter of Romans, and mine eyes fastened on these words, "All things work together for good to them that love God; to them who are *called* according to his purpose; for whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren; moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." Here my eyes were partly opened. I saw, for the first time, that God had an elect people, and I hoped that I was one. Now I had never heard the truth preached in my life; it appeared quite a new doctrine to me, and I felt much delighted and comforted with it. I read it two or three times. I thought it was quite clear,—for predestination means before ordained. Thus the Holy Spirit opened mine eyes to see and mine heart to receive the truth without any help from man; and I can truly say that I received it not of man, but of God.

Finding this truth in the Bible, I began to talk about it. One Sunday I went to my brother, and I soon introduced the subject. I said,

"Thomas, God has got an elect people."

"He has got an elect people!" said he, with surprise, "who told you that?"

"Well," I said, "I read it in the Bible."

"Where?" said he.

"In the eighth and ninth chapters of Romans," for I had read the ninth chapter as well before I saw him. Well, he seemed very alarmed, and told me that it was a most awful doctrine; he hoped I would not think any more about it.

"Why not?" I said, "it is in the Bible; read those chapters yourself, and see what Paul says about it."

"Oh," he said, "Paul was only a man."

"Now," I replied, "Thomas, you know better; Paul writes by holy inspiration."

But, however, he was determined not to have it, and was so cross with me that night (for I was his bedfellow), that he would not bid me good night. Shortly after this it pleased the Lord to open his eyes, through the instrumentality of a Christian friend, Mr. Stubbins; and then he spoke very differently to me; he told me that he had embraced a new doctrine, and that was election.

"Oh," I said, "it is not new to me, but I am thankful to see the change."

But as my eyes were partly open, I could not see clear; I was not able to read my title clear, but was full of doubts, and continued for some time to look at myself, and God's holy law; and thus judge, because I was sinful I was not a child of God. About this time I heard of a Mr. Banks; I went to hear him preach, and the Lord blessed his sermon to my soul.

(To be continued.)

YELLING, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

—Anniversary services of Yelling Baptist Chapel took place on the 30th of July. Mr E. J. Silvertown, of Carlton, Beds, preached in the afternoon to a crowded congregation. The Spirit was pleased to help Mr. S. to preach the word with power, to the comfort of many saints. It was a great day for Yelling. At night Mr. J. Keed preached. There was a great contrast between the two sermons. The afternoon, by Mr Silvertown, was a free grace sermon; the evening by Mr Keed was a free will sermon. Two hundred persons took tea in the afternoon at 1s. each. People came from many miles around. The following day, the children had their treat; Mr. Silvertown gave them an address; after which, they had plum cake and tea, and then went to play in a large field. About 400 people then sat to a right good tea, provided at 6d. each. At night we had a public meeting under Pollar Brown's tent. After two or three had spoken, Mr. Silvertown spoke with much power and the meeting closed. It was the best anniversary ever known of Yelling.

WELLINGBOROUGH, NORTH-

HUNTINGDONSHIRE. On Lord's-day, August 4th. Mr. E. J. Silvertown, of Carlton, Beds, preached in the Corn Exchange, Wellingborough, three times. The morning congregation was very good, afternoon full, at night the place was crowded. Before the service, some two or three hundred went away, not being able to get in. We trust the gospel there preached will be made very powerful to saints and sinners. The hall is large enough for 1,500 people. We felt powerfully that God was in that place. We had good collections. On the Monday evening, Messrs. Drawbridge and Silvertown held a harvest meeting in Mr. T.

Coles's orchard. It was a good sight to see about 1,500 people come to hear the God of earth and heaven extolled. We hope the dry bones in Wellingborough had a shaking. May Christ be glorified.

WANDSWORTH.—THE Baptist Chapel having been closed for alterations and repairs, was opened on Lord's-day, Sep. 15th, 1861. Mr. Ball, the respected pastor, preached in the morning from Psalm lxxxiv., 1; in the afternoon, C. W. Banks preached a soul-comforting, and heart-cheering discourse from 2 Chronicles xxx, part of verse 18, "Hezekiah prayed for them;" taking Hezekiah as a type of the Lord Jesus Christ, he shewed in a variety of ways how the Lord was interested in a coming, sin-oppressed, and conscience-smitten sinner. Many present expressed their thankfulness to the Great Head of the church for such soul-humbling, Christ-exalting truths his servant was enabled to set forth. In the evening that champion for truth, the pastor of Mount Zion, Mr. Foreman, preached a solemn, and deeply impressive sermon from Isaiah lxvii. 1, "Who is this that cometh from Edom?" &c. The subject was treated in such a manner as to rivet the breathless attention of a crowded congregation for upwards of an hour and a-quarter, to the evident delight and soul satisfaction of his hearers. One aged Christian said, "I had but little sleep that night; my mind was so occupied with the weighty truths that man of God had been uttering." It was a solemn and yet a delightful day to many. And it is cheering to contemplate that in this day of conformity to the world, there are some of the Lord's servants standing out boldly in their Master's cause. May their number be increased. On the following Monday, the friends had a tea meeting in their chapel, and mutually enjoyed "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." After addresses were delivered by several ministers of the neighbourhood (Mr. Ball presiding), a hymn was sung, and Mr. Ball called on the senior deacon to open the meeting by prayer, which, being ended, he gave a very brief statement of his connection with that church and people, and, having expressed his pleasure in being surrounded by his ministering brethren, he requested his Christian friend and brother, Mr. Davison, pastor of the Independent Church in the neighbourhood, to say a few words, who kindly responded, and delivered a feeling and affectionate address on Christian fellowship. He was followed by the respected pastor of Ebenezer Chapel, Clapham, Mr. H. Hall, in a neat and friendly speech, which was well received by the friends present. Mr. Genders, the pastor of the Baptist Church recently formed at Wandsworth by Mr. Spurgeon, then addressed a few remarks on the oneness of Christians in Christ Jesus, &c. The Wimbledon pastor, Mr. Snow, then rose to address the meeting; he is much respected by the Wandsworth friends, yet they were sorry at the folly of his address. The church at Wandsworth is as fond of the truth as any of their brethren, but discretion is likewise a virtue. Mr. Ball made a few closing remarks, and dismissed the friends by a few words of prayer. Thus ended the interesting and I learn, profitable services connected with that house of God.

Sep. 18th, 1861.

VERMS.

LOWESTOFT.—PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHURCH, TONNING STREET.—It hath pleased our gracious God to raise up a cause in Lowestoft for the extension of His kingdom and for the promotion of His glory, and where His saving power has been displayed in the conversion of immortal souls; and where His people have been edified and built up. We have every reason to be thankful for all His mercies toward us, especially when we were shut up and could not come forth. Then we cried unto the Lord, and He heard us, and delivered us out of our distress; He opened out a way clear, so we were enabled to come forth and to stand bold to defend the truth as

it is in Christ Jesus. Let all the glory be ascribed to our delivering God who hath done this wondrous act. Now we are enabled to sit under our vine and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid. We have opposition on every hand, and false accusations: Christ's gospel will have all this by the way; but let us take courage and rejoice. The Lord did not only raise up a cause in Lowestoft, but likewise raised up one amongst us to minister unto us the word of life—one who stands forth boldly and declares the whole council of God—one who preaches the unflinching, discriminating grace of God to perishing sinners. And the Lord hath blessed the word to many souls; may the Lord bless our dear pastor continually. We can say of a truth, the Lord doth hear and answer our petitions. Mr. Dunn, our beloved pastor, hath laboured with us over twelve months; and the call he had from the Church is terminated. It was proposed by the members of the Church to hold a special prayer-meeting on the 2nd of September, for the purpose of beseeching Divine aid and assistance, to be guided and directed in the important matter of choosing our highly-esteemed Brother Dunn as minister, as he leaves himself entirely in the hands of the Lord. If the Church approve of him, he should take it to be the mind of the Lord; if not approved, it would be the Lord's will concerning him. Six engaged in prayer; the Divine presence was felt and realized among us, which caused us to rejoice in the God of our salvation. A hymn sung and dismissed. On the following Monday evening, 9th inst., a meeting was called for each member to state their mind, whether for or against, and we found out of fifty-two members, three opponents; but the meeting passed on in a loving spirit. I can say from experience that my soul is greatly blessed under Mr. Dunn's preaching, and others as well; so the Church chose Mr. Dunn to be their pastor. United prayers are continually ascending up to God on behalf of our dear pastor, that the Lord would copiously pour down upon him the spirit of wisdom and all that he stands in need of. Our fervent prayer and success attend all his labours. Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

E. MASTESON.

SOUTHWARK.—UNICORN YARD CHAPEL, TOOLEY STREET.—DEAR Brother Banks.—After a walk of two miles through the rain, I have just reached my dwelling in a prayerful and contemplative state of mind, arising from a meditation upon those gracious and blessed truths that to-night I have been privileged to hear fall from your lips in your ancient sanctuary. I do not know why I should write to you, but as I passed homewards, over London Bridge and through the crowd in Cheapside, a voice continued ringing in my ears, "Write to Brother Banks." Who can tell but that our great and blessed Master designs that some spiritual benefit shall flow therefrom? While I am writing in a thankful and prayerful spirit, that God should have raised up such men as yourself and others to feed the Church of God, you may be sitting down mourning and desponding under a harassing temptation from the Evil One, that your labours to-night in the pulpit have been all in vain. Well, now, my desire is to proffer a word of encouragement. I believe no class of men under Heaven need *encouragement* more than God's ministers. They have plenty to *discourage* them; and if our erring judgments were the correct standard by which such things should be measured, some men would *appear* to have more than their share. But 'tis not so. Our covenant God superintends all their trials, and the heat of every furnace through which they may be called to pass is regulated by a hand Omnipotent and Divine.

Your sermon to-night was based upon those solemn words contained in the sixteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel, 22nd and following verses, and while discoursing upon some of the evil things that the children of God were subjected to in their time state, you said, amongst other things were "the harassing temptations of the wicked one;" how often the child of God was filled with blasphemous, hard, and uncharitable thoughts against the best of beings—

his Redeemer, Benefactor, and Friend; and you observed, "I have felt it to-night in the pulpit." Oh! what a word of comfort was that to my soul; although never tempted with the particular temptation referred to, yet I have been harassed, and sorely tempted with the most distressing thoughts when standing in the sacred desk, and have wondered again and again whether a man could be a child of God, and a sent messenger from the King of kings, who was the subject of these things. But I feel with yourself that I still carry about with me a "body of sin and death," that will be the subjects of sharp and severe temptations until I drop the cumbrous clod in the dust, and take my place in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

And to-night has not been the only period that your efforts from the pulpit, as well as through the press, have been made a blessing to my soul. Believe me, I mean no fulsome flattery by this statement; but I do desire most sincerely to bear my testimony to the usefulness of a man, who, through evil and good report, by God's grace continues unto this day; and although not possessing a hot, fiery, controversial, and contentions spirit, has never been backward (so far as I have been able to judge) in sounding an alarm in Zion; in raising a voice of warning when danger has been at hand; and in presenting a bold, resolute, and unflinching front against the enemies of our God and his Christ, when error with rapid strides has been seen advancing.

I have never had but three conversations with you, and two out of that number have been amid the noise and bustle of this millioned people city; but from the pulpit, through the pages of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and some of your other publications, God has rendered you instrumental in leading me from the bondage of Arminianism, and the entanglements of free-will, to embrace those blessed and distinguishing truths that sparkle like gems in a mine upon almost every page of the book of God. And never shall I forget the feelings of my heart, the emotions of my soul, as you led me down into THE WATER, in Unicorn-yard Chapel, as the mist and fog that had so long enveloped me, appeared to be chased away, and the last cloud of doctrinal error rolled from my mind. Never shall I forget, I believe, the feelings of gratitude to God that filled my soul; that after numberless conflicts, known only to God and myself, and after twelve or thirteen years' active labour in the Methodist Church, that I was at last brought to embrace, receive cordially into my heart, and enjoy the doctrines of sovereign and distinguishing grace. My earnest prayer to God is, that you (as an instrument in his hands) may be rendered still more efficient in guiding multitudes, not only from the paths of error, but of darkness and sin, into the good old path that brightens to the perfect day. Rest assured, that while you have enemies, you have also friends, real friends, tried friends; detractors and persecutors may seek to injure you, and put wrong constructions upon your motives, but rest assured that there are hundreds and thousands of the "living in Jerusalem," who love you for your works' sake, and whose fervent breathings ascend to the God of all grace in your behalf. May God bless you; may patience, perseverance, and holy courage continue to be distinguishing features in your character, may the fruits of the blessed Spirit beautify and adorn your life, and at last may heaven with its glories, the presence of Jesus! the society of angels, patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings; and the multitude who shall be the crown of your rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus, be your portion for ever, Amen! So prays

Sept. 15th, 1861.

A WELL WISHER.

KEPPEL STREET.—The church under the pastoral care of Mr. S. Milner, Reopened their chapel on Sunday, Sep. 16th, after being repaired and beautified. The sermons were preached by the pastor Mr. Milner.

MR. HAZELTON'S SERMON.—*Sir,*

—In the September number of the *VESSEL*, page 230, my attention was drawn to a translation of the 4th verse of the 144th Psalm, by Mr. Hazelton, which, although ingenious, still is not satisfactory. David seems to be giving his experience of the mercies of God. "Blessed be the Lord my strength, my defender, in whom I trust." What is man, and what am I that I should have been so favoured and honoured! If we look at the repetition of the text (Psalm viii. 4), we find him surveying the works of creation, and then, as every man that bath the grace of God in his heart when looking at his own iniquities, must exclaim, wonderful is it that man, fallen man should be minded and regarded by the Great Creator, and visited with the tokens of his love. The Hebrew language has four distinct original words for the noun man, while the English has but one for the same object. These words are *Adam*, mankind, man (made) of the earth. *Eesh*, a man of virtue, valiant. *Gever*, a man of strength, physical power. *Enosh*, a mortal man, weak, feeble. Thus, for example, "And God said, let us make man (*Adam*) in our image." Gen. i. 26.—"When Joshua was by Jericho, behold there stood a man (*Eesh*) over against him."—Joshua v. 13. "Are thy days as the days of man? (*Enosh*) are thy years as man's days?" (*Gever*). Job. x. 5.—"What is man (*Enosh*) that thou art mindful of him; and the son of man (*Adam*) that thou visitest him?" J. J. JONES.

Mount-street, Guildford, Sept. 17.

STONEHOUSE.—Our Christian brother Greenslade has favoured us with the following note of information:—*MY DEAR FRIEND.*—In reply to your affectionate enquiries, in regard to my labours in the Gospel at Ebenezer Chapel, in this town, I beg to say, that less than three months ago, the cause of Christ connected with that place was in the most prostrate and depressed condition. Some of the Saviour's friends trembled for the ark. Subsequently, however, the word preached has been clothed with power. The number of very attentive hearers has greatly increased, and manifestly good has been done, and is still being done. Last week, I received from the church meeting in the above chapel, a most cordial and strictly unanimous invitation to the pastorate. After much solemn reflection, blended with fervent prayer for Divine guidance, and consultation with beloved Christian friends who worship in other parts of the town, or in the neighbourhood, I have deliberately and solemnly accepted their invitation, and shall enter on my stated labours among them (D.V.) on the first Lord's-day in October next. Conscious of my dependence on Divine blessing, I enter this extensive and responsible sphere of action; blessing is promised. He is faithful who has promised; therefore I both *implore* and *expect* what my God has promised. I am,

Affectionately yours in our reigning Head,
Mr. Greenslade. Wk. WELCH.
35, Union-street, Stonehouse, Aug. 27th, 1861.

HAMMERSMITH.—Being well acquainted with Hammersmith, I can answer your question, There is no room opened for the preaching of the Truth. I have no doubt did a Free-grace Gospel minister go, it would cause a great sensation; as the most part of the people are Duty-faith and Free-willers, with a goodly number of Roman Catholics. I should rejoice to hear a sent servant of the Most High fearlessly proclaim the blessed Gospel in that place.—C. K. ["C. K.," and our correspondent who made the enquiry should endeavour to raise a cause in Hammersmith. We shall be glad to render any aid in furthering so desirable an end. Let the attempt be made, and look to the Lord for his blessing. —Ed.]

RISELY.—Beds. On Tuesday, September 17th, Mr. Pells, of London, preached two sermons

on the occasion of our Anniversary and Harvest Thanksgiving. In the afternoon, Mr. Pells preached on the grand theme, Salvation, and in the evening, delivered an excellent discourse on the Harvest, from Matt. xiii. 38, 39. In consequence of the Anniversary at Sharnbrook, and other meetings in the immediate neighbourhood, the attendance was not so large as on former occasions, nevertheless, the collections were good, and the Lord of Hosts was with us.

QUEENSLAND.—By the last mail we have an interesting letter from Mr. John Kingsford, who at the end of last year left England for this beautiful colony. A want of space prevents its insertion in the *Vessel*; we have therefore inserted it in *CHEERING WORDS*, under the head of "Songs of Praise from Queensland." It is an expression of gratitude to the Lord for mercies by sea and by land. It will well repay our readers for a perusal. Mr. Kingsford hopes by the next mail to forward the first part of his "Reminiscences of his Voyage," which we hope will prove of interest to our readers.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—The Anniversary of Providence Chapel was held on Monday, September 2nd, and the people spent a happy and profitable day, in listening to the solemn verities of the Gospel as proclaimed by our brethren Foreman, Pells, and Milner, who themselves also seemed happy in their work.

TRING.—Ebenezer Chapel, West End. On Tuesday, September 10th, our brother Pells, of Soho, preached two sermons in behalf of the Sabbath school. The attendance was good, in the evening very full, and the presence of the Lord was in our midst, which made many hearts glad. Several more of late have been added to the Church, one of whom was blessed under the ministry of Mr. Pells when he preached in a barn at Long Marston.

HORSTED-KEYNES, NEAR EAST GRINSTEAD.—A few of the Lord's people worshipping together at Horsted-Keynes, near East Grinstead, have been enabled to erect a neat and substantial chapel, which they opened on Thursday, the 26th day of September, 1861. Mr. Atkinson, of Brighton, spoke in the afternoon; and C. W. Banks, of London, morning and evening.

CHESHUNT.—On Tuesday, Sep. 10th, the neat little Baptist Chapel was tastefully decorated, on the occasion of the harvest home meeting. At half-past 4, a smiling company of 60 sat down to partake of a comfortable tea. After tea, a goodly number of friends had assembled, when the rustic meeting commenced by the chairman giving out the beautiful hymn,

"Come let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one."

After an address by Mr. Asgathorpe (who occupied the chair), brethren Dearsley, Frome, Grant, Harris, and Bridle each addressed the friends on subjects in connection with the harvest home. The little cause is enlarging, and I trust we shall see the Lord's work prosper in this place.

JOHN HARRIS.

SHARNBROOK.—On Wednesday, September 17th, we held our harvest-meeting at Bethlehem Chapel, Sharnbrook, when two sermons were preached by Mr. W. Leach, of Northampton. The collections, with the proceeds of a tea-meeting in Mr. Chappell's field, amounted to upwards of nine pounds, by which the remaining debt on the chapel was entirely removed. It was a glorious day on all accounts, and terminated with a song of thanksgiving to Zion's King. T. CORRY.

BISHOPSGATE STREET.—OPENING OF ARTILLERY LANE CHAPEL.—The party who were expelled from the church at Zoor Chapel, on account of the Sonship question; and who first took Zealand Hall,—have now removed to the above commodious place of worship. The chapel has been purchased by Mr. Harris for the church, and has been thoroughly cleaned and painted both inside and out. We suppose it is capable of accommodating between 600 and 700 persons. On Sunday, Sep. 1st, it was opened, when two excellent discourses were delivered by Mr. William Crowther, of Gomersal. On the following Monday, Mr. Crowther formed the church, and administered the ordinance of Believers' Baptism. On the Tuesday following, a public meeting was held in the same place. The chair was occupied by Mr. Crowther; and Mr. Milner opened the meeting by prayer. Addresses were then delivered by Messrs. W. Palmer, S. Cozens, S. Milner, J. Anderson, who spoke at some length on the Sonship question. A very excellent spirit pervaded the assembly. We hope the church here may realize a large share of the Divine favour and blessing.

RAMSGATE.—“Where is Mr. Isaac Comfort gone to?” many have inquired upon reaching Ramsgate this year. For their information, Mr. Comfort preaches at the Assembly Room, Camden-road, every Sunday morning at a quarter to 11; evening at half-past 6; and at his residence, 31, Hardres-street, Tuesday evening at 7 p.m.; also holds a prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7 p.m. A VISITOR.

HARROW-WEALD.—Mr. John Garrod, (late of Camden Town.) is now preaching the gospel at Harrow-Weald. His address is No. 3, Pleasant place, near the Station, Harrow, Middlesex. Some tokens for good are seen: prosperity is prayed for. It is hoped our brother may be permanently useful there.

THE HARVEST.—From No. 38 of the *Gospel Times* we quote the following important paragraph. We think the subject is one which deserves the attention of those Churches where the matter has been neglected:—

“Why do not our London Churches commemorate the goodness of God in the Harvest?—In all parts of the country, meetings are now holden, and thanksgivings to heaven are presented, for that beautiful and seasonable weather granted; and for the good supply of the fruits of the earth afforded. This is decidedly good. But why our London churches have no express gatherings of the kind we cannot tell. Dependent as our three millions of people are upon the daily and hourly bounties of Providence, surely it is not grateful silently to pass such a glorious season by unheeded.”

MR. WILLIAM BIDDER.—We have received a note from brother Bidder: this assures us he is somewhat recovered from his deep and heavy affliction. His earnest request is that our readers will peruse the following from the exalted mind of Augustus Toplady, on the 1st verse of the 1st chapter of the 1st of Timothy: “Paul, an Apostle of Jesus Christ according to the express, or authoritative designation of Jesus Christ, our God, Saviour, and Lord.” So the passage may be rendered, and so perhaps it ought to be understood in its nature and most obvious construction. Paul would have delivered himself in a far more guarded style, had not the Son of God been indeed *God the Son*.”

BATH.—EBENEZER CHAPEL.—On Lord's-day, Sep. 1st, a pleasing scene was again witnessed on the banks of the Avon, when Mr. Huntly baptized in the river twenty four believers. The Lord appears to be greatly honouring our brother's labours here; ninety have been added to the church this year; the chapel is crowded with anxious hearers.

BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Mr. James Wells's Sermon, entitled, “*The Unpardonable Sin not Unpardonable*,” has created some debate, and strong controversial notes. We are not willing to kindle the flame; but if an intelligent refutation was written (as suggested), we say not it would be rejected. Brother Bidder's decision is very severe.

“*Christ the Centre: or Why do we meet in his Name alone?*” London: G. Morrish, 24, Warwick-lane (twopeuce.) Objection to some things in this pamphlet might be urged; but it is, on the whole, a serious exposition of the causes of many evils in our churches. That the Lord does give his Church settled and ordained pastors, is, to us, a great Bible fact; and an unspeakable blessing, in many cases, to Zion: that the office of the ministry has been fearfully abused, is too painful a reality for us to dwell upon. We love the spirit of this tract, and some of its contents.

“*Lectures on Various Important Subjects, delivered at Mount Zion Chapel, Devonport, during the winter of 1860-61.* Published by request. By the Rev. J. Vaughan, Pastor of the Church.” London: R. Banks and Co. Pp. 275. Cloth, 3s. This is a work displaying no ordinary amount of talent, and proves the author to be a man of God, endowed with considerable literary acquirements. The subjects treated on are most important, and in handling the same, much originality and depth of mind is apparent. Mr. Vaughan has gained for himself and the cause of truth at Devonport a position we should be pleased to see other ministers and churches of Truth occupying in our towns and cities. The following are the titles of the subjects discoursed upon in the volume before us:—The Excellency of Knowledge; Necessity for, and proofs of the Divine Existence; Man, and what we know of him; Atheism and its difficulties; Unity of the Divine Nature; Trinity of Divine Persons in the Godhead; Real and perfect Humanity of Christ; Essential Divinity of Christ; Personality and Godhead of the Holy Ghost; Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; God in Creation; God in Providence; God in Grace; Nature of the necessity for the Atonement; Efficacy and completeness of the Atonement; Immortality of the Soul; Existence and personality of Satan; The past and future of our Earth considered.

“*Memoirs of Sarah Lapworth.* Collected from her papers, to which is added, Her Letters and Poems. By Joseph Crampin.” Cloth, 1s. 6d. An interesting memoir of the work of grace in the conversion, work, way, and death of an industrious and energetic Sabbath-School teacher. To the earnest and simple child of God this will prove a sweet and encouraging help by the way. To those connected with Sabbath-School labours it will be deeply interesting.

Harvest Home. A Sermon preached in Unicorn Yard Baptist Chapel, Tooley-street, Southwark. By Charles Waters Banks, the Pastor. London: R. Banks & Co. We merely notice the issue of this sermon, and leave it with our readers to review it themselves. If they will *all* do that, we shall be satisfied this notice was not in vain.

“*Mrs. H. B. Stowe's Letter to Lord Shaftesbury on the American War.* 1d. London: G. J. Stevenson.” In this letter of Mrs. Stowe's to Lord Shaftesbury, the present distressing civil war in America is discussed in a spirit becoming the author of “Uncle Tom's Cabin.” We think if this letter was largely circulated among the people of England they would better understand the position of the slave in this unhappy struggle.

“*The Christian Pathway; and Pastor's Scrap Book.*” Volume I. By William Flack. Cloth, 2s. 6d. This is the first volume of Mr. Flack's monthly; its principal contents consist of incidents and recollections of his missionary and ministerial life; with original sermons, &c. &c. The book is full of interest to the humble Christian.

The Great Welsh Evangelist—

CHRISTMAS EVANS.

[A CHAPTER ON REAL REVIVALS.]

[*The Eclectic Review* is a first class monthly, containing selected reviews of the lives of some of the best of men—and critiques upon many good books. In every point it answers to its title. The October number contains a full review of the life of good old Christmas Evans. We have extracted therefrom largely, and, consequently, we are indebted to them for the following article. The *Eclectic* is published by Messrs. Ward and Co., Paternoster Row; price One Shilling.]

CHRISTMAS EVANS was the child of very poor parents—Samuel and Joanna Evans. At the age of seventeen, Christmas could not read a word. He was born at Esgaiswen, in the parish of Llandysul, Cardiganshire, on Christmas day, 1766, says his friend and biographer, Rhys Stephen—1776, says his later biographer, Mr. Cross. Probably Mr. Stephen is correct. His father was a shoemaker, but he died when the lad was only nine years of age, and his wife and children became even, in some measure, dependent on the parish for support. He was taken by an uncle, Mr. James Lewis, to his farm, and for six years he was abandoned to utter neglect. His years were passed in complete poverty, in most servile employments; he had neither friend nor home. An imagination, however, so vivid and vigorous, must have frequently been awakened amidst the sublime scenery of the glorious hills and valleys by which he was surrounded. The influences by which he was surrounded were entirely depraving; yet, in his seventeenth year, he became the subject of deep religious impressions, although they were kindled in a church whose pastor was strongly influenced by Arian views, as were many ministers in Wales in that day—Mr. Daniel Davies. He was the patriarch and pastor of Castell Hywel.

There came a great awakening at Castell Hywel, a great desire for religious knowledge. In those days scarce one person in ten could read at all, even in the language of the country: so says Christmas Evans, "We"—that is, the young converts—"bought Bibles and candles, and were accustomed to meet together in a barn in the evening, at Penyralltfaus, and thus in about a month I was able to read the Bible in my mother tongue. I was vastly delighted with so much learning. This, however, did not satisfy me, but I borrowed books and learnt a little English. Mr. Davies, my pastor, understood that I thirsted for knowledge, and took me to his school, where I stayed for six months. Here I went through the Latin grammar, but so low were my circum-

stances that I could stay there no longer." He soon became the subject of persecution among his companions, and it was about this time that he lost his eye. Six young men fell upon him unawares, and beat him very unmercifully: one of them, using a stick, struck him above the eye, which occasioned the loss of its sight. A very great mistake went abroad that Christmas Evans, before his conversion, was a great boxer. So far otherwise, he says he never fought a battle in his life. The night after this sad disaster, he dreamt that the day of judgment had come. He says, "I saw Jesus in the clouds, and all the world on fire. I was in great fear, yet crying earnestly, and with some confidence for his peace. He answered and said 'Thou thoughtest to be a preacher, but what wilt thou do now? The world is on fire, and it is too late.' On this I awoke." This dream produced a deep impression upon his mind; it recovered him too from some spiritual declension. He was called upon often to the exercises of prayer and exhortation, and he testifies that to this he felt a strong inclination, though, he says, "I knew myself a mass of spiritual ignorance."

His Christian experiences were of a painful nature. He who was wont before the period of true religious feeling and honest and individual application, to attempt to shine in the robes of the departed masters, now that he was thrown upon himself felt all the depression and debasement of a humble heart, and sometimes of a disappointed ministry. He was wont, when he preached, to enter the pulpit with dread; he conceived the very sight of him was enough to becloud the hearts of his hearers, and intercept the light of heaven in its efforts to shine upon their souls. He could not ascertain that he had been the means of salvation to a single hearer during five years of his ministry, and he kept the state of his soul in darkness and in reserve; he drank the wormwood of thought and of bitter feeling alone. We like to read of these experiences; to him they were dark moments, but the light came by and bye into his soul,

and we shall see that his wonderful power over other men was the result of his own deep and solemn acquaintance with the most painful and harassing questions of the human heart. His faith was no cunningly devised fable.

Mr. Evans was greatly blessed in his wife. He married in 1790—the year in which he was ordained at Lleyn, in Caernarvonshire—Catherine Jones. She did not bring him property, but she brought what was of far more importance than property; she was a member of his church. She must have been, when married, very young; for thirty three years she walked with her husband a companion and helpmeet, and as a manager she seems to have been even a miracle of a woman. Her husband's income, for the greater part of their married life, never exceeded thirty pounds; yet she gave food away to poor children and needy folks, and procured and made garments for the poor members of the church, and money and bread for Irish labourers who passed her door on their way to and from the harvests. Her house was always open to itinerant ministers, and she readily administered to them with her own hands; and although her health was never robust, she had so much courage that she was able to accompany her husband on five of his journeys through the greatest portion of Wales, sometimes in the depth of winter, often through storms of rain, and snow, and hail, over dangerous ferries, and through wild and desolate places. She loved the Saviour, and made all the interests of his church hers. They travelled in true apostolic style. Thus we read, when Christmas Evans was 46 years of age, he removed from Lleyn, to the Isle of Anglesea,—that had been his first church and charge, there he had been ordained. There he met and married his wife, but upon his birthday (Christmas-day) they went out to their new country, almost, it might be said, not knowing whither they went. "It was," he says, "a rough day of frost and snow." Of this world's goods they had none. He commenced thus his journey on horse-back, with his wife behind him, and arrived in the evening of the same day at Llangewin. Whatever was his motive for his departure, it was not money; his salary in Anglesea was only £17 per annum, and for twenty years he asked no more. He who said to Abraham, "Fear not; I am thy shield and exceeding great reward," called Christmas Evans forth; and the reason of the call was soon perceived in the large additions made to Abraham's seed, and the Divine influence felt by innumerable souls.

It was in the second year of his ministry at Lleyn that a change came over the ministry of the man. He was in feeble health, and he

set off to South Wales to visit his friends. He was unable to procure a horse for the journey, and the small societies to which he preached were too poor to provide him one. So he set forth on foot, preaching in every town and village through which he passed. He gives the account of many battles in spirit among the mountains. He says, "The roads were lonely, and I was wholly alone. I suffered no interruptions in my wrestlings with God." He says this indeed, of a later period of his spiritual difficulties, but he knew these moments constantly, and a change came over his ministrations. He says,—

"I now felt a power in the word, like a hammer breaking the rock, and not like a rush. I had a very powerful time a Kilvowyr, and also pleasant meetings in the neighbourhood of Cardigan. The work of conversion was progressing so rapidly and with so much energy in those parts, that the ordinance of baptism was administered every month for a year or more at Kilvowyr, Cardigan, Blaenywavn, Blaenffos, and Ebenezer, to from ten to twenty persons each month. The chapels and adjoining burying-grounds were crowded with hearers of a week-day, even in the middle of harvest. I frequently preached in the open air in the evenings—and the rejoicing, singing, and praising would continue until broad light the next morning. The hearers appeared melted down in tenderness at the different meetings, so that they wept streams of tears, and cried out in such a manner that one might suppose the whole congregation, male and female, was thoroughly dissolved by the gospel. 'The word of God' was now become as 'a sharp two-edged sword, dividing asunder the joints and marrow,' and revealing unto the people the secret corruptions of their hearts. Preaching was now unto me a pleasure, and the success of the ministry in all places was very great. The same people attended fifteen or twenty different meetings, many miles apart, in the counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, Caernarthen, Glamorgan, Monmouth and Brecknock. This revival, especially in the vicinity of Cardigan, and in Pembrokeshire—subdued the whole country, and induced people everywhere to think well of religion. The same heavenly gale followed down to Fishguard, Llangloffan, Little New-Castle, and Rhydywylim, where Mr. Gabriel Rees was then a zealous and a powerful preacher. There was such a tender spirit resting on the hearers at this season, from Tabor to Middlemill, that one would imagine, by their weeping and trembling in their places of worship, and all this mingled with so much heavenly cheerfulness, that they would wish to abide for ever in this state of mind." Mr. Evans has often been called the Bunyan

of Wales—the Bunyan of the pulpit. Now we have not one preacher in England who would perhaps dare to use, or who could use well the parabolic style. This was the especial power of Christmas Evans. He excelled in personification; he would seem frequently to have been mastered by this faculty. The abstractions of thought, the disembodied phantoms of another world came clothed in form, and feature, and colour,—at his bidding they came.

“Ghostly shapes
Met him at noontide; fear, and trembling hope,
Silence, and foresight; Death the skeleton,
And Time, the shadow.”

Thus he frequently astounded his congregations by pouring round his subject not merely the varied hues of light and shade, but by the defined shapes and realizations he gave to the eye. We do not wonder to hear him say—“If I only entered the pulpit I felt raised as it were to Paradise—above my afflictions, until I forgot my adversity; yea, I felt my mountain strong. I said to a brother once, ‘Brother, the doctrine, the confidence, and strength I feel will make persons dance with joy in some parts of Wales.’ ‘Yes, brother,’ said he, with tears flowing from his eyes. He was visited by remarkable dreams. Once, previous to a time of great refreshing, he dreamt:—

He thought he was in the church at Caerphilly, and found many harps hanging about the pulpit, wrapped in coverings of green. “Then,” said he, “I will take down the harps of heaven in this place.” In removing the covering, he found the ark of the covenant, inscribed with the name of Jehovah. Then he cried, “Brethren, the Lord has come to us according to his promise, and in answer to our prayers.” In that very place he shortly afterwards had the satisfaction of receiving one hundred and forty converts into the church as the fruit of his ministry.

Nothing can well illustrate on paper the power of the orator’s speech, but the following may serve as in some measure illustrating his method,—

“THE MYSTERIOUS PACKET.

In this world every man receives according to his faith; in the world to come every man shall receive according to his works. ‘Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.’ Their works do not go before them to divide the river Jordan, and open the gates of heaven. This is done by their faith. But their works are left behind, as if done up in a packet, on this side of the river. John saw the great white throne descending for judgment, the Son of Man sitting thereon, and all nations gathered

before him. He is dividing the righteous from the wicked, as the shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats. The wicked are set on the left hand, and the awful sentence is pronounced—‘Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!’ But the righteous are placed on the right-hand, to hear the joyful welcome—‘Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!’ The books are opened, and Mercy presents the packets that were left on the other side of Jordan. They are all opened, and the books are read wherein all their acts of benevolence and virtue are recorded. Justice examines the several packets, and answers, ‘All right. Here they are. Thus it is written, ‘I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was naked and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.’” The righteous look upon each other with wonder, and answer—‘Those packets must belong to others. We knew nothing of all that. We recollect the wormwood and the gall. We recollect the straight gate, the narrow way, and the Slough of Despond. We recollect the heavy burden that pressed so hard upon us, and how it fell from our shoulders at the sight of the cross. We recollect the time when the eyes of our minds were opened to behold the evil of sin, the depravity of our hearts, and the excellency of our Redeemer. We recollect the time when our stubborn wills were subdued in the day of his power, so that we were enabled both to will and to do of his good pleasure. We recollect the time when we obtained hope in the merits of Christ, and felt the efficacy of his blood applied to our hearts by the Holy Spirit. And we shall never forget the time when we first experienced the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. O, how sweetly and powerfully it constrained us to love him, his cause, and his ordinances! How we panted after communion and fellowship with him, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks! All this, and a thousand other things, are as fresh in our memory as ever. But we recollect nothing of those bundles of good works * * * Surely those bundles cannot belong to us * * * If the righteous do not know their own good works; if they do not recognize, in the sheaves which they reap at the resurrection, the seed which they have sown in tears on earth, they certainly cannot make these things the foundation of their hopes of heaven. Christ crucified is there sole dependence for their acceptance with God, in time and in eternity. Christ crucified is the great object of their faith, and the centre of their affections; and while

their love to him prompts them to live soberly, and righteously, and godly, in this present evil world, they cordially exclaim, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, give glory."

Mr. Evans almost died in the pulpit. Coming down the pulpit stairs in Swansea, on Monday, July 14th, 1838; he said in English loud enough to be heard by some present, "*This is my last sermon!*" and so it was. He died in the triumphant manner which some are so glad to regard as the highest evidence of the divine life in the soul. "Preach Christ to the people, my brethren," he said to the ministers standing round his bed. "Look at me in myself, I am nothing but ruin but look at me in Christ, I am heaven and salvation." He added in a joyous strain four lines of a Welch hymn, then waving his hand, he said in English, "*Good by, drive on!*" Was it another instance of the labour of life pervading by its master-idea the hour of

death? For upwards of twenty years, "the one-eyed man of Anglesea ("an eye, sir," said Robert Hall of that one eye, "that might light an army through a wilderness!")—for upwards of twenty years, as he had gone to and fro, his friends had given to him a gig that he might go at his ease his own way, with a horse which became very old in his master's service, called Jack. He knew from a distance the very tones of his voice; with him Christmas Evans in long solitary journeys held many a long conversation; the horse opened his ears the very moment his master began to speak, made a kind of neighing reply; then the rider said, as he often did, "Jack, *bach*, we have only to cross one low mountain again, and there will be capital oats, excellent water, and a warm stable." Thus, while he was dying, old mountain days came over his memory. "Good-by," said he, "drive on!"—they were his last words, he sank into a calm sleep, and awoke no more.

CONVERSION TO GOD.

(Continued from page 231.)

BELoved IN THE LORD,—Your printer made a mistake in the concluding part of my last paper. For the words, "It pleased God to comfort my soul;" should have been, "It pleased God to *convert* my soul." The fact was this, whilst I was preaching on foreknowledge, predestination, calling, &c., Satan was roaring, and the blessed Spirit was working.

But to continue my narrative. After the parson had given vent to his feelings of disapprobation, I merely remarked, "You are a blind man, sir, and I pray that God may open your eyes." Yes, the child of God, under the rich anointing of the Holy Ghost, can say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Dr. Watts sings,—

"The foolish builders, scribe, and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain."

And Paul says, "Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some, also, of good will. The one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds: but the other of love, knowing that I am set for the defence of the gospel. What then? notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence, or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." So I gave out a hymn, which they sung heartily, and the priest retired; but he did what he could to carry his threat into execution, and enlisted the female portion of a noble family to sympathize with

his movement of exterminating Dissent from the parish; "but the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." Church conformity was the standard of patronage; the rules of the day school, &c., were based on this principle, and thus the way to favour was in being found strict Churchmen. Cottage meetings were suspended, and all earthly power bore down on quenching the cause of Christ. Well, time passed on, and I still continued to preach under the canopy of heaven, every Sunday evening. One day, an honourable gentleman, with a numerous retinue, called on me to solicit my vote and interest at the ensuing election. I told him that I was a liberal, and hitherto had always voted, as a matter of course, on that side; but on the present occasion, I should decline voting for him, unless there were perfect religious liberty granted in his parish, and then related the whole affair, to which he replied he was ignorant as to anything of the kind occurring. However, he lost his election by one or two votes, which circumstance, together with the information I gave him, so wrought upon his mind, that he went home, set the house and parish in order, and, subsequently, re-organized the school; a barn has been given for the preaching of the gospel, and *now* civil and religious liberty triumphs, and the prediction of the prophet is fulfilled, "But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid, for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken

it." Thus the "vagabond" preacher was made the humble instrument of giving the poor peasantry perfect liberty of conscience. To return to my pastorate at South Molton—I could sing,—

" Amid temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise."

The Lord was pleased to smile, and lift upon us the light of his countenance, and give testimony to the word of his grace. Paul says, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."—1 Cor. i. 26—29.

" But few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race—
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace."

The prophet says, "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."—Mal. iii. 17. So I found in this once dark and rough part of our country, proverbial for spiritual death and darkness, God had his hidden ones, precious to his adorable heart because loved with an everlasting love, and bought with the invaluable blood of Christ. The language of my heart was, "The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." And in his glorious manifested power, the devil was dethroned—sin pardoned—guilt removed—the hills became as a plain—and the crooked places straight. The great distinction between the wise and the foolish virgins lies in REVELATION; the foolish had the lamp of profession, and a little wick to light up for a short time; but the wise had each a VESSEL, a reservoir, *i.e.*, a new heart—as it is written, "A new heart, also, will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." In this heart the Holy Ghost drops the oil of heavenly light and grace, sustained by precious faith in the soul—as Peter argues, "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." These present the Lamb of God as the one great atoning sacrifice for acceptance with the Father.

" By bloody sweat and groans,
And dying agonies,
His offering once atones—
For ever doth suffice;
Divinity its might unfeared,
And sin into oblivion hurrid."

Their lamp burns brightly before the world, to testify their profession before men—

" 'Tis well when Jesus calls
From earth and sin arise—
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise."

Now, from time to time, I witnessed with joy the effects of the breathing of the Divine Spirit on these dry bones.—Ezekiel xxxvii. 1—84. For we could see the fulfilment of the prophecy, "And it shall come to pass, that everything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come hither: for they shall be healed; and everything shall live whither the river cometh."—Ezekiel xlvi. 9. On one occasion when the congregation was assembled, as I entered the place to preach, a man in the company said to himself, in contempt of the preacher, "What sort of a fellow is this to speak to us this morning?" But, bless the Lord, before the sermon was ended, a dart from the Almighty entered his heart, and that portion became fulfilled in him, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." And again, "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies; wherety the people fall under thee." The dear man is now in glory, proving the truth of these words—"They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." He gave a sweet token of vital love, by sending me half a-sovereign towards building a chapel at South Molton. He was a farm labourer, and was made the honoured instrument of the conversion of his mistress; she also is now in heaven, singing the praises of God and of the Lamb. The power of God was again displayed on the behalf of a poor distressed, sin-burdened soul, who was entangled in the meshes of Arminianism. The cry of her teachers was, "Agnes, believe!" "NOW believe!—you can believe if you like!" But, poor soul, the wound had been made by God the Holy Ghost, and he alone could heal, as it is written, "The Lord killeth, and maketh alive; he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low, and lifteth up." Now the Lord in his gracious providence brought this vessel of mercy under my ministry, and that gospel which to the natural man appears to be discouraging, proved in the issue, by the Spirit's power, to be life and salvation to her soul; she was led to see that Jesus is the Author and the Finisher of faith—that its origin was from heaven, and that it is a Divine gift; thus her language was, "Draw me and

will run after thee." And for many years she has enjoyed true gospel liberty. There was another dear soul stumbling on the mountains among the Independents; she was kept in perpetual bondage under the law, supposing that she must do something by way of keeping the commandments, to recommend herself to God for acceptance. Oh! how many are here, working and toiling for salvation, and are kept in confusion for years by a blind ministry, who know neither the use of the law, nor the sweetness of the gospel, and much resemble those who would put new wine into old bottles, or our first parents sewing fig leaves together to cover their nakedness; such break the precept, "Neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woollen come upon thee."—Lev. xix. 19,—and suppose Christ to be a make-weight. Now the time was come for her spiritual emancipation, and this portion was blest to her, "And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ and love one another as he gave us commandment."—1 John iii. 23. Her eyes were anointed to see and appropriate the finished work of Jesus. Solomon made for the temple, "ONE SEA, and twelve oxen under the sea."—1 Kings vii. 44. So the church

has but one atonement, one Christ, one sacrifice; and gospel ministers are oxen, strong to labour, in the proclamation of the truth. Thus was I enabled to labour on nearly seven years at this place, sometimes enjoying the sun-shine of his countenance, whose "Name is as ointment poured forth;" at other times weighed down by the troubles in the way, or the law working wrath within. But I feel that God in some measure was glorified—Christ, our beloved Immanuel, exalted—sinners converted, and saints built up and strengthened in their most holy faith. About this time the church met, and unanimously agreed to build a place of worship, for hitherto we had rented a room. The Lord smiled on our endeavours, brethren went to the churches for subscriptions, and all went on well and comfortably—until our deacon visited Plymouth; this happened to be about the time of the rise of the new sect, called "The Plymouth Brethren." On his return I found that he was impregnated with their peculiar tenets, a detail of which I purpose to give you in my next. Until then, believe me to be, your's in gospel bonds,

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

Barnstaple.

September, 1861.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

BY MR. LEACH, OF NORTHAMPTON.

"And they called the name of that place Bochim; and they sacrificed there unto the Lord." Judges ii. 5.

It has been said that it matters not what doctrine a man believes in if he be not sincere, and his life is moral. Such a sentiment may be pleasing to the carnal mind, but it is a dangerous one to entertain, being nothing short of a delusive error; for every departure from the truth, is a departure from the God of truth, and an approximation to the kingdom of error, which is indeed the kingdom of Satan; light and darkness not being greater opposites than truth and error. And I would call your attention to a fact in Israel's history as recorded in this book;—as long as they clave to the Lord and abode in his truth they prospered, and their enemies were not allowed to touch them; but no sooner did they depart from the truth, and God's order of things, than the Lord forsook them—their enemies triumphed over them, and everything went against them. And you will perceive in reading this book, that the cause of all their calamities was a departing from the living God; and so it is now, both with regard to a church or an individual; if the truth is not firmly adhered to by them there can be no real prosperity, which remark

it will be our interest at all times to attend unto.

Israel, during the life-time of Josua, had followed the Lord, and were a victorious people; but after his death they became fascinated with the idolatries of the heathen; hence an angel of light came unto them with words of reproof, which when the people heard they lifted up their voice and wept: "And they called the name of that place Bochim (that is, weepers), and they sacrificed there unto the Lord."

We have two great principles involved here. First, *repentance toward God*; secondly, and *faith in our Lord Jesus Christ*.

1.—**REPENTANCE.** As this is an important subject, friends, we will endeavour to enter into it fully. We will notice, first, *its antecedents*, or what must precede our being brought to true repentance, for it is not of that natural repentance which a natural man is capable of that we here speak, but that spiritual repentance which Christ as a Prince and a Saviour is exalted to give unto his people for the remission of their sins: what

is requisite thereunto may be classed under four particulars. First, a *new heart*, and this the Lord hath promised to bestow upon his people, it being distinguished in the word as a heart of flesh—"I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh."—Ezekiel xi. 19. Man in his natural state is in a state of insensibility, nothing can make an impression upon him, no more than upon a stone; to have, then, the stony heart taken away, and a new heart giver, is to have a sensitive and feeling heart, which all of you know who have experienced it, for there is no true religion without feeling. Secondly, an *enlightened mind* is the next pre-requisite, without which we shall never see sin in a proper light; thousands there are who acknowledge themselves sinners, but they know not fully what it is to be such, from an apprehension of their sins being set in the light of God's countenance, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Ah, friends, when we see sin in God's light, we see it as exceeding sinful. Thirdly, a *discovery of Divine mercy*. I have no idea of any one truly repenting of their sins, until they become acquainted in some measure with the mercy of God in Christ. Fourthly, a *communication of grace*, which also is requisite to evangelical repentance; hence the promise of the Lord to his people, "I will pour out upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplication; and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for me as one mourneth for his only son." And, mind you, there is no mourning over sin till the Lord pours out his spirit of grace.

Secondly, its *concomitants*, for it must be attended with, 1st, *confession of sins*. A person who is under contrition of heart will confess his sins before the Lord, you will hear such an one adopting such language as this, "I am vile, unclean, all unclean;" which confession will be frank and genuine of heart, lip, and life sins, as the poor prodigal's was, as he was returning to his father's house. 2ndly *supplications to the Lord* for mercy, pardon, salvation, and eternal life. The sinner who feels his need of salvation, will be taught to pray; some there are whom we meet with that say they can't pray, which I don't for one moment believe, for where there is the felt need from the life of God, there will be groans, sighs, tears, and earnest desires going forth continually, all of which are regarded as true prayer by the Lord. Thirdly, *self-loathing*. A man never begins to loathe himself till he is made sick of self, and when he is made to feel what he is in the sight of a holy God—a sinner, he will then be heartily sick of self, which is always attended with self-loathing. "Ye shall loathe yourselves for your abominations."

The Lord will put his people out of all conceit with themselves, which is a state of mind we are always pleased to see in persons, for you may depend upon it, friends, that it is a good thing to be dissatisfied and disgusted with ourselves on account of the enormity and heinousness of the crimes and sins we have committed. Fourthly, a *change of conduct*, which will prove the genuineness of our repentance. It is not enough for a man to say, to day, "I am sorry for what I have done," if he goes and does the same to-morrow. Oh, no! there is a rottenness in all such professions of sorrow, which renders them odious in the sight of God; the old proverb "that a burnt child will dread the fire," is in this respect applicable to the Lord's people, who will flee from all appearance of evil.

Thirdly, its *consequents*, or the things that follow true repentance. First, *mercy*. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him." Hence it is said he that confesseth his sins, and forsaketh them, shall find mercy. And if we are addressing one who has been brought to repent of his sins, and to confess them before the Lord, such an one eventually shall obtain mercy; no matter, beloved, what your thoughts are thereupon, "For God's thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are his ways as your ways;" for where there is true repentance for sin, there mercy sooner or later will be manifested. Secondly, *pardon*, for "if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." Now, say you, this is just what I want, even that peace which is inseparably connected with God's pardoning love and mercy in Christ, and which passeth all understanding. Well, if you confess your sins before God, he has said he will abundantly pardon them; and no sin is too great for God to pardon; "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." Oh, what a full gospel ours is, friends! Many of God's people have gone to fearful lengths in sin and wickedness, the reflection upon which has driven them almost to the confines of despair, and if we have such an one here this evening, we will imitate the conduct of our blessed Lord and Master, and just step out of the way to meet them.

"Here's pardon for transgressions past,
It matters not how black their cast;
And, O! our souls with wonder view,
For sins to come here's pardon too."

And what, we ask you, sinner, can you want more?

Thirdly, *salvation*, for "godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation." This is the issue of it; the conscience that has been smitten with a sight and sense of sin shall be healed—the soul that has thus been

wounded shall be bound up, and the heart that has been broken by the hammer of God's word shall be made perfectly whole. O! grand result; every repentant sinner shall realize the salvation of God. Fourthly, *eternal life*. Hence the expression, "Then hath God granted unto the Gentiles repentance unto life." How different this godly sorrow is in its results to that of the world, which worketh death. And we may further remark here, that as the Lord's people feel that in many things they offend all, repentance is not limited to any one period of their life on earth, but extends throughout the whole of it, even to the time of their dissolution.

We pass on to notice the second principle here involved, viz., FAITH IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. "And they sacrificed there unto the Lord." Sacrifices under the old dispensation were typical of Christ, and were only rightly offered when offered up by faith in him. But we must confine our remarks to two features of truth in the passage before us, viz., faith in the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, and faith in the all-sufficient sacrifice of Christ. First, we will look at the vicarious sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, it being thus designated because he stood in the room of others, and suffered in their stead. In it we see that precious truth substitution, which shines forth in characters of gold throughout the sacred pages of holy writ, and is the glory of the everlasting gospel, the grand secret why such sinners as you and I shall escape the wrath to come. O! how blessed when the Lord gives us faith to believe that our sins were laid upon him, and that he hung upon the cross for us, bleeding there all our guilt away, he being made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. And, secondly, as to the all-sufficiency of his sacrifice; all sufficient for what? Why to take away our sins. "He hath put away sin," saith the apostle, "by the sacrifice of himself." Where did he put it? Ah, friends, that's a puzzler for the devil, he could never find that secret out, notwithstanding his vast endeavours and diligent search; but he hath put it away *where we cannot find it*, and where himself will never bring it to light again so as to rise up in judgment against us; "for when the iniquity of Judah shall be sought for, it shall not be found;" which is the right way of doing things, doing them effectually: the sins of God's people are buried, and shall never, notwithstanding the faithlessness of their hearts, obtain a resurrection again, "For thou hast cast all their sins into the depths of the sea," which is a depth the devil cannot dive to the bottom of. All-sufficient is the sacrifice of the dear Redeemer to satisfy the demands of justice; for he never bowed his head on

the cross till justice was satisfied. Justice said to the sword, "Awake against the man that is the Lord's fellow," which obeyed the injunction, and was not sheathed again till it was buried in his heart's precious blood; and there is no claim to be made by justice which Christ has not met, and abundantly satisfied. All-sufficient is it likewise to secure the church from death and hell; the price our Surety paid was an equivalent to what God required. "By the blood of thy covenant have I sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit." Hence the language of God sooner or later to his people is, "Deliver him from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom." Paul exhorted the elders of the church at Ephesus "to feed the church of God, which he had purchased with his own blood," which, beloved, is at all times suitable and convenient food for our souls: yea, such are its nourishing properties that we live and grow exceedingly thereby. Sufficient is the sacrifice of Christ to perfect us, which the law could not do; the high priests under it brought nothing to perfection, but left things as they found them; whereas Christ our Great High Priest "hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified;" his rich atoning sacrifice which he once offered upon Calvary's tree, is a sweet smelling savour unto God, who will not on account thereof find fault with his people. Sufficient also to give us a title to, and the right of possession of heaven. If we ever go to heaven, friends, it must be through the sacrifice and death of Christ, which is indeed the new and living way that he hath consecrated for us. Sufficient to secure us from the wrath that is to come. What was it that protected the Israelites from the destroying angel? Nothing but the blood of the passover Lamb, which when the angel saw in the door post, he passed by, for death could not enter there, neither can wrath take place upon those for whom Jesus, the Lamb of God, died; yea, such was the all-sufficiency of Christ's atonement, that it actually annihilated all the sins and iniquities of God's dear people, it ransomed them from hell, and will eventually take them to heaven; and when we get there, beloved, methinks we shall never forget it; for John saw him as the Lamb in the midst of the throne, that had been slain. O friends, this is the only atonement that I know anything of worth having. Have we this faith, then, in connection with repentance? For if we possess faith in Christ, and repent of our sins, our names are assuredly written in the Lamb's book of life, and we shall dwell for ever with the Lord; if not, we shall eternally perish!

Faith is the beggar's hand, which comes, not to give, but to get Christ, and all with Him, for nothing.—*Erskine*.

THE SONSHIP OF CHRIST AND MR. WELLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

SIR,—Having seen the controversy on the Sonship of Christ in your pages, and believing that Mr. Wells has not yet understood revealed truth on this question, I undertake to reply to his Epistles to Theophilus on this subject. I agree with one statement he made in your number for October, 1860. It is this: "To suppress all discussion, and all controversy upon the subject, is to take things for granted, whether we are convinced of their truthfulness or not. Truth never shrinks from investigation." In keeping with these sentiments, I investigate what he has written against what is termed the doctrine of the eternal Sonship of Christ. Strictly speaking, that phrase is not sufficiently expressive of what is meant, because something may be eternal without being divine, though eternity before time is sought to be conveyed. But many phrases of this description, which have come into common use among theologians, relate more to human conceptions of things than to the nature of the things themselves. In a strict sense, there is no such abstract entity as eternity, independent of animate or spiritual existences. It is a relative term. It is true of God essentially, that a thousand years is as one day to him. The philosophy of the mode—the HOW—of such a fact, is not known. The real subject of controversy is, whether Christ is related to God the Father, as a Son, in an essential sense, as God; whether his Sonship belongs to the mode of his being in the Godhead; and that he would have been a Son in this sense, had there been no creation, no providence, no redemption.

The mode of investigating this question, which is consistent with the infallibility of the Bible as the revealed mind of God, is to find out what that book states about the question. And if it makes a statement of a fact, which is apparently contradictory, it is the duty of a finite intellect to believe it, if it is clearly understood, according to the acknowledged laws of interpretation. It is the practice of Socinians and infidels to raise objections against the truth, from some self-contradiction which human reason imagines it to contain. In that very way, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the incarnation of Christ, are repudiated by Socinians; and the miracles of Christ by infidels. And in this way Mr. Wells rejects the Divine Sonship of Christ. And as he has partly appealed to the laws of Biblical interpretation, and partly to the reason of things in themselves, I will meet his arguments in these two senses.

He says, in the number already alluded to, "Here lies the mighty difference between these two doctrines; the one making an original *difference* between the Three Persons: there is, according to this doctrine, a natural and original difference in the Persons of the Godhead; but the other teaches that there is no original difference in the Persons of the Godhead." If we look at the meaning of these words by the fair rules of syllogism, we find Mr. Wells a disbeliever in the doctrine of the Trinity. For that doctrine involves "a natural and original" *personal* "difference" in the Godhead. The doctrine that there is no such difference in God is Unitarianism. And if the doctrine of the Trinity necessarily involves the personal difference, in the sense that one person is naturally and originally not the other person; then it follows that that difference, for aught we know by any process of reasoning to the contrary, may involve the other difference—that the Father is Father naturally and originally, and is thus different from his Son, who is also Son naturally and originally. Thus the reasoning of Mr. Wells is absurd and self-contradictory, except as a Socinian logic. In your number for last November, he says that the doctrine of the essential Sonship of Christ, "carries in it a self-contradiction, and an impossibility in the nature of things." Before he can avow this as a fact, he must know the nature of things, by such a minute analysis that no philosopher has ever assumed to have made. Dr. Odling, the professor of chemistry in Guy's Hospital, a few weeks ago, in a philosophical lecture which he delivered there, stated that what were called the laws of nature were only the theories of men's conceptions. No man has ever understood the nature of things *per se*. And if this is true of the nature of creation, how much more must it be true of the nature of God? And yet Mr. Wells asserts the eternal Sonship of Christ to be an impossibility. I hesitate not to call this a presumption which is totally inconsistent with reason, and with revelation in its declarations concerning the incomprehensibility of God. "Canst thou, by searching, find out God?" Mr. Wells says: "If the Sonship were begotten, then there was when he was not begotten." Mark, Christian reader; this is human reasoning; and if it is intended to cast a doubt upon a *revealed truth*, it involves a disbelief in that truth. But what is it as a piece of reasoning? It implies a belief that God is subject, like

man, to the law of past, present, and future; and that the term begotten *therefore* cannot apply to anything essential in the order of the Trinity. Time is absolutely related to creation. It is an adjunct of created causes and sequences. God's eternity is a NOW to him. If, then, the argument of Mr. Wells has no force, by making God's eternity a matter that is identical with the time of creation, it can have no force in reference to anything that is proper to God essentially. Moreover, it is well known that the word *begotten* is used in a variety of senses. The apostle Paul says that he begat the Corinthians by the gospel. In Job, it is asked, "Hath the rain a father, or who hath begotten the drops of dew." "Of his own will begat he us," &c. The term begotten is to be understood according to the nature of the thing or being about which it is used. The begetting of the dew, for instance, must be understood—as to the *modus operandi*—according to the nature of the dew. And in this case, the thing produced was in existence before it was begotten! The begetting has to do only with a new form of what was before. Neither can it be said that the word begotten is used figuratively in this case, any more than in human generation; as every one who is acquainted with the verb γεννάω, both in its original meaning and its *usus loquendi*, must know. For aught that anyone can prove to the contrary, the word may be more figurative in its application to human generation than to many other cases. This verb in its application to the Godhead is to be understood—the same as in other instances—according to the nature of his being. Indeed there is no word in existence, by which God is described, which can be understood otherwise, properly. All his attributes, as they are revealed to us, are only relative. They are not abstract, but concrete. Omnipresence is a term that derives its meaning from created existences. For if they did not exist, the Godhead would not be present among them *all*. Every word that is used to describe God is taken from something that is said, or conceived, about his creatures. We could not know God in any other way. The most expressive language concerning God is of this nature. Such as "higher than the heavens, deeper than hell," &c. The magnitude of such a language concerning God arises from our conception of the height of heaven, and the depth of hell, &c. In like manner, it may be said that God reveals himself to us as Three Persons in one God, and as the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The word Person in this sense is not applied to God any where in the Bible. The word ἰσοστάσειω, in Heb. i. 3, translated Person, does not mean person in the sense of the Trinity of divine Persons.

From the use of personal pronouns, I, thou, he, by the Three Persons, respecting one another, and from the display of attributes peculiar to persons, in the very manner that we understand human personality (for no other being is known to us as to its *modus existendi*), we believe that there are Three Persons in the Godhead. HOW, we do not know. Indeed we do not know how the personality of the soul exists apart from the body in the world of spirits. HOW begetting and begotten may be proper to Father and Son in the Trinity, we can no more tell, than how Three proper Persons can be in one God, especially as the accepted definition of a person is, a thinking self-existing being, acting of itself, independent of any other. And if we disbelieve the doctrine of Divine begetting and begotten, because that our reason cannot see how it can be in God, in the same manner we must reject the doctrine of the Trinity. Our duty is *simply to find out whether these doctrines are actually revealed in the Bible*. That revelation is totally independent of whether we can see the doctrine self-contradictory or not; because, if we deny the Bible the liberty to state anything, except according to what we shall deem reasonable, we make it to be no better than the Delphic Oracle, to say what we please; but that makes it a book of words, into which we might throw any thoughts and meaning we please. God has given us definite *meanings*. Let us find them out, and believe them, however above, or contrary to our reason they may appear to be. In the face of this, everything that Mr. Wells says about a doctrine being self-contradictory, goes for nothing. Such an argument as his might do for an infidel like Hume, or for the authors of "Essays and Reviews," but not for those who believe in the inspiration of the Bible. Let us see how Mr. Wells explains this book on the doctrine in question. On the passage (Luke i. 35), "That holy thing which shall be born of thee," he says, "In his manhood is he here declared to be the Son of God;—formed by the creative power of the Holy Ghost." According to this explanation, he is the Son of the Holy Ghost! And if so, the Holy Ghost is the same Person as the Father. And when Christ said that he would pray the Father to send another Comforter, he must mean that he would send himself! According to this, the doctrine of the Trinity cannot be true. I am sorry to see that Mr. Wells, to strengthen his own argument, has misquoted, or wrongly paraphrased, a portion of an important text (John i. 14). He says, "Then we behold the glory of the only begotten of the Father." See the difference between that and the text itself. "We beheld HIS glory, the glory AS of the only begotten of

the Father," *avrou* and *ως* in the original, agreeing with HIS and AS. Why did Mr. Wells leave these words out? HIS is a personal pronoun. It is one of the pronouns, by the use of which we find that there is a Trinity in the Godhead. It is applied to the Person of the Son of God "as" (*ως*) such. His personality exclusively belongs to his Divine nature, or else he is 'Two Persons, Divine and human. The apostle says, that AS the Son of God, they had beheld HIS glory. If the term Son of God applied only to his humanity, as he says in his remarks upon Luke i. 35, we have only to substitute Son of man, and we will see at once the absurdity of his notion. "And we beheld his glory as the *Son of man!*" What glory was in him as man? As such, was he not in a state of the lowest humiliation? It is no use for Mr. Wells to say, as he does afterwards, that he may be styled the Son of God by reason of, what he calls, his complexity; for the complexity involves his divinity; and if he is the Son of God in that sense, it must be right to say that he is so, not merely because he was born a man. If he applies Divine Sonship to Christ in a sense which does not belong to his Divine personality, then he does it in the same sense as the Unitarians themselves. In his remarks on Acts xiii. 33, "Thou art my Son; this day I have begotten thee," he says that the day mentioned was the New Testament dispensation, when Christ was "begotten from the dead." According to his argument, Christ was not the Son of God before that day. And yet, in another letter, he says that he was the Son of God at his birth. He blames those who believe in his eternal Sonship, for saying that he was a son before he was born in Bethlehem. He is guilty of doing this himself by calling him the Son of God thirty-three years before he was begotten from the dead. According to his own theory, God has two Sons—one born of Mary, the other begotten from the dead! This is the kind of labyrinthine self-contradiction which belongs to such heresies as the denial of the eternal Sonship of Christ, when men attempt to be wise above that which is written.

In my next, I will expose other absurdities in the logic of Mr. Wells.

I remain, your's, &c.

NEMO.

Christ is the resurrection and life of a shattered creation; if it were not kept by His power, it would sink to nothing; and, when He hath finished what He designed, He will take it and purge it from sin that had defiled it; then He will erect a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.—*Erskine.*

Letters from the Heart.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—The enclosed letter I received this morning from brother Gooding, with the wish that I would make some extracts, or send it as it is for the *VESSEL*. I have enclosed the letter, and think it best to let it speak for itself. I have no doubt but there are hundreds in England that will feel great pleasure in reading its pleasing and cheering contents. What a wonderfully gracious and compassionate working God is our God—"who forgiveth *all* our iniquities, who healeth *all* our diseases." How blessed it is to look over thirty years pilgrimage, and behold the sovereign, merciful, and unmerited lovingkindness of our covenant God towards us, and to those with whom we have been acquainted.

In reading the enclosed letter this morning, the eternal Spirit, our gracious Remembrancer, favoured me with such a view of the last thirty years of my journey heavenward, that filled my soul with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, humility and thankfulness, triumph and adoration; my whole soul could sing with dear Denham, as in his 702nd hymn,—

"Assist me, thou Spirit Divine,
My holy Lord Jesus to praise;
Now witness that he is made mine,
While on him with wonder I gaze.
The curse he endured in my stead,
Yea, pour'd out his soul on the tree—
And as my new covenant Head,
He saved a sinner like me."

There appeared to be infinity in my thoughts, taking me in a moment to the place where I first met my African brother, listen to his peculiarly humble, yet solemn and fervent prayer, and the knitting of my soul to him whom I had never seen before, the many hours and days, happily spent with him while in England, and now to find in the enclosed letter, that the blessed Jehovah should not only have restored him, a poor prodigal (like myself), but graciously folded him in his everlasting arms, smiled away all his fears, and favoured him on his dying bed to lie peacefully on the very margin of heaven, beholding his glorious KING, kingdom, and crown—feasting on the blessedness of Jehovah's name, gracious, merciful, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth; sweet name in Jesus found, at this fountain head, where the whole fulness of Godhead dwells in the anointed Saviour. May our souls be favoured to draw abundantly, to the joy and rejoicing of our souls personally and ministerially, for the good of his chosen—is the prayer of, your's in Him whose love is ever the same,

Zion Cottage, JAMES NUNN.
Old Pancras Road.
Sep. 20th, 1861.

A LETTER FROM MR. J. THOMAS
TO MR. GOODING.

DEAR BROTHER GOODING,—You will please pardon the delay of an answer to a letter sent and received by brother Preston, dated the 6th of May last. Brother Preston being sick at the time, requested me to write an answer to your letter. I being called away from the city at the time did not attend to it, and wishing to know the turn of his sickness before I wrote you. And, dear brother, I am very sorry to have to state to you, that our much esteemed and beloved brother Preston has gone to his heavenly Father; he left this world on the 16th of July, in triumph, full of faith, preaching a full and free salvation to all the chosen seed. "I die, I leave this world to go to Jesus, believing the same gospel I ever tried to preach." "Hold my hands up while I die," were his last words, then left the world with a smile on his face; and after death hundreds gazed upon his life-like corpse: his mouth looked as if he was just going to preach Jesus. But he has gone; we soon shall meet him. His funeral sermon has been preached in all the churches of our connexion, and it is to be preached at our Annual Association. Dear brother, we request you to preach his funeral sermon in England, and tell the brethren there that he never forgot their kindness to him and his brethren in America, and talked of it to the last. You cannot conceive how glad he was to hear from you, and would have been pleased to see you in Nova Scotia once more, if it could have been so. I sometimes think I shall see you yet in this place. We were pleased to receive your printed sermon, and the minutes of your Association.

Our churches are all in unity, and we are increasing in numbers. I organized a church the first of this month in Liverpool, N.S., which will be received in our Association when we meet together to do business relative to the kingdom of God. As regards myself I know my qualifications are but small, and it was a long time before I could be persuaded to enter fully into the work of my Lord and Master, but I have been wonderfully crowned with success since brought into the work. God must have the glory. Last year I baptized 82 souls, 40 of these are the descendants of Africa. In the present year I have been in the Baptismal waters nine different times, numbering 27, and others are waiting to go through the ordinance.

Our field of labour is large, and our ministering brethren few. Our churches are poor. I hope you will preach brother Preston's funeral sermon, and send us a copy of the same; if not printed, write it. Brother Preston made his will before he left, and he has appointed me to be his surviving trustee in his place and stead at the African Baptist

Church in Halifax, N.S. I am at present taking the oversight of the church as pastor. Brother Hamilton, of Hammondplains, your old friend, is well, but he has lost the sight of his eyes, but he can see God yet, and feel him too; he sends his best love to you, and your brethren and family. Brethren Craney, Slanter, Collins, whom you mentioned in your letter, are still alive, and send their love to you. A number of the friends whom you knew, and preached to when here, have long left us for their home. My mother and two of my brothers have died since you were here. I have married, and had thirteen children, six of whom have, however, gone to heaven. I do not think you can recollect me, I was but a youth when you were here, but I well recollect the text you took when you preached my father's funeral sermon, and my heart jumped for joy when I read the sermon that you sent to brother Preston—when I looked and saw the same text of scripture taken for that dear young man of God that died at your place. All the brethren join me in kind respects to you. No more at present, but remain your unworthy brother in Jesus,

JAMES THOMAS.

Halifax, N.S.

August 21st, 1861,

P.S.—Brother Preston used to often say during his illness, that he would like to live if it was the will of God, and go once more to Old England, and see you and his old friends, and tell them that he loved the same Jesus. Direct letters to the Rev. James Thomas, Sackville-street, Halifax, N.S.

THE DYING SAINT.

Founded on the last words of Mr. George Curtis.

BY W. F., OF POPLAR.

" 'Tis all of sov'reign grace I know,"
That I this day am what I am;
Expecting soon from earth to go,
And face to face behold the Lamb.

" 'Tis all of sovereign grace," I feel
Beneath the everlasting arms;
That death no terrors can reveal,
Nor grave disturb me with alarms.

Hark! 'tis my Father's voice I hear;
Gladly the summons I obey;
For see! the angel-bands appear,
And kindly beckon me away.

A flood of glory o'er me rolls,
Such as I ne'er have felt before;
I hear the songs of ransom'd souls,
Resounding from the heav'nly shore.

Ye swift-winged messengers of light,
Assist my raptur'd soul to rise;
With you I long to take my flight,
And gain my mansion in the skies.

I come, dear Saviour, lo! I come—
The purchase of thy dying pain;
I know thou wilt receive me home,
With thee to live, and love, and reign.

LIFE OF THE APOSTLE PETER.

PETER was the son of Jonas, or Jona, hence called Simon Barjona. He was the brother of Andrew, and was a native of Bethsaida. His original name was Simon, or Simeon. The name Cephas (a Syriac word signifying a rock, and in Greek *πετρα*, translated Peter), was given him when called to the apostleship.

Andrew, Peter's brother, was the first who acknowledged the Messiah. He, as an affectionate brother, came and related it to Peter. They at once accompany each other to where Christ was. Whether Andrew had spoken to the Messiah before, I am not prepared to say. I should almost be inclined to think he had. Christ at once speaks to Peter—"Thou art Simon, the son of Jona, thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone." Christ's manner to Peter would lead us to suppose he had him in his foreknowledge long before. Christ wanted no introduction. Without any hesitation he calls him by name. Christ at once blesses him by giving him another name, which implied that he was going to do great things by him. Will my reader bear with me, while I explain the three distinct names which the apostle has, namely, Simon Bar-jona, Peter, Cephas?

Firstly, Simon Bar-jona, which is a son of a *dove*; under the form of a dove, which was exemplified at our Saviour's baptism. He was in his true nature, as far as we can gather from Holy Writ, a calm and inoffensive spirit; he displayed great firmness and steadiness of character.

We shall have to record in another part of his life, his character altered for a time, for the purpose of displaying his weakness and God's almighty power.

He had great powers of mind, depth of thought, expansive views not easily turned. He feared no man, in God he trusted for his confidence and his all, and he feared no evil.

I will next take you to the shores of the Sea of Galilee, where you must imagine you see the two fishermen repairing their nets. They had been toiling all night, had caught nothing, no doubt were reflecting upon their hard lot: they unquestionably felt if this occurred many more times it would bring them to the door of starvation, as they were very poor. They little thought how soon their fears would have to take wings and fly away: they were about to give up in despair, when Jesus came walking along the shore, who well knew what a disastrous night they had had. He did not at once enter into their misfortune, but prayed them to thrust out from the

shore, as a great multitude followed him. As Christ's name had now spread far and wide in this locality, he at once preaches to them, pressing on their minds to believe on God's sent Son, who now stood before them preaching the word of life. After he had ended his sayings, Christ began to ask Peter how things fared with him. The apostle answers him in the negative. Christ requests them to launch out into the deep, that he might display his almighty power to strengthen his future disciples' confidence. Simon at first appeared rather backward in obeying his Lord's commands. When he had recovered himself he expressed his confidence very explicitly. "Nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." No sooner had the net reached the bottom, or rather as far as they could let it out, than it immediately filled, so much so that the net began to break. They at once beckoned to their partners, who stood amazed, to assist them. Even then the supply was so wonderful that the boat began to sink. Peter was so completely prostrated for a time, he was unable to speak. When he recovered himself, he fell down at Jesus' feet, begging his Lord to depart from him, he confessed, "I am a sinful man."

This is a truthful expression of Peter's humility, which is more precious than gold. He had no doubt now of Christ's power and knowledge. Though he here requested Jesus to depart from him it was an involuntary sudden request, which arose from his ignorance of the character of him whom he addressed. This grounded his faith and established his goings.

He seemed to have fresh courage, and went on his way rejoicing. They felt that they could not do otherwise than believe on the Son of God. Blessed art thou, O my reader, if thou possess such true humility as your brother Peter had; your's is a noble calling, and worthy of the God that gave it. Peter evidently felt great reverence when he addressed Jesus, and entitled him, Lord. He felt persuaded in his own mind, that he was none other than the God of heaven. His partners, James and John, were greatly astonished at such marvellous proceedings. When their little barks had glided to shore, the Man of meek and lowly spirit addressed Simon in the most cordial manner possible, "Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men." Simon well knew this was plain language he could not misunderstand. I imagine the first two words of this sentence were perpetually preying upon his mind. Whatever he did, or thought, this was uppermost, "Fear not." No mat-

ter what changes in circumstances, or trials, or difficulties, these two little words still hold their prominent position. Why?—because he who spoke them, knows no change, "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Might I presume to ask my thoughtful reader, if he has any desire to have these words spoken unto him? If thou hast a craving, earnest desire, happy shalt thou be, O son of Adam; the Bible has decreed thou shalt have that happiness which it is your predominating thought and wish you should have. I will, for an example, place before your mind—you see in yonder cell, a man looking out of his prison; he sees the birds of the air; he thinks—Oh! that I were one of you, that I might sing that beautiful song of liberty. But tarry, let me tell thee this man is doomed to death; he will never in all probability know what liberty is again. A most interested friend of this man, has his cause most deeply at heart. He tries all these connected with his trial, but all his efforts are of no avail; he is resolved to make his last appeal to the throne of her Majesty. This is the last final appeal. If this fails, his strength has all been spent for nought. The prisoner knows not what his sincere friend is doing to gain him his liberty. The last day has come! he has made up his mind to hear his death-knell toll to-morrow. Oh! unhappy man; his friend is flying from the throne as fast as he can, with the words "LIBERTY is granted" on his petition. He at length reaches the prison; he is too much exhausted to speak; hands his petition to the poor prisoner, which at once pierces his in-

most soul. Liberty! he is astonished. His mind has been so low—it is too much for him to comprehend at first. When he and his friend recover, they at once call the jailor to release the prisoner, for he hath regained his liberty. He once more is able to take his friend's arm, and breathe the free air of liberty. This man had the word spoken to him, "Fear not." You that are spiritually minded can at once see the reason and tenor of my writing thus. I wish you to have confidence in God, then you fear need no evil.

My pen has gone further than I anticipated, but I trust it is for the reader's benefit.

To return at once to the apostle, we find him now preparing for the ministering of the word of life. He was a man of no education; he knew little of the great things which his brother Paul did. Peter, as far as I understand, was intended to preach to the people. Paul was more fitted for the more respectable (I must use this word as it is so fashionable in these days) part of the community. Two men fitted for different spheres of usefulness. Peter was a man of most robust constitution, and daring character—who cared little if men would hear or forbear. Christ was continually giving him words of advice and caution, as we shall see in our succeeding remarks upon this great apostle. I must not trespass further upon your limited space. I forbear writing more this month.

Chatham.

J. W.

THE WORD OF GOD, AND THE WHISPERS OF THE SPIRIT.

THE indwelling, and inward working, of these two powers, are certainly favourable tokens for good of our adoption and salvation. I know that Satan can make use of the Word, and he can imitate the whispers of the Spirit; but Satan's use of the Word, and the Holy Spirit's use of the Word, are different in the results and fruits produced. All that the Deceiver can do, is to lead the soul to presumption, hardness, carelessness, wickedness, unbelief, dark despair, and everlasting destruction. But the work, the fruit, the effect of the Spirit of God in the soul really quickened, will be penitence, earnest prayer, holy desires, faith in Christ, strong affection toward the Saviour; pleading for purity, for pardon, for peace, and for power to overcome all evil and to perform that which is right, and just, and good in the sight of God, and of all men. No sinner saved in the Lord can rest undisturbed in a wrong or false

position for any great length of time, because a Divine Life is in that soul, and labour for freedom it will: a holy love is in that heart, and longings for Heaven's smile, and for God's presence, will never altogether cease. If a man has ever seen Christ by revelations made within the chambers of his regenerated mind; if fellowship and friendship with the God of all grace, has ever been enjoyed—then, to be carried away from these exalted mercies by temptations, or by the carnal and commercial things of this life—is to be carried as into the darkness and wretchedness of the bottomless pit itself; and unless it be possible for one born of God to go at last into perdition, I argue it to be impossible for a gracious soul ever to have quiet or rest away from the throne of grace, or away from the paths of righteousness and peace. There are two Scriptures which may be mentioned here, as indicating a state of trial

on the part of the saved one, and a faithful holding of that saved one in the bonds of the covenant, on the part of God, although the state of the saved one may be most desperate indeed.

The first Scripture is in Isaiah. By the mouth of that prophet, the Lord speaks much of Jacob, as a representative of the two sides of the real believer's character and experience.

First—the question is asked—“Who gave Jacob for a spoil, and Israel to the robbers? Did not the Lord, he, against whom we have sinned? for they would not walk in his ways, neither were they obedient unto his law. Therefore he hath poured upon him the fury of his anger, and the strength of battle; and it hath set him on fire round about.” Oh! how dreadful in realization that must be! Passing by the precious promises spoken

Jacob immediately in connection (see Isaiah xliii.) let us read the end of Isaiah lix., until you come to the three last verses—“When the enemy shall come in like a flood;” that flood may overflow and sweep away every earthly comfort and refuge—that flood may carry into the soul temptations the most deadly and destructive, filling it with shame, uncleanness, and sorrow—that flood may pour in the most awful denunciations of God's anger against sin and sinners—and that flood may fill the soul with all the fire and flames of hell itself: but, here is the saving promise true to the vessel of mercy—here is the distinguishing feature of the real believer in Christ—“the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.” Whatever that standard may be, is not here explained—the things sure to follow, are declared—“The Redeemer shall come to Zion; and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord.” In his own time, the Saviour will come to his own Jacobs; they shall return: and the following promise shall be known by them—“As for me, this is my covenant with them saith the Lord: my Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth, and for ever.” This mouth is the pleading mouth of prayer poured forth before the Lord, “putting him in remembrance,” and entreating him to do for them as he has said. This mouth is the tasting, the eating, the receiving, the digesting of the good Word of God. The words are the essential doctrines of grace—the promises of life, peace, and pardon—and the precepts of Christian conduct. The Church's mouth, in the highest sense, is the intercession of her great High Priest—and this mouth, instrumentally, is the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God, whereby sinners are

called, saints are comforted, the kingdom extended, and all the purposes of heaven are accomplished. By his covenant, then, the Lord very mercifully secures five things unto his people. First—that gracious Spirit which he has put upon them; they shall wear and carry that spirit of life and of devotion; that knowledge of truth, and that decision for God, let them be wherever they may. Secondly, Christ's intercession for them shall never cease while they are away from their final rest. Is there not a sacred joy in thy heart, believer, springing out of this great truth, that Jesus lives, and for thee, must prevail? Thirdly, the Gospel shall continue to be a blessing to the Church down to the end of time. It is the happy privilege of saints sometimes to sing—

“The Gospel bears my spirit up—
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.”

Another blessing secured to poor Jacob, is the internal reception of the words of the Lord. God desireth truth in the inward parts; therefore he will put his laws into their spiritual minds, and he will write them in their hearts; and the internal persuasion that salvation is of the Lord alone, shall never depart from them. Hence, you find that great promise stands good even in the fiery trial—“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.” Here is a trial indeed: but what is the issue? What the living mark? What evidence shall there be? Four special pledges of grace, of everlasting love, shall be with them. My soul looks out of her prison-house with hope and earnest desire—as I read the promises so sacredly joined together, and dares to trust in the mercy of Him who hath said, “*They shall call on my name.*” the name proclaimed by himself, (Exodus xxxiv.) “The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression, and sin; and that will by no means clear the guilty.” They shall call on my name: “His name shall be called Jesus.” On that name, by faith and prayer, the living sinner calls: “*And I will hear them:*” I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, “The Lord is my God.” Happy the people who are in such a case. Happy, indeed, the people whose God is the Lord.

The whispers of the Spirit—the gentle and almost imperceptible motions of the Sacred Teacher—are indications also of Divine favour. We often read of the word of the Lord coming. “The word of the Lord came again unto me,” saith Ezekiel, and all the prophets. How it came is not always said; but that it was accompanied with effectual

power, the subsequent readings always show. "Prove me now horewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." This word was whispered in the heart of one in anguish of spirit. It produced thoughts of "the exceeding greatness of the Lord's power;" it kindled a trembling hope—it seemed to lead to the throne of grace—it created desires to examine the context where that word doth stand—but as a cloud covers all around us now, we wait the result:

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

THE NEST DESTROYED: THE BIRD SAVED.

ACCIDENTALLY, as we sometimes say, in turning over a heap of books and letters sent for notice in this periodical, we saw a sermon by Charles Gordelier, preached at New Broad Street Chapel; and published in the *Penny Pulpit*, by James Paul. We shall not attempt to describe the feelings with which we now read this Sermon of Mr Gordelier; we think it a most interesting review of Jacob's life and troubles; and to those of the Lord's people who are thrown hither and thither upon the rough waves of this world's circumstances, it will be a profitable discourse. The following paragraphs are strikingly true in thousands of cases. Mr Gordelier says:

"The believer in Jesus while travelling in the wilderness of this world is often disposed and is apt to settle comfortably down in some of the circumstances in which a good and gracious Providence may be pleased to place him. Job is an instance of this: outward things prospered, family blessings were numerous, he felt his personal influence was for good, he acknowledged that health and the bread of plenteousness were God's gifts, and he thought—ah, mistaken thought!—he thought he should be always in his nest—he thought he should never be disturbed. "I shall die in my nest." Ah, if he had lived there till he had died, he never would have soared to heaven with that heaven-taught flight of faith. "Behold, I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." What did Job lose by his nest being broken up? Nothing. What did Satan gain by his hellish challenge? "Break up his nest," said he to God; "the bird will never fly towards thee—he is sure to break down." No, never. God's people may have their nests broken up—God means to break up their nests—but the birds shall be saved, they shall never break down.

"Yes, God may sometimes allow the devil

to break up our nest, as he did in Job's case, and he is delighted to do it; if he has a commission to break up any of our nests, depend upon it he will soon set about it; he will do it with all his heart, "his eye will not spare," he will make us feel it too. But God's eye is upon him; he has his instructions, which he dare not go beyond. He wants to ruin the bird if he can; he hoped to ruin Job—he was sure he should ruin David—and he thought to have ruined Peter; but, no! God only allowed him to ruin the nest. He takes care of the bird all the while. The nest, it is true, has been shaken, dreadfully shaken—is in fact, broken up quite; but not the bird, that is saved. God does not mean that any of his eaglets should be always in the nest—they must learn to fly towards heaven; so he takes away one thing at a time—then another—one after another in succession; that which we so much loved, that in which we so much trusted, that which gave us so much pleasure so much delight, so much comfort so much ease—it is all taken away!

"But after all, what is a nest? Is it not in itself a mere collection of rubbish? nicely arranged, it is true, according to the instinct of birds—but to the mind of man it is seen to be but mere rubbish; a thing not worth caring for; a thing of no earthly use whatever, though to the poor young birds it is everything of comfort. Just so in the mind of God is this world and all its charms, in itself considered, to the Christian—a mere collection of the veriest rubbish that can be found: it is so to the eye of faith, though to the eye of sense the world seems a very comfortable place. We are apt to think so. Job thought so; worldlings are commonly very comfortable in their nests; "they have," as Asaph says, "more than heart could wish;" and if grace prevent not they will live and die in their nest, and then when the fire of God's wrath against sin comes, it will burn up their nest and themselves too."

M A R Y .

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary!"—John xx. 16.

MARY, tis thy Saviour speaks,
He hath burst the gloomy grave;
Mary, dry thy mournful checks.
For the Saviour thee will save.

Mary, touch me not! not yet
Have I soared the clouds above;
Mary, Christ doth not forget
When his people shew their love.

Mary, all thy wealth was given,
For the precious ointment poured;
Mary soon in yon bright heaven.
More than wealth will be restored,

Mary, for a time, farewell!
Till prepared be thine abode,
Mary, with me thou shalt dwell,
In the palaces of God.

THE CONVERSION OF MR. HENRY MYERSON, PASTOR OF SHALOM CHAPEL, OVAL, HACKNEY.

(Continued from page 288).

Mr. BANKS was preaching on Sunday afternoon at Little Mount Zion Chapel; but I felt myself so great a sinner, that I was afraid to venture inside, so I seated myself on the stairs, hoping to receive the word of consolation. I do not remember the text, but I well remember that Mr. Banks pointed out my case. He said, "No man could be justified by the law; and that the children of God were brought to feel, and taught to look for salvation from Christ." He said, "Now, let me tell you, if there is a poor broken-hearted sinner here, it is Christ alone must save you." I thought, I can see now where I am wrong. I have been trying to keep the law myself; that is why I am so condemned: but Christ alone must save me. I thus began to see a little plainer; but, although I thus saw Christ the way, I could not feel that he was the way. Thus I went on for several years; and was sometimes brought almost to despair. My brother would try to comfort; but, alas! alas! it was all in vain. At length, I was brought to this conclusion, I must be lost. I remember, upon one occasion, my brother and I were talking about spiritual things, and he told me he was sure I was right. "Ah!" said I, "I wish that I could feel so. He then asked me "Do you not love the Saviour?" I replied, "No, I wish I could; I do not feel that I have anything to love him for. If I could say my sins are pardoned, I could then say I love him." Not long after this, my soul was set at liberty. One day, when working at my bench, I was extremely dull and disconsolate, mourning over my sad state. I thought that there was no hope for me; but I could not help asking the Lord to have mercy upon me, and whilst sighing out from an inward fear that I was not a child of God, the dear Lord sweetly whispered into my soul, "It is finished." My eyes were now wide open, I saw that Christ agonized for me, I saw that the law's curse was gone, that Divine justice was satisfied, the wrath of God was appeased, and my sins were all forgiven. How foolish, thought I, have I been; I have been looking, till now, to myself, but the fact is clear, that the Lord the Spirit had opened my understanding that I might understand the Scriptures. I now felt a love spring up in my soul to the dear Saviour, for I truly found him to be precious to my soul. As I said I was working at my bench; but my soul was so full, that I could not keep silent. I did no work that evening. As my brother had shared with me in my deepest distress all along,

I went to him, feeling persuaded that he would rejoice with me. "Thomas," I said, "it is all right." "What do you mean," he replied? I then stated what the Lord had sweetly spoken to my soul, "It is finished." With that, he invited me in, and requested that I should tell him all about it. I then told him how blessedly the Lord had spoken peace to my hitherto distracted soul, that the darkness was gone, and the Lord now smiled upon me. My brother listened to my tale with delight, and truly we did rejoice together. In this happy frame of mind I continued for some time. I could sing and praise, and bless my God, and felt that if I was called to die, I should bid adieu to all the sorrows and troubles of life, and be at once in the presence of him whom I loved and adored; but the Lord ordered it otherwise, for I was brought again into deep soul trouble;—the glory of the Lord departed, and I was enveloped in darkness; yea, filled with dismay. I thought myself a hypocrite, and concluded that I had been deceived, and again had to groan out to God in bitterness of soul, and sorrow of heart; and I may say from this time, it has been a changing scene with me, sometimes enjoying the Lord's presence, at other times mourning his absence; sometimes feeling strong in the Lord, at other times feeling that I have no strength; sometimes feeling melted at the sound of his name, at other times, my heart seems as hard as a stone; but I am enabled to look by faith beyond all this. I can see, though I am compelled to walk in paths I knew not, and find that a spiritual life is a chequered scene, the journey tedious, the battle hot, and thorns and briars hedge up my way; still I find that I am going in the footsteps of the flock, I can see that this is the lot of God's people, and having been brought to realize my union to Christ, of which my brother Cousins preached so sweetly and clearly this afternoon, I can see that I am saved in Christ, and cannot be lost, that from him I cannot be severed, and that I shall one day be with him in glory. I may change, but he is still my life, my salvation, and my all; he still lives, I live in him, he is salvation, I am saved in him, his blood hath made peace with God, and all my sins are drowned in that crystal stream.

Mr. Myerson having stated his call by grace, an expression was made by Mr. Banks of his approval of the same. He said that he thought it was very clear and interesting, and that none could question its reality. He

should now call upon his brother Henry to tell the people a little about his call to the ministry. He said, "I have felt an attachment to Mr. Myerson ever since I first had an interview with him." Having made a few more commendatory remarks, Mr. Myerson proceeded:—After it pleased the Lord to reveal himself to me as my Saviour, I began to feel a desire to tell others of his preciousness, but the thoughts of preaching terrified me; but still I was so full, that I could not hold my peace. I always felt a pleasure in talking about him, and would seek opportunities to converse with Christian friends for this purpose. At length, it seemed to be impressed upon my mind that I ought to go out and preach the gospel. I endeavoured to suppress the conviction, but all to no purpose. What to do I could not tell, and the very thought of my preaching seemed preposterous. I felt like Sarah, when the Lord promised her a son, so I could laugh at the idea. I got into such a state of mind about it, that I felt almost beside myself. I have sometimes awoke my wife, when preaching in my sleep. Finding that I could not overcome the conviction, I went once more to my brother, and told him that it appeared to me, from my inward convictions, that I ought to preach the gospel. "Well," he said, "I shall not try to help you;" and, indeed, he seemed rather to put obstacles in my way; for he concluded, "If it was the Lord's work, it could not be overturned." However, it was at length decided that I should search for a place to preach in, and after a short time, I succeeded. I fell in with a hall that could accommodate about 800 people, and I was to have it at a very moderate rental—three shillings per week, gas included. I thought we had fallen in with the right place, because it was very commodious and very reasonable, but I was deceived. I must not forget to relate, it being winter, my brother proposed making a stove; he being a smith by trade. I thought it rather odd a clock-case maker to turn smith; but bad, indeed, was the best. I had to punch the holes for the rivets, but I broke them out as fast as I punched them, and so gave my brother more work to do, rather than help him. The stove was completed by my brother, and fixed in the hall for the coming Sabbath; and, in order to give publicity to the services, *bills* were *printed*. Mr. J. Wells was then preaching in Jewin-crescent, and it was deemed advisable to distribute some at the doors of the chapel, which I did, and made sure of a large congregation. Sunday came, but, alas! my sanguine expectations were blighted; instead of having 800 to preach to, there came one solitary individual. My brother looked at me very cunningly, and said, "Well, Henry, what do you think of it now?"

do you think you are called to preach?" I said, "It does not appear so." The man stopped. My brother feeling rather concerned, seeing I had a congregation, asked me what I was going to do? "Oh," I said, "tell him there will be no service this morning. The man went away, and we sat down round the fire, and read a chapter or two, sang a few hymns, and then returned home. In the evening, it was more encouraging, for there were about twenty attentive hearers to listen to me, amongst whom were some aged Christians, who expressed their satisfaction, and wished me God-speed. My brother, who, till now, had treated it all with indifference, said that he believed the Lord had a work for me to do, only I was a little too fast. I had better wait, and watch God's hand; but I felt that I could not wait; I felt I must move onward, but, however, this was not the Lord's time, for I was soon compelled to stand still; and the concern and anxiety I felt so affected my mind, that my brother deemed it expedient for me to desist. From this time, I remained silent for some months. I told my brother that I was sorry I had ever been so foolish as to attempt to preach; it was presumption on my part; however it pleased the Lord to lay it to my mind again, and I thought the better way would be to go in the open air and there proclaim to my fellow-sinners the gospel of Christ.

(To be continued.)

DUTY-FAITH INDEFENSIBLE, SO LONG AS THE BIBLE IS THE STANDARD OF DECISION.

I HAVE read Mr. Dixon Burn's flimsy remarks, in reply to what I have written. Poor man! I will not say, as Dr. Gill did in his reply to John Wesley, "The man is pinched, and he rages;" but somewhat softening the word, "He is pinched, and is not over and above pleased." Well, be it so. I see but little, or rather nothing, in his reply needing a rejoinder.

My second piece on Fullerism, which is printed on the same leaf with Mr. Burn's remarks, contains something more for him to chew, if his teeth are but strong enough. I totally deny that I have given a garbled quotation from Mr. Burn's pamphlet, and I have, therefore, no "mistakes" to correct. I have quoted him exact. I required from him chapter and verse, in proof of his assertions. He replies, "Chapter and verse is everything with Mr. Jones; but I am sorry to observe that this method of argument is grown stale, like many other things which were in repute in his day!" And he adds, "There are few people now that have any confidence in them!"

Well then, we may as well throw the

Bible away at once; but I must resolutely hold fast by the sacred Word of God. I am directed, "To the law and to the testimony," and I am told that, "If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." (Isa. viii. 20.)

Again, Mr. Burn says, "The worthies of Mr. Jones's time have also passed away. Few besides himself have ever heard their names; and their works that he tells us of, served their purpose, no doubt; but they are out of print, and not likely to be wanted again."

I fetch a deep sigh from my heart, and cry out, Alas! it is so. Not only are those excellent men gone home, whom I have quoted, but those glorious gospel worthies, such as Gill, Brine, Toplady, Romaine, Owen, Goodwin, and many others, who shone as great lights in their day and generation, have entered into their rest; and now, "The children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." (Luke xvi. 8.)

O to glance only at the rubbish of Duty-faith and rotten Arminianism of the great bulk of our present ministers in London only! I won't pollute my pen with writing down their names. "Truth is fallen in the street." (Isa. lix. 14.)

But I wonder not at this sad "falling away." The Word declares it, and every day proves it. I printed, some time back, several thousands of Dr. Gill's great prophetic sermon, "Watchman, what of the night?" In it, the Doctor says: "A night is coming on. The shadows of the evening are stretching out apace upon us. A sleepy frame of spirit has seized us, both ministers and people; and being so, the enemy is busy in sowing the tares of errors and heresies, which will grow up and spread more and more."

Would Dr. Gill ever have believed, that one who boasts of being his successor, would have had the hardihood to declare what I have quoted in the September VESSEL?

Let Mr. Burn refute what I have quoted from Job Hupton's Root of Fullerism." Hupton has uprooted it; and Mr. Burn, alas! tries to plant again this poisonous herb: but it won't do.

Mr. Burns informs us that he pays more deference to Mr. Philpot than to any man living. Well, I can have no objection to that. Mr. Burn may travel to Rome, and kiss the Pope's toe, if he thinks proper. I shall not accompany him.

In a word, finding nothing in the shape of argument in Mr. Burn's reply; and, as chapter and verse from the sacred Word of God, is (as he says), grown stale." I, therefore, say, "Let us go hence."

JNO. A. JONES.

Jireh, Oct. 3rd, 1861.

MR. G. MULLER'S ORPHAN HOUSES, NEAR BRISTOL, AND HIS TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

As these Reports of Mr Muller's proceedings have reached us from time to time, we have felt increasingly interested in the immense and almost miraculous work which he has been the instrument of commencing, continuing, and rapidly extending. His twenty-second Report is just issued; and can be had for sixpence, of James Nisbet & Co., Berner's Street, London, and through the usual publishing channels. There are three features in this Report which we are bound to bring under the notice of our readers, most solemnly persuaded that much good must result from a careful attention to the facts therewith connected.

The first feature is—Mr Muller's perseverance and prevalence in prayer; no one whose heart is set on doing good—knowing that every good and perfect gift cometh down from God, and that his decree touching the descent of these good things is—"For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." No one who has this three-fold fruit of a living faith can but desire that the same power to plead with the Almighty Giver, might be granted unto them.

The second feature is, the immense amount of money received; and the third is, Mr. Muller's contemplated immense enlargement of his Orphan Houses.

The following extracts from the Report will illustrate one or two of these features. The general character of this charity, and of Mr. Muller's success, may be noticed another month.

We give the following interesting paragraphs: they speak volumes. In the first place, we have a brief history. Mr. M. says:

"It was, on March 5, 1834, when this Institution had its very small beginning; but that, which was so very small and insignificant, is now, through prayer and trust in the living God, so grown, that not only during the year, of which this report speaks, was the sum of £24,700 16s. 4d. expended for the various objects thereof, but it is becoming still larger and larger; and, during the year from May 26, 1861 to May 26, 1862, is expected to be very considerably extended by the opening of a third Orphan House for 450 more Orphans, as well as in various other ways."

There is, in the following particulars a spirit of earnest devotion which must be useful to every pure mind. Prayer is not a power at our command; but when and where given, it will surely contain some of those precious elements so consistently, we think, defined in the following extract. Speaking of one donor

who had sent to him £5 towards his missionaries to the Heathen, Mr. Muller says :

“ This donor, who during this period has given repeatedly for missions, and larger sums than this, is one of several, who have been especially influenced by the Lord of late, to help me with means for missionary objects. Year after year, as stated before, for about twenty years, I have been enabled more and more to enlarge this object; and during the previous period there had been again a considerable increase of expenditure of means for missions. But when this last period commenced, I had not only as little prospect, as during any previous period, looking at it naturally, of accomplishing much, but perhaps less prospect than ever; in addition to which much would be needed, to go on with the circulation of the Holy Scriptures and Tracts, and the support of the various schools; and besides this, there was a larger expenditure for the orphans before me, than during any period, since the work had been begun. However, I was not discouraged, but put again into use my universal remedy, *i.e.* prayer and faith. I gave myself to prayer, daily prayer, for this object. I also believed that God would help me; and now, writing at the close of the period, and looking back upon it, I see that I have not only been able to expend as much for missionary objects as during the last year, though that had been the largest amount ever expended in one year, but more still; for it was not less than £5273 7s. 6d., whilst the previous year it had been only £5019 6s. 1d. Be encouraged by this, my Christian reader. For your encouragement I dwell on this. Seek you, too, in your individual necessities, to obtain health from God by prayer; but 1, Seek distinctly to ascertain that what you pray for is for the glory of God, and, therefore, for your real good. 2, Ask for it in the name of the Lord Jesus, on the ground of his merits, his worthiness. 3, Believe that God hears you, and is able and willing to give you what you ask him for. 4, Continue to ask till you receive. 5, Look out for an answer, expect an answer. 6, Continue patiently to pray, to wait, and to expect until the answer comes. Sometimes the answer comes soon but sometimes you may have long to wait for it.

“ I have myself still to look for the full answer to certain petitions, which I have day by day brought before God for sixteen years and a half, and which have not yet been fully answered. These prayers are offered up, day by day, and have been, without one single exception, for all this period or sixteen years and a half, for the conversion of certain individuals. Now 1st, this is a request which is according to the mind of God. 2nd; I have also, continually,

asked in the name of the Lord Jesus. 3rd; I have also, invariably, been able to believe that God is both able and willing to grant me the request, so much so, that I have often beforehand thanked God that he will give me the full answer to my prayer, and that these individuals will be brought to believe in the Lord Jesus, for the salvation of their souls. 4th; I have also, as I stated, been able to continue to ask for this blessing, without one day's intermission, for all this period. 5th; I also look for an answer; I do verily expect an answer; but while I have had, during this period, many thousands of prayers answered, and while rarely a day passes, without my receiving many answers to prayer, I have not had the full answer to these my requests; for as yet, not all these individuals, for whom I began to pray 16 years and a half since, are converted, though several of them are, and have been, to the praise of the glory of God's grace. I, therefore, 6th, *continue*, by the help of God, patiently to pray, to wait, and to expect an answer, which, most assuredly, in God's own time I shall receive. For your comfort and encouragement, dear reader, am I thus minute, that you may not suppose that I am never exercised in this way, but that I invariably at once receive an answer to my requests. Remember, also, my position regarding the enlargement of the orphan work, first contemplated ten years since. During all these ten years have I been enabled to bring the matter, day by day, before God, in believing prayer; and yet only now am I on the point of obtaining the full answer, in the third orphan house being nearly ready to be opened.”

THE LATE MR. TANN, OF YARMOUTH.

My dear husband was called by grace when about twenty years of age. He was brought up from a child to attend the church, in a country village, and I have heard him say when only about ten or eleven years old, that he had an extraordinary reverence for the clergy—thought they were only right, and everybody else wrong. He would at that early age attend his church regularly, and when he came out would get on some elevated spot that he might watch the clergyman as far as he could be seen; but his heart was untouched; he grew up in a form without the power. When about nineteen or twenty, he had occasion to go to the house of an aged pilgrim who was at the time reading the seventeenth of St. John, who, as far as I can remember, asked him if ever he noticed that particular part of God's word, and made some remarks relative to God's choice of his people. This was quite a new doctrine to him, and stirred

up the enmity of his heart against God's sovereignty; he told the old gentleman he did not believe that, and that he could soon find passages enough to overturn that doctrine. The old man very coolly replied, "Well, search for yourself, and tell me the result." Well, he went home, took his Bible up into his room (being evening), searched out all the texts he could find to favour universal redemption, and wrote them down, and thought in his own mind he was quite settled about that. Next morning he went again. "Well," he said, "I have found passages of Scripture which quite overturn what you said last night." The old saint said afterwards he found the Lord was at work with him. Then they compared one passage of Scripture with another, till he was quite confounded. He went home mortified, perplexed, and distressed; he searched his Bible till he did not know which to think was right—nor which was wrong. At last, in agony of soul, he fell on his knees, and begged the Lord to shew him which was right; he got up from his knees, but no deliverance; he was quite afraid to go to sleep, for he thought if election be true, and I not elected—what if I die to-night! But, after a time, he fell asleep; awoke early in the morning—the scales had fallen from his eyes. It was a Sabbath morning in the month of May. I have often heard him speak of the day with pleasure. The doctrine of election, final perseverance, and, I think he said, all the fundamental truths of the Bible were opened at once to his view, which he saw, loved, and embraced; and he never altered his views of truth since that day; and the dear Lord gave him also at the same time such an assurance of interest in them all, that he fell on his knees, and blessed the Lord for electing love. Soon after, an old gentleman came to Yarmouth, who preached in the Bank Paved-row for some time; his health declining, Mr. T. would often supply his

pulpit. When the old saint was about to go home, he said with his dying breath,

"James, you will stand in my room when I am gone," and gave him some good counsel, which has been of use to him.

After his death, Mr. T. still kept on in the work of the ministry.

In the latter end of 1851, the friends proposed building a chapel, which was carried into effect, and opened in 1852,—in which he has faithfully preached the word till within a week of his death.

He was particularly tried at one time about his call to the ministry, when this passage came to his mind, "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back," &c.,—which set all right again. The first text he ever spoke from was, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," &c.; and the last was, "I shall see him for myself."

He was a man of habitual prayer; we might say he lived a life of prayer. The children would often say,—

"Hark! oh, its only father at prayer;"—perhaps up stairs in the closet, or shut up in the chapel; sometimes down in the cellar.

His end was rather sudden; though he was very delicate, we did not anticipate so sudden a removal from earth to heaven; nor do I think he thought so till the last day, when he would have said something to me but could not make me understand. I caught the words "Prophet, Priest, and King;" and when I would have laid his head better, he said, "I shall be all right when I get on Canaan's happy shore." It was very evident the natural fear of death (which I think he suffered from at times) was all removed and he breathed his last without a sigh, or even motion of the body; we scarce could say he had gone, before his ransomed spirit took its flight to realms of endless day.

HIS WIDOW.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THE LATE MR. W. BIDDER.

WE have a short note from a son of the late Mr. William Bidder, announcing his departure from this world in the early part of October. We shall, doubtless, give further particulars. Mr. Bidder's ill health has been long and severe; but now, in undiminished glory, his ransomed spirit dwells in the presence of that Saviour, of whom he delighted to preach.

A note from brother Caunt, on the death of Mr. Bidder, we here give,—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Our esteemed brother Bidder departed into his eternal rest

on last Sabbath afternoon, Oct. 13th, at a quarter past 2. His affliction has been rather heavy; but I believe I am right in saying he bore it with Christian fortitude and resignation. I visited him once and found him rejoicing in the truth of the everlasting covenant. I have many times found him a faithful friend and a Christian brother. Some of his advice and counsel I think I shall never forget. The people at Hurst-pierpoint, with whom he laboured, will feel their loss; he was much beloved by them. I think, my brother, you will agree with me that William Bidder was a faithful and honest labourer in his Master's vineyard. May the Lord comfort his dear partner in life, and

dear family, and all those who mourn for him; may they remember the admonition, "What I say unto you, I say unto all—watch!" Your's in gospel bonds,

W. CAUNT.

18, Newington Causeway.
Oct. 16th, 1861.

CROWFIELD, SUFFOLK.—Comparing the present position of this little place of worship with the past, the words of our covenant God strike my mind, where he says, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." There was a time when it appeared as if the Lord had forgotten us; but now he is fulfilling his gracious word where he says "Again, I will build thee, and thou shalt be built." In times gone by this little spot appeared as if it was quite forsaken; as if the Shepherd did not care for his flock; the wolf appeared to be scattering the sheep hither and thither; till there would soon have been none left to testify that the Lord had been there at all. But the Lord had not forgotten them: O no! The Lord was pleased to send another Nehemiah to build the broken walls of Jerusalem; to feed the flock of slaughter; to gather the sheep together again; and to bring out some of his chosen ones. A manifest proof we had of this on Sep. 29th, when Mr. Bartholomew, of Mendisham, after preaching a soul-cheering discourse from Acts x. 47, 48,—baptized two believers in the name of the sacred Trinity. Others are saying within themselves, "O that I were one amongst them;" but fear holds them back. Oh! that the Lord may liberate them; and make them walk in his ways, for they are "ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are paths of peace." Our brother Dearing still labours in truth and love; he is the instrument which our God is pleased to honour. May God the Spirit still help him to tell out the truth, and we will give all praise to Father, Word, and Spirit, now and ever. Amen.

SHARNBROOK.—The High Baptists in this village having succeeded in clearing off their chapel debt at their recent Harvest Thanksgiving Meeting, had public services on Wednesday, Oct. 9th, for the benefit of the minister. The afternoon service was conducted in their own chapel, when Mr. Cox, of Woodford, read the hymns: Mr. J. Trimming, of Irthingborough, read the Scriptures, and offered prayer; and the Rev. John Bloomfield, of London, preached from Isaiah xxxiii. 16. A large company then assembled to tea at the Swan, which was kindly provided in excellent taste and arrangement by the ladies of the congregation and neighbourhood. The evening service was held at the Lower Meeting which was kindly placed to our use in consideration of the great number of people attending. Mr. W. Wilson, of Bisleigh, gave out the hymns: Mr. Silvertown, of Carlton, read the Scriptures and prayed; and Mr. Bloomfield preached a powerful sermon from John xii. 32. The most perfect good feeling and order prevailed throughout the proceedings of the day; and the collections, with the proceeds of the tea meeting, which amounted to something considerable, were presented to the minister, on whose account the services were held.

J. COBRY.

CAMBERWELL.—Our dear brother JAY has for a few, thened period been suffering from a very heavy affliction, arising from bilious complaint; which has caused the friends at the Grove the deepest anxiety as to the results. Mr. Jay preaches as often as possible, with considerable difficulty; but the Lord evidently employs this trial to the deeper sanctification of the preacher's mind, the benefit of which is realized when strength is given him to proclaim the things touching the kingdom, "which he has handled, and tasted, and felt."

DACRE-PARK, BLACKHEATH.—The second anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. J. E. Cracknell was held on Tuesday, October 1st. After reading and prayer, (in the afternoon,) Mr. Murrell, of St. Noot's, delivered a most precious and savoury discourse from Hebrews xiii. 6. It is believed that many souls were truly refreshed. After tea Mr. Whittaker presided over a large and interesting meeting. Brethren Anderson, Nunn, Wyard, and Pells, addressed the meeting on the Origin, Theme, and Design of the Gospel Ministry, which addresses were solid and well adapted to the glorious subject. Mr. Murrell was called upon to close the meeting, when he arose and said, that he had been delighted with the solid and truthful addresses delivered, and having had a hint that the pastor and people at Dacre-park, were leaning to the more modern and fashionable system of the age, he now felt he could not believe it, for if so surely such men as had addressed the meeting would not have been invited, and he prayed the pastor might long continue to proclaim such precious truths, when Mr. Cracknell declared he had no desire either to flinch or compromise: then the dear aged servant of Jesus Christ concluded the happy and interesting meeting by prayer. Mr. Cracknell's ministry is still best to the ingathering of immortal souls, the congregation has considerably increased, and pastor and people seem very happy. That it may long continue is the prayer of

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

MR. LUKE SNOW'S ADDRESS AT WANDSWORTH.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Seeing the report of the Wandsworth Tea Meeting in THE EARTHEN VESSEL for this month, I think, in justice to Brother Snow, your readers ought to see what "Vermis" calls "folly." I will give the outlines of the address. They may judge what that folly is that Brother Snow is in the habit of speaking whenever I have the pleasure of being present. It was hard of "Vermis" to write so, after Brother Snow mentioned in his address, that the oil flowed so fast he could not stop; as he felt so at home. If he gave offence to any, he hoped they would pardon him, as anything of the kind was not meant by him. When the venerable pastor gave out that beautiful hymn.

"Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,"

he said there was a text for every speaker in that hymn; and as he wished Christ to be the theme of the addresses, what Christ hath done, what He is now doing, and what He will do, there would be a text for each speaker. After the several speakers had delivered their addresses Brother Snow was called upon. He spoke as follows:—Mr. Chairman and friends, I felt a struggle in my mind whether I should come here to night or not. Unbelief seemed to say, Mr. Ball will call upon you and you have nothing to say. Again, I felt I had something to say. I embrace this opportunity of thanking the pastor, deacons, and members of this church, for the very kind manner in which they have acted towards me, and our little cause. You have fulfilled that scripture in Canticles, where it is said, "We have a little sister. What shall be done for our sister?" The deacons of this church came during my absence and built upon her wall; and upon all occasions the friends have come to gladden our hearts, for which I feel deeply indebted to you all. I observed in coming in to this house to-night you have done nothing to the outside of your house, but when I got inside, I saw you had cleansed and beautified the inside. And this reminds us how God works. God's work is inside work. He makes clean the hearts of his house or people; he renews and beautifies the souls of his people. Bless his holy name, he has opened a fountain for sin and uncleanness; and when he has done this for a poor sinner, he comes in his Trinity of Persons, Father, Son, and Spirit. Where the Son is there the Father and the Holy Spirit are. "Know ye not that ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" What a mercy, my friends, if we can look into our hearts, and see, and feel the

work of God upon our immortal souls; and though we find our old nature (the outside) is nothing better; although we feel daily the law in our members warring against the law of our minds, yet may the inside be renewed day by day. With regard to Christian oneness and union, there can be no real oneness in Christ without the work of the Holy Spirit. In the present day the Holy Spirit's work is kept in the back-ground. I come at the request of Mr. Ball. When those lines were read, where it says,

"We only wish to speak of Him,"

they fell rather sweet upon my mind. I was afraid they would be taken from me by some of the previous speakers; but finding not one has taken his text from the hymn, but has kindly left it all for me, therefore, in obedience to the chairman, I will speak first of what he did and said, and what he suffered here below. What did he do then? Bless his holy name, according to promise, he came down from the Father, took into union with His divine and holy person our nature, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; and in that nature fulfilled the holy law: went to its end for righteousness to every elect vessel of mercy; and offered himself without spot to God, as a sacrifice for the sins of his elect. Yes; he gave his heart's blood for his elect and chosen people. "You had better say nothing about election." Why not? It is one of the most blessed doctrines of the Gospel. I used to kick and rebel against it; but when it pleased God the Spirit to send it home with unctuous power to my poor soul, I could say with the poet,—

"Election! 'tis a grace divine,

For that I plainly see,

Had not Thy choice prevented mine,

I ne'er had chosen Thee."

Let God be true, and every man a liar. He says, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you." What for? To take pleasure in sin, in drunkenness, and in riotous living? No; but "that ye should go forth and bear fruit to the praise of his grace." The child of God finds himself fruitless, or unfruitful and barren. He is led to cry out with the church of old, "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat of his pleasant fruits." What did our precious Christ do? He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; went down into the grave; and, after three days, in spite of the Roman guard, came and took his sacred body, rising out of the grave, thus destroying death, hell, and the grave. What did he do then? Did he go to heaven? Not before he had shown himself to his disciples, and gladdened their hearts, and assured them that he was their risen Lord. The blessed doctrine of the resurrection of Christ should be written by them for the comfort of all his dear saints; that as he, the head of his body, had risen from the dead, so shall the church herself. Thus we find he ate in their presence, spoke words of peace to them, and led them out, and ascended up into heaven. He is gone up into the Holiest of Holies, as the high priest under the law went in with the blood of beasts; but this glorious High Priest went in by his own blood, there to appear in the presence of God for us, to plead for his church the merits of his own most precious blood, and to receive our poor prayers and petitions, and through his own merits send the graces of his own Spirit; for every blessing comes through the hand of our great High Priest. And we find the High Priest under the law had bells in his garment, and he would shake himself that the bells upon his garment might ring, that the people might know that their High Priest lived, and so our High Priest has bells united to his holy person, which, I think, means his living ministers, whom he makes sound out, "He lives! the great Redeemer lives!" and the people are led to hear those bells, and their hearts rejoice. He ever liveth to make intercession for us. I wish to say that as the High Priest he can only be at one place at one time. Therefore he will not

come out from the Holiest of Holies while there is a poor sinner that needs the blessing of his precious blood; but he by his Spirit is in the hearts of all his heaven-born church. What will he do? What the High Priest did, Come out and bless his church, and take her to himself. Then will the world be destroyed and burnt up. God bless these few words to your soul's good, and to Him shall be the praise. Amen.

I am, yours in the best of bonds,

J. RENNAWAY.

["Vermis" will not call this "folly."—Ed.]

ROAD, NEAR BATH.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I feel a pleasure in sending you some pleasing accounts of the Lord's appearing for us in Somersetshire. On Lord's day, September 1st, six believers were baptized in the river, who had before given an interesting account of the wonders of sovereign grace in their conversion. About 3,000 persons witnessed the solemn ordinance. Mr. Huntley, of Limpley Stoke, baptized; Mr. H. Huntley, his eldest son, of Bath, delivered a very suitable address at the water, and preached in the morning. In the afternoon Mr. Huntley, sen., received the candidates into the church, and preached in the evening. It was a refreshing season, the Master of Assemblies being in the midst of us. Again, on Lord's day, October 13th, six more persons, in whom sovereign grace had been conspicuously wrought, were baptized by Mr. H. Huntley, of Bath. Mr. Parsons, of Wolverton, one of our supplies, delivered a short address to about 3,000 hearers, who were assembled on the banks of the river, which showed a very pleasing sight, as the sun of nature shone upon them. Mr. Parsons preached in the morning from the following words: "Why baptisest thou?" showing what baptism was, and the Scriptural authority we had for it; and again in the evening. In the afternoon Mr. Huntley received the candidates (separately) in the church, giving each one a short, yet heart-touching address. It was a good day to God's living family. As an encouragement to Sabbath-schools, I would say six of the candidates are teachers in our school, teaching, I trust, the dear children of the meek and lowly Jesus. The Lord is wonderfully blessing us, the congregation increasing with hearers to listen to a free and full salvation proclaimed by his ambassadors. And as a proof of his approval, he has given them souls for their hire and seals to their ministry. There are others yet waiting around the field. May the God of grace go on in displaying his power in bringing multitudes of sinners to bow at his footstool, to be as pillars in his church; to swell the Redeemer's triumph, both here and elsewhere, is the sincere prayer of yours in the truth, E. W. PICKARD.

Road-hill, Bath, Oct. 16th, 1861.

GREAT GRANDSEN, HUNTS.—Our anniversary services were held on Tuesday, September 24th, when two sermons full of the marrow and fitness of the Gospel were preached by Mr. G. Murrell of St. Neo's. Our venerable brother expressed the pleasure he felt in seeing so neat and comfortable a Chapel, and so good an attendance of friends; and stated that it was more than 50 years since he had preached in the place. The sermons were listened to with deep interest, and many found it good to be there. As a church we have much reason to thank God and take courage. There has been a Baptist cause in existence at Great Grandsen for many years. In the year 1732 the church was removed to this place from Crocyden, a village a few miles distant. Soon afterwards Mr. Benjamin Dutton was chosen pastor. Mr. Dutton's ministry was acceptable, and the church prospered under his care. A house for the minister was purchased, and the present meeting-house was built. In the year 1743 Mr. Dutton went to America to solicit aid towards the cause at Grandsen. After a long absence from his flock he succeeded in obtaining the money required, and embarked for England in the year

1748, but never reached his home, the vessel in which he sailed foundering near the British coast. Thus Mr. Dutton met with a watery grave to the great grief of his bereaved widow and friends. Mrs. Dutton survived her husband seventeen years. This truly excellent woman, and highly favoured saint of God, was the authoress of many volumes of letters and tracts of sterling worth. It is evident from her precious memoir and numerous writings, that she richly experienced, practically exemplified, and strenuously advocated the Christ-exalting Gospel of the grace of God. She still deserves to be held in affectionate remembrance; for "the memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." At her decease Mrs. Dutton left an endowment, consisting of landed property, and a library of valuable books, for the use of all succeeding pastors of the church and congregation assembling at the above place. F. K.

PLYMOUTH.—The third anniversary of the ministry of Mr. F. Collins, at Howe-street Chapel, was commemorated by holding a special prayer meeting in the afternoon at 3 o'clock; after which the friends partook of tea, then followed a public meeting. The friends connected with the church and congregation presented Mr. Collins with a handsome testimonial of their affection, which was suitably and gratefully acknowledged. The assemblage was then addressed by Mr. Welch, of Stonehouse; Mr. Easterbrook, of Plymouth; Mr. Turner, of Exeter; Mr. Westlake, of Devonport; and Mr. Cudlipp, of Stoke. It was delightful to witness the truly Christian manifestation of affection shown by the congregation to the pastor, giving evidence of the acceptability of the ministry of Mr. Collins in their midst. How much to be preferred to the unseemly squabbles of many who are professed disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus, but where, instead of brotherly love being the governing influence, each one is seeking pre-eminence in the unhallowed strife of tongues. May love and union prevail in the church. May Gospel harmony and prosperity continue to crown the congregation at Howe-street, Plymouth, yet more and more to the praise of free and sovereign grace.

BEXLEY HEATH.—I HAVE pleasure in forwarding for VESSEL of November the delightful harvest meeting held in our chapel, Bexley Heath, Kent, on Monday, October 13th. The object of the meeting was first to give God thanks for the lovely harvest he has so kindly bestowed upon us this year: and, secondly, to commence a fund for visiting and relieving the sick without distinction of sect, which collection, I am happy to say, amounted to £5. Brother Hanks, in the afternoon, preached from Mark iv. 31, 32. He was helped to give a description of the church of God progressing in spite of all opposition. After the sermon about one hundred sat down to an excellent tea. To the ladies we have to tender sincere thanks. In the evening at 6 o'clock, our esteemed friend and brother Mr. Topley, Mr. Hanks's deacon, took the chair, and filled it with credit, in making appropriate remarks after each speech, which was delivered by the following brethren:—Brother Hewitt, of Lessness Heath; Brother Hanks, of Woolwich; Brother Durrant, of Liverpool; Brother Bowers, of Wickam, Kent; Brothers Sweet and Skelt; and the meeting closed with the Doxology. We may say, the Lord was there. It was a feast and a good day, light, joy, and honour. Yours truly, J. WALLIS.

CAMDEN TOWN.—AN APPEAL.—The Baptist church meeting for the worship of God in Little King-street, Camden Town, invited Mr. T. Higham, a member of Mr. Foreman's church, to speak to them the second Lord's day in August, 1860. They were at that time in a very low state, and about to separate. Some blessing attending the word preached that day, a further invitation was given, the congregation began to increase, until our present place of worship, which is a schoolroom,

is too small for the members attending. Twelve have been added to the church, making their present number 30 members. The church have taken a piece of ground in College-street, Camden-town, and are erecting a commodious place of worship at a cost of £600 or £700. They earnestly appeal to the Christian public to aid them to erect a house for the worship of God. Donations will be thankfully received by Mr. Sears, 2, Avenue Villas, Great College-street, Camden-town; Mr. Smith, 1, Grove-road, Holloway; and by Mr. Higham, cheesemonger, 50, Ernest-street, Regent's-park.

LEATHERHEAD.—A few friends here request you to notice the happy and prosperous day they had on the 19th of September, 1861; the first and only day of the kind ever known by the Baptists of Leatherhead. In the afternoon at 3, a soul-establishing sermon was faithfully delivered by C. W. Banks, and listened to, and enjoyed with breathless attention and satisfaction. We were favoured with seven other ministerial brethren, four of whom spoke from given subjects in the evening. The others assisted. At 5 in the afternoon we had a most delightful cup of tea. Members from various other churches came to enjoy the afternoon with us. Such a happy meeting of spiritually-minded people I never witnessed. Alleluia. Praise the Lord.
THE OLD PILGRIM at LEATHERHEAD.

BEDMOND.—We had a good day at Bedmond on Monday, 16th of September. Brother Banks preached two solemn, weighty, and instructive sermons. His text in the afternoon was Luke xvi. 25th and 26th. About 90 sat down to tea, after which Mr. C. W. Banks presented the pastor, on behalf of the church, a purse of money containing upwards of £4, and after the evening service a gentleman said he had been ignorant of the present being got up, and therefore he requested the privilege of contributing to it, which he then did by giving the pastor half-a-sovereign. Mr. Banks preached in the evening from the 10th of Daniel 9th verse to a crowded congregation. He said he felt quite at home with us; it is the first visit he has paid to Bedmond, but we hope it will not be the last. We are very happy and comfortable together at Bedmond. May the dear Lord continue his blessings to and upon us, is the prayer of the most unworthy of all his servants,

H. HUTCHINSON.

RUSHDEN, NORTHAPTONSHIRE.—The communication was mislaid. We never keep back testimonies of any good man's success, if we can avoid it. All who know and esteem Mr. Charles Drawbridge, will learn with pleasure that his work in the ministry is still the means of building up, and of gathering in, the redeemed of the Lord. Recently nine persons were baptized by Mr. Drawbridge: it is said—"Many more must shortly follow in the footsteps of Christ at that highly favoured place of worship, Succoth Baptist Chapel."

SYDNEY.—We have letters and extracts from papers, sent us by Mr. Clarke, from which we learn that Mr. J. B. McCure is labouring most zealously and successfully in the theatre, on board the vessels, and in other places at Sydney. Mr. Joseph Clarke says—"The Lord is owning and crowning with blessed effects the word preached by our esteemed brother and pastor, J. B. McCure. Our attendance is good; altogether quite a revival has taken place amongst us. Six members were proposed last evening for baptism; others are coming forward to join the church."

PIMLICO.—Mr. Freeman, of Rehoboth Chapel, Princes row, Royal Mews, Pimlico, having resigned his pastorate at that place, Mr. William Webb, Jun., of Garden street, Bethnal Green, has taken the same; and it is hoped that the gospel of the grace of God will yet be upheld in that place.

“The Best of all Blessings.”

THE FEAR OF THE LORD: THE FAITH OF GOD'S ELECT: THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE SPIRIT: THE FRUITION OF GLORY.

“Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.”—Col. i. 12.

WITH this number we close up the seventeenth volume of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. Whether it was right in the sight in God to commence it, and to continue it to the present time: whether the essentially saving and confirming blessing of heaven has accompanied its issue: what account we shall have to render in the great day for the painfully imperfect manner in which it has been conducted: and whether its future career shall be more painful, or more profitable; all these things must by us be referred to the just and holy decision of HIM who is the searcher of all hearts—by whom actions are righteously weighed—whose way is in the sea; whose path is frequently in the great waters; and whose footsteps (to us at the present) are not known.

With these few introductory words we wish to leave all minor and passing matters, and address ourselves to the consideration of those great principles which are immediately associated with the eternally happy destiny of all whose names are in the Book of Life.

We referred last month to the *whispers of the Spirit*. There is such a privilege as “hearing the word at God’s mouth.” All who have been indulged with this holy favour, will painfully know when the Lord ceases to speak to the soul: and such an one will most gladly catch the faintest whisper which may stimulate the hope that God has not altogether forgotten to be gracious. There was a time when the Lord left off communing with Abraham. What then? Why Abraham “returned to his own place:” and “a horror of great darkness fell upon him.” Surely we have known something of these three things. 1. *No communication from heaven.* 2.—*Abraham returned to his own place.* 3.—“*A horror of great darkness filling and covering the spirit.*” In such a state,—when desolations sweep the inner man of every vestige of peace, hope, joy, and holy expectation—when there is nothing but bitter reflections behind; and a fearful looking-for of fiery indignation in the front—in such a state, when Satan can come in, and awfully suggest the dreadful fact, that “in the bottomless pit all the wishes of the lost ones are backward, but

none of them forward”—that all the finally out-casts *do* wish that they had not been what they have been; that they had not done what they had done; but that none in that place can wish that mercy might come to them, because eternal despair hath for ever seized them; and not one ray of light; not one beam of glimmering day doth ever dawn upon them—for, buried in sorrows and in sins, in hell’s dark den they lie; with weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth—the fearful result of a life of unbelief and of rebellion against the God of salvation! When one who has enjoyed the whispers of the Spirit, is, for a season, left to the dark temptation that *such* will be his ultimate end—how indescribably terrible the feeling must be! Well, then, in such a state, a whisper seemed to come with words like these, “*Walking with God here! Dwelling with God hereafter!*” A little flame was kindled, and the question arose—“What is it to *walk with God here?*” The answer followed—it is to walk in the fear of the Lord; it is to live the life of that faith called the faith of God’s elect; it is to be sanctified, and consecrated, and renewed; strengthened, and enlightened, from time to time, by fellowship with the ever blessed Spirit: it is to rise up in those few and far-between seasons of Tabor-like enjoyment; and to realize the essence of those words,—

“To dwell with God, to taste his love—
Is the young dawn of heaven above.”

THIS IS RELIGION: it is the grace of a Triune God; and where it is bestowed, it will produce the fruits and the fulness of a blessed union to the LORD JESUS; and lead to a meetness to dwell with him in that kingdom, where we shall never sin; never sigh; never have sorrow;

“But from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in!”

No service more wholesome can possibly be rendered unto the readers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, than to lay before them a scriptural and an experimental declaration of these “best of all blessings.” The Lord helping and directing, this shall be the subject of our closing paper for that period (most momentous to us) now fast coming to its

close—the year One Thousand, Eight Hundred, and Sixty-One. What is

(1.) THE FEAR OF THE LORD? Hear the words of the Holy Ghost, first, in describing this fear: then, secondly, reflect upon the operation and fruit of it as seen in certain characters illustrated in this scripture.

The descriptive expressions of “*the fear of the Lord*” as given in the Bible, are worthy of the deepest and most intense consideration. Happy, truly blest, and divinely safe, is he who, in his own experience, has proved the truth of those statements which the Holy Ghost has given of this choice and comprehensive grace, “THE FEAR OF THE LORD.” There is a fear of God in the natural conscience, at times even where death and darkness reign over the soul. There is a fear of God under the law, when the Almighty breaks up the hard heart, and takes away the stony heart of a vessel of mercy. The experience of good old Robert Bolton in this state was most remarkable; and which, in a future paper shall be given. There is also “the fear of the Lord” in a silent, and sorrowful seeking after HIM for salvation and pardon, for peace and fellowship, for preservation in time, and for a sacred meetness for the perfections and glories of an eternal world. There is “the fear of the Lord” in a steady and persevering devotedness of heart and life to his name, honour, worship, and ways; which is a lively faith in his promises—a grace producing obedience to his precepts—and a conscientious departing from any habitual association with the works of darkness.

Take a few of those descriptive sentences of this most holy grace; we will only lay the word of God before you now: the exposition and fruitful evidences of these Scriptures as seen and realized in the lives and consciences of sacred men must come afterwards. In the 28th of Job, we have a brief but decisive report of this grace. “The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom: and to depart from evil, that is understanding.” To know the Lord so as to believe in him, to love and fear him—is wisdom indeed: and this implantation of holy and heavenly knowledge, is a well-spring of influence and power—directing, delivering, and attracting the saved sinner from the dark ways of evil: so that Solomon saith, “the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.” We seem glad to get such a testimony from Solomon in his latter days. Surely he had known the snares of death in all their dreadful forms, and both before and after drinking those bitter draughts had proved that nothing but the fear of the Lord, as a flowing fountain in the soul, sending its purifying streams through every part of the inner man—

nothing short of this indwelling principle of life divine could ever preserve a fallen child of Adam from the deep-laid schemes of the great adversary of our souls.

That is a most expressive word John gives you (1 John iv. 18) “There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.” There are two distinct passions which most powerfully influence the mind. The one is *fear*; that produces torment: the other is *love*; that leads on to perfection. Now look here at four things. First, consider John is speaking of the children of God: secondly, he speaks of some of them in a very imperfect state—fearing and being tormented: thirdly, he shows how this fear is to be got rid of; how it is cast out: then, fourthly, he shows us what it is that gives a man a spiritual, a new covenant, a gracious perfection in the kingdom of life—it is PERFECT LOVE.

John speaks of the children of God. In times of spiritual anxiety how eagerly we search after safe and certain marks of relationship to God—of union to Jesus—of a sacred possession of the Spirit: and what inward gladness and holy peace is realized when the witness of the Spirit in the word, and the work of the Spirit in the soul meet together and confirm each other!

Not to dissect the various degrees of grace, or stages of the Christian life—such as babes, little children, young men, and fathers; let us fasten upon those great principles which are laid in the soul made alive spiritually by God, and which cannot be removed, let the *feeling* or *circumstantial* state be whatever it may. A knowledge of THE TRUTH, then, is one certain feature of the living family. “I have not written unto you because ye know not the truth; but because ye KNOW IT: and that no lie is of the truth.” The knowledge of the truth comes from a believing on, a receiving of, and a resting entirely upon the Lord Jesus Christ for deliverance, for salvation, and for acceptance in the sight and kingdom of a holy, just, and righteous God. This supernaturally created faith in the Person and power of Christ doth remain; and John says, “If that which we have heard from the beginning remain in you, ye shall continue in the Son, and in the Father.” In all the mediatorial blessings of a dear Redeemer; and in all the promises of that new and everlasting covenant which God hath made *for*, and *with* his people. Here is our safety; here is our salvation. In the beginning, when our souls were raised from the dead, we heard the voice, “Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and CHRIST shall give thee light.” Again, in the beginning, we heard, “Whosoever believeth that JESUS is the CHRIST, is born of God.”

And, in the beginning, we heard, "He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Have we cast away these words spoken home in our once broken hearts? We cast away these? No! never. In fits of dreadful despondency—in times of soul trouble—in seasons of heavy trial—in the days of sharp temptations—we have *forgotten*; but never forsaken those living words which God the Holy Ghost did write in our minds when first in Christ we did believe. Now abideth faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is charity, for faith carries us on very often in the dark; hope often seems to be ready to give up the ghost; but charity warms the heart, raises up the affections, delivers the soul, drives out all fear, and gives such a perfection of comfort and confidence as makes us sing, "We know that the Son of God is come; that we love him because he first loved us; and that when he shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory." These are the heirs of heaven; but some of them are in a very imperfect

state; for "he that feareth is not made perfect in love;" and fear always has something tormenting about it. The light of Jehovah's holiness shining in upon our utter ruin and helplessness, will engender the most painful fear; but when love is perfected in us when EVERLASTING LOVE is revealed in us, as it was in Saul of Tarsus ("when it pleased God to reveal HIS SON in me!") when the FOUNTAIN of LOVE doth speak to us (saying, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; and therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee;") when the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us; then, in those seasons, in those internal enjoyments of heaven's highest mercies, there are no tormenting fears; the church then speaks of her happy state with confidence and holy joy, "He hath brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me is LOVE!"

We must proceed no further now; but we wish to go much farther into these reflections in future numbers.

THE LATE MR. JAMES CARTER, BAPTIST MINISTER,
OF Down, KENT,
HIS NATURAL, SPIRITUAL, AND MINISTERIAL LIFE; HIS
TRIUMPHANT DEATH, &c.

[It has been our happy privilege in days gone by, to hold sweet communion with our departed brother whose memoir, from the hands of his daughter, we here present to our readers. James Carter was a most honourable and devout Christian, and a faithful servant of Christ. He is removed far away from this world of dangers, and most distressing changes. That his widow may be supported—his pupil well supplied—and his loss sanctified to the family, and to all who knew him, must ever be our earnest prayer.—Ed.]

Knowing you wish for some lengthened account of my beloved father, I write to the best of my knowledge. I feel I have undertaken a task I shall not easily accomplish; my feelings are past expression; did I not feel that some dear friends would be disappointed I should give it up altogether; but if I am enabled to write anything relating to my beloved father that will be for the glory of God, to his name be all the praise.

James Carter, was born at Cricklade, in Wiltshire, May 24th, 1798. Of his early days I cannot say much. He was the youngest but one of ten children. At the age of six years he lost his father by death; a circumstance he often looked back upon as a great loss to his family, as he had ever reason to believe his father was a good many from that time he knew but little of the comforts of the parental roof. He was apprenticed to learn the trade of his eldest brother, where he remained until he was 19; he left under circumstances not justifiable in themselves; but he often looked back to the event as one

of the links in that chain held in the unerring hand of him who was the end from the beginning. He left his brother's house early one Sabbath morning to walk to the city of Oxford, a distance of 40 miles; as he was nearing that place in the evening of the day, not knowing where to seek lodgings for the night, a person came up to him, and addressed him in accents of kindness, and said, "Young man, I perceive you are a very young traveller; where are you going?"

He replied,
"I am going to Oxford."

He said, "Are you aware of the many traps there are to catch young inexperienced travellers?—I would advise you to go to a certain street, to a certain house in that street; there you will find friends; there you will be safe, and what you may have with you will be safe; you may have a room and bed to yourself, and may rest in safety."

He went to this house, and found it just as this kind friend had guided him. He got work in Oxford, and remained there some few

months; but being of a roving turn he left for the town of Warwick; when upon reaching that place, the same kind personage met him, and addressed him in nearly the same words, and he found it just as he told him; but he never knew from whence he came, or whither he went. He subsequently moved about the country from place to place, and was often in very great straits to obtain the bread which perisheth; all this time living without God, determined to have his fill of pleasure, but found none.

He came to London about the year 1820; from thence to Tooting, in Surrey. In April, 1822, he married his first wife, my beloved mother. She was in the habit of attending the Church of England, and made the agreement with him that he should attend there with her; under her influence he became very moral; and they settled down in a religion of their own making. He worked very hard to make himself better; he commenced family worship by reading from a book of prayers he then had.

In the summer of 1823, the painful and somewhat sudden death of a near neighbour was the means, in the Lord's hands, of bringing him to a sense of his state as a sinner before a just and holy God. He saw at once all his supposed goodness was but a refuge of lies: the law with all its terrors condemned him; so great was his distress of mind that he could not take the food necessary for the body; so much was Satan permitted to harass his soul that he was afraid to be alone; sleep forsook his eyes. One night, when he lay in his bed, he thought he was sinking into that place where hope never cometh. My dear mother was alarmed, and wished to send for the doctor, as she thought his reason was leaving him; but he said,

"No, I will get out of bed, and try to pray;" which he did both for himself, his wife, and their then infant child.

The good Lord was pleased in some measure to calm his troubled breast; he was enabled to find some rest, although his heavenly Father did not grant him a full sense of his pardon then, and he was permitted to go on for some weeks under deep exercises of soul; still there was a something from that time which encouraged him to hope. There was a good man living near him, who invited him to go with him to a Dissenting place of worship: light broke in upon his mind; still he had no evidence of his sins being pardoned until one evening returning from the prayer meeting with this good man, their conversation turned on the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus; and the words "IT IS FINISHED" were spoken by his friend, the scales fell from his eyes; he saw at once the fulness, the freeness, and the suitability of the atonement; that it was

for poor, hell-deserving sinners, such as he then felt himself to be: he was led to look upon the 9th of November, 1823, as his spiritual birthday; and I do not think the anniversary of that day ever passed over without his making some reference to the great deliverance he then experienced. Some little time after he became a member of the Independent church, at Tooting, where he remained about four years. His views of doctrinal truth all this time were very beclouded. In due time he was led, by the providence of God, to hear the late Rev. J. Irons, of Camberwell; where, to use his own words, (as far as instrumentality went,) he learned his creed; but this creed not pleasing the church he was then connected with, he, with several others, were dismissed. From that time, he became a bold advocate for all the fundamental articles of the Christian faith as they are revealed in God's word. He soon became a preacher of those glorious truths, which, by God's rich grace, he had been made to taste, and had proved to be the bread of life to his soul. For some few years he was an itinerant preacher. Near the end of the year 1829, he went to preach in the village of Bansted, Surrey, where he continued to go once every month for seven years: the other Sabbaths being mostly engaged elsewhere.

In the year 1836, a variety of circumstances transpired which were the means of his coming into this village of Down, where he spent the last twenty-five years of his life. When he came here, there were a few sheep without a shepherd. He was invited to preach to them. In the course of a few months a little church was formed upon New Testament principles, with the exception of believers' baptism. There were some conversions under the preaching of the word; many souls were blessed. Many were his trials at this time, both temporal and spiritual: true, indeed, he obtained his experience through a long course of trying dispensations.

About the year 1844 or '45, his mind became exercised on the subject of Believers' baptism. The late Mr. Shirley, of Sevenoaks, was the instrument in the hands of the ever blessed Spirit, of setting his mind right on that subject; and so dear was it to him, that he used to say, it was like a second conversion. Subsequently, the church here was re-formed on the principles of the Strict Baptists, upon a very small scale; but it has gone on to increase a little; and my dear father when called home, left it in as peaceful and prosperous a state as it ever had been. It was often to his mind a source of great comfort that he had been permitted to be the humble instrument of planting a Gospel church here: it was his constant prayer, and almost his last, that its deacons

and members might be kept sound in the faith once delivered to the saints. He had much while here to try his faith; many battles to fight; many enemies to encounter; trials from within, trials from the world, trials through the duplicity of professed friends; Satan often permitted to set in upon his soul with all his fiery darts; and unbelief would so becloud his mind, that he was sometimes led to question if he knew anything for himself after all. But those that knew him best, know that he lived very near to God, and that the Gospel he professed he lived—it was seen in his daily walk and conversation. He was a man of a most tender conscience: I have known a word spoken in haste by him to cause him to mourn a whole day. But I must not enlarge. What he was as a Christian, as a husband, as a father, he was by the grace of God.

He suffered much from painful afflictions, in his own person and in his family. Death severed from his grasp three beloved ones, between the end of the years 1851 and '55—his first wife and two daughters; he had the happiness of believing that the Lord had taken them to himself; still these painful dispensations tended much to wear his already weak body, and to bow down his animal spirits.

To come to the last. For some months past it was evident his frail tabernacle was fast giving way; still, he kept on in his employment up to the week before that of his death, and preached twice on the last Sabbath. On the Monday he was very poorly; on the Tuesday he appeared better up to nine o'clock in the evening, when he was taken suddenly worse, and continued getting worse through the night. Wednesday morning found him still lower: so fast had the disease taken, that it baffled all the skill of his medical attendant. Wednesday night and through the day on Thursday, so intense were his sufferings that it was with much difficulty he spoke to any one. He said—“What a mercy I have nothing to do but to die: if I had, I could not do it now.” Toward evening, he was a little easier, and began to talk to us: we found there had been a great conflict going on—Satan had made some attacks on his soul. He said—Satan had been there, and said he had come to see if he stood faithful, for if he did not he should have him after all. He said—“Satan has made a mistake—it is not my faithfulness, but the faithfulness of my glorious Head, my dear Jesus; in him I stand complete; it is the blood of Christ that comes between Satan and my soul: he cannot pass that.” Up to this time, he said, he had no intimation from the Lord that he was not to get up again, and he desired not to have any wish in the matter, but that which would be most for the glory of God.

Towards the morning of Friday, I was by his side, when he said, “My dear child, I must leave you, and my dear wife, in the Lord's hands: he has promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow. He is a faithful God; not one thing has ever failed of all he has promised. He said to my soul many years ago, ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!’” With that he gave us what proved to be his parting blessing.

By this time he was much easier in body, and we began to hope something better; but, alas, a few short hours told us too plainly that death was doing its work, and that all we could do was of no avail. To some few of his friends that came to see him, he talked much on those truths which had been his support and stay for so many years, and which he was resting upon in his dying hour, giving to each his parting blessing.

The whole of Friday night was spent in exhortation to those around, and in praise and prayer. At intervals he sang some favourite verses, one of which was—

“My faith looks back to see,
The burden thou did'st bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.”

At five o'clock in the morning of Saturday, it was evident his end was near. His mind was kept calm, resting upon Jesus; he said, “Dear Jesus! precious Jesus! complete in him! victory through the blood of the Lamb!” He then repeated that verse of Watts's—

“'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood;
Appeared stern Justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.”

After which he again said, “COMPLETE IN HIM!” He lay for a few more moments, when his happy spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss, on Saturday morning, Ang. 24th, 1861.

MARIANNE CARTER.

“One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say they're gone;
Before their willing spirits take
Their mansions near the throne.”

Love is the regnant attribute of the Divine nature; “God is love.” I do not find any other attribute so expressed in Scripture. We do not find it is said, God is mercy, God is justice, God is holiness, God is power, or God is wisdom; no, the expression of this attribute has something peculiar in it; GOD IS LOVE.—*Erskine*.

Christ's first coming was to purchase a Bride for Himself by his obedience and death. His second coming will be to solemnize the marriage, and to fetch the Bride home to the royal palace, the house of many mansions that He is preparing for her reception.—*Erskine*.

THE CONVERSION OF MR. HENRY MYERSON, PASTOR OF SHALOM CHAPEL, OVAL, HACKNEY.

(Continued from page 283).

I CONVEYED my impressions to my brother, and requested him to accompany me. He said he would, but at the same time declared his determination not to assist me. Well, I thought, this seems very hard, but still go I must. My brother and I wandered about from place to place, till at length we came to Pitfield Street, Hoxton. Close to the church stood a pump. I thought we could not find a better place, so I proposed commencing my open-air services here. My brother said, "Go, I shall not help you:" neither could I by any persuasions of mine cause him to yield. It appears evident that my brother was desirous to find out if the work was of the Lord, and so determined not to assist it; for as soon as he found I was unflinching, he rendered what assistance he was able. I crossed over to the pump, opened my Bible, and it would be impossible for me to describe to you my feelings. I truly felt that I stood alone, but I thought I would once more try my brother. I beckoned to him to come and stand by my side, which he did. I then proposed to him singing a hymn, so as to attract the attention of the passers by. He agreed to this, and gave out the hymn, to which I set the tune, and we soon had a congregation; but now I felt more inclined to run away than to preach; but still I felt riveted to the spot, agitated and overwhelmed. I stammered out something, and rambled about most fearfully. In truth, I scarcely knew what I was talking about.

Whilst thus confused, my attention was attracted by hearing a female voice, shouting out most lustily, "Glory! amen! hallelujah!" But as soon as I spoke about electing love and the eternal counsels of God relative to the elect, she left off her rude shout of Glory! amen! hallelujah! and when I looked round for my female advocate, I found that she had quietly withdrawn herself. After the service was concluded, I announced (God willing), I should be there the next Sabbath afternoon, and I continued to preach there the whole of that summer, and not without signs of the Divine approbation, for the Lord gave me seals to my ministry, and many an aged pilgrim told me that the word was blessed to them, and also that they had never heard the truth so fully preached in the open air. This was truly encouraging to me, and convincing to my brother; but when the summer was ended, we rented a small hall; but after the lapse of two or three weeks, it appeared it was not the Lord's will that we should continue, and once again I began to

question my call to the work, but the dear Lord soon made it manifest. I was sent by a friend to Woodford, and the blessing of the Divine Spirit attended the word. After that I was sent to Romford, and continued there for twelve months, where God gave me seals as a proof that I was sent by him to preach his gospel. But, however, the time came when I must leave Romford, and I continued for some time going from place to place as an itinerant preacher. Whilst thus engaged, I was sent by a fellow labourer to preach at Sunningdale, and I shall never forget that. It was a little chapel, situate in the heart of the country, a most pleasant and interesting spot. I was truly delighted with the aspect it presented, and the scenery seemed to give a deeper solemnity to the occasion. As soon as I entered the vestry, a sudden check was given to my feelings—a grey-headed old Christian, who appeared to be one who had weathered the storm, was sitting at the table. He gave me a look enough to pierce me through, as though he could say, what can a young man like this know? who sent you here? The poor old man seemed to me to be filled with disappointment. He told me to help myself to some refreshment; there was some buns and ale provided, but I felt already too full to eat much. The old gentleman then rose to go into the chapel, and as he rose, he said, "There is the pulpit; when you have had refreshment, you can come in." You may guess my feelings. I felt more like a criminal before a judge than a minister of Jesus Christ, but still the Lord opened my mouth to preach Christ crucified; and after service the old man seemed to evince very different feelings towards me. He told me to come and sit by him, and whilst at dinner he commenced talking about the sermon, and expressed his satisfaction. In the evening he requested me to read to him, which I did, and the tears rolled down the cheeks of the dear old veteran of Jesus Christ. He gave me an invitation to preach again and again. At about this time the Lord was trying me in providence, and although I was engaged to preach and had promised my services, I was compelled to disappoint them.

Here Mr. Myerson paused, but resuming his subject, said, I suppose that I must tell you all. The reply was, "Out with it." "Well," he said, "I was something like Mr. Huntington, compelled to pawn my coat, so that I could not go (laughter). On the following Monday I wrote a note, expressing my sorrow at being compelled to

disappoint them. I told them exactly how I was situated, but when I was about posting the letter, I was put to a stand; I could not recollect the address, so it was addressed by my father-in-law as he thought would best find him; but it appears to have been taken to a Mr. Walker, at Egham, who was son of Mr. Walker, at Sunningdale. He took the letter to an old deacon of the chapel at Egham, who said as soon as the letter was read, "that's the man for us." A letter was then posted to me, requesting me to supply their pulpit. I accordingly went, and there the Lord blessed my humble labours among them. I had not preached there long before the chapel was filled. Two came forward, witnessed a good confession; one called under my ministry, the other brought unto gospel liberty. Both were baptized, and added to the church. But I was not without mine enemies; I had much opposition, and had it not been for the Lord accompanying his own word with power, I could not have continued labouring there. I preached for them about sixteen months, and at length in the order of providence I was compelled to leave them; and now a most severe contest commenced between the enemy and my soul. He told me that I was a presumptuous hypocrite, and run before I was sent. I thought that it was evidently true, for if the Lord had sent me, things would have been different. I then thought of Romford, and the fair prospect I had there; but just as the people were flocking around me, and the word was blessed to them, something occurred to force me away. This led me to wrestle earnestly with the Lord to make matters plain to me. I could not understand it: everything seemed beclouded and dark. I thought what an awful thing for a dying mortal to dare to stand up to preach Christ on his own responsibility, and not called by the Holy Spirit to the work. Well, Lord, I said, if you have nothing for me to do, stop my mouth, never let me speak in thy name again, and if I have done wrong, forgive the wrong that I have done. Why should I force myself on the Lord? the Lord can work without me; Lord, make this matter plain.

I was now on the road from Staines to London. I was necessitated to walk to save the expense of riding, being out of employment; and the Lord met me there, and told me he had something for me to do at home. I again asked the Lord to direct me, and again the Lord said to me, I have something for you to do at home. I thanked the Lord, and went on my way rejoicing. When I arrived home, I asked my wife if any one had been for me, had any letters come? She answered in the negative, and then asked why I made the enquiry; but I felt that I could not satisfy her. The devil seemed

then to laugh at my folly, and told me that I was deceived, but the Lord stilled him by telling me that I should see it fulfilled.

My dear friends, this is no cunningly devised fable, what I am now telling you are sterling facts, exactly as they transpired. I looked for the fulfilment, day after day, and when Saturday night came, I began to think that it was all a delusion, but whilst thus musing and wondering what all this could mean, the bell rang. I went to the door, and Mr. Bonny, a friend of mine, stood there. "Myerson," said he, "I want you to go with me; I'm red hot. Come along. The Lord says I must be your Joseph." "Well," I said, "where are you going?" He replied, "To Mr. Haslop; I must go, it is so impressed upon my mind that I cannot rest;" I felt that this was from the Lord. The mystery seemed to be unravelling, and my heart was filled with humble gratitude. As we were walking together, I asked him his intention. He told me he intended asking Mr. Haslop to let me preach in his chapel once a month, and he would pay every expense. I accompanied him to the residence of Mr. Haslop, but through illness he had removed to the chapel house. Accordingly we went there. Mr. Haslop was then seated by the fire very ill, and Mr. Bonny expressed to him his wish, to which he said he had no objection, if it met with the approbation of his helpers.

LINES ADDRESSED TO
M R . J O H N I N W A R D .

BRETHREN in the ministry, be careful where you hang your hats. The following lines were deposited in my hat whilst engaged at a public meeting at Zoar Chapel, Manor-street, East India-road, Poplar, on September 24th.

Outward zeal, unholy fires—
Satisfy the carnal heart;
But the heaven-born soul desires
Truth within the INWARD part.

In the outward world they dwell,
Harassed by a host of foes;
But the Lord they love so well,
INWARD grace and strength bestows.

Outwardly with words that burn,
They recount his glories o'er;
INWARDLY they oft-times mourn,
That they cannot love him more.

Though the law of sin and death
With the outward man they serve;
Yet the Spirit's quickening breath
Doth their INWARD man preserve.

When their outward frame appears
Hastening downward to decay;
They shall rise above their fears,
Strengthened INWARD day by day.

INWARD pleasures they shall know—
INWARD peace, and joy, and love;
Every INWARD grace below,
Till removed to worlds above.

THE
LOVED ONE, CHASTISED.

HEBREWS XII. 6.

WHEN one person loves another, he shows his love by gifts and presents—by anticipating his wants and wishes—by ascribing to him many imaginary perfections, by overlooking his faults and exaggerating his virtues. This is the human method of showing affection, and we are so accustomed to it, that the language of the verse, “whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth,” startles us as paradoxical. God then shows his love to his people here below in a different manner—by sending crosses, losses, and troubles of various sorts. He takes a part of our property, or perhaps the whole of it; bereaves us of our dear relations, deprives us perhaps of our health, and allows bitter enemies to assail us with impunity. This is God’s method of showing love, and we are so accustomed to man’s method of showing affection, that human reason is sometimes almost staggered, and we ask as trouble succeeds trouble, “Can this be love?” We are obliged to call in faith to assist us to understand God’s method of showing love. But if we look at the different results of the two plans, we shall see the superior wisdom of God’s method. Man’s method makes the person selfish, luxurious, proud, vain, tyrannical, discontented; God’s method makes the saint humble, resigned, contented with little, sympathizing. How God afflicted not only Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, from all eternity, and his well-beloved Son in whom he was always well pleased, but Joseph, Job, St. Paul, and the whole of the noble army of martyrs. Let the afflicted saint then wipe away his tears, and say, “Ah, this heart-breaking dispensation is a proof of my heavenly Father’s love, and of Jesus’ kind intercession for my immortal soul, who will not permit the objects of his love to make this world their home and their idol, and so God in very faithfulness has caused me to be troubled, and his loving correction through the Spirit’s grace shall make me great.”

J. W.

DIVINE PREDESTINATION.

By JOHN BROWN, A.M.

WE have a very explicit recognition of the doctrine of predestination in the prayer of Abraham’s servant, when seeking a wife for his master’s son, “Let it come to pass,” said he, as he prayed by the well; “let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also: let

the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac.” Gen. xxiv. 14. He does not pray that God would purpose any new thing, but that he would discover the purpose which had already been formed in the Divine mind. That God hath fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass is a clearly revealed Scripture doctrine: the most minute and apparently casual events that happen take place according to a fixed rule. Job xiv. 5, 14; Jer. i. 5; Acts xv. 18; xvii. 26, 31; 1 Thes. v. 9.

The doctrine of predestination is intimately connected with that of a particular providence. The providence of God is just the execution of the Divine decrees. “He is in one mind,” says Job, “and who can turn him? and what his soul desireth even that he doeth. For he *performeth* the thing that is appointed for me: and many such things are with him.” Job xxiii. 14. A beautiful recognition of this doctrine we have in the conduct of Abraham, Gen. xxiv. 7; in the conduct of his servant, vers. 12—21; and in the conduct of Laban and Bethuel, ver. 50. All parties seem to have seen the finger of God in this matter. That God is the great disposer of all events, even the most minute and circumstantial, is a doctrine as comfortable to the believer as it is scriptural in itself. “Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?” says the Saviour to his disciples, “and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.” Matt. x. 29—31. “The lot is cast into the lap,” says Solomon, “but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.” Prov. xvi. 33.

But although all the events of Divine Providence take place according to “the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God;” yet the same Providence which planned them, causes them to fall out in connection with means or second causes; and the means and the end are so connected together that unless the means be used the end cannot be gained. Hence we find Abraham’s servant, in the case referred to, using as much prudence and diligence as if the issue depended on his own exertions, Gen. xxiv. 15—25; while at the same time he looked to the Lord for all his success; ver. 12. As, ordinarily, we do not know what the Divine purposes are, until they are made known by their accomplishment, we are left to reason and act as freely as if no such purposes existed. These two principles, viz., predestination, or particular providence, on the one hand, and free agency on the other, are fully brought together throughout the whole narrative recorded in Gen. xxiv. Everything is natural and yet providential. All parties are guided by their own free

choice; but that choice is influenced and regulated by him who has all hearts in his hand, and turneth them whithersoever he will. As we do not know the purpose of God in ordinary cases, we should *act* as if all depended on ourselves, while we believe that all depends on the Lord. The secret purpose of the Lord is not the rule of our conduct. "Secret things belong to the Lord." It is for us to be diligent in the use of means, while we look to God for success. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccl. xi. 6.

But even if we *know* the purpose of God in any given case, we should not be warranted to expect the accomplishment of that purpose without the use of means. A good illustration of this we have in the case of Paul on his voyage to Rome. He had the express promise of God that all who sailed with him should be preserved; and yet when the mariners were about to leave the vessel, he exclaimed with as much earnestness as if no such promise had been made, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." Acts xxvii. 21—31. The urgent language of the Apostle did not imply unbelief in the promise. He believed God that it should be even as he had told him, ver. 25; but he also believed that God would fulfil his promise by means of the mariners, and therefore he insisted on their remaining in the vessel. Should it be said that the purpose of God would have failed had Paul and his companions been lost, it may be replied, that the purpose of God would have failed also, had Paul and his companions been saved *without remaining in the ship*. The means and the end were alike decreed by God, and equally joined in the Apostle's mind. Faith in the promise, as thus explained, would encourage Paul and his companions on the one hand, to use the means, because they had the assurance of success: and, on the other, would prevent them from neglecting the means because they knew that without them they could not be saved.

Conlig, Newtownards, Ireland Nov. 1861.

MOSES, THE SERVANT OF THE LORD.

THE characteristics of a true servant of the Most High, are in the New Testament descriptive of Moses, the man of God.

1. He was a possessor of victorious faith, for this is the victory that overcometh the world, even "our faith." Moses had faith in God, that God was the God of his people. This faith overcame; for while Pharaoh's daughter had great claims upon his grati-

tude, and while Egypt might expect much from him, who had trained him in her wisdom; yet, but for the oppression of the father and the king, there would have been no necessity for the kindness shown, or need for the education given. Moses, led by God to consider that God would by his hand deliver his people, renounces all connexion with human powers, and refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter.

The second characteristic is that of refusing. While circumstances may differ in kind and degree with men of God, the nature of that which is spiritual is the same. Moses refused to recognise the relation to the world, or to the enemies of the God of Israel. However much they were attached to him, and however keenly he felt parting from them, in whatever manner they solicited his continuance among them; and to whatever degree his fleshly inclinations bade him yield, he refused. The God of Israel was the strength of his heart.

3rdly. He chose; for, while his conscience would not let him dwell peaceably with the Egyptians, he does not fly from the trouble arising from association with the people of God, who perhaps are "a crooked and perverse generation." So that although Egypt may afford fleshly pleasures, and Israel may yield many troubles, through her circumstances and conduct, yet the choice is to dwell with God's people.

4th. Estimation of Christ. Moses looked above all the mere circumstantials, and his heart's affections were fastened on Jesus, and this was his estimation that the worst that comes from the world, because we are Christians, is better, far better than the best that comes from them, to recognise us as of the world.

5th. Boldness. He forsook Egypt, not obeying the king, and while he went away to escape the folly of his brethren, yet it grieves him not to break the laws of the oppressor.

6th. Endurance. An invisible God is his support, and thus enduring he can rejoice in Israel's God.

These different features are found in their greater or lesser development in all God's children, and the Saviour's teaching, as well as that ministered by the apostles, shew that all this is felt and will be acted out by the servants of the Lord.

Faith is the gift of God, and his servants who have God working in them to will and to do, build themselves up on their most holy faith.

They refuse to be with the world, and for-sake, if need be, even father or mother for the Lord's sake.

They make choice of the Lord's people, and say, "We will go with you, for we perceive God is with you."

The name of Christ is precious to them, and therefore they set their affections on things above, and rejoice to suffer shame for his name.

They are bold for God, and glory that when they themselves are weak, he is strong, and can say, "Be it known unto you, we will not worship the image, and our God is able to deliver us." Though oft cast down, they are not destroyed; though oft perplexed, yet not in despair. Thus being servants to God, they have their fruit unto holiness, the end of which is everlasting life.

A REMONSTRANCE WITH THE SIN-DESPAIRING SOUL ABOUT THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

If sin and grace could not act at the same time, then the gift of Jesus had never suited the sinner's case: nor would He have sought the lost to save: neither could God have any fellowship with the sinner.

But it has pleased Him that sin should not hinder his grace, nor grace prevent sin only as it is His will to deliver; therefore "hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy," that "where sin abounded His grace should much more abound."

Herein lies both the mystery of godliness and the mystery of iniquity: being the reason that the poor sinner, even at the time of his sin, may come boldly to the Throne of Grace, having free access into the presence of the Father. This is the new and living way opened into the holiest, even *the WILL of the Father* through the blood of Jesus.

Now, the poor dependent on mercy cannot say when he shall stand or fall; but knowing that "God is able to make him stand," his wistful eyes seek to follow the ways of the Mighty One, trusting that He will yet deliver.

O, poor sinner, who hast once enjoyed the presence of God, but art becoming more and more the slave and dupe of Satan, be advised by the warning of one in like condition with yourself. It is sin that hardens the heart, and your iniquities are those which separate between you and God. Beware of the deadening nature of sin, and while there is yet a breath of life toward God in thee (this is His drawing), "return unto the Lord, He will abundantly pardon." His grace is for such as you, and He will heal you. Cry unto God to spare you that which you have merited—to spare you from being hardened by your transgression. Take with you words and say, "Receive me graciously, lest, being hardened, I become shy of Thee, and my sin cause me to forsake Thee."

"Tell him, thy bosom tyrants lash
And rage without control

Shew where the fetters gall thy flesh
And bruise thine inmost soul."

And though a greater sinner than ever, while yet in the pangs of your sin, approach nearer than ever to Him even to the place where God meets the sinner face to face—the altar of sacrifice, on which the Lamb of God was slain, where abideth a priest continually (He that was dead but now liveth), "to comfort those that mourn, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

If from this altar is the grace that will suit you, and if from here flows the blood that will cleanse you, then, O child of adoption, you will obtain it *in the nearest presence of the Father*: for here liveth your High Priest with acceptance, who, out of the Father's *own will*, delights to bless you.

M. C.

MR. MULLER'S ORPHAN HOUSES, BRISTOL.

WE gave an extract last month from the 22nd Report. Of the general character of this institution, it may justly be said to be in the highest sense most extensively beneficial. It takes in poor orphan children; feeds, clothes, educates, and in every way prepares them for some position in the world. Besides this, the Lord honours Mr. Muller's spiritual labours among them; so that very many notes like the following are received:—"Respected and dear sir,—It is with feelings of deep gratitude that I now write to thank you for the kind parental care bestowed upon me while in the dear Orphan House; and I desire ever to look upon that period of my life with lively gratitude and affection. I have indeed to be thankful I was there; for it has been to me a spiritual birthplace. While under your care, dear Sir, I was brought to feel myself a lost sinner, and was led by the Spirit to the cross of Christ, there to find pardon and peace to my soul. Again thanking you for all your past kindness, and sincerely hoping you may long be spared to be the friend of the orphan, I remain yours respectfully and affectionately, . . . The writer had been thirteen years under our care, and a believer for three years before she left us and walked consistently. She has also given us nothing but comfort since she was sent out to service." [There are other distinct and excellent features in this charity which we desire to notice.—Ed.]

What is mercy, but a strong bent and inclination in God to do good to and help a sinner in misery? O miserable sinner (says God), trust in My mercy flowing out through the blood of My eternal Son!—*Erskine*.

New Books.

"*The Manchester Pulpit.*" Nicholson, Manchester: J. Gadsby, London.

Nos. 10 and 11 contain sermons by Mr. A. B. Taylor, Minister of Baptist Chapel, Rochdale-road, Manchester. We are full of pulpits and printed sermons in these days. Almost every preacher of any influence now has his printed, as well as his preaching, "Pulpit." "*The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*," contains the Sunday morning sermons of Mr. James Wells. "*The Gospel Pulpit*" being sermons by Mr. J. C. Philpot. "*The Brighton Pulpit*," for November furnishes three sermons by Daniel Smart. Besides these there are thousands and tens of thousands of other "*Pulpits*" flying through our land, of all kinds of sentiment, doctrine, and degree. It has been frequently said, that the masses of our people are not a reading people; but if these "*Pulpits*," and the weekly and monthly periodicals which the steam-engine and the printing press are pouring forth in streams, find circulation enough to support them, then our reading people must be immensely numerous indeed. Mr. Taylor's sermons are plain, scriptural, and consistent with truth and experience. We should consider him a safe and solid servant of Jesus Christ. No flights of imagination, no straining ideas, no twisting nor perverting the Word; no startling nor rushing sentences; but fair sailing with the revelation made by God himself in the word of his grace. Mr. Taylor's sermon entitled "*The Hindrance Removed*," is a long discourse on Baptism, its requisites and what doth hinder many. One quotation from this baptising sermon will justify all we have said of the character of Mr. Taylor's preaching. He is going through the New Testament to shew what is meant by baptism. Here is a sample. He says,—

"Now notice, for a few moments, the being buried with him, for there is a wonderful connexion here coupling together Christ and the saint buried with him. What is the meaning here of "with him?" When Christ died, he died as a glorious head, he suffered as a glorious head; when he was buried, he was buried as a glorious head; when he rose from the grave, he rose as a glorious head; and when he ascended up on high, he ascended as a glorious head. Paul, arguing this point, says, "if one died for *all*, then were all dead." 2 Cor. v. 14. So that when Christ died the church was dead in him; when he suffered the church was considered in him; when he was buried, the church was considered buried with him; when he rose the church was considered risen with him; and when he ascended up on high he entered into the

presence of God for us, "having obtained eternal redemption for us;" he the head, and we the members, of his body the church.

But come to the figure of being buried. The dear Lord, speaking of his own sufferings, makes use of the word baptism. He says, "but I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" Luke xii. 50. He looks forward to what is coming upon him; he sees it clearly; he knew it all; "I have a baptism to be baptized with," and what was this baptism? Was it *having a little suffering*, or a *little sorrow*, or a *few difficulties* scattered over him, sprinkled upon him? No, but it was a sinking into the wrath of God; it was a being *immersed, dipped, baptized* in that suffering that would have damned the church for ever and ever. The psalmist painted this, in a measure, when he speaks of the bulls of Bashan and the dogs of hell being let loose upon him. (Read Ps. xxii.) Watts also touches it when he says—

'The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of Almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul."

This was the baptism that he was to be baptized with. Oh, Christian, what he suffered when he hid not his face from shame and spitting! what the agonies of his holy soul were, when he exclaimed, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" Here was an immersion in the just wrath of a holy God; and he did it for thee, poor believer, when thy iniquities were laid upon him; when he suffered, the just for the unjust, it was for thee. And this was a mysterious baptism; a dipping indeed into the mystery of iniquity; but a spicing of principalities and powers, and the way to make an open show of them by triumphing in his own flesh. But he foresaw the fearful sufferings, and when they came he cried out under them.

When the believer is baptized, he is planted in the likeness of his death; but oh! what a shadowy likeness! Being immersed in the water, as Christ was immersed in his sufferings for sin, he is planted in the likeness of Christ's death; and as Jesus lay a little while in the tomb, so the believer, for a second or two, lies under the water, buried with him by baptism. A blessed path the Lord has marked out for thee, believer; a simple yet mysterious path for thy footsteps, and he calls it a "being buried with him by baptism."

No. 43 of "*The Gospel Pulpit*," has a sermon of four-and-twenty pages, entitled, "*Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the Living God.*" It was preached in Stamford, May 26, 1861. It is a discourse which gradually penetrates into almost every crevice of the

believer's experience and of the Saviour's work; but we hope to read and review it more carefully than we have yet had time to do, "*Zion's Waymarks*." Another sermon by Mr. Philpot, full of thought, and worthy the earnest attention of all good pilgrims who have either "lost their roll," or are fallen by the way. Ah! there are thousands of poor, bruised, and broken hearts in Zion's streets, while there are few ministers, either of the high or low schools, who really care for their souls. The Lord will painfully teach all his disobedient children that no heart like his can sympathise with them; no arm but His can save them. His loving-kindness to his fallen saints have often filled their souls with amazement and wonder; but here we must check ourselves; and only promise to notice this "*Zion's Waymarks*" as soon as possible, with only one object in view, that is, instrumentally to help "*the wounded in the way*."

Daniel Smart's three sermons preached last October in Brighton, shall have a distinct notice in "CHEERING WORDS" for December, a little half-penny serial, which for the cottage or the school, where it will be acceptable, if the wonders of sovereign grace are internally known. Mr. Daniel Smart was formerly a stern and awful witness against any and everything but the life of God in the soul. The review and extracts given in December "*Cheering Words*," will show he aims much at helping weak and timid souls by showing what the Lord has done for him.

"*Christian Theology: being the Sermon preached by Mr. Bloomfield, and the Addresses delivered on the occasion of the thirty-seventh anniversary of Salem Chapel, Meard's-court, Soho.*" London: Stevenson; and R. Hoddy, Soley-terrace.

MR. BLOOMFIELD has been mercifully restored to his people, to his work, and to the service of his beloved Master generally. We have no doubt but many will prove that "it has been good for him that he has been afflicted;" the good results of which, we hope, will flow down to the churches (whom he annually visits) for many years to come. September 22nd and 24th were great days at Salem. Mr. Bloomfield was surrounded by many of his brethren in the ministry; and by a multitude of Christian friends. Mr. Hoddy, (a deacon at Salem) has published a pamphlet with the above title, in which Mr. Bloomfield's sermon, and the addresses delivered by the ministers present, are given. Among them we have, "The Doctrine of the Trinity," by Mr. John Cooper, of Wattisham; "The Person and Sonship of Christ," by Mr. R. Hoddy; "The Doctrine of Election," by Mr. W. Palmer; "The Atonement," by Mr. John Foreman, (this is a plain, but most

excellent dissertation on the greatest of all subjects, reconciliation by the precious blood of the Lamb); and Mr. Moyle's address on the operations of the Holy Spirit; Mr. Dickerson's and Mr. Wyard's on "The Great Commission," close up the pamphlet, which, to many, will be acceptable and useful.

"*Meditations in Poetry and Prose.*" By Ellen Booker. London: Aylott and Son, 8, Paternoster Row. 1861.

FROM FURZEY Hill, near Fairford, this pretty volume comes. In the small compass of less than one hundred pages, we have a number of pieces, in which the exercised mind of a Spirit-taught child is poured forth on subjects the most sacred, "for the glory of God, and the welfare of Zion." Some of the prose pieces are worthy of quotation; but the following verses, "*For Resignation to the Will of God*," will, no doubt, be perceived by many of our readers with deep emotion, giving them fellowship with the writer at the throne of grace.

Though all thy ways may seem to be
Against me now; yet, shall I see
'Twas the right way, designed by Thee,
To bring and keep me near.

Whate'er, O Lord, Thou'rt pleased to do,
Make me submissive, patient too,
Trusting in Thee to bring me through—
In all my help appear.

Weak though I am, dejected, sad
And feel my sinful self so bad,
Yet, in this furnace make me glad,—
With thine own presence cheer.

Make me as silver purified,
While thus by Satan sorely tried,
Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
O, Saviour! ever near.

The precious metal, Lord, refine;
Impress it with thy seal divine,
That in thy image it may shine,
And all thy likeness bear.

"*Old Jonathan*," No. 67. Nov., 1861.
London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate.

This number, like most of its predecessors, is full of pieces calculated to arouse the careless, to edify the seeker after knowledge, and to stimulate and comfort the weary and the tried. One feature ever distinguishes "*Old Jonathan*:" he never associates himself or his friends either with error, bigotry, or brainless nonsense. It is a good thing for the people of our land and times, that at so low a price so much beautiful and profitable reading is placed within their reach.

"*Samson Losing his Strength. A Warning to Backsliders.*" A Sermon by Charles Gordelier. No. 3,580 of "Penny Pulpit." James Paul.

MR. GORDELIER evidently prepares his sermons with great care; and very effectually works out the subject he takes in hand. Here we have Samson's life—his devotion to God—his falling backward—and his end;

the whole furnishing wholesome and valuable lessons to all, but especially to cold and careless professors of religion. We feel the need of such sharp-threshing instruments ourselves; and hope Mr. Gordelier will give us some more. With Bogatzky we would constantly cry—

"Lord, help me to watch, and help me to pray;
Lest enemies catch me by night and by day;
The world, and the devil, are spreading their
net;
My heart, too, is evil, and full of deceit."

THE GREAT QUESTION ANSWERED.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF "SATAN'S THREE GREAT
FABLES."

By W. PARKS, B.A., OF OPENSHAW.

"*The Three Great Fables of Satan; and their Effects upon the Religious Professors of the Day.*" By W. Parks, Incumbent of Openshaw.—Manchester, D. Kelly. Price 2d.

This pamphlet contains Mr. Parks's address to his congregation on the completion of the eighteenth year of his ministry. Our readers are well aware that Mr. Parks never either preaches or publishes playthings; he gives you solemn, certain, weighty, and essentially useful discourses on "things which accompany salvation." Mr. Parks always leads our minds to that remarkable scripture—"Whose fan is in his hand; and he will throughly purge his floor." No man can more fearlessly tear off the mask of a superficial profession; no minister can more scripturally define the hidden life of God in the soul of a true vessel of mercy, than does the Incumbent of Openshaw. We often read those awful delineations of the wicked, as given in the Bible, and tremble; and we never read any of Mr. Parks's discourses, but he seems to say, "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting;" and, yet, before we leave him, he so clears up matters, that we cannot help secretly exclaiming,

"Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame;
Nor let my hope be lost."

In this address, Mr. Parks exposes the following three-fold fallacy:—

1. That Reformation and Conversion are one.
2. That God desires to Convert the World.
3. That Historical belief is saving faith.

Each of these "Monstrous delusions" is distinctly and firmly denounced, while the gracious work of God, as distinguishing his own people from all the other tribes, is not withheld. True, spiritual, saving conversion to God is the one thing above all others in this time-state. Just read one page of

Mr. Parks's pamphlet on this point.

"If any man wants to know whether he is a subject of God's conversion—here are God's own tests:—

1. Has he been convinced of sin?—not the sin of drunkenness, or impurity, or thieving, or of all these; for it is quite possible to be convinced of any or all these without God's special work at all; but has he been convinced of sin as a "transgressor of the law?" Does he know himself to be a sinner, a hell-deserving sinner, though he had never been a drunkard, a thief, or a liar? That is the question!

2. Has he fled to the only refuge, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Atoner for sin, and to Him alone, and pleaded for His blood to wash it out?

3. Has he become as "a little child" as to the reception of God's truth—submissive, humble, ready to be taught, and wondering why God should impart any measure of grace to him?

Does he know anything about David's "why me, Lord?" Can he bow down before the great mysteries of godliness? Can he adore where he cannot comprehend? Can he acquiesce in the doctrines of sovereign grace? Can he hear of electing love, and free, gratuitous favour without kicking? In short, can he *submit* to the Revelation of God?

If not, he may be certain *he has never been converted*—No: though he had become a paragon of morality—gave his goods to feed the poor, and lay in sackcloth and ashes to testify his sorrow for his sin!

An old author has left behind him these startling though most truthful assertions, viz:

"Could'st thou weep thy heart out, or should it melt like wax, or dissolve into water,—could'st thou pray till heaven and earth shook—could'st thou fast till thy skin and bones did cleave together—could'st thou reform thy heart, head, life, tongue—nay, all thy sins—could'st thou live like an angel, shine like the sun, walk up and down the earth like a distressed pilgrim—could'st thou die ten thousand deaths, lie in hell for as many millions of years as there are blades of grass upon the earth, sands on the sea shore, or stars in the heaven, I tell thee not one spark of God's wrath against thy sins can be quenched—His blood applied by sovereign grace must do *that!*

It is hardly necessary for me to guard myself against the imputation of disapproval of reformation. Few will be senseless enough to insinuate such a charge. I would to God that every drunkard was reformed, every thief reclaimed, every Sabbath breaker changed; but what I maintain is this:—that every reformation might be effected in any one man, and that man be not the subject of God's conversion.

AN INTERPRETER WANTED IN MANCHESTER.

From some letters it is evident the Revival Services, now so general, are creating an enquiry in the minds of not a few people who hear the free-will invitations so boldly poured forth from pulpit and from platform in these extraordinary times. Our kind correspondent—John Hudson,—gives us a brief review of men and things connected with the gospel in Manchester during the last twenty years. He says:

March 9th, 1840.—Mr. William Nunn slept in Jesus after a long and successful ministrations of the gospel, in St. Clement's church, Lever Street, Manchester.

May 10th, 1840.—Mr. James Wells came to supply for Mr. William Gadsby. His first text was Luke vi. 68.

February 18th, 1842.—Mr. George Greenhough fell asleep in Jesus, after many years' labour in the gospel ministry in Manchester and its environs.

January, 1844.—Mr. William Gadsby went to heaven, after a long warfare in Manchester.

September, 1844.—The people worshipping the Lord in the Mechanic's Institution, now came to Bethesda Chapel, Oldham St., under the pastoral charge of Mr. William Bidder.

June 23rd, 1847.—Mr. W. Bidder resigned the same.

Mr. Hudson further says:—

"The Free Trade Hall here is taken by Richard Weaver, for twenty weeks, morning and evening; and was last Sunday crowded to suffocation. Mr. Mursell has it engaged in the afternoon from last Sunday until the end of February. It was crowded; hundreds went away, not being able to get admittance. Surely some one like you can be useful to comfort enquirers, who are anxiously saying, 'What must I do to be saved?' These popular lecturers say, 'Do nothing; but believe.' But the poor things ask, 'What do you mean?' 'Only believe; and you shall be saved.' But still the question is urged, 'What is this believing?' You talk a deal about coming to Jesus; and, just now, what is it to come to Jesus? 'What do these people mean by coming to Jesus?' said a woman deeply anxious about the salvation of her never-dying soul. 'They want to persuade me my soul is saved,' said another anxious enquirer to me the other day. Another says, 'Where are the footsteps of the flock? what are the marks of God's people? Do not let me deceive my immortal soul. I'll suffer anything rather than deceive my soul!' God has stirred many up to enquiry and cries for mercy."

From this, and other sources of informa-

tion, we think there are many aroused to enquiries by these Revival preachers; but their vague and bold assertions about believing, pardon, being saved, and so on, require an elucidation, and an experimental interpretation, which souls enlightened from above, cannot get from them. A farmer, very recently speaking of the minister under whom he sat, said to another minister, "Mr. F. is not so high as you are." "Mr. F. tells his people every Sunday that they all may be saved if they will. That they may be converted, and have their sins forgiven that very night, if they will; and may know that they are saved and safe for heaven, if they will." The farmer was asked, if he believed such declarations were warranted by the Bible? He could hardly admit they were.

Passing this, we do believe that a spiritual and faithful distinction between conversions to men and genuine conversions to God, are more than ever needed. "But are there not plenty of spiritual interpreters in Manchester?" We believe there are some. The successor of the late Mr. Gadsby—Mr. A. Taylor—is decidedly one. His published sermons, which we hope shortly to review at length, witness for him. Mr. Parks, in the church at Openshaw, is a minister, whose testimony is as a two-edged sword, and one which gives no quarter to any specious or pretended profession. Mr. Samuel, Mr. Smith, Mr. John Gardner, Mr. John Kershaw, and some others, are in and around that huge city in the North, with its hundreds of thousands. Still, we have long hoped to see some of these valiant ones throwing themselves into the midst of the masses. If the Lord was pleased to qualify a true Spirit-taught gospel preacher for outward exertion among the hundreds of thousands, no doubt many would be gathered in, where truth is maintained.

LOOKING AND TALKING TO JESUS.

Thou hast told us, Saviour dear,
There is no cause for us to fear:
We bless thy loving, tender care,
And hope thy throne above to share.
But for rich, free, and sov'reign grace,
We ne'er in heaven had found a place;
Thy goodness we while here will bless;
What is in store we scarce can guess.
Not one of THINE shall e'er be lost,
Too dear a price their ransom cost;
Each one for whom thy blood was shed,
Shall reign in heaven with thee their Head.
While we are travelling on our way,
Lord, grant us grace to watch and pray;
Our succour be while here we stay,
Our guide to realms of endless day.
Lord Jesus, hear our fervent cry,
There's some of thine in darkness lie;
Thou Sun of Righteousness arise,
Great God, illumine their sightless eyes.
When all conversion work is o'er,
And time itself shall be no more;
With all the ransomed we'd join to sing,
The worthy praise of Christ our King.

Our Churches in Australia, and their Ministers.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM MR. DANIEL ALLEN.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD—CHRIST,—
Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you, and to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, through the person, work, death, life, and worth of Him who loveth at all times, "the Son of God," and from the great love of the Father of Him and us, by the communion of the Holy Ghost our Comforter.

Dear Brother,—After a long silence, I have still to say in the midst of the great unkindness of saints, and even cruelty from such as I hope to be so, and in the midst of the wrath of professors and the rage of devils, men, and sin, I am still spared, and

"My God is the God I adore,
My faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end."

My long stillness has arisen from the following causes:—1st, You seem to be too full to take us on board. 2nd, I like more solid matter than so much about tea-meetings, &c. 3rd, We have been very unsettled and much scattered through the conduct of some whose lives are regulated by pride, tyranny, deceit, dishonesty, and guile, and not by the love, grace, and gentleness of the Lord Jesus, who says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly." But, for the sake of some who I hope to be saints, I chose to be silent and cover their sin. Suffice it to say, that some of those who were disturbers of the peace in Zion's streets in your good old England have come here also, to do Satan's drudgery in the same dirty work, and the Lord will reward them as He did Alexander the coppersmith. In gathering in the harvest, we have straw, chaff, and wheat, then the barn is full. The next work is to thresh and separate the straw. This brings it into a much smaller heap; then we purge the floor by fanning out the chaff; this makes the heap still smaller, yet of equal or more value, and of much more use. So it is with the Church of Christ and the harvestmen of Jesus, and if they would stop until they had threshed and winnowed before they sent you the account of their harvest, you, they, and others would be much less disappointed. Well, now, dear brother, when the wheat is thus separated, it lies much closer together; so do the saints of God lie in closer union of soul together when those go out from them who were not of them; and so it is with us as a church, we have more real love and union than ever.

We are out of debt excepting £50. The

Lord be praised for His great goodness. This has been the cause of great disappointment to some. The £1,600 have been raised by the church and congregation, while I and my family have principally lived upon our own resources. So that by right the money should have been given for my support. In this I except £100 given by myself, £250 by brother Mills, and £100 by brother Cranwell. Yet, as soon as this was all thus done, some went about to turn me out to get some one else in, and raised an awful scandal upon me to carry out the project. Yet the Lord has blessed the word more during this affliction than ever before since I have been preaching; we have baptized eleven believers into Christ during the year. Our little preaching places in the country go on as usual, and now and then a poor sinner is brought to Christ. I have preached in the open air four or five times a week, where I have been much withstood and interrupted by the Catholics and Arminians, which ended in a discussion with one of the latter at the Protestant Hall on four nights upon the four subjects on the slip herein inclosed. The meetings were well attended—much interest—and our holy faith much better received than I could have expected. I herewith send you a copy of the outlines of the discussion. I now and then visit the diggings, preaching every night out or indoors. Sandhurst has some grains of fine wheat; they want a minister of truth; one who could half support himself by labour or otherwise. I do believe there is a good opening for a man of God and truth in that town. "O Lord, send more labourers." I found it good to be there, although the half-way Baptists did not want me in their chapel. At Ballarat, the Particular Baptists are going on well. I have visited them three times since I wrote you. They are now in want of a good, experimental, gifted, sound man of truth for a pastor. There is everything all ready for him to go to work, and much room for outdoor preaching. I felt well in the work there both out-doors and in. The Lord bless the people, and send them a pastor. They have had some threshing and winnowing since I first went up to them. The straw and chaff make a great outcry against me; but these are only soft things; they don't hurt much only when they burn; then you must stand on one side a little, for they soon go out, for there is not much substance in them. The dear people there are now having supplies by different men of truth—Ward, Huntly, Ousey, Cokebrand, and myself, &c. At

Preston, my first (and for ten years) place of labour, a Mr. Day (not long out from England), is settled. He is a good minister of Jesus Christ, and will be a blessing to this dark country. What appears to me so wonderful is, he is in every vital point of the same mind and judgment. The Lord bless his labours to Christ's glory in His peoples' salvation. I think if the Lord do not send our sister causes at Sandhurst and Ballarat a minister, we had better join our friends together, or rather ask the Lord to do so, and one or two of us go. I have found a brother in S. Ward in my trouble, which I cannot say of some others who have made great pretensions to brotherhood. I understand at Geelong there are two good men preaching the Lord Jesus Christ, which is a very wonderful thing in this country; one in the free church of Scotland (Mr. Huey), and one in the free church of England (Mr. Strickland). If they are men of God and preachers of Christ, then may the Lord our God bless them.

The great world of religious profession in all names is in this colony teaching the very life and soul—bones, marrow, and sinews—of Roman Catholicism *alias* Arminianism; every day they are making converts to the papacy. I stand prepared to prove from facts that the Protestants almost universally are now teaching and preaching the very sentiments that brought on the apostasy of the Church of Rome, and that are the very bulwarks of her system, which sentiments are in open violation of the doctrine of the prophets, apostles, ancient fathers, and reformers. May the Lord have mercy upon this land, and save it from being overwhelmed in this awful flood of error now pouring out of the mouth of every denomination planted upon these shores,—may the Lord bless you in your labour of love, and all faithful ministers in England,—and may the Lord give His people grace to know how to use you and them, to hold up your hands and not break your hearts. Hear me, O Father, for Christ's sake. The love and grace of Jesus be with you. My love to you.

I am, dear brother, yours affectionately in
Jesus,
DANIEL ALLEN.

Hawthorne, near the Bridge,
June 20th, 1861.

THE CRY FROM AUSTRALIA FOR GOSPEL MINISTERS.

THE mails are still bringing letters from different quarters; in almost all of them petitions are presented for sound, experimental, and divinely gifted ministers of Christ. There certainly is an increasing demand for *able* and for *faithful* men; but, while we believe that promise in Jer. iii. 15, will never fail while a portion of the church is on the

earth, still the Lord sometimes teaches his people the *value* of them by the loss, for a time. We do not say that the good people in Australia, who so earnestly pray for devoted and earnest ministers of truth, ever slighted the servants of God; but that for correction the candlestick is either taken from the people, or the people from the candlestick, is too obvious to be questioned. Not to dwell on this unpleasant part of the subject, we ask on behalf of our Australian friends, ARE THERE IN ANY OF OUR BRITISH CHURCHES ANY YOUNG ELISHAS WHOSE HEARTS ARE LONGING, AND WHOSE MINDS ARE SUFFICIENTLY RIPPENED FOR LARGE FIELDS OF EVANGELICAL USEFULNESS? If so, we pray them to read the following as samples of others sent us almost every month:—

DEAR SIR,—You will excuse the liberty I take in writing you, as the subject is an important one, and one which concerns some of the Lord's living family in this part of the world. There are several in and near to Perth who know and love the truth as it is in Jesus, holding also strict Baptist principles, and not finding any here whose ministry we can sit under with profit to our souls, some of us have agreed to pray for the Lord's blessing upon our endeavours, to write you to learn whether you could send us a minister who is a truly experimental man, who will, in the strength of his divine Lord and master feed the little and scattered flock of Christ in this place which he hath purchased with his own blood. We feel it to be a very desirable thing that we should be favoured with a true under-shepherd in this place. We have had the *Standard* here for some months; and now the *Earthen Vessel*, sent out here to Mr. Britnell; and we see by the *Earthen Vessel* there are Churches formed in the other Colonies upon Strict Baptist principles; and we should be very happy to have such a church here, if the Lord will. With regard to the support, we may say, that all those who love truth will do all they can to support it; and you know that the Lord's family having received the best blessings from the Lord, will always be led to help a true servant of Christ. Dear sir, would you favour us with a few lines by post, stating your views upon the subject, and whether you can send one of those who will be willing to come to this distant land to break to us the bread of life? We hope the Lord will direct you: we should not trouble whether it was a *Standard* minister or an *Earthen Vessel* minister, so that he is one taught of God: we believe, from what we see of both periodicals, that you are all brethren in the Lord. We trust the Great Master of assemblies will influence one of his own servants to commit himself into the hands of a Divine Providence, and come over and help us, and that the word of the Lord may be sounded out in this place, and that God's great name may be glorified through Christ Jesus. Yours, &c.

THOMAS BRITNELL.
WILLIAM MUSKETT.

Please to address to Mr. Thomas Britnell, Boot-maker, Perth, Western Australia.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I wrote to you some months back respecting the church of Christ at this side of the world. It is an appalling fact that in the city of Adelaide and its suburbs, with a population of nearly fifty thousand, there is not a man of God amongst all the churches that preaches a finished salvation doctrinally, experimentally, and practically. Now, Sir, such a man out here as yourself, or Mr. Wells, or Mr. Foreman, would (in the Lord's hands be the means of turning the professing church upside down; and of gathering the dear people of God toge-

ther. Mr. Gunn, at Salem, has left the church, and we are without a pastor. It is very difficult to get supplies. Our eyes and our hearts are up to the Lord, beseeching him to appear for us. We have a few good men that preach the truth; but what is wanted out here is a man of talent and of spiritual gifts, to declare faithfully the whole counsel of God. I hope you will make this matter known to the churches, so that some dear servant of God may come out here and gather the people together. You often sympathize with the churches at home; now do not forget your brethren and sisters out here. We have some from nearly all the Gospel churches in London and the country, and are we to be left desolate? Oh! that the set time to favour Zion was come! Hoping you will use the means in your power to help the labourer, may the Lord bless you in all your labours. Yours in the Gospel of Christ,

J. JACKMAN.

SYDNEY.

Letters from Mr. J. Clarke and Mr John Bunyan M'Cure, dated September 20th, reached us Nov. 19th, with notes and printed notices of Mr. M'Cure's continued exertions

and success in the ministry in Sydney, Parramatta, Penrith, and other places. It is gratifying to read of the zeal and industry manifested by our Christian brother on those fast increasing shores; in theatres, halls, and on board ships, he is continually preaching. Mr. Clarke says, "Numbers of persons flock to hear, good is done, some will shortly be baptized. The God of Jacob is their refuge." Mr. J. B. M'Cure says,—

"I should rejoice if the Lord could find out some good men as ministers of the Gospel in New South Wales. I stand quite alone. I am preaching five or six times a week. I must write you some particulars next time. The Geelong pulpit is not yet supplied. I do pray the Lord to send them a good man. Mr. Friend is speaking from the table pew, and will do so until they can get a minister. In about twelve months, I must try and pay them a visit for a few weeks. I am about to establish a Baptist Missionary Society for New South Wales, for the purpose of supplying those parts where there is no truth, and raising funds for expenses."

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

PERSEVERANCE AND PROSPERITY.

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL MEETING HELD AT JOHNSON STREET CHAPEL, NOTTING HILL,
ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22ND, 1861.

Most merciful is that man's position, who can look back upon a series of years—and, from the small commencement of his public career, to the present moment, trace the good hand of God in preserving him, so that in his family, in the church, and in the world he has realized that promise, "As thy days thy strength shall be." Reflection on the *past*, then, must produce gratitude; contemplation on the *present*, must raise the heart to the Almighty in earnest prayer, and as to the *future*, such a man being a truly Christian man—and a devoted minister too, may, without the fear of a fatal disappointment, say, as good old Methley did to his daughter, when reading certain records of the departure of faithful men, "Jane!" he cried out, "They all die well, thank God! they all die well. *And I shall die well too.*" Thrice happy man, who for his God doth live on earth; and that is meetened to dwell with HIM for ever!

It is thirteen years since, one Lord's-day morning we climbed a sort of ladder-staircase, to preach in a narrow room, to a small church and congregation then recently gathered together by the ministry of Mr. P. W. Williamson. Since that period he has steadily progressed: an excellent chapel has been built—the church has been very considerably increased; and on Tuesday, Oct. 22nd, the tenth anniversary of laying the foundation-stone of Johnson-street Chapel,

was holden in connection with Mr. Williamson's ministry. Mr. James Wells, as usual, delivered an instructive discourse in the afternoon on Jotham's Parable. More than 200 friends then took tea in the School Rooms; and a very crowded congregation in the evening was addressed by the brethren Bloomfield, Foreman, Pells, Woolacott, and Wise. Mr. Williamson presided. We can only this month give Mr. Foreman's and Mr. Woolacott's speeches; but we have the promise of Mr. Wells's discourse, and hope to give it in January. The following is Mr. John Foreman's,—

"VICTORIOUS FAITH."

BY MR. JOHN FOREMAN.

Beloved Mr. Chairman, Christian friends, —I am glad to see so large a congregation, because it looks encouraging to the cause.

I am requested to address you on the subject of "VICTORIOUS FAITH." (1 John v. 4.) And we may observe first, *what is faith?* second, *the conflict*; third, *the victory*; fourth, *the attending consequents of victory.*

I. AS TO FAITH, we may speak of it objectively and subjectively, to be the better understood. Objective faith is the matter, subject, or things, set forth and declared to be believed: as "the faith once delivered to the saints," (Jude 3,) meaning the system or economy of the New Testament ministry of

the Gospel—"the form of sound words;" (2 Tim. i. 13,) the faith that Paul preached, which once he destroyed. Gal. i. 23. And it is called **THE FAITH**, because it is of a promissory nature, and is a testimony of things done and given by the Lord, not to be done or merited by man, and the benefits thereof to be received through belief in the same; and, therefore, it is objectively called the faith of Christ, and the faith of the Gospel. James ii. 1; Phil. i. 27.

But *faith subjectively*, is that I am now to speak upon; and which is *the act of believing in the matter, object, or things, declared and set forth to be believed*. Some, with a loose, untruthful design, say there is but one kind of subjective faith, though objects believed in be never so different; but I beg leave to differ from this conclusion: for there is faith which, in its very principle, is but natural; and there is faith which, in its nature and existence in the soul, is spiritual. As to natural faith, belief in anything is faith after its kind; for devils are said to believe and tremble; and to believe there is one God, is so far doing morally well. James ii. 19. These believings are faith after their kind, and God is the object, but they are not the life and living faith that the apostle James contends for. Paul saith, "Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." 1 Cor. xiii. 2. This is evidently a faith to work miracles, and which might be had without salvation, or the Apostle would not have spoken as he did. Faith is a belief in a given testimony; and it is nonsense to talk about believing without a testimony to believe. There is a believing that is man's duty, by natural and external testimony, given in appeal to man's rationality. Creation is a testimony of appeal to every man's rationality, to the being of a God: and which makes an infidel denial of the being of a God gross wickedness. Rom. i. 20. The miraculous judgments that God wrought in Egypt, were a testimony of external appeal to the rationality of both the Egyptians and the Israelites, that the Lord alone is God; and it was their natural duty to believe it; and their unbelief was their ruinous wickedness when Egypt fought against that testimony, and when Israel went into idolatry. The miracles and wonders wrought by our Lord, were the outward testimony that God gave of him, in appeal to the rationality of the Jews, that he was the true Messiah. Acts ii. 23; 1 John v. 10. And it was their duty to believe that testimony, and to receive him as the true Messiah according to it, as they could not deny that testimony, but their enmity outraged their conviction. The sacred Scriptures, and the Gospel ministry, are respectively divine testimonies that God

hath given of himself, and are outward appeals to man's rationality, and are the duty of every man to believe them to be of God and are true, until on rational authority they can prove them false. And such moral belief in the outward testimonies the Lord hath given of himself, has its moral benefits many ways—as on governments, states, families, and individuals, as we see in our own nation. And unbelief in those testimonies is wickedness against God, that has its awful evils and consequences, as we see in the Jews, and elsewhere. For every form of divine appeal to man's rationality comes within the tenor of the moral law, under which man was created a rational being.

But *faith unto salvation* is a different thing altogether; it never was, nor ever will be, of nature, for it is supernatural—it is the gift of God, and was never commanded nor demanded of nature; (Eph. ii. 4, 5, 8, 9,) it is of the operation of God; (Col. ii. 12,) and is a fruit of the Spirit; (Gal. v. 22.) It is obtained through the righteousness of God; (2 Peter i. 1,) and is precious as a special and infallible grace, and as the faith of God's elect. Tit. i. 1. It works by divine love as its parent, and with Christian hope and love as sister graces in the soul. Gal. v. 6; 1 Cor. xiii. 13. And it stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God; (1 Cor. ii. 5,) and by it the soul hears, sees, approves, receives, and relies on the truth, fulness, and faithfulness of the testimony of God; (1 Cor. ii. 1,) and that testimony being confirmed in the soul by the Holy Ghost, (1 Cor. i. 6,) the Christian believably lives thereon, and walks thereby obedient to the will of God, (Rom. i. 5,) in hope of eternal life. Tim. i. 2.

Faith unto salvation is, therefore, the offspring entire of new-birth-life in the soul, by the will and Spirit of God. John i. 13; iii. 5. The sinner being thus quickened into newness of life, and therewith enlightened into a humbling conviction of the sinfulness of sin, and of his state as a sinner, and feeling his own guiltiness to be his own ruin, his pride, self-confidence, and hostility against God are broken down together with his very heart; and he now wants God to be merciful to him; but being now full of self-condemning and self-abhorrence, he cannot think that God will ever have mercy on him. He hears, he reads, he begs, and he believes the testimony of God to be true, but nothing therein appears for him, until God the Holy Spirit carries his own testimony of forgiving love vitally into the heart, and by the persuasive power of that inward testimony, overcoming all the soul's self-condemning objections, draws out the heart to a glad believing and receiving of, and relying on the testimony of God in hope of eternal life. And

thus, through grace, the sinner with the heart believeth unto righteousness; (Rom. x. 10,) and this is faith unto salvation. And as to myself, when I look back to the beginning of divine things with me, and how they have gone on with my own soul now almost fifty years, as to how my soul has believed, I see it clearly to have all been by the inward testimony of God in my heart, and according to the persuasive power of that testimony only, I have been enabled to meet all that came in contact, and to hope, when the aspect of things seemed against hope, being fully persuaded that what he had promised he was able also to perform. Rom. iv. 21. There be many who tell us, that it is the duty of all men to believe unto eternal salvation; but such is fruitless talk, and can never be true, because such belief is the supernatural fruit of the Spirit, and belongs exclusively to new-creatureship in Christ Jesus, (2 Cor. v. 17,) and is an action of God's new creation only. Eph. ii. 10. And it is monstrosly senseless to talk about believing unto salvation without a testimony unto salvation to be believed; and where and when has God given to every soul of Adam's race, or to every soul where the Scriptures and the Gospel have come, a personal testimony unto salvation? There are many thousands to whom God has never sent the outward testimony of his word, and much less the inward testimony of his Spirit. Vital religion is supernatural altogether, and no man will be condemned nor even blamed, for not making himself supernatural. The sinner's whole ruin lies in his moral guilt, under the moral law of man's first state. And faith unto salvation is no more of the moral law, than salvation through faith is of the law. The law is preached through the Gospel, but the Gospel is not preached through the moral law; for while the Gospel contains all the holiness of the law, the law contains nothing of the covenant, love, grace, and mercy of the Gospel.

II. THE CONFLICT.—Everything of the corruptions of this world are opposed to the spirit and practice of vital godliness, though kept under some restraint; for the world that knows not God, knows not the people of God, and has no favourable opinion of their religion, and often throws no small difficulties in the pathway of the Christian man. Nature in the man of God is nature still, and the surrounding vanities of the world, sometimes present their strong temptations to the God-fearing man, and his refusal to partake thereof exposes him to opposition in various ways, and from various quarters, so that he has a hard struggle to maintain the integrity of his faith in a good conscience. The mere professing world, with their subtle doctrines, pious inventions and plausibilities, are sometimes a great perplexity to

the humble Christian, for he cannot bring them to agree with his life of entire dependence on the free grace of God, and yet is led to say, "Who or what am I, to think myself right and so many to be wrong?" And then Satan sets in with his wily temptations, working upon old nature, not to be so particular as to try the spirits, the false prophets, and the many Antichrists that are gone out into the world (1 John iv. 1; ii. 18), denying or complicating, and so to corrupt the mind from the simplicity that is Christ (2 Cor. xi. 3), until the poor Christian is almost like the woman pressing through the crowd to get to Jesus.

III. THE VICTORY.—Many of the professors of the religion of Christ have started seemingly fair, but after awhile have made shipwreck concerning the faith, by being overcome and turning round to "another gospel," or going again into the world (2 Pet. ii. 22); but the faith of God's elect was never shipwrecked, nor never can be, although it has been sharply tried as with fire. The victory of the faith of God's elect lies in their maintaining their principles, of salvation all of grace, from first to last, and in their holding fast their profession of faith and hope in Christ as their all in all, and in their not being moved away from the hope of the gospel (Col. i. 23.) And as the overcoming power of faith lies in its object, so they overcame by the blood of the Lamb (Rev. xiii. 11.) But it may be said, "Some of the saints have been slain by their enemies, and how then was their faith victorious?" Yes, the enemies of truth have killed the bodies of many of the saints; so much so, that Antichrist has been drunk with their blood: but they have not killed their souls, nor yet their faith, and our Lord saith, "Fear not them which can kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul" (Matt. x. 23). These died in the faith, but faith did not die in them (Heb. xi. 13); and their dying for the faith, and rather choosing to die than deny the faith, was a full defeat of the enemy, and faith's victory (Heb. xi. 25, 26). But how was Peter's faith victorious, seeing he denied his Lord? Well, through weakness he was frightened out of all self-possession, and in his fright he denied that he knew the Lord, but he did not deny his being the Lord; nor did he deny the faith of the Lord, but his knowledge of him. Peter had had too much confidence in himself, and the Lord allowed it in this way to be sifted out of him; for he had said, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren" (Luke xxii. 31, 32). So that although his natural courage failed him, his faith did not fail, but overcame at last.

IV. THE ATTENDING CONSEQUENTS OF FAITH'S VICTORY.—Our Lord saith, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved" (Matt. x. 22). The faith of God's elect has salvation for its end, and by the power of God in which it stands, is certain to endure, whatever may oppose; while all sorts of human imitations will fail and die on the way. And our Lord hath also said, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things" (Rev. xxi. 7), all things ordered and sure in the everlasting covenant of salvation (2 Sam. xxiii. 5), all things contained in the fulness of Christ (John i. 14, 16), and all things comprehended in the promises. And he that overcometh and endureth to the end shall have and hold for ever all these things, as hereditary property, by the heaven-made rights of heirship, according to the matchless relations of grace, saying, "And I will be his God, and he shall be my son" (Rev. xxi. 7).

THE WATER AND THE BLOOD,

BY MR. C. WOOLLACOTT.

In rising to address the assembly, Brother Woollacott congratulated the pastor and his friends on the large attendance, and on the deep interest which every one seemed to take in the proceedings of the meeting, "If," he said, "we can only persuade them to feel in the right place—the pocket, the collection will be such as to render this anniversary truly memorable in the history of the Baptist Church at Notting Hill. He then entered on the subject which had been allotted to him, commencing as follows:—

John, whose name signifies *the grace of God*, was an illustrious proof of the reality and power of grace. He was that disciple who "leaned on the bosom of the Lord," and was designated "the disciple whom Jesus loved." Love begets love. This was seen in John's devotedness to the Saviour, in his endurance of sufferings for the Saviour's sake, and in the gospel and epistles which were written by him, in which the love of Christ forms the one absorbing theme. Those writings may be regarded as supplementary to the other parts of the New Testament, being written after his return from the Isle of Patmos. This accounts for the fact that John notices several interesting circumstances connected with the life and death of the Son of God, to which the preceding writers make no allusion. My theme to night is one of these. It is, as a whole, an important and difficult part of John's epistle, which our friends have selected for our consideration. In harmony with their plan, we have already heard of the *nature, origin, and acts of victorious faith*. We have also listened to the *evidence of its possession*. My subject is the *water and*

the blood, and for the sake of perspicuity, I shall divide it into three several parts.

1. "The water and the blood," by which the coming of the Son of God was attended, or as the word may mean, was rendered manifest. You must accompany me to the banks of Jordan, that river which divided to make a path for the Israelites when they were about to take possession of Canaan. It is more memorable now. A great number of the Jewish people are there, gathered around a man whose "raiment was of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins." It was John the Baptist. He was requiring from the candidates for baptism, "fruits meet for repentance." But there is one who comes, to whom John says, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" His objections are removed, and John immerses the applicant. And now let us mark the result. "The heavens opened—the Spirit of God descended as a dove and lighted upon him—and a voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." It was indeed "the Son of God," who *came by water*. We must repair now to a different scene, 'tis to Calvary or Golgotha, a small hill to the west of Jerusalem. Its name signifies "the place of a skull," either on account of its shape, or because it was used as a burial ground. The Jews have a tradition that Adam was interred there; if so, the second Adam triumphed over death, where the first man had been overcome by him. If consecrated ground is to be found anywhere, surely it is here. On this hill, three persons are about to die as criminals. One of them is he whom John baptized. The scribes and priests have accused him of blasphemy. Already his countenance is marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men. The crown of thorns has pieced his temples, and the ploughers have made long furrows in his back. He must die the cruel and ignominious death of the cross. See there; they have nailed him to the wood, and lifted him up a spectacle to angels and to men.

"See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

The rude rabble mock him, while the Maries weep, but the cup of suffering must be drunk to its very dregs, and the work Jesus undertook must be completely finished. Look then at the sufferer. His heart heaves in pity and in agony! He reclines his head! Hark, he groans; see he expires! And now, "behold the veil of the temple is rent in twain, the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent. And when the Centurion saw it he said, "Truly this was the Son of God." The philosopher is reported

to have said, "Either the God of nature suffers, or the world has come to its end!" "This is he who came by water and by blood. Not by water only but by water and blood."

II. The water and blood at the crucifixion, must now be noticed, as they form a remarkable confirmation of Scripture. John xix. 34.—"One of the soldiers, with a spear, pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." John says, "He that saw it bare record, and his record is true." Infidels have objected to this, that the effusion of water and blood from the wound was impossible, and that the like was never seen. Science, however, contradicts the assertion of the infidel, and by its researches proves that the statement furnishes a remarkable physiological fact, confirming what John saw, and confirming also the Scriptures which represent the severity of the Saviour's sufferings, both mental and *bodily*. Many physicians, after long and careful observation, have affirmed, that the blood of criminals who have been put to death, after having endured protracted agony, both mentally and physically, presented the same phenomenon as that which John saw, "blood and water." A valuable treatise on the "Sufferings of Christ," was published some time since by a friend of mine, the late Dr. Stroud, a physician of some eminence. It contains a number of well authenticated instances, placing the testimony of the sacred writer beyond all doubt. Think, then, with wonder and with gratitude of the love of Jesus—in the garden scene, and on the cross.

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." The "blood and water," therefore, prove the infinite evil of sin, and the greatness of that love which led the Saviour to assume the sinner's place, and endure the punishment which the sinner had deserved.

In the manner of Christ's death there is, also, a remarkable fulfilment of two prophecies in the Old Testament. John xix. 36, 37.—"For these things were done that the Scripture should be fulfilled; a bone of him shall not be broken. And again, another Scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced."

III. "Water and blood" may be regarded as symbolical representations of the doctrines and ordinances of the New Testament. The *doctrines* are sanctification and justification, which may be termed *all-important*, including our title to the heavenly abode, and our meetness for its enjoyment. We admit that there are other doctrines which are prized by us; but the two just mentioned seem, more or less, to

involve all the others. Thus the apostle of the Gentiles writes (1 Cor. vi. 9—11,) "The unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." "He came," therefore, to save sinners "not by water only," not merely teaching them the way of holiness, and enabling them to walk in it; but "by the water and blood," atoning for their guilt, and providing for them "a robe of righteousness," in which they are completely exonerated from every charge which law and justice might otherwise have brought against them. I mentioned *ordinances*, also, as they seem to me included in the phrase, "water and blood." These are baptism and the Lord's supper. The first of these is contained in Christ's commission to his apostles (Matt. xxviii. 19); and was always regarded by them as his command, which they were bound to obey. When, therefore, the Holy Spirit was poured out, and Peter's hearers pricked in their hearts, enquired "What shall we do?"—his answer is "Repent, and be baptised; then they that gladly received the word were baptised: and the same day were added to the church." I need not remind this assembly, that baptism is by immersion, and that the intelligent disciple, and not the unconscious infant, is the only proper subject. Neither is it necessary that I should prove that the ordinance is still to be retained. The commission has never been abrogated by him who alone had the right to change it. It continues therefore in full force, and his church subject to him, is bound to imitate his example and obey his command. The other ordinance, the Lord's supper, was instituted by himself, and, like baptism, is to be observed by all the followers of Christ to the end of time. Paul's testimony (1 Cor. xi. 23—26) is so conclusive that I need not adduce any other quotation either to explain the ordinance, or to enforce its observance. "For I have received of the Lord that which I also delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

And now, dear brethren, let me exhort you in the words of inspiration; "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." We have heard this

evening that errors abound in relation to the "faith of God's elect," and other errors concerning the divine Person, who is emphatically called the "The Son of God." I might easily show that there are errors also affecting the work he came to accomplish, and the ordinances he has instituted. May we "search the Scriptures," reject everything that is not in harmony with them, and ever adhering to the truth as it is in Jesus, confide, with a loving and obedient spirit in him of whom it is written—"This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood."

ORDINATION OF MR. ALDERSON.

AS PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH
AT EAST STREET CHAPEL, WALWORTH.

THE Church at East Street Chapel, Walworth, appears once more to be blessed with a suitable under-shepherd. Many years have passed since the venerable Mr. Moody fell asleep. The church has had to encounter trials, losses, and sorrows; some of her aged ones have wept, and feared the banner of love and peace would never again there be found, and that the days of usefulness for old East Street Chapel were things only of the past. We think their mourning may now be turned into rejoicing, and a song of praise ought now to employ their tongues. While many of our London churches are in a low state, East Lane is being filled with anxious listeners to the words of life, as delivered there by Mr. Alderson. We know of no minister so well suited for the church here as Mr. Alderson: they are a quiet, steady, and loving people; their newly recognised pastor can well sympathise with them in all their exercises; and we hope the union will be lasting, successful, and a great blessing to the church and that populous *locale*.

The services were conducted as stated on the wrapper of October VESSEL, on Tuesday, October 29th. In the Morning at 11 o'clock, there was a choice meeting held for prayer and praise. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock, there was a large attendance of ministers, the church and congregation of East-street, and friends from neighbouring places of worship.

After reading and prayer by Mr. John Webster, Mr. Alderson proceeded in a very satisfactory manner to state his conversion—his call to the ministry—his leaving Willingham—and the mysterious leadings of Divine providence in placing him in his present position—the doctrines of truth he had preached, and firmly believed, and intended to abide by, he read. The chairman expressed his sincere approval of the whole of his statements, and congratulated him and

the church on their union, and requested Mr. Moyle (as senior minister present) to unite the hands of the pastor and the senior deacon in the name of the church, each member of the church standing up to show their approval.

In the evening the place was again crowded. Messrs. Moyle, Wyard, Bloomfield, Attwood, and Anderson, spoke much to the purpose on the subject, "Prosperity." Mr. Alderson presided, and gave out between the different speakers' addresses, very appropriate verses, that were very cheerfully sung.

This was a day long to be remembered. For we have cried unto the Lord in our trouble, and he brought us out of our distresses. "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. We are glad because we are quiet—and are brought into our desired haven." Oh, that we may ever praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works unto us, the children of men.

JOHN STRADLEY.

[Mr Alderson is the son of that long afflicted servant of God, W. Alderson, whose last pastorate was over a few people in Long Lane, S.E. We have had the honour of preaching for that good man; and have enjoyed private spiritual intercourse with him on his darling theme, the person of Christ. We have heard him (in private converse) dilate and argue with real eloquence, energy, and power. And although we saw not in all things as he did, we can never forget the love and devotion to the Lord Jehovah Jesus he possessed and enjoyed. He has, like his beloved pastor, gone home: his son, through grace Divine, follows in the same holy work.

THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF

MR. JOHN PELL'S PASTORATE,

AT SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

On Tuesday, November 5th, 1861, a very interesting service was holden at Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, to commemorate the completion of the third year of Mr. Pell's pastorate over the church meeting in that place of worship. At five o'clock about 250 friends gathered, and took tea together, which the friends at Soho served cheerfully and with a kind spirit. The meeting after tea was commenced by the pastor, who presided, giving out that favourite hymn of Medley's commencing,

"Awake my soul in joyful lays,
And sing thy Great Redeemer's praise," &c.,

which the friends rose and sang heartily. Mr. George Wyard, jun., (pastor of Cottenham, Cambs) in a very impressive manner, sought the Lord's presence on the meeting; and prayed for a continuation of the Lord's

favour to the church and its pastor, whose annual service they had met to commemorate. Mr. John Pells, the pastor, then gave a short statement of the church, its additions, losses, trials, joys, &c., for the past year. He was thankful for the large attendance of both friends and ministers; it was a great encouragement to him. During the past year the Lord had seen fit to remove one of his children from him by death; but he hoped to be enabled to say "Thy will be done." As a church they had great cause for thankfulness; the Lord had blessed them with peace and prosperity, and the word was made powerful in their midst, both to the comforting of saints and the conversion of sinners. During the year they had received into fellowship thirty-five new members, thirty of whom he had had the honour of baptizing. During the three years of his labours amongst that church, there had been added to its numbers, by the right hand of fellowship, one hundred and fifty persons; out of that number he had baptized one hundred and three, during the first year thirty-three; the second year forty; and the past year thirty. Their present number of members was three hundred and eight. During the present year they had lost three male members by death. Their church-meetings were marked with a spirit of love and concord, and sometimes reminded him of the words of the poet who said,

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below."

Their last meeting was the largest and best he had ever attended. They were not exempt from their troubles and sorrows: he had himself had one of the severest trials recently that ever he had in the whole course of his experience, and what the issue would be, he dared hardly to say; he had laid the matter before his brethren, the deacons, and several of his ministerial brethren, who deeply sympathised with him in this heavy affliction. As regards his views of the doctrines of grace, he believed they were stronger now than ever. Their congregations continued good; and the deacons told him all the sittings were let; and they were questioning whether they should not be compelled to take the gallery at present occupied by the Sunday School children, for the purpose of affording more seat accommodation to friends who came to hear. They had some preaching talent also among them, and during the summer months services had been held in Hyde Park and Soho Square; and a very good plan he thought the friends adopted:—three or four would go to one service, and one would speak for a short time, and then another would say a few words, and so between them they hoped some good had been done; and the female friends also accompanied them, and were employed

in the distribution of tracts. It had been a happy year, a prosperous year, a building year, and as a church and people he might say, "O Lord, thou crownest the year with goodness."

After Mr. Pells's remarks, Mr. G. Wyard, of Deptford, spoke to the friends. The subject for the evening was "THE LOVE OF GOD." Mr. Wyard spoke of the *unchanging and everlasting nature of that love*, founding his remarks on Jeremiah xxxi. 3, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," &c. Mr. John Bloomfield spoke of the *manifestation of that love*, 1 John iv. 9. Mr. James Wells's division of the subject was the *revelation of that love*; founding his observation on the words in Ezekiel xvi. 8, "When I passed by thee, and looked upon thee behold thy time was a time of love," &c. Mr. Samuel Milner spoke of the *effects of that love*; and Mr. John Foreman brought the subject to a close by speaking of the *final issue of the love of God*: "I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one," John xvii. 23. The whole of the speakers kept to their text, and were enabled to speak with comfort and encouragement, and many expressed themselves thankful for such a pleasant and profitable meeting.

The whole of the ministers congratulated the pastor and church upon their position; and Mr. Wells said he felt he could do so upon three grounds; 1st, they were still maintained in defence of the new covenant principles of truth; 2nd, they were in peace and progressing; and 3rd, that their minister was not a party man, or the church a party people; he congratulated them that their minister had no great man to look up to, who would give him £100 a year, all the while he was a good boy, and preached plenty of duty-faith. No he was a free man, and he hoped the Lord would ever keep him faithful and firm in the truth; for his own part he would disdain to belong to any party. The chapel was quite full, and there was a good number of ministers present.

HISTORY OF BETHESDA CHAPEL, TROWBRIDGE.

MR. GWINNELL—MR. WEBSTER—MR. THOMAS SMITH, ETC.

As Mr. Webster is now successfully labouring at Cave Adullam, Stepney, and as Mr. Gwinnell is still useful in a good work among the Greenwich and Deptford people, we feel persuaded that the history of that church in Trowbridge, where both these brethren laboured for so many years, will be interesting to their friends, and to the friends of truth in all parts of the Saviour's dominions. We are glad to be able, also, to record that (while Mr. Gwinnell and Mr. Webster both believed that *their* work in

Trowbridge was ended, and, consequently, were removed to other parts of the vineyard), Mr. Thomas Smith, formerly of Wootton, is now filling the pulpit at Bethesda, while many hundreds of anxious hearers are filling the pews, and signs of good being done are daily to be seen. We have been favoured with the following report:—

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF BETHESDA CHAPEL.—On Wednesday evening, this event was celebrated in the above chapel by a tea meeting, to which a large number of members and friends sat down, under the presidency of Mr. T. Smith, of Leicester, who is at present supplying at that place of worship.

After tea, a hymn was sung, and prayer offered by Mr. Cox (town missionary), and the business of the public meeting was commenced.

Mr. Smith (who occupied the chair), in the course of an appropriate address, after expressing the pleasure he felt at having been present at such a cheering meeting, said that the occasion was one which should induce them to take a retrospective view of their church, and bless God for all His mercies to them since the formation of their church up to the present time. He could not, from his own personal knowledge, speak of their progress during the forty years the church had been established, as it was only nine months since that he came here to minister to the people; but from what he had heard during that short time, he truly believed the Lord had been with them, and that the kind providence of God had attended all their efforts for furthering His cause in this place, so that they may well take up the language of good old Dr. Watts, and say,—

"Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God my Saviour reigns."

Mr. Smith then read the following statement of the formation and progress of the church up to the present time:—

This church was formed on the 18th October, 1821. The pastor from Back Street Chapel, Mr. Peter McFarlane, and sixteen members of that church who left with him, became united in church fellowship and met for divine worship in the large room at Wicker Hill, until the chapel was built in the year 1823. The church and congregation rapidly increased both in numbers and prosperity, and many were brought to the Lord. But after four years' labour, the church had a heavy trial, in the removal by death of their beloved friend and pastor Mr. McFarlane. Many and bitter were the tears shed at his sudden removal from his beloved flock. Mr. Peter Anstie a deacon of the church, was next chosen pastor, but after two years he resigned the pastorate. After him, in the year of 1830, the beloved and affectionate Daniel Nichols was chosen pastor, but after little more than three years of earnest and devoted labour in his Master's service, he was called to enter his eternal rest; he left a sorrowing church to mourn his loss, some of whom still remember his solemn and earnest appeals to his hearers. Next in order comes Mr. Thomas who was

chosen pastor in the year 1834; he preached with considerable success for the brief period of three years, and then resigned the pastorate in order to return to Wales to his former charge. The church was thus left to contend with many difficulties; no minister, and a heavy debt of nearly £400 on the chapel was no little burden considering nearly all the influential members had left. But the Lord was Jehovah Jireh still—they were cast down but not destroyed; persecuted but not forsaken. The church remained for some time without being comfortably settled with a minister; Mr. Doro and Mr. Hall not remaining long with us. In the year 1843, the Lord directed Mr. Winnell to come amongst us, whose labours were blessed to a great extent; many were aroused and converted to God, by his earnest and zealous ministry. The congregation also considerably increased, but after he had laboured here for about four years he resigned the pastorate and removed to a church at Greenwich. During his ministry the debt on the chapel had been reduced £100, and the congregation increased, so that it was better for his successor the Rev. L. Walker, who took the charge of the church and congregation in 1847, and for some time the congregation kept good, but after a time, it fell off, and there being a difficulty in raising his salary, he resigned, and since joined the Church of England. In the year 1852 the church having heard Mr. Webster of Stonehouse for four Sabbaths, gave him a call, which he accepted, and settled with us in October of the same year. The Lord was pleased again to revive this church, and many were added under his ministry who will doubtless be his crown of rejoicing in the great day of account. For eight years it pleased the Lord to continue him amongst us, and to him belouged the honour of clearing off the debt from the chapel, being aided considerably in this object by the united efforts of the church and congregation as well as kind friends belonging to other denominations in the town. The congregation having fallen off during the last year or two of Mr. Webster's pastorate, the church experienced some difficulty in raising his salary. Mr. W. saw and felt the difficulty and resigned the oversight of the church, September 29, 1860, after honourably filling the pastorate eight years. This was done not without some regrets on both sides, but doubtless the great Overruler of all events so ordered and governed this matter to his own glory, and the furtherance of his ministry among his people.

Mr. Smith speaking of Mr. Webster's leaving, he said where a church is poor, salary became a considerable object, for a minister has to maintain his family creditably and honourably in this world. Mr. Webster undoubtedly saw his work was done, and that the pillar of cloud was removing from this place, and that his sphere of labour was to be elsewhere. Looking at their whole career, and considering the many difficulties they had surmounted, they could not but say with the Psalmist David, "The Lord hath been mindful of us, and blessed us." And with regard to the future, they could rely with faith on the promise, "He will bless us," if they looked up to him for guidance and direction and remembered the promise, "The Lord will uphold those who walk uprightly." There were advantages even with poverty and simplicity; they had no great men to pull them by the elbow, and influence the people in a certain direction. Their deacons were not vainful, and did not think themselves specially qualified to preach the Gospel, but they were humble, and all their actions were characterised by simplicity. Some Christian females in the congregation, anxious to show their respect for the deacons and their appreciation of their labours, thought they could not do better than present each of them with a copy of God's word, and they had selected this occasion for doing so. After speaking of the suitability of the testimonial, and the undeviating faithfulness with which the deacons had discharged the duties of the office, Mr. Smith presented them with the Bibles, accompanying the presentation with some appropriate remarks. The inscriptions are:—

"Presented to brother Thomas Nash, by the members of the Baptist Church meeting in Bethesda Chapel, Trowbridge, Wilts, as a token of our care, love, and esteem, for his kind and faithful labours during a period of nearly 40 years in connection with the above place, 33 of which he has usefully and honourably filled the office of deacon. Presented at the 40th anniversary of the formation of the Church, October 30th, 1861."

The other inscription ran as follows,—

"Presented to brother William Robbins, by the members of the Bethesda Baptist Chapel, as a token of their united love and esteem for his devoted labours in connection with the above cause for a period of 30 years, 20 of which he has usefully and honourably filled the office of deacon, and 15 that of clerk. This testimonial was presented at the celebration of the 40th anniversary of the formation of the Church, Trowbridge, Wilts, October 30th, 1861.

The books are 4to. size, handsomely bound in morocco, gilt edged, printed in large type, and contain useful notes.

Mr. Naish and Mr. Robbins, who manifested some emotion at this unexpected token of recognition of their duties on the part of the church, respectively replied. Mr. Pearce, of Newton Abbot, Devon, addressed the meeting also.

The proceedings were closed with singing and prayer.

WILTON SQUARE.

THE Third Anniversary of our Sabbath School at Salem, Wilton Square, New North Road, took place on Lord's-day, Nov. 17th, when our beloved pastor, Mr. William Flack, delivered two sweet and savoury discourses, he taking the morning and evening services. In the afternoon the chapel was crowded to excess, to hear that bold and unflinching antagonist to error, and all that is derogatory to the honour and glory of Christ—Mr. James Wells, who delivered in his usual eloquent and racy style an impressive discourse from Gen. xxviii., part of 21. The children sang appropriate hymns. On the following afternoon (Monday), that veteran soldier of the cross, Mr. J. Foreman gave enunciation to some of the glorious things he had tasted, handled, and felt in his own favoured experience; after which the friends adjourned to the School Room to take tea. The ladies in connection with the school, had tastefully decorated the same with handsome wreaths and garlands—the walls being covered with banners and various inscriptions, mottoes, &c., presenting a pleasing aspect to the eye of the visitor. After an excellent tea, the friends again took their seats in the chapel. Charles Bean, Esq., having taken the chair, according to announcement, a hymn was sung, and brother Dixon importuned the Lord's presence and blessing at the meeting. After some judicious remarks from the Chairman, Mr. Wilson, secretary to the school, read the report, which bore cheering and encouraging features. The report showed that the debt on the school of £202, which was the cost of its formation three years ago, had been reduced to £35. It was also stated in the report that three of the scholars during the

year had passed out of time into eternity, each of them giving sure and certain evidence of their spiritual transition from Satan's kingdom into that of God's dear Son. One, in particular, was mentioned, named Richard Twigg, an account of whose remarkable end was inserted in the *Christian Pathway* and subsequently in *Cheering Words*; also, some eight or ten of the scholars had believed through Grace, been baptised, and added to the church during the three years, still walking well and adorning the doctrines of God their Saviour. After the report, Mr. Thomas Chivers moved its adoption. Mr. Meeres followed, giving his own forty-five years' experience of Sabbath-school work as a testimony to its mighty effects both morally and spiritually in very many of those who come under its influence. The chairman then announced the receipt of several donations in farthings from some of the children who had spontaneously come forward with their savings to assist in the good work. The first was a bag of farthings containing twenty-four from a little boy; the next was from a little girl, her bag containing 216; a tin money-box was next produced, containing no less than 552 farthings. Surely these acts speak aloud the love they bear to their teachers and friends. Mr. Green, at Ebenezer, Hoxton, then delivered a friendly speech; after which, Mr. R. Green, from Bethesda School, gave the friends some very telling and practical illustrations of Sunday school work. The chairman next called upon Mr. Wilson Milbourne, superintendent of Salem school, who was greeted with great applause. Mr. M. eloquently expatiated on the subject of Sunday-schools, which he did with great ability, concluding with a motion for a vote of thanks to the chairman. Mr. W. Flack seconded the same, which was carried unanimously. The doxology was sung, and the meeting was pronounced to be one of the best we have had at Salem. The Prince of Peace in our midst to bless us. JOSEPH.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM BIDDER.

In the family vault at Nunhead Cemetery, were deposited on Friday, October 18th, 1861, the mortal remains of this good man. The Rev. W. Lincoln read the burial service. A few Christian friends were present; among them were the ministerial brethren Gawler, Caunt, John Poynder, Samuel Jones, &c. William Bidder was a real Bible man, he lived the gospel which he preached; he realized in measure what in substance, he often quoted,

"Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I shall forget my breath;
And lose my life among the charms,
Of so divine a death."

That ancient and honourable servant of

Christ—Mr. Frederick Silver—who still lives a blessing to Zion, preached a funeral sermon on Sunday morning, October 20th, from the words, "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." We have received a volume of Mr. Bidder's sermons in Manchester, in M.S. Selections may be made; and a review of the Gospel in Manchester another time.

DORSET SQUARE.—MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, HILL STREET. The twenty-sixth anniversary of the Sunday School was held on Monday, November 4th. After many friends had taken tea together, Mr. Green, of Hoxton, opened the meeting with prayer. Mr. Sears, who has held the office of superintendent for many years, read a lengthy, but very interesting report, in which were related some pleasing instances of a spiritual nature; and a statement was also made, that a tract society had been formed connected with the school. Mr. Chivers, of Bermondsey, moved the adoption of the report, and suggested it should be printed. Mr. P. W. Williamson, in a very few words, referred to the advantages of Sunday schools, both to children and teachers, and said he considered the school to be a good training place for those who became ministers; and suggested that some of the things reported, should form the substance of a tract; he then seconded the adoption of the report, which, being put to the meeting, was unanimously adopted. Mr. Bloomfield, of Meard's-court, spoke to the enquiry, "What mean ye by this service?" Mr. Dickerson, of Allie-street, gave advice and encouragement from the direction, "Search the Scriptures." Mr. Milner, of Keppel-street, noticed the statement, that "The soul be without knowledge is not good." Mr. Pells, of Oxford-street, then addressed the assembly on the declaration, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Mr. Flack, of Hoxton, concluded with prayer. These anniversaries, so rapidly coming round, are strong evidences that the place which now knoweth us will soon know us no more for ever; for though, year after year, we meet with familiar faces, yet we cannot help noticing time leaves its mark on many; and at Mount Zion this can be seen: some of the workers there begin to fail, and now fear that which is nigh. Those who a few years ago were smiling lads, are now sober-looking young men; while several of them have become preachers of the Gospel. Oh, may we not for our own good, listen to the voice which says, "Work while it is called day?" Do all of us know we are doing what we can for the cause we have espoused, or is our's the conduct of the sluggard? Our wish is, that the school at Hill-street may yet be abundantly blessed of our God, and many be brought from it, as has been the case already, into the church of God.

SHOREDITCH.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CUMBERLAND STREET, (Mr. G. WEBB'S). The half-yearly tea and public meeting on behalf of the pastor, was held Tuesday, November 5th, 1861, on which occasion Mr. James Wells preached a good Gospel sermon in the afternoon; after which a number of friends sat down to tea, with universal satisfaction. At half-past six, we found our Pastor surrounded by several ministerial brethren. Brother Webb called upon brother Inward, late of Ryarsh, to implore the Divine blessing; this being done, our Pastor briefly referred to the Lord's dealings with us as a church and people; although he could not boast of so large a share of prosperity as some of his neighbouring brethren, still he could say, the Lord had blessed his testimony to several who had been added to the church since we last met on a similar

occasion: he had to thank God that peace and unity still existed amongst us; and in reference to his own afflictions, could bear testimony to the truth of that sweet promise, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Brother Anderson made some good remarks on the Gospel of peace; brother Chivers a very suitable address upon the mercy of God as revealed in the Gospel; brother S. Green, of Hoxton, on the design of the afflictions of God's people, in which he endeavoured to shew that the people of God were not afflicted unnecessarily; but that afflictions looked at correctively were undoubtedly the means of putting his people right in various matters in which they are wrong. Mr. Flack bore testimony to the faithfulness of an unchanging God, reciting several instances of the interposition of Divine Providence on his own behalf; congratulated our pastor on the happy position he occupied in connection with the church of God, and evinced a spirit of sympathy and condolence with him in his present affliction. Br. Gwinnell, in a brief speech, appealed to the friends on behalf of our pastor, which was heartily responded to; time being almost gone, brother W. Webb offered some very cheering remarks. After singing the hymn,

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," &c., Brother Haysman addressed the throne of grace most fervently; the friends separated, expressing their delight, and from more than one was heard the remark, "This has been the best and happiest meeting we have ever had in Cumberland-street."
C. B.

ROTHERHITHE.—BETHLEHEM, CHINA HALL GATE. The second anniversary of the opening of the above chapel, was held on Sunday and Tuesday, November 10-12. On the Sunday three sermons were preached by the Rev. J. E. Cracknell, G. Wyard and J. Butterfield. Each service was watered with a plentiful rain which of course had its effect upon the attendance. On Tuesday also even a more plentiful supply of rain descended. But notwithstanding a nice company of friends gathered together in the afternoon and evening. Truly the friends of Bethlehem, with their little devoted pastor were to be admired for the good taste, and great exertions and preparations. It does seem as if wind and tide were against them, but still like the Israelites of old when they come right up to their greatest difficulties, they prove conquerors. That champion of truth, J. Wells, preached as usual a sound and spiritual sermon, and the people who are used to such truths readily receive the same. The evening service was commenced by singing and prayer. When the chairman rose and greeted the friends with great cheerfulness, encouraging them with the words where with he had been encouraged of his God, the previous Sabbath morning; when, much exercised in mind, through a storm of rain he bent his way to Bethlehem, viz., "Thou did'st send a plentiful rain, whereby thou did'st confirm thine inheritance when it was weary." At first it appeared a strange way of confirmation, to send a plentiful rain on an anniversary. But the spirit of the word still hovered over the mind—until the young pastor saw the wondrous hand of God therein. "Why," said he, "we have always had wet weather on our special meetings, and yet have got on as well as those who have had sunshine; ergo, then here is a special confirmation in our inheritance." We were truly glad to hear that the cause is prospering as the balance sheet for the building debt went to show. By the exertions of the pastor and his people no less than £47, clear profits have been brought in, most of which has been paid to small shareholders, the remainder will be paid shortly. The pastor stated that some few months ago he had confidence to prognosticate that £50 would be paid off by the anniversary, and with what may yet be brought in, he still thought his prophecy would come true. The Rev. J. Bloomfield then addressed the meeting upon the given subject "The Messiah." Part 1, "The Messiah cut off," as recorded in Dan. ix. 26. William Flack, "Messiah's Work," Dan. ix. 24. J. E. Cracknell, "Messiah's

coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." T. Chivers, "Messiah's second coming without sin unto salvation." William Gaunt, "The Messiah's consummation of all things," as recorded in 1 Cor. xv. 24. Mr. Cowdrey opened the meeting by prayer. Dr. Cregeen was fully expected, but was hindered unexpectedly, Rev. S. Cozens also. The addresses were of a truly cheering and soul-comforting character. Truths were enunciated upon which the whole fabric of Christianity is built.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Mr. Butterfield's address is now 2, Yeoman Terrace, Lower Road, Deptford.

RUSSELL SQUARE, KEPPEL STREET.—

The forty-fifth annual meeting of the Sabbath school connected with this place, was held on Monday evening, November 18th. After a considerable number of friends had partaken of tea, Mr. S. Milner (pastor of the church) took the chair, and Mr. Hoddy (of Salem chapel) opened the meeting with prayer. The report presented on the occasion, shewed that the Sabbath school was one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the metropolis, having been established in the year 1816, during the pastorate of the late Mr. John Martin. From that time to the present, this has been continued and blessed as an agency for good. Some of those who in past days were first savingly impressed through its instrumentality afterwards became ministers of the gospel, and some missionaries to the heathen, while many more have put on Christ by baptism, and joined the church in this place. The present number of scholars is 161; and testimony was given as to a work of saving grace being evidently begun on some of their minds. It appeared also from the report, that 796 books have been during the year lent to the children for perusal, showing a very gratifying love for reading to exist among them. The report being adopted, Mr. John Foreman addressed the meeting, according to announcement, on the Life and Character of Moses, dwelling especially on the conditional, temporary, and national character of the dispensation of which he was the leader; and the spiritual, unconditional, and eternal nature of the covenant of grace. Mr. J. Pelis next delivered an address on the peculiar Character and Work assigned to John the Baptist. Mr. John Bloomfield next spoke upon the Characteristics of the prophet Daniel, particularly on his fidelity to principle, and his superiority to compromise under circumstances of temptation and trial. Mr. P. W. Williamson unfolded the stern character and remarkable times of Elijah, and commended him to the imitation of ministers of the present day, as a bright example of the fearless advocacy of God's truth in times of prevailing departure therefrom. Mr. Higham, of Camden Town, gave the concluding address on the interesting traits which marked the character of Cornelius the Centurion. The meeting was well attended, and the addresses were listened to with marked attention and interest.

WANDSWORTH.—BAPTIST CHAPEL, BRIDGE FIELDS. Dear Mr. Editor,—An article having appeared in the EARTHEN VESSEL for October, giving some account of the re-opening of the above-named chapel after repairs, in which an unkind reflection is made on the address then delivered by our friend and brother, Snow, of Wimbledou; the writer, by the terms he makes use of, leading your readers to infer that the sentiments he expresses is the voice of the Church at Wandsworth; we, in Church-meeting, resolved to send you word, that it was not our act, and so far are we from approving of, or participating in, the opinion expressed by "Vermis," that we beg through the columns of the EARTHEN VESSEL, to express our entire concurrence with our brother Snow's sentiments then expressed. And also, dear brother, we desire to express our regret that you published a statement (unauthenticated by the address of the writer) reflecting on a beloved brother, without first communicating with the pastor or deacons of the church from which it

was made to appear to issue. We believe you respect brother Snow; so do we; and we hope you have some respect for us; and if you will insert this in your next number, we as a Church will feel obliged.

(Signed on behalf of the Church,) EDWIN CARTER,
Secretary.

[The writer gave his name—we believed he was a deacon of the Church, in that belief we might be mistaken; there is no man in the ministry we more sincerely love for the truth's sake than brother Luke Snow. The sentences referred to we fully intended to have erased in the manuscript before it went into the printer's hands. We thank the Church at Wandsworth for their decision and sympathy.—Ed.]

LEISTON, SUFFOLK.—We are glad to hear of the growing usefulness of our brother John Brett, who is the successor of the late James Mason. We shall hope to describe the scene of brother John's labours another day. He says:—"You like to hear of Zion's welfare. The Lord has given me three more souls, and enabled me to baptize them in the name of our Lord, before a great many people, in Aldringham Pool, on the first Sunday in August last; it was a good day to my poor soul, and to a great many more. Brother Brand showed that brotherhood to me as a brother in the Lord ought to do. I believe that day removed a great deal of that which ought to be out of the way as servants of him who is the Head of his Church. I took part of the service with brother Brand—I read and prayed for him. The day was refreshing, for the dew of Hermon rested upon us all. The baptized were a man and his wife, upwards of seventy years old; the other a middle-aged woman, whom the Lord enabled me to stop two years ago in open-air preaching. Bless the Lord, I have a great many people from Sunday to Sunday. Our hearts are up unto the Lord to give us more room, for our place is not large enough; more are saying unto us, 'we must go with you,' for we can see the Lord is there. I am expecting soon to baptize again. I feel myself to be the weakest of all his poor servants; but one thing I know, I love his truth and poor souls. Our little church is in deep prayer for the Lord to open the heart of some one to make us a place; we know not whether the landlord will have us when the year is up; but I know if the Lord please he can overrule for us, as he has all hearts in his hands. I have gone through no little trouble; but, bless his holy name, he has appeared for me on every hand."

RISELY, Nov. 15th, 1861.—Mr. Editor, On Lord's-day, the 27th of October, we were favoured to witness the administration of the ordinance of baptism to three persons; two of them seals to the ministry of our pastor, Mr. W. Wilson; one a young man, son of a dear brother, Mr. S. Beall, and was a very honourable deacon of this church, and formerly of Ringstead. Some of the friends have not forgotten with what earnestness he prayed for his dear children, that they might be brought to a knowledge of the truth; this one is the second that has made a profession of their faith in Christ; it is also pleasing to see the others attached to the cause of God, and in a way that encourages one to hope that there is the root of the matter in the heart: it was an expression of their dear father's, when praying for them, that not a hoof might be left behind; and we cannot but hope that the Lord is answering prayer. Our chapel was crowded in every part; it is supposed there were one hundred and fifty could not get in; it was a solemn time. On the following Sabbath, they were received into full communion with us. Our Pastor addressed them each upon a separate portion of scripture, during which the place was a Bochim. We have cause to say, "the Lord has done great things for us;" the church here has been in a very low state for years; our present pastor came amongst us in July, 1858; since which time thirty-four have been added to us, twenty-four of

them have been baptized, others we hope will come shortly. To the Lord be all the praise.

ONE OF THE NUMBER.

ST. PANCRAS.—ZION, GOLDINGTON CRESCENT. On Sabbath evening, 28th July last, Mr. Nunn administered the ordinance of believer's baptism to two males and eight females; amongst whom were his two surviving daughters. And on the 27th of October, the same ordinance to six males and nine females. In both instances, several of the candidates had been, or were then, connected with the Sunday school at Zion, and had given evidence of the benefit they had received as scholars and teachers in the school. Thus has the Lord encouraged the Pastor's heart, by giving him his own children, to be fellow heirs with himself of eternal life; and has given the church a fresh proof that the Holy Spirit has been at work in the hearts of those who worshipped at Zion.

KEDDINGTON.—The Baptist Church in this place, under the ministry of that decided man of God, Mr. Murkin, enjoys peace, and is praying for prosperity. The Lord has been their helper from the beginning. He still fulfils his promise toward them. We love them in the truth, and are thankful to hear of their well-being.

RICHMOND, SURREY.—Salem Chapel, in the Church Walk, was re-opened on Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1861. Mr. James Wells preached in the afternoon; Mr. John Foreman in the evening. A happy company took tea between the services; and with the promised blessing, it is hoped the cause of truth in Richmond will more than ever prosper. We recollect some of the pleasant seasons enjoyed when that decided man of God, the late Mr. Wild, was the unflinching friend of the Gospel of the ever-blessed God.

OUR LONDON CHURCHES.—Some of the Particular Baptist Churches in the Suburbs are reviving. Mr. Alderson has been settled at East Lane, Walworth, and the cause is prospering. Mr. Webster, from Trowbridge is at the Cave Adullam, Stepney; and the church is encouraged to hope that a permanent and happy union will be realized. At Manor-street, Poplar (the chapel built for Mr. Bowles), Mr. Inward, from Ryarsb, is now supplying; and his ministry is useful, and is sanctioned by the Lord. Mr. Inward is a truly honest and earnest man. He has much to encourage him. He will preach all December, Lord's-days and Thursday evenings.

GRAVESEND.—Zoar Chapel in Peacock-street, a few minutes walk from the Station, is one of the most comfortable places of worship in our provinces. The church and congregation are growing; the deacons are devoted, united, and intelligent men. All they need is a suitable Pastor; and the Lord's blessing on his labours. We hope this essential agency may be soon sent to them by the Great Head of the church Himself.

Deaths.

Mr. W. LEADER, Baptist Minister, for many years at Woolwich, has recently gone to his rest. "The shadow of death" was very severe to his natural mind; but his abundant entrance, through Christ, will not be questioned by those who knew him best.

DIED at Ballylibert, on the 25th of October, Sarah Jane, the only daughter of Edward Gregg, in the 15th year of her age. She was an amiable girl, a dutiful daughter, and a subject of Divine grace. On the 6th of October, 1859, she was baptized on a profession of "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." And during the brief period of her connection with the church at Conlig, she has adorned her profession by a holy life. She had no raptures, but died in "the full assurance of faith."

JOHN BROWN, Pastor.

Notes and Queries.

Question.—"DEAR BROTHER, Can a few individuals sit down to the Lord's Supper scripturally, without forming a church? And if it be conceded, that to form a church first is indispensable, can the communicants scripturally administer both or either of the ordinances amongst themselves, without seeking the officiating services of a ministerial brother? An answer to these enquiries, according to his word and the whispers of the Spirit, I shall be thankful for.

W. H. S.

[We have answered this privately; but as there are many in country places anxious on the same matter, we think the question open for enquiry.—Ed.]

Question.—DEAR SIR, I beg the following question through the medium of the VESSEL, namely:—If the second Person in the Trinity be the Son of the first in his divine nature, what relation does the third Person in the Trinity bear to the first and to the second? I beg to say I do not ask the question so far as relating to each other officially, seeing that is quite clear; but as relating to each other in the Deity; namely, their divine nature; this is not a speculative enquiry, but one involving important deductions bearing upon the Sonship controversy.

G. FENNER.

[We have before us "Nemo's" second paper upon the Sonship; but we decline inserting it, on the ground of its personal references to Mr. Wells: we even regret the insertion of the first paper; but almost inadvertently its harshness escaped us. We give the above question, because we believe it may be answered in a way to edify and confirm the ten thousand minds who are now exercised upon the subject.—Ed.]

Who will send Minutes?—In the tabular lists of the *American Baptist*, beside the names of those Churches from whence no communication has been received, there is placed this line, "Who will send minutes?" To all the Churches in Great Britain we make the appeal on behalf of THE EARTHEN VESSEL; and we ask, "Who will send Notes, Notices, and Information? Who will help us to furnish monthly a full report of the progress of the Particular Baptist Churches in our own land?" We especially invite the attention of our young friends to this appeal.

Charity.—DEAR MR. EDITOR, In the *Gospel Times*, No. 38, you kindly brought forward the case of our dear brother and sister, John Clarke and his wife, 9, Woodhouse-place, Stepney-green, now in affliction and poverty. May I ask for a space in your EARTHEN VESSEL, to return their sincere thanks to the kind friends who responded to the call: one sent 6d. in a letter; another 1s. 6d. in stamps; and another 2s. in stamps; which they most thankfully received. May the good Lord, who is the disposer of all good, move the hearts of others to minister to their necessities, as I am sure many who have it in their power would if they knew them. "He that hath this world's goods, and seeth (or heareth) his brother hath need, and slutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Brethren, let us love one another, not in word and in lip, but in deed and in truth; for love is of God; and he that loveth is born of God; "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins." If God so loved us, let us also love one another.

W. LYNN.

[We rejoice (in tribulation) to learn *The Gospel Times* was instrumental in giving even a cup of cold water to a dear disciple of Christ in the time of need. *The Gospel Times* was commenced and continued in hope that the God of Truth would use it for the advancement of pure Protestant principles in these stirring times. But, alas! we have by that effort, done great injury to ourselves, to the cause we espoused, and to many others. "Aaron held his peace." We desire to do the same; but in cases like those of John Clarke, the EARTHEN VESSEL has often been useful. We pray the Lord still to make it a channel for conveying spiritual and temporal good unto his people.—Ed.]