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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND
Christian Record ;

FOR

1864.

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THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND

Christian Record.

The Great Death, and the Vision of Glory.

A FEW WORDS FOR

ALL WHO WILL READ THEM AT THE BEGINNING OF 1864.

TO ALL OUR "FELLOW-HELPERS IN THE TRUTH," TO OUR READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, AND FRIENDS, IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD—AND TO ALL WHO MAY READ THESE FEW LINES—WITH THE BELOVED JOHN, "THE ELDER," WE WOULD MOST SINCERELY SAY, "GRACE BE WITH YOU, MERCY AND PEACE FROM GOD THE FATHER, AND FROM THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—THE SON OF THE FATHER, IN TRUTH AND LOVE."

IN COMMENCING the twentieth volume of THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD, we are disposed to call special attention to two solemn subjects—*Man's Total and Entire Ruin by the Fall of the first Adam*; and, *the Fulness of Grace and Truth found in the glorious Person of the second Adam*, by all who were by THE FATHER given to THE SON; by all who through THE SPIRIT, come to THE SON; and by all, who having had fellowship with HIM in His sufferings, being made conformable unto Him in His death, and more than conquerors through Him that loved them, are heirs of all the promises—have secured unto them all the perfections of their Covenant Head, and shall certainly enjoy all the preciousness of His mediation and intercession for ever and ever. Amen and Amen. Hallelujah.

Hail, God the Son with glory crown'd
Ere time began to be!
Throu'd with the Father, through the round
Of vast eternity.

What wondrous love in mystery shew'd,
That mystery who can scan?
The co-eternal SON of GOD,
The mortal Son of man.

Our feeble nature He assumes.
And, "full of truth and grace,"
By His imputed work becomes,
The LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!

To lift us from our lost estate,
Behold His life-blood stream!
Hail, LORD ALMIGHTY to create!
ALMIGHTY to redeem!

It is usual with Editors—in their annual addresses—to find much fault with the times in which they live; and then to attempt to point out some of "the signs of the times," closing up by prophesying and promising a great deal. The *simplicity* and the *certainly* of the word of God is hereby often slighted; the people are led out to star-gazing; their minds are plunged into a thousand mysteries; they are confused by the theories and speculations of cloudy or muddy dreamers; and hence they know neither THE TRUTH—nor the *perfect freedom* which, by the power of the Spirit, that truth is destined to bestow.

Was it not *thus* that the serpent began his dire and dreadful work in Eden's delightful garden? Did he not labour to make them question the *simplicity* of the word of God? "*Hath God said, Ye shall not eat of the tree!*" A doubt is suggested: it was the first attack of the old serpent upon our nature; it was the first seed of infidelity thrown into the human heart; it was the first drop of hellish poison poured into our veins; it was the first arrow shot into the soul which God had created. It took effect; and the floods of death, which (from that first issue) have been poured into this poor

world of ours, doth plainly discover the immeasurable depths which doth in that old serpent dwell, of whom the Spirit speaketh so descriptively and so emphatically, when He saith, "Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made." "More subtle." Mark you: he is called the serpent *with heads*, having great cunning: he is called the crooked serpent, with knotty objections: the piercing serpent, because he wounds so deeply and so often, and his ways are called *devices, temptations, delusions, wiles, powers, and the gates of hell*. How far in this day he is working as an *angel of light*, the Lord God alone can tell.

We will not waste our words by pretending to condemn the times in which we live; much less will we prophesy of either good or evil, beyond what the plain letter of God's word will warrant; but we will hurl our little pebble at Great Goliath's brazen front; and then with one word of encouraging explanation, proceed to the two-fold testimony we have in hand.

First, let us hurl a stone at Satan's head, for he's a foe indeed. Forty years ago or more, he began his dreadful work with us; and with most fearful and powerful stratagems hath he sought our temporal and eternal ruin. But, when THE BIBLE became our "bag" (of imperishable treasures; 1 Sam. xvii. 50) we found therein some precious stones; and when by the hand of a loving experience we took therefrom that one special word, "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of that kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?" when by faith and the Spirit's power we threw out that stone, down fell the Philistine, while many of the men of Israel and Judah arose and shouted and sang praises unto God: "The soul of Jonathan was then knit with the soul of David; Jonathan loved David as his own soul:" and all things went on well: the Gospel was preached, the people were gathered, the kingdom did grow, sinners were converted, saints did shout aloud for joy, and the glory filled the house and all the people's hearts as well. But although David slew the Philistine, the Philistine's Master afterwards felled David with an almost fatal blow; and, but for the New Covenant Provisions, and the Heaven-wrought Spiritual Powers—expressed in the fifty-first Psalm, "and some others of a kindred nature—poor David had died in the dark. He could, however, say, "The mercy of THE LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him:" and although in the deep and the dreadful waters we have sunk; although the enemy has come in like a flood, sweeping all before him—still, deep in the soul of a living child of God, there is a principle divine; and that living soul, in the midst of the most awful storm, will put forth its confidence in God; and its voice within may often be heard exclaiming of its vilest foe,

Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legion roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And binds his raging power.

The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed;
And on the Rock of Ages set,
My slippery footsteps fast.

Being given to Christ, being redeemed by Christ, being united to Christ, having a loving and a living faith in Christ, and, withal, as the essential and evidential fruit of all, being possessed of power to plead with God through Christ, having a holy, heart-enshrining knowledge of that superlative Scripture (Romans v. 11.), "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace, wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God:" being thus hidden in the clefts of the Rock of Ages, we may be destroyed as David seemed to be, when he went up Mount Olivet weeping; we may be crushed and cursed as Job appeared to be when Satan smote him with boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown; we may be cast away, as St. Paul might be said to be, when he was left almost naked and deserted in the prison cells of Rome; or as John when banished into the isle that is called Patmos; but, as the ancient poet says,

The path was rugged to my feet,
Yet still I follow'd Thee;
Went often to Thy mercy-seat,
With "God remember me."

At length my soul's refulgent beam,
Through the dark cloud appeared;
My night of woe was like a dream;
My soul was blessed and cheered.

And then with all that invincible power and pleasant placidness which faith and fellowship in Jesus produces, we quietly add,

"My God I felt Thy goodness then; was sweetly led to see
That Thou dost rule the fates of men, and all things are of Thee."

In passing from this reference to Satan's short triumph over David, Job, Paul, and others, we must quote a sentence or two from a sermon which was refreshing to us. The preacher speaking of Paul being forsaken of his friends, says,

"How great must have been the anguish of the loving heart of Paul at such ingratitude. He is so utterly left, that although he is ready to die of ague in the dungeon, not a soul will lend or give him a cloak."

In this, and in other countries, there are not a few who have laboured hard and zealously in the cause of Christ, but their incomes were small, their families were heavy, their afflictions flew toward them in rapid succession, nobody remembered them in their will, no rich wife, or ample fortune fell to their lot; hence, in their declining days they are at low-water mark in almost every sense. To them, the aforesaid preacher's words may convey a drop of comfort. Speaking of such he says,—

"Has it fallen to thy lot, my brother, to be forsaken of friends? Were there other times when your name was the symbol of popularity—when many lived in your favour like insects in a sunbeam—and has it come to this now, that you are forgotten as a dead man out of mind? In your greatest trials do you find your fewest friends? Have those who once loved and respected you, fallen asleep in Jesus? And have others turned out to be hypocritical and untrue? What are you to do now? You are to remember this case of the apostle; it is put here for your comfort. He had to pass through as deep waters as any you are called to ford, and yet, remember he says, 'Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me and strengthened me.' So now, when man deserts you, God will be your Friend. 'This God is our God for ever and ever:' not in sunshiny weather only, but for ever and ever. This God is our God in dark nights as well as in bright days. Go to Him; spread your complaints before Him. Murmur not! If Paul had to suffer desertion, you must not expect better usage. It is common to all the saints."

As our thoughts run toward many of the dear old, worn out, and almost forsaken saints of the present day, we can but earnestly pray that prayer for them, which, twice in the seventy-first Psalm, David pleads before God, "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not, when my strength faileth. Now, ALSO, when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have shewed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to every one that is to come."

Secondly, we offer one word of ENCOURAGING EXPLANATION. One feature in the present day is the uprising and success of not a few young men in the ministry of the word. Many who hear them are puzzled to know *what it is* that gives them acceptance among the people, and success in the work.

These Pells's and Peetes, these Inwards and Halls;
These Cracknell's and Crowhurst's: who gave them their calls?
These lads fill our churches, they carry the day;
Their preaching seems little, but what can we say?

Say, indeed! say as John Bunyan says, "So long as we retain the *simplicity of the word*, we have Satan at the end of the staff; unless we give way to doubting the simplicity of the word, Satan can get no ground upon us."

We believe the success of these young men is to be traced to three distinct sources or causes.

I. They are free from guile. It is said of David, when Jesse sent to fetch him in before Samuel, that "He was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to;" that is, his heart was sincere, and he had enjoyed much communion with his God. This made him goodly to look to. So with these young men; they have had Jesus revealed in their souls; they have found Him precious, and His word precious; and in the simplicity of their hearts, they talk of Him as the word is given; and God gives His blessing.

II. Of David, when before Samuel, it is said, "The Lord said, *Arise, anoint him, for this is he.*" So with these acceptable young men; when the Providence and Spirit of God bring them before the people, the Lord anoints them, the Lord carries their testimony with sweetness into the experiences of the people; and then the voice of the people is, "THIS IS HE."

III. When David came before Saul, it is evident he had strong faith in the Lord; he had no faith in Saul, nor in his armour; but he had a mighty faith in the God of Jacob, and when Saul doubted David's ability, David's faith in God waxed confident: he said, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear. He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." So, with our young men, they hear of the Romish Pontiff; they see on every hand the extensive bulwarks of our National Church, which threaten the overthrow of Nonconformists altogether; they know something of the aristocratic, classical and scholastic superiority of the Congregational body, and of the strongly iron-bound systems of the Methodist communities; they are not strangers to the deep terrors experienced and enunciated by the good *Standard* divines; but neither external nor internal aggressions alarm them: they have been down to the brook Eshcol; they have found there five smooth stones; and they gathered there a nice bunch of grapes; and these Gospel stones are so sound and strong; and these Eshcol grapes are so experimentally precious to their souls, that their faith groweth exceedingly; and as the time to try their faith has not, perhaps, fully come, they are happy;—in Christ

they are holy ; in their work they are sincere ;—and although to some who have been to sea for many years—have been in many dreadful engagements, and so on—although we say to these old captains, the young recruits may seem rather too much on the surface—yet, to all of them who sincerely love our Lord and His Gospel—to all of them who know the sin-cleansing efficacy of His atoning sacrifice—to all of them who *live in meditation* and pray in temptation—to all of them, whether they are Peet's or Pells's, Blake's or Butterfield's, Crowhurst's or Cracknell's, Clark's or Peggs's, Webb's or Higham's, to all the Lord's anointed, young or old, *literate or illiterate*—whether they come from the sheepfold or the counter, from the carpenter's bench or the anvil, from the wood-yard or the lapstone, from the brick-kiln or the cow-shed—these antecedents go for nothing, if the Lord calls, anoints, and blesses ; then to them all the real Christian says,—

Ye messengers of Christ, His sovereign voice obey,
Arise, and follow where He leads, and peace attend your way.
Go, spread a Saviour's fame, and tell His matchless grace,
To the most guilty and depraved of Adam's numerous race.

From the fulness of our souls, with earnest prayer to God, we close this encouraging word to all the dearly beloved disciples in our holy Master's service, exclaiming,—

"We wish you, in His name, the most Divine success ;
Assured that He who sends you forth, will all your labours bless."

The two great branches of the ministry to which we have referred are THE FALL, and the FULNESS OF GRACE which it hath pleased THE FATHER should in Jesus dwell.

We were standing in one of the most densely thronged thoroughfares of our city, waiting to make a rather dangerous crossing, when,—

FOUR QUESTIONS RESPECTING THE FALL,

stood up before us in thought and reflection. Paul's word to the Corinthians was under silent meditation : "We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God, which raiseth the dead: *who DELIVERED us from so GREAT A DEATH ; and doth deliver ; in whom we trust, that He will yet deliver us.*" We solemnly and silently asked,—First. Were all involved in this great death? Was there, is there, no exception? Secondly. What is this great death? Thirdly. Can a man certainly know that he is delivered from this great death? Fourthly. If a soul be delivered from this great death, is it at all possible for that delivered soul ever to be swallowed up of this great death again?

Answers to these four questions are decidedly given in the Scriptures ; and an earnest consideration of them—looking them fully in the face—using them as keys, instrumentally, with which to open some of the mysteries of the word—and thereby giving that word a fair opportunity of simply and clearly speaking to men—faithfully unfolding their condition in the fall, is, without question, an essential branch of the ministry, and a weighty matter in the mind of every one on whose spirit has dawned the first rays of the LIGHT OF LIFE.

Tearing up man's righteousness by the roots ; breaking men's hearts so as to make them bleed to death ; that is, death to all *their* hopes and helps ; rending man's cobweb piety, pretty duties, and doings to shreds ; burning up every branch of his supposed goodness ; hurling him down to hell's dark door, and leaving him there to be feelingly "buried in sorrows and in sins."—all this is work which must be done where CHRIST'S kingdom is to stand ; whether, with all the popular gatherings, attracting preachings, natural excitings, and apparent alarmings of this day, THIS BREAKING UP OF THE FALLOW GROUND is going on, we judge not ; but we fear if wounds are made at all, they are too slightly, too rapidly healed. Let every sinner, who feels he has an immortal soul so sunk in sin that none but an Almighty God, by an Almighty arm, can save it, *see to this*. Let every duly authorised ambassador, who, with Paul, can say, "We watch for souls, as they that must give an account," *see to this*.

John Weir, in his "Romanism," says, "We have had a season of calm ; a sluggish calm ; pestilential vapours have risen up from beneath : the plague has begun. We have had a season of slumber ; and 'while men slept, the enemy sowed tares.' These tares, in appearance, are so like the real wheat, that it is hard to decide to whom among the foremost God will, at the last, exclaim (not, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' but) 'Depart from me, I never knew you.'"

Before we come to urge the questions, look at one hidden Scripture. When Moses was about to send men to spy out the land of Canaan, the Holy Ghost carefully throws in this momentous typical sentence. After enumerating certain names (Numbers xiii.), it is added, "These are the names of the men which Moses sent to spy out the land. *And*

Moses called Oshea, the son of Nun, JEHOSHUA. Trapp says, "His name is changed from, 'Save us, O God,' to 'God shall save us.'" The first is typical of CHRIST in His humiliation; the second is typical of CHRIST in His exaltation. The first is, also, like the cry of the poor awakened sinner when coming out of the fall; the second is expressive of a believer standing upon the Rock of Ages. There is no right assurance until mighty prayer has been wrought in the soul; and being poured out, has prevailed with God. Now let us briefly consider,—

I. Are all the race of Adam involved in this great death? The answer is expressive and full: "The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God." The LORD Himself made the search. What is the result? He says, "They are all gone aside; they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, NO, NOT ONE." To the same end speaketh Paul (Rom. iii.): "We have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are ALL UNDER SIN. As it is written, There is none righteous; NO, NOT ONE. * * * There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Nothing can be more conclusive or positive. This levels us all. There may be differences in society, in station, in circumstances, character, and conduct, and the variety is endless, wonderful, and full of instruction; but we are sinners in the common fall—under the curse, exposed to wrath, and helpless in our ruin. Do the people really believe this?

But some man will ask,—What, then, did God mean when to Noah He said, "Come thou, and all thy house into the ark, for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation?" Mark you, there are some special things said of Noah before this: "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord. Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God." Trapp says, "He found grace because he was in the covenant."

Do ponder well this short but grand piece of truth: "Noah was of himself a child of wrath, as others; but he was in covenant with God, and was saved by grace only. The mercy-seat was no larger than the ark. To shew the grace of God extends no further than the covenant, *As all out of the ark were drowned, so all out of the covenant are damned.*" "Noah was a just man: he had a justice imputed, and a justice imparted." Until a man is brought into the bond of the covenant, he cannot be known: all are in this great death by the fall; and as regards the deliverance of any out of it, nothing can be expressed with more sovereignty than this; for Jesus said, "As the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom He will." "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

But, again, it may be urged,—*"If all are involved in this common fall—in this great death, what becomes of the millions who die in infancy?"* Their precious souls are all quickened into Divine life by the Holy Ghost; they are accepted in the Beloved, and have, comparatively, a short and easy passage from the womb to eternal glory. This mystery is both developed and decided in the narrative Luke gives of Mary going to see her cousin Elizabeth. As soon as Gabriel had revealed to Mary the great secret of the incarnation, Mary visited Elizabeth to be confirmed in the great things declared unto her by the angel Gabriel. What is said of the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth is wonderfully declarative of the mighty and mysterious work of God upon the souls of infants. Mark you with what distinctness and order the Holy Spirit by Luke introduces and repeats this supernatural event: "And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb, and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost." That is, with a mighty spirit of power, of understanding, and of prophecy: "And she spake out with a loud voice," and among the other glorious things which she uttered was this,—*"Whence is this to me, that the mother of my LORD should come to me? For, lo! as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy."* We should not make this applicable to all; but with Luther, and Thomas Adams, we may say, from the case of Jacob and Esau in the womb, "The secret way of God in working upon infants is amazingly wonderful." It is almost one of the secret things which are with God alone; and, therefore, to attempt to define the work of the Almighty here would be to presume; but when Luther was contending for infant baptism, although in that respect he was at sea, yet his words have weight in them touching regeneration and salvation. He said, "As it is with children, they have their nourishment in the womb in another manner than when they are born; so the work of God upon their spirits may be such as when they are in the womb, and when they are little ones, before they come to the use of reason, that be far different to what the work of God is upon them when they come afterwards to have the use of reason." As we were all in the loins of that one man Adam, it is most certain all

infants were and are in the fall; but "to the uttermost" of their natural weakness, did the atonement made by Jesus *extend*; and down to the depths of their helplessness doth the power of the Holy Ghost, in regeneration, *descend*, so that, instead of being "sent from the womb to the tomb" as one speaketh, their immortal spirits are caught up *from* the secret places and tenderest parts of our nature to the mansions of the glorified, "for of such," said Christ, "is the kingdom of heaven."

To make room for some of the numerous papers demanding insertion, we can only give the above introductory paragraphs to our Annual Address.

A PRECIOUS PROMISE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"I will receive you."—2 Cor. vi. 17.

Of all the glorious "I will's" to be found in the believer's chart (i.e., the word of God) there stands one prominent in their midst, speaking of a welcome far above any which man can give, and has a world of meaning embodied in it, which none but the exclusive property of the Author can fully appreciate or attain to. The passage referred to is a well-known one, and runs thus, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and *I will receive you.*"

Various are the constructions which may be placed upon these words; and certain Christians rejoice in the idea that they have fulfilled the great command implied in the words, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," when they have shunned the society of the godless and the profane. But give heed to me a moment or two, dear reader; hear my humble statement, and pause, ere you condemn the motives which prompt the writer to submit it to thy charitable consideration.

Is thy Christian pathway all strewed with flowers? Have ye not questionings in your own mind now and then which prompt you to say, Am I really a true believer? Do I love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth? Have I a feeling of sympathy with those in affliction? Because, if these or kindred surmises are agitating thy mind, let me tell thee for thy encouragement there is no more hopeful soul than thine own, for a dead soul cannot ask itself the question, Do I live? any more than a dead body can put the same query to its clay. Remember the words of Him who has said, "*Because I live, ye shall live also.*" Look at that word "because," and doubt your acceptance if ye dare. Think me not strange when I write thus, for I have the highest authority for my statement, and if by the blessing of God I can settle any doubts which may be agitating the mind of the reader, to Him be all the glory. The Lord has singularly blessed my efforts, and I believe this will

come before the notice of some poor soul to whom it will be the "savour of life unto life."

Now, then, dear sister or brother, who-soever thou art, "To the law and the testimony." Follow me prayerfully to the fifth chapter of the first epistle of John, read the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, verses, and let me ask thee the following questions,—Have you ever had the witness of the Spirit, which none can mistake, for embodied in it is a "joy unspeakable and full of glory?" However short its stay may be, it has nevertheless left a silent eloquence on thine heart: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee;" and this is the Comforter which was promised to us.

Are you prepared to make the Creator a liar? Monstrous question! say ye. Ah, no, the Book itself to which I have referred has already told you that in effect you do so, when you refuse to take comfort in these promises, after having received the evidence of the Spirit: "*And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.*" "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God: *that ye may know that ye have eternal life.*" Now, then, dear reader, cast thy doubts to the winds.

Beware of those who would lead you to place confidence in works of merit, for we know that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." The Gospel (falsely so called) preached largely in our own day, is not after the teaching of the apostle Paul. Indeed it bears no resemblance to the Gospel, since its tenor is, Do this and thou shalt live; and, if I mistake not, this is law, just the very dispensation which convinces man of his helplessness; but of what avail is it to tell a helpless mortal to help himself? It is like saying to a poor starving creature, Get plenty of money, and you'll no more starve than I do. There is another and a better way of dealing with him than that; say to him thus, Well, friend, I sympathize

with you in your poverty, because I was in a similar state, but if you go *direct* to so and so, he has an abundance to give to *such as ask him*, and will take pity on your state and fill you with good things—I venture to assert that I do the man more real service than he who simply says to him, Be ye warmed and be ye filled.

Dear reader, if you happen to be the subject of a "fiery trial," and they happen to most of the redeemed, do not go to man for relief, for you will find him as helpless as a babe. The writer has lately passed through one of these severe ordeals, and O! no tongue can tell what he endured. "The terrors of hell gat hold on him," and he flew to preachers for advice, but judge of his astonishment when he found that the very men who can stand up and preach for hours, **IF NEEDS BE**, could not even counsel him in the time of this dreadful trial. Well, what did it teach him? Why, the very lesson that the visitation was sent for, i. e., to shew him that man is a powerless creature, and of *himself* can do nothing that is really good. You may safely call that man an impostor who boasts of anything good of *himself*; there will be plenty of people of the professing religion class who will brand you as uncharitable—that is a favourite and a *darling* accusation of the moral man and the professor; but let him talk as he will about his charity, tell him it is truthful to say of self-boasters that they are impostors; and, as truth is just what mankind hates, do not be surprised at anything you meet with in defence of it.

Is bereavement thy trouble? Seek consolation from Jesus, and as far as in you lies to do so honestly; say with Job of old, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" and if he of whom you are bereaved died happy in Jesus, and you are *in Him*, take comfort from the assurance that *there* is recognition in heaven, the haven of rest, "Where we meet to part no more."

Is pecuniary difficulty thy trial? Remember "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Nothing belongs to us: "Ask of the Lord, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not:" and when relief comes, which it will do according to your faith, give thanks to the Great Sender, and treat everything else as mere instrumentality in the hands of God.

"Cease from man" in everything in which wisdom and guidance are concerned; and perhaps, dear reader, when you have tried creeds, and doctrines, and sects, and parties (as I have), you will know something of what is implied in the words, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord."

Barnsbury.

J. H.

WALKING IN DARKNESS.

By WILLIAM FRITH,

AUTHOR OF "COMMUNION OF SAINTS,* ETC.

To walk in darkness is the portion of many who are nevertheless "children of light." But the darkness in which they walk is like the darkness of the night—to be especially followed by a gladsome rising dawn. This is true—whether the darkness arise from the mind, being borne down by outward trials—or in the absence of those comforting evidences and feelings which are the sunbeams of the believer's life.

The former condition is by no means uncommon. And from the time of old Jacob, who, in the midst of his gloomy circumstances, exclaimed, "All these things are against me," down to the tried, vexed, annoyed, and downcast believer of the present age; and through all intervening periods these occasional seasons of darkness are working together for good—just as the darkness of the natural world has its salutary influence upon the face of nature. The truth is, that as in the natural world there is no darkness that is the result of God's arrangement in the complicated but beautiful system of nature, but is advantageous to that system, whether the discoveries of modern science can discover and prove it or not: so there is no darkness in the *moral life* of the believer (i. e., his life under the superintendence of Divine Providence), but exists and continues for the real and ultimate benefit of those who are under its dark and sombre shades. Every trial, sent of God, like that dark catalogue of events that happened to the patriarch of Uz; to Daniel in the den; the three Hebrews in the furnace; Paul and Silas in the prison at Philippi; Paul in the prison at Rome to convert Onesimus; John, the exile of Patmos; Bunyan, to write the "Pilgrim's Progress," twelve years in Bedford Jail; indeed, any darkness, that cannot be traced to the criminality of those who are called to "walk under the cloud" is for good, though even our own inadvertencies and wayward departures from the "true living way" are often overruled by infinite wisdom for God's glory;—such was the folly and criminality of Jacob in taking the birth-right of Esau, which for more than twenty years cast its long deep shadow upon his pathway, though mercy in loving-kindness cast across his life in Mesopotamia some consutations of heavenly light; still, that loving mother who, on his leaving, had said, "a few days

* We again strongly recommend this book to all intelligent persons in our denomination. It is the best pamphlet we have seen on the subject. —ED.

more" was never more beheld. Neither Rebekah the adviser, nor Jacob the deceiver, could look back upon that event with "a conscience void of offence both toward God and toward man." And though the blessing was appointed for Jacob, the means that procured it prematurely were not such as the Holy One of Israel could sanction; nevertheless such were permitted and were still overruled for God's glory; it did, however, cost Rebekah the loss, and for ever (used in reference to this life) of her darling boy.

Jacob's life we know was darkened, for as he had deceived so he was repaid by Laban's treachery, which darkened his social life, at least for another seven years. And, after he had obtained the beloved Rachel from the crafty and avaricious Laban, the dread of Esau's anger, kept him a menial under his covetous uncle, who "changed his wages ten times," till, by the grasping, selfish, and illiberal dealings of his uncle, he determined to make some attempt to improve his position by conciliating the anger which for one and twenty years he supposed had brooded and fermented in the heart of Esau. And it was not till he had wrestled with God, near the brook Jabbok, that the darkness of nearly a quarter of a century of his eventful life "broke," and the cloud that had so long hung pendent over the sky of his mortal career passed away; and he "saw God face to face" at Peniel.

So now, there are shades of darkness which we create ourselves. We leave the *pillar of fire*, and the consequence is "all is darkness." The Lord, though He is mysteriously with us to prevent final apostasy, "His face," like the face of Laban towards Jacob, "is not towards us as before." And the hidings of His face either in our path of providence or grace, leaves a darker shade upon the pathway of our life than when the solar orb is fully obscured by an eclipse. Our own hearts, however, must decide as to the cause of the darkness in which we walk. It is our mercy to know, however, that the gloom of life shall be all dissipated by Him of whom the poet speaks when he says,

"In darkest shade if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun."

How beautifully does David speak of the darkness of his life arising from the untowardness of his family: "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." Equally so, too, was the enthusiastic Habakkuk (iii. 17.) "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the la-

bour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall, yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation." There were dark seasons in providence to these two good men, and yet they could "rejoice in tribulation-also," knowing that the darkness would be dissipated and be exchanged for a bright "morning without clouds," by the God of their SALVATION! And so shall it be with thee, O afflicted brother in the Lord, for although "sorrow may endure for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning." "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart." O for patience to wait till the "day dawn" and the sun rise upon Zoar," then the dark night of temporal loss and trial will be fully compensated by the jubilant song: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord hath risen upon thee."

CHRIST, OUR SHEPHERD.

BY T. G. C. A.

CHRIST is the Shepherd of his sheep,
Close to himself their souls he'll keep;
And, though they from the flock may stray,
Into some dark and lonesome way,
Where sin may cause their feet to fall;
Yet he will hear them when they call
Upon his name; will gently lead
Them, where they can in safety feed:
When they transgress, he'll use the rod
In love, to bring them back to God.

To make them his, upon the cross
He suffered such amazing loss,
That they eternal life might gain,
And show he suffered not in vain;
Out of the tomb, the Saviour rose,
And conquered all his people's foes.

He'll guide them while they're here below,
To where the richest pastures grow;
Will lead them to the living stream,
And let the young ones rest on him:
He'll shield them from temptation's power;
Be with them in each trying hour;
Watch o'er them in the dead of night,
And wake them with the morning light.

All their diseases he will heal,
And with them in their sorrows feel;
Help them in times of sore distress,
And with his grace their spirits bless;
He'll guard them when their foes assail;
A Refuge be which cannot fail.

And when on earth their course is run,
And they with worldly things have done;
When all their trials here are o'er,
Then upwards through the clouds they'll soar,
And with their Shepherd rest above,
And feast upon his matchless love.
Satan shall vex their souls no more;
Nor Christ, their Lord, shall shut the door;
And they with him shall ever reign,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know again.

New Cross.

THE EDITOR'S THOUGHTS ON MEN AND THINGS ON THE EARTH;

AND

MR. JOHN FOREMAN'S THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN.*

MORE than a quarter of a century has passed over Mr. Foreman's head since he penned this pamphlet. During that period he has travelled over, and preached the Gospel in, most parts of this his native land; and that, too, with much acceptance, profit, and earnest decision for all that he believes to be the truth as it is in Jesus. Mr. John Foreman—as a pastor, as a bishop, as a faithful adviser, as an anniversary, ordination, and public preacher, as a kind of Gospel-barrister, as a sound theologian, and as an argumentative debater, stands, perhaps, higher in the general estimation of the people who belong to our churches than any other minister living. It is to him, principally, that ministers, deacons, and believing people fly, when any difficulty, or emergency, occurs; or when any special work is to be done; and his presence, his preaching, his advice, or his letter, is always deemed full weight, and conclusive. If Mr. Foreman thinks well of a minister he will serve him faithfully and efficiently; if he thinks ill of a man, he will shew him no quarters. He is a great man, and he maintains his dignified position by an undeviating firmness for all he loves, and by an unbending and unabating condemnation of all he does not love. It has never been our happiness to enjoy Mr. Foreman's confidence; therefore, for us to refer to any of his weak points, would be laying ourselves open to censure and suspicion. Neither the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, nor the editor, have ever been cordially welcomed by the pastor of Mount Zion. We have preached in his pulpit: we have laboured with him in some parts of the country; and he has cheerfully preached for us, when bright days shone upon our head; and he has, beyond all doubt, considered himself perfectly justified in taking another course, when clouds and darkness overwhelmed us. God forbid that we should murmur at anything he, or any of his compeers may have said or done. He is an honoured—an highly honoured servant of God; as such, in our right mind, we should desire to esteem and love him, as highly as we are bound to do Mr. James Wells, whose Christian kindness toward us—and whose untir-

ing readiness to serve all the sincerely truthful causes—is unbounded. And we believe the Lord will bring him through the present heavy task of building a new tabernacle; and set his feet in a much larger place yet. No faithful minister of the cross, we believe, ever did enjoy a pastoral career with more ease, comfort, and continued success than has the author of these "Thoughts on Heaven." William Gadsby had a glorious day; but he had heavy afflictions. John Stevens was a giant in the knowledge of Jesus Christ; but he was not the general and every-day preacher that John Foreman has been for so many years. Good old Father Jones has stood to an almost unparalleled age, in these times, and with his pen has done wonders in guarding truth, and exposing error; but he has not been privileged to stand in one place and with one people, as the bishop, or archdeacon of the Strict Baptist Churches has done. Samuel Milner has worked the Gospel plough long and well; but in leaving Rehoboth, and in continuing at Keppel-street, he has not been without his sorrows. George Wyard is one of the very best of men; grave, holy, devoted, full of integrity, uprightness, and zeal; but, in leaving his long-loved Soho—"ah! there," everybody kindly says, "he made a mistake") in retiring to Tring—in beholding a want of stern prosperity at Deptford—and in returning to (almost his old spot) Blandford street, even that universally esteemed modern Puritan has had the heart-ache sadly at times. His soil has not been so productive as that of his brother John. Still, the Lord, in preserving him, in making much use of him through the press, in calling his sons into the ministry, and in surrounding him with multitudes of mercies—demands of him a daily song of praise; and we hope his daily meditations, his sermon, and his song for every day in the year, will be hailed by all the Churches in Christendom, and that even good George Wyard may yet have a second baptism, a fresh and full anointing of the Holy Ghost, and that among the thousands who love him for his work's sake and for his Christian urbanity, he will go forth again stronger than ever.

It is in the raising up, in the qualifications given, and in the long-abiding perseverance of such leaders as Mr. Foreman, that we see much of the Lord's tender care

* *Thoughts on Heaven.* By John Foreman, Minister at Mount Zion, Hill-street, Dorset-square. Second edition. London: W. Holmes, 3, Newstreet, Dorset-square: J. Paul, &c. 4d.

toward His people. From the day that Noah was chosen to build the ark, onward to Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Isaiah, Peter, Paul, Wickliffe, Luther, Goodwin, Owen, Gill, Abrahams—and to the present moment the Great Head of the Church has fulfilled that precious declaration: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night." None of these watchmen have been in themselves PERFECT men; they have had their work to do; that given commission they have accomplished; and then they have passed away—as we all soon shall likewise do; and when we consider how many mere meteors have shot up in Zion, and quickly gone out; when we mourn over many who did seem to run well, but were soon hindered, surely, we are not beside the mark, if, in noticing an author's work, as we are requested to do these "Thoughts on Heaven," we endeavour to call out the Church's gratitude to God for continuing unto her men of high moral bearing, men of deep spiritual understanding, men of long practical experience, men who have for many years, risen early and sat up late, and who, from January to December have studied, laboured, and served the Churches, until ripe and ready for a brighter kingdom they stand scattering around them the full ears of corn ere to the Master's garner they are gathered in.

SAY NOT! that we are seeking any lower end by these spontaneous thoughts, than the glory of HIM who only can make, and use, and keep a living, faithful ministry. Nay: we hereby neither *court* the SMILE, nor *fear* the FROWN of any man, or set of men. We have exercised more zeal than sober wisdom; we have made many mistakes; we have incurred the displeasure of thousands whom we would most gladly have edified, comforted, and built up: therefore, most heartily would we pray for grace to be exercised in a three-fold uprightness of spirit; first, with Micah to say, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him:" secondly, to "give honour to whom honour is due:" thirdly, to be ever adoringly grateful to God for the smallest measure of usefulness He may be pleased to continue unto us, and as Hezekiah said, "I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul." These, God knoweth, are the unwrought desires of our soul.

Mr. Foreman has nearly, or quite, attained to the heaven-appointed good old age: ere many years he may be gathered unto his fathers. Instead of giving way to petty jealousies, and proud and selfish feelings, let us all ask for grace to acknowledge the good hand of God in thus holding up in Zion, good and steadfast men like

those to whom we have referred. And not only so, but should not all our ministers and people constantly pray that Zion may yet again and again realize that delightful promise, "Instead of thy fathers, shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth;" for where—but to the Lord—can we look for men to fill the places of those who soon must put off the harness? Ah! where? And echo answers, *Where?*

Let two things seriously be in our mind. First, our honoured brethren Foreman, Wells, Wyard, Milner, Murrell, and many more we might name, have for many years stood fast and firm by the wholesome and harmonious doctrines and ordinances of the New Testament: and, secondly, let us not be unmindful of that heavy tide of universalism, and of nothingism, which is pouring in upon us, enough to sweep away, if God prevent not, all the bulwarks and fortresses which have been instrumentally and ministerially set up during the ages which have rolled on, since the days of the Master's sending forth His own disciples. Even the *Freeman*—the organ of all the fashionable Baptist Churches in Christendom—has recently admitted that the generality of the profession of the Gospel in these days, is more regulated by the fashions of the times, than by the grand, dearly-redeemed, and clearly revealed doctrines and precepts, principles, and practices of the New Testament.

John Stevens once said in his day, that the time would soon come when there would not be a Strict Communion Baptist Church in existence. We have feared so too. But it is asked, WHY DO YOU FEAR? Is *adherence* to the UNITY of the ORDINANCES of such *essential moment*? Oh! yes, it is. It is not essential to salvation—and, therefore, such good men as George Abrahams (who fires hot shot at us Baptists), James Jay, at the Grove; Richard Luckin, at Woodbridge Chapel; and others, are permitted to stand in their work. They are valiant men for Gospel doctrine and Christian experience. Richard Luckin is an amiable, faithful, and useful man of God. George Abrahams is a deep diver into the mysteries of Christ and His union with His Church. James Jay is a suffering saint.

But what are all or any of these good men doing for the *defence* of the Gospel, beyond their own long-standing spheres of action? Let them—and let us all remember—that if the TRUTH of the Gospel is to be maintained, it must be—under God—by the self-sacrificing, united, earnest, and harmonious, and untiring labours of those who have been sent into the vineyard by JESUS CHRIST Himself; but if good men can content themselves with simply preach-

ing their three sermons in the week, and indulging in ease the rest of their time, let us whisper in their ear the fact, that Church of Englandism is rising up in mighty forces, determined to banish Nonconformity from its position. Congregational, Wesleyan, and General Baptist Unions, are straining every nerve to enlarge their circles—and enlarging (they are too) at a rapid rate. Mr. Spurgeon is sending his students out into all parts and places, where an entrance can be made. What the result of all this professed evangelization may be, we cannot decide. But, this we know, that by all the bodies we have named, the Strict Baptists are scouted, scorned, and derided; therefore, in the midst of this immense army of preachers and people, who, divided as they may be in most things—in one they are united—that is, to root up and cast away all the ministers and churches, who for every branch of truth stand unmoved. Let free-will, duty-faith, open communion, and some other things come in, and away goes the distinction between the Church and the world; the whole company of Gospel professors will become like the ten virgins in the parable—wise and foolish all mixed up together—and after they have toiled hard to do what they never will do, they will fall fast asleep, and in this state they will continue, until the midnight cry is heard—“Behold the Bridegroom cometh.” And it is to this general slumber, the people are driving us now with all their might. At least, that is our humble conviction.

It is, then, a mercy that in this evening time, there are a few veterans who will never make shipwreck of their faith, nor of a good conscience: but, through grace, enduring steadfast to the end, shall be saved. In attempting to write a short notice of Mr. Foreman's nice “Thoughts on Heaven,” we have been involuntarily and unintentionally drawn out to make these remarks which are made in all sincerity; and but for want of space, we should call over the roll of faithful men, and shew that neither London or the provinces are yet left without witnesses for all that Jesus Christ our Lord commanded, but the review of our Ministerial Roll, and a review of Mr. Foreman's book has yet to be written.

If “Satan” were chained up, if “the flesh” were destroyed, and if “the world” were burnt up, the travellers Zionward would have easy and pleasant times of it; but as long as these three antagonists, or any of them exist, so long shall we find the right way a thorny and a difficult way.—*Rev. W. Parks.*

יְהוָה

JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

“The Lord our Righteousness.”—*The watchword of the Reformers.*

I once was a stranger
To grace and to God,
I knew not my danger,
And felt not my load.
Though friends spoke in rapture
Of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was
Nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure,
To sooth or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure,
And John's simple page;
But ev'n when they pictured
The blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed
Nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters
Of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters
Went over his soul;
Yet thought not that my sins
Had nailed to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—twas
Nothing to me.

But when free grace awoke me
By light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me,
I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety,
In self could I see—
Jehovah Tsidkenu my
Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished
Before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished,
With boldness I came,
To drink at the fountain
So copious and free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu is
All things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu, my
Treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu, I
Ne'er can be lost.
In thee I shall conquer
By flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor,
My breast-plate, and shield.

Even treading the valley
The shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally
My faltering breath;
For while from life's fever
My God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my
Death-song shall be.

Forwarded by T. J. MESSER.

Dumfries, Dec. 21, 1863.

“Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.” What did Christ mean by “narrow?” Evidently to convey the truth that there is no room for superfluous baggage upon it, such as works of righteousness that poor man does in hope of eternal life. It is so “narrow” that all merit, all supposed goodness, all fancied holiness must be left behind, and the travellers must trust solely to the merits and righteousness of Christ, who is the Way.”

F O R G I V E N E S S :

ITS AUTHOR, ITS SOURCE, ITS SECURITY, ITS NATURE, AND ITS
BLESSEDNESS.

BY JOHN BLOOMFIELD, OF SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT, SOHO.*

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."—PSALM xxxii. 1.

THE views of men under worldly influence are widely different from the views of men who are taught by the Divine Spirit the importance and the preciousness of the salvation of the soul. Men who have no right views of their own condition, or the claims of God and the eternal world, their views are limited in their range, being confined to this present life. The godly man knows that godliness is profitable for the life that now is and that which is to come. It is only by real religion that the best can be made of both worlds—the present and the future. The ungodly man, such are his views, that he would say, "Blessed is the man who hath large possessions, who hath property." Therefore he wears his mind and his body to amass wealth, forgetting, however, wealth is only useful to us, and life is only useful, really so, as they are wisely used. He forgets that riches sometimes take to themselves wings and fly away. Others would say, "Blessed is the man of high station, of princely titles;" forgetting, however, there are titles of far higher value, far more durable in character, for those who possess real and vital religion. Princely titles, which men wear in this world, are all as passing shadows. Riches and titles will fall from the man who wears them; or the man will fall and soon leave the princely titles with which he has been honoured in this world. Some would say, "Blessed is the man of lofty intellect, who belongs not to the aristocracy of blood, but of mind;" forgetting that the loftiest intellects, sometimes in this world, have been employed in opposition to God, in strenuous opposition to the cause of Christ; and though not so employed, the greatest mind may soon become humbled, and the loftiest intellect may be soon enfeebled. Others would say, "Blessed is the man who is in possession of power, who sways a sceptre over thousands and millions of his fellow-creatures;" forgetting that there is nothing more uncertain than the possession of power; the man who sways a sceptre to-day may have it dashed from his hand, and the crown from his head, and to-morrow he may become the scorn of his subjects.

The godly man would say, "Blessed is the man who hath a genuine religion; who possesses Christ's everlasting righteousness; the man who possesses Christ's Spirit; the man who imitates all that is imitable in Christ's example. Blessed is the man who hath a saving knowledge of God, who is influenced by the fear of God, and who is found faithfully serving God; blessed is the man who knows the Saviour, and who is watching for His coming. Blessed is the man who breathes the spirit of the Saviour, and imitates all that is imitable in His example. Blessed is the man who understands what it is to be burdened with a sense of sin, and has lost that burden through faith in the cross of Christ. Blessed is the man who understands his own righteousness to be but as filthy rags, and hath been clothed in the righteousness of Christ, the fine linen, clean and white. Blessed is the man who depends for completeness in Christ; not like the Pharisees of old, looking to their own doings for a standing in completeness." The godly man says in the words of our text, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven—whose sin is covered."

These words contain a great deal of the mercy of God in His plan of salvation; so the apostle Paul thought, for he quoted them in the fourth chapter of Romans. We are never pleased with the men who tell us the Old Testament believers knew nothing, or very little, about Jesus Christ. We think they knew a great deal more than many imagine. We think they saw through the types and shadows with more clearness, with more light, than many give them credit for. We think men misrepresent the Old Testament saints when it is asserted they knew but little of Jesus and His work of mediation. We think, on the contrary, the saints of the Old Testament ages understood the ground of pardon for sin; they understood that ground was the system of Mediation, by which sins are covered, by which their debts were blotted out, and the sinner finds peace with God. We shall discover as we read the Old Testament, in the spirit of the New Testament, the grounds and principles of the great system of salvation, which are more clearly exhibited in the Gospel of the grace of God.

* Being the substance of a sermon delivered on Sunday morning, January 5th, 1862, in Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Dean Street, Soho Square.

We shall notice, therefore, in the words of our text,—First, *The mediatorial grounds on which the forgiveness of sin is granted*; my second point will be, *The nature of that forgiveness of sin which the believer enjoys*; and, thirdly, I shall show, *The blessedness of the man so forgiven, whose sin is blotted out*.

I. My first point is, **THE MEDIATORIAL GROUND ON WHICH THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN IS SECURED.**

We think we can prove that God never forgave sin but through sacrifice—a sacrifice that reveals the wisdom of God's mind, that declares the love of His infinite heart, and vindicates the honour of His moral government. We shall notice, then, first, *The sacrifice under the Levitical dispensation*; and then our second point will be to show, *that Christ's sacrifice was more efficacious than all the types*. He was the Great Sacrifice; that He is the Great Mediator, through whose works the forgiveness of sin is granted.

First. *The mediatorial ground on which the forgiveness of sin is granted*. Now, for the first Scriptural proof, I would direct your attentions to the 14th chapter of Leviticus and the 20th verse. You will there find, the priest that offered an atonement for the people who were convicted of sin, who sinned through ignorance, and were brought to acknowledge their sins before God, the priest had to offer an atonement for himself first. In the passage referred to, it is thus written,—“And the priest shall offer the burnt-offering and the meat offering upon the altar, and the priest shall make an atonement for him, and he shall be clean.” The atonement, you see, precedes the act of forgiveness. The atonement is the ground on which forgiveness is granted. This truth is taught plainly in all the Levitical services respecting the sacrificial work which God early taught to His people. Read again the 16th chapter of Leviticus, that beautiful and impressive chapter which I read in your hearing this morning. There we find there were “two goats, one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat.” One was offered for a sin-offering; the other was let go into the wilderness, and carried away the transgressions of the people. But, mind there was no forgiveness but by the atonement; one goat was offered to God for an atonement; the other let go into the wilderness, and carries away the sins of the people into the land of forgetfulness, teaching us still the same doctrine as taught in the first Scripture, that atonement must precede the doing away with or carrying away the sins of the people.

Secondly. Now let me notice *the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus answers to this view,*

or teaching of this delightful theme. I do not suppose that sin was really put away by the slaying of these animals. It was not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats could take away sin. The animals sacrificed could not even take away moral guilt, but they did what God intended they should do; that was to teach the great sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ; they were to adumbrate, to show forth the only sacrifice on which sin can be pardoned—the only way in which transgression can be really carried away. Christ was the reality, shadowed forth by all the priestly works under the Jewish economy. The priests that served God in that dispensation were men of infirmity—they were to offer sacrifice for themselves before they offered one for the people. But they were types of Him, that Great High Priest, who comprises in His own nature all that priceless worth that gave efficacy to His own work in Himself; He was not a priest who had infirmities for which He must make an atonement. He came expressly to put away sin; He came that He might make an atonement for the sins of His people. He came and was wounded for our transgression; He came and God laid help upon One that was mighty; He that was just, suffered for the unjust, whereby He might bring them to God. Christ hath made a full and perfect atonement, by which God might be just, yet the justifier of the ungodly, of all that believe in Jesus. Were the sins of God's ancient people put away by the types and sacrifices that were offered, Jesus Christ came and put away sin really and truly, and for ever, by the sacrifice of Himself. He is our propitiation; He is our covering, “not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world.” This sacrifice was not for the Jews simply, but for all God's people, of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people under the heavens. Now, without an atonement, God has never then forgiven sin; when God forgives a man his sins, He does it for Christ's sake; He does it for His own great name's sake; He does it on the principle thoroughly in harmony with the claims of His own moral government; He does it without giving up one right of His claims of justice without one blemish on His character, as the moral Governor of the universe. Do not think, then, that God forgives sin apart from the sacrifice of Christ Jesus. The Old Testament saints believed this; when they asked for pardon, they said, “Pardon me, O God, for my iniquity is great.” But this prayer is generally preceded by, “Pardon me for Thy great name's sake.” Ah! poor sinner, look to this, the mediatorial ground, as the only way thy sins can be forgiven. This is the root of all; here lies the foundation of

your salvation. The anxious and thoughtful mind may say, "I hope to be forgiven; I hope to escape the consequences of sin; I have repented, and acknowledge my sins before God." This we must do; but that forms no ground on which we can expect God's pardon. You may make promises of what you mean to do; that you intend to lead a better life; you acknowledge you have led an evil life, and if God will pardon you, you will lead a life more in harmony with the holy Scriptures. But, remember, this can be only done as under the influence of God's Spirit, and we can only expect mercy from God, in the forgiveness of our sins, by the way He hath pointed out, and there is no other ground on which we can acceptably plead for pardon but by and through the full and perfect atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. As we have shown, under the old economy, atonement was offered by the priest, first for himself, then for the people, ere sin was pardoned; and the sacrifice being accepted, sin was carried away, and the people were forgiven.

II. Now, secondly, let me notice THAT FORGIVENESS THE MAN OF GOD ENJOYS.

First. It is a *Divine forgiveness*. "There is forgiveness with God that He may be feared." The Lord loveth mercy and forgiveness. Forgiveness for sin is the right of God, and none can exercise that right but God. Jesus Christ, when on earth, forgave men their sins; but, then, Jesus Christ was God incarnate, as none can forgive sin but God, and Christ forgave sin; Christ is therefore the eternal God. "I have blotted out as a thick cloud," says our God, "thy transgression, and as a cloud thy sins." This is the act of God.

What would it be for us, dear friends, to be forgiven by some priest, some minister, or some prophet? To have a cheering prospect of heaven, to enjoy peace of conscience, to realize the blessings of God's Word—to have these cheering prospects, you must be forgiven by God, against whom you have sinned, upon whose rights you have trampled, by Him whose laws you have broken. Forgiveness of sin, then, is a Divine act; we see the Psalmist believed in this: of whom did he ask pardon but of God? David sought pardon of none but God. "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." And, "For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." The poor publican, when he was filled with a sense of guilt, cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." My dear hearers, have you sought pardon of God?—have you sought forgiveness for your sins of Him who alone can forgive?—remembering, "There is for-

giveness with God, that He may be feared;" that He may be sought unto; that He may be trusted in, as the only one who can remove our guilt.

Second. Again, it is a *free forgiveness*. When man forgives, he may say, "I forgive you freely;" but, then, there are conditions respecting the future. But, with God, it is not a conditional forgiveness; it is forgiveness out of His rich grace and sovereign favour. You can never deserve it, nor attain it by thy own sacrifices if you try. God forgives; but He forgives like a God. He forgives out of the riches of His grace; He forgives, but it is an act of sovereignty; He forgives, but it is through the mediation of His Son; He forgives, and it is freely. O, poor sinner, this should cheer thy heart. Art thou a burdened sinner?—if you are, remember God freely forgives through Jesus Christ. Are you seeking pardon for your sins?—then let this cheer your soul, that God delighteth in mercy. Do you earnestly desire mercy?—let this thought cheer you, that God pardoneth poor sinners through His rich sovereign grace. You will never be able to say, "I am pardoned, for I bought my pardon;" never say, "I am pardoned, but I deserved my pardon." You can never say, "I am pardoned, but, then, it was obtained on certain conditions—certain of my works appeared before God to atone for my sins." No, no, this will not do; there are no conditions at all; if forgiven, you are freely forgiven out of the loving kindness of God Himself. Did the Lord forgive the Psalmist? Then He forgave him freely, and freely blotted out his transgression, and put away his sins. Did God forgive Saul of Tarsus his sins? Then it was freely and without any merits on the part of Saul that he received pardon of God. Did He forgive Mary Magdalene, out of whom He cast "seven devils?" Did she earn forgiveness? It is certain she never deserved it; it is also certain she could never have procured it, were it not for the provisions made in God's free grace.

Perhaps there is some poor sinner here, saying, "I have never enjoyed pardon for my sins; this is what I want. O that I could believe my sins were pardoned. O that I had my pardon in possession." Pardon to the condemned culprit must come from the crowned head; the pardon may be sealed by the royal hand, and then some time elapse between the sealing of that pardon, and having it in possession. Now God's people are all forgiven, every one hath his pardon signed and sealed by the royal hand; but it is only as the man is brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, with all his heart and soul, he can

have the pardon in his own possession; or, in other words, as the soul becomes conscious of his state as a sinner, forgiveness is sought, and he desires to know that his iniquity is blotted out. It is only as you believe in the Lord Jesus you can be saved; it is only by trusting in the merits of His atoning blood, only as you cast all your care on Him, look to Him, and trust in His blood and righteousness you can receive pardon. You may have to wait for the knowledge of pardon; but, as certain as the Scriptures are true, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." He who hath faith in Jesus, hath the witness in himself; He who believes in Jesus, and trusts in His atoning work and peerless character, hath certain evidences in his own soul of a sense of pardon, and that *his* iniquity is put away.

(To be concluded next month.)

AM I ON THE RIGHT WAY?

BY REV. W. PARKS, B.A.

"I ONCE knew a young man who was highly moral in his walk and conversation, but who had no more vital godliness in him than a beast. He was a formalist of the most unexceptionable kind, and was very punctual in saying his prayers and in his attendance at church. He lived thus for years, never dreaming that anything was wrong with him. One day, however, he happened to hear a strange minister, who took for his text, 'Therefore by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.' The preacher proved most clearly that those deeds were the deeds of the moral law, and showed that no good works of any kind could possibly justify a soul before God. The young man was deeply impressed. His mouth was stopped: he was brought in guilty before God! Then the cry was put into his heart, 'What shall I do to be saved!' 'I have lived,' said he to himself, 'I have lived blamelessly all those years; I have kept the commandments from my youth, but I find that I am not saved!' This poor creature would have fallen down dead in despair if the words had not been brought home to him with power, 'The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin!' This led him to enquire: inquiry led him further into truth. But if you ask that man to-day, had he anything to do with getting on the right way, he will unhesitatingly answer, 'Indeed I had not; and what is more, the person who first induced me to hear the strange minister was himself dead in trespasses and sins!' Oh! we may well exclaim, how marvellous are the ways of God!"

NEW BOOKS & PAMPHLETS.

Truths for the Day of Life, and the Hour of Death. London: Virtue Brothers and Co., 1, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row. 1864.

THAT earnest and most laborious writer, the author of "God is Love," "Our Heavenly Home," "Grace and Glory," &c., &c., has here given us another handsome, weighty, and every-day seasonable book. "The Assurance of Faith" is the leading subject in this volume. "Causes why the Assurance of Faith is not enjoyed by all Believers," are traced out in the author's own way; with "General Observations to Doubting Believers;" and an attempt to shew "How the Assurance of Faith may be obtained."

It is evident from the Preface, that the author's mind was deeply exercised while writing out the different branches of his great theme; he has issued many volumes before, but in none has his own heart and soul been more fully drawn out than in this. We live in a day when the "Assurance of Faith" appears to be but little known or enjoyed. If, therefore, this writer has found and furnished a genuine antidote and remedy for the almost universal reign of unbelief, he has conferred a blessing indeed; but as the work is newly from the press, we briefly announce it, being confident that however sharply some of the author's conclusions may be controverted in some quarters, the careful and prayerful perusal of this elegant and appropriate new year's gift-book cannot fail of conferring good to the souls of many.

We are really fearful that the converting power—the Christ-revealing and extolling power—the soul-establishing, truth-unfolding, and promise-applying powers of the Holy Ghost, are much withdrawn in these days; and without His quickening, illuminating, and sealing powers, no soul can have ASSURANCE of its own salvation. That the Holy Ghost works by means more generally—that where the honoured means are neglected, the blessing is withheld, we know most painfully. But this is not a review.

Grace Victorious. The Experience of Mr. Francis Collins, Minister of Howe Street Chapel, Plymouth. Published by J. Paul, Chapter-house Court; to be had of the Author, 4, Constantine-street, Plymouth.

A SERIES of tracts on themes of the highest value to man, have been issued by Mr. Collins during his pastorate at Howe street: they are all ably and faithfully produced; but, in this last one, Mr. Collins opens his heart, and freely details the work of God upon his soul both in giving him grace, and in putting him into the ministry. Mr. Collins's ministry commenced in measure under his former pastor, Mr. James Wells, for whom he entertains the deepest Christian affection. The late well-known Surrey Tabernacle deacon, Mr. Barnes, was instrumental in sending Francis Collins into the work, in 1849; and from that time the Lord has upheld and honoured him; and in that very difficult town, Plymouth, he

has laboured for several years, and still continues. His *Grace Victorious* will be an acceptable testimony to many; and that for writing and preaching he may be spared to a good old age, we can and do unfeignedly pray. We hope, in the spring, Mr. Collins will supply for a few Sundays at Squirries street, where many of his old friends will gladly hear him again.

The Original Baptist Almanack and Congregational Hand-Book for 1864. London: Robt. Banks, 9, Crane court, Fleet street: Stevenson, Paternoster row. 2d.

MR. EDITOR.—I very much value your *Baptist Almanac* for the vast amount of useful, practical, commercial, chronological, astronomical, historical, and denominational information it contains. I value it, too, because it stands out in bold contrast from the blasphemous astrological prognostications of some, and from the impious profanations of others. Christians do err much in purchasing certain religious blaspheming publications (for what less than blasphemy is the following).—"O sinner, if you perish, it won't be because God didn't love you, or because Christ didn't die for you, but because you didn't believe in him. You would not trust your soul to him, though he beseeches you to do so." The denomination is greatly indebted to you for an almanack that is true to its Baptist colours. To Christians visiting London it is an accurate directory to the residences and chapels of our metropolitan pastors. To ministers the interleaved is quite an acquisition to the study.—I am, Sir, yours truly, S. COZENS.

Conformity to the Church of England. By EBENEZER BAILEY. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

THE author of this defence of the doctrines and practices of the Church of England was till recently a Baptist minister. Mr. Bailey was amongst Mr. Spurgeon's first students, and one of his earliest contributions to the now numerous list of youthful Baptist pastors. But, after receiving the training and education provided at Mr. Spurgeon's College, and having been a Baptist Pastor for some time, he suddenly discovers the error of his way, and turns with much penitence, to the arms of the mother Church, and here presents us with "his decided avowal of his preference" for a national establishment—setting himself to the task of *defending* her system, fearlessly declaring that the "Anglican Church bears upon it God's own signature." We are not quite sure that the Church of England required this defence at the hands of Mr. Bailey, or that she is benefited thereby; but we shall probably look again into this 76 octavo page book, and say something more.

Try! Try! and Try Again. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster row,

NEARLY all our readers know something of *Old Jonathan*, and that most useful monthly paper he issues. When we inform them that he has recently published a new edition of

Try! Try! and Try again, which is an outline of the lives of two youths who became clergymen of the church of England, they will doubtless feel interested in its contents. This is the time for presenting young people with useful presents in the shape of pretty books, &c., and here is one which we can recommend for that purpose beyond any we have seen. The binding is elegant, the illustrations are pretty and numerous, and the contents will please and edify, instruct and stimulate every boy who has the germ of true manhood in him. *Old Jonathan* will have the thanks of thousands for this juvenile literary gem.

The Garden Oracle, and Floricultural Year-Book; an Almanack for 1864. Edited by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S. Published at Groombridge's.

WE have gone carefully over this annual, and to every one interested in the beautiful works of nature—as now so elegantly illustrated in our shrubberies, parks, fields, gardens, orchards, nurseries, groves, &c. &c. this shilling volume must be an indispensable companion. Gardening is ever new; there is a continued and constant flowing forth of new species. No one must ever think of settling down here with the persuasion that he knows all that is needful. He may increase in knowledge in this department of creation's glory to the end of his days—and Shirley Hibberd in his *Weekly Magazine* and *Annual Oracle*, takes the lead in all things new and practical.

The New Zealand Hand-Book; or, Guide to the Britain of the South. London: E. Stanford, 6, Charing Cross.

THIS little sixpenny manual contains sufficient matter to form a good volume, if it had been spread out as many books are, but economy and real usefulness are its features. New Zealand is not the new heavens, nor the new earth, which the Lord has promised to create; but, certainly, New Zealand is beyond all question, a part of our Holy Master's workmanship, almost unexcelled in the known world. To young men whose hearts are breaking for fields of usefulness, in the dispensation of the Gospel, New Zealand opens a door of wide extent; and from this book (issued by Willis, Gann and Co., New Zealand offices, Crosby square, London, or by Edward Stanford,) every atom of necessary information may be easily obtained.

Six Sermons by Charles Gordelier, Minister of Hephzibah Chapel, Mile End. To be had of the Author, 13, Stepney Green; or in the vestry of his Chapel, Darling place, near Mile End Gate.

THESE are not common sermons; nor are they likely to interest mere ordinary or stereotyped Gospellers; but as words of warning for the careless, as words of healing for the wounded, as words of direction and encouragement for the ensnared and fallen, and as words of intelligence for the ignorant, they have their fitness and fulness too, and in send-

ing them forth, Mr. Gordelier is doing good service. With the blessing of the Almighty thousands may read them to much profit.

The Scriptural Testimony to the Person and Work of God the Holy Ghost, &c., &c. By JOHN BUNYAN McCURE. Sydney: G. R. Addison.

In every way our brother McCure is zealously working in Australia. The Romanists without, and the dead formalists within, have the full force of John's heaven-wrought power in exposing Popery's pestilential poison, and in endeavouring to convince men that all religion without the Great Glorifier of Christ—THE ETERNAL SPIRIT—is fearfully delusive, and must end in an awful disappointment. John Bunyan McCure has the hearty sympathies of all those believers who rejoice in the spread of the Gospel; but selfishness and pride are so fearfully rampant here, that real Christian sympathy is almost dumb and lifeless.

Celestial Paradise, &c. London: C. Nichols, 30, St. Martin's lane, and to be had of Mr. John Pells, 3, College place, Camden town.

THIS funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Pells after the death of Mrs. Kerley. It is a neat and concise little memoir, and speaks well both for the growing ability and ministerial patience of the pastor of Soho.

The Priesthood of Believers.

A leaflet on a subject of much more value to the Church than is now sufficiently understood. There is no part of real experimental religion, but is closely bound up with the character of Christians as priests unto God. With Mr. Groom we see this subject calls for a careful advocacy.

The Child's Book of Praise. Edited by Rev. CHARLES VINCE. Birmingham: published by Hugh Barclay; and Virtue Brothers, London.

ONE hundred and thirteen of the best hymns, in sixty-four pages, on good paper, first-class printing, with index and preface, all in neat wrapper, for one penny, is, we should think, all that could be desired by the most zealous and economical. Both Mr. Vince and Mr. Barclay have done their work admirably well.

The British Workwoman, Out and at Home.

No. 1 of a new penny monthly, issued by Hall, Allen, and Co., and Job Caudwell. The effort is similar to *The British Workman*, but much its inferior as yet. Still, the design is essentially good, and will confer great benefit upon the female part of our population if carried out zealously and efficiently.

The Sealed People, &c., by Rev. Robert Polwhele. London: Seeleys.

A LITTLE book distinguishing between the different future manifestations of Christ. We have been much solemnized by its contents. It leads your thoughts to Jesus.

THE SPARE MOMENT.

FIVE NEGATIVES.

It is known that two negatives in English are equal to an affirmative. They destroy each other. But it is not so in Greek. They *strengthen* the negative, and a third negative makes it stronger still, and so a fourth and a fifth. How strong *five* negatives must make a negation! Whether they ever occur in the Greek classics, I do not know; but in the Greek of the New Testament there is an instance of the kind. And what is that? Are the five negatives used to strengthen any threatening? No! They are connected with a *promise*, one of the "exceeding great and precious promises" which are given unto us. The case occurs in Hebrews xiii. 5: "For He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." There five negatives are employed. We translate but two of them; but there they all are, as one may see who looks into his Greek Testament. Now they need not all have been there; they are not all necessary to express the simple idea that God will never forsake His people. There must have been *design* in multiplying negatives so. I do not believe the phraseology was accidental, and I think it not difficult to guess the design. God meant to be believed in that thing. He would secure the confidence of His children in that particular. He knew how prone they were to doubt His constancy, how strongly inclined to that form of unbelief, and how liable to be harassed by the dread of being forsaken by Him, and He would therefore make assurance more than doubly sure. So, instead of saying simply, "I will not leave thee," which alone would have been enough, He adds, "nor forsake thee;" and instead of leaving it thus—"I will not leave thee, I will not forsake thee," He uses language equivalent to the following: "I will not, I will not leave thee; I will never, never, never forsake thee." There is a stanza which very faithfully as well as beautifully expresses it,—

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

It is a revealed truth that "there is no other name given under heaven amongst men whereby we must be saved" but that of Jesus Christ, and whosoever is off that great highway is journeying to his own destruction.—*Rev. W. Parks.*

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

"THE WANDERER" AGAIN IN HARNESS.

NO. I.

"I feel the sun of life no more
In gay meridian shining;
Long shadows hang all objects o'er,
And show the orb declining."

ONCE more, by permission of the Editor, I take up my pen to talk a little with the readers of this magazine about things seen and heard as I wander over different countries in our island-home. Having finished my articles on that renowned, eloquent, and useful ambassador for Christ, Christmas Evans, perhaps I may venture to present myself again to my friends in a different garb, and thus try to afford to them (p.v.) half-an-hour's reading every month, which I trust will interest and profit them. Wishing each and all "a happy new year," I now with no ordinary pleasure, commence the work I have pledged myself to perform.

My summer vacation terminated on the 20th of August last, and on the 21st, I was on the Railway, carried forward by the iron horse towards the densely populated town of

BIRMINGHAM.

That town I reached in safety, and was cordially received into the bosom of the family of my intelligent and liberal brother and friend, Mr. Thos. Drew. My object in going to Birmingham was not to lecture but preach. Mr. Drew, with a heroism that reflects great credit upon him, has resolved, God helping him, to establish a Church on what he conceives to be New Testament principles in that Metropolitan Midland town. In unison with his brother,—who with himself is equally anxious to be "doing and receiving good,"—a comfortable room has been opened, and within its limits for more than twelve months, a few have assembled to listen to the truth as it is in Jesus. In attempting to form a church, and gather a congregation, our friends have had many difficulties to contend with. A town like Birmingham, where there are so many talented preachers belonging to the different sections of the professing Church, requires for the establishment of a cause in perfect harmony with the teachings of truth, a man or men of commanding talents. If therefore the Churches throughout the country would help by the transmission of the "sinews of war" to our good friends there, I have no doubt, but that ere long a people would be gathered, who, walking in ALL the ordinances of the Lord, would glorify his name, and exert an influence on the inhabitants of this large and densely populated town, that would cause "angel brothers to strike their harps of gold, and joyously sing, Many that were dead are alive again! many that were lost are found!" On reaching the hospitable home of Mr. D., I heard that the room they had opened had been for some time past so thinly attended that he and his brother were almost ready to hang their harps upon the willows. Sunday morning we wended our way to the little sanctuary, which is situated in Great Charlotte street, a not very attractive locale, and to our gratification found nearly every seat occupied. We were directed to speak to the people in the morning on "Christ the Rock and Refuge of Believers;" and in the evening from the first text we read from the Christian pulpit more than forty years since, 2 Cor. viii. 9; and both in the morning and evening felt, as we hoped several others also did, that the great Head of the mystic household was present to comfort, elevate, and bless.

After we had finished our work at Birmingham, we went to

WOLVERHAMPTON,

having been invited to do so by two esteemed, loving, large-hearted friends who used to sit at John street chapel before its doors were closed. In the midst of this family, we enjoyed a few days quietude and rest, which admirably prepared us for subsequent travelling and toil. In Wolverhampton there were three Baptist Churches, now I regret to say there are only two. John Street Chapel has passed into the hands of the Episcopalians, consequently within its walls in future only a part of God's truth will be proclaimed. The pastor of one of the other Baptist Churches is the grandson, I believe, of that model missionary, the late learned and self-denying Carey, and by efforts the most strenuous and unflagging, he has succeeded in erecting a new chapel, which is situated in an inviting locality. What was there to hinder the John Street friends from doing likewise? On this point I could like to write much, but as it is a rather delicate subject I pass on, just expressing my regret that there should be one Baptist cause less in that large and important town. From some of the scattered friends belonging to the late John Street cause, I have received no small amount of kindness, the remembrance of which is a balm to my spirit as I struggle on through life's sins, sorrows, perplexities and cares. May He who dwelt in the bush cover them with His feathers, and gently lead them on and up to the city of many mansions. The following Sunday I preached twice again to very pleasing gatherings at Birmingham; and after being comforted in the work and much encouraged by the friendly greetings, the next day found me whirling along the iron road towards Kington, in Herefordshire, where I spoke two evenings, in company with my talented colleague, Mr. W. P. Thomas, to large and enthusiastic audiences. Kington has in it a Baptist cause apparently in a very thriving state: the minister, Mr. Smith, who was one of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's students, is "a living bonfire!" zealous to promote the prosperity of Zion. This frank and large-hearted young man presided most efficiently at one of our meetings, and was with us on the platform at the other. This cheered us. We love to see the rising young men of our denomination battling with that dark, malignant, devastating foe to humanity, Alcohol!

From Kington we passed on to Hereford, and found its population, like that of all other Cathedral cities, not much interested in the temperance enterprise. After doing what we could to benefit as many as were present at the two meetings we held in the Corn Exchange, we started for the interesting and romantically situated town of

ROSS,

and as we gazed upon its church on the hill, thought of a couplet in a piece we had oft repeated when at school,—

"Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?"

The man of Ross, each lisping babe replies." At Ross we found two Baptist causes. Our Strict friends asked for and had my poor services on the morning and evening of the 6th of September, *con amore*, and in the afternoon the children of the Sunday schools were collected together in the other very beautiful Baptist chapel, which they filled, and I spoke to them with some freedom for about an hour on Jesus and Salvation. The following evening, the fine room in connection with the Exchange was filled by a very respectable and interesting audience, and for a couple of hours we tried to promote their

happiness. Reluctantly leaving our kind friends at Ross, who did all they could to make us feel at home whilst there, we were found next at Stratford, gazing on the tombstone of that extraordinary genius, who,—

“Warbled wood notes wild,”

for many a year along the banks of the “soft flowing Avon.” We visited the house in which the great poet first drew breath, and were greatly delighted with what we both heard and saw. What a change has taken place since Shakspeare wandered through the streets of this dull little town. Having visited Ann Hathaway’s cottage, &c. &c., we bade adieu to the birthplace of this great English poet. Our stay at Stratford being so short, I had not an opportunity of ascertaining the state of things touching the cause of the Redeemer in this town. The next day we were in the city of Oxford, gazing on its palace-like colleges, and wandering through its interesting libraries. Having satisfied ourselves there, we passed on to Dunstable, where, on Sunday, the 13th, I preached to very large congregations from Rev. i. 6, and Psalm lxxi. lii. The two following evenings, we had excellent meetings in the Temperance Hall, an admirable building, which having been newly painted, &c., we had the pleasure to re-open. From Dunstable we run up to London, stayed there at home (and the man who does not love his home is not rightly influenced) for a day or so, and on the 18th of September, lifted up our voices in behalf of the “right and the good” in the town of Wolverton. On the 20th, I preached twice to our Birmingham friends from 1 Peter i. 8, 9; and again on the 21st from Gal. v. 1. The congregations were good: the presence of the Master was felt; and we blended our songs and prayers under the elevating influence of a God-implanted hope that, bye and bye, we should meet together on the gold veined sea of glass, to swell that song the sweetness of which will increase,—

“Whilst life, or thought, or being last.
Or immortality endures.”

Since we said “farewell” to the kind friends at Birmingham, we have held meetings, most of them of a highly gratifying character, at Bromsgrove, Dudley, Wolverhampton, Coventry, Melton Mowbray, Belper, Derby, Mansfield, Wirksworth, and Leeds, in reference to which I cannot make but a very few remarks. Whilst at

DERBY,

I dropt into the General Baptist Chapel, and was struck on entering it with the profuse ornamentation which everywhere met my eye. As I gazed upon the

“Windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light,”—

upon the gorgeously ornamented baptistry, the handsomely carved stone pulpit, white as the snow,—the Popish-looking covering of the book-board, and a hundred other needless gimeracks, I could not forbear saying, “Why all this waste?” Of the sermon, I did not hear one whole sentence; these high, open-roofed, cathedral-like buildings not being well constructed for hearing. I was told the sermon was a very good one, as regarded the language, but very defective doctrinally. I did not repeat my visit during my stay. There is another general Baptist cause in the town over which Mr. Stevenson, formerly of the Borough-road, has presided several years, but ill health has again interrupted his labours. At Leeds, where I have preached hundreds of times, the temperance friends had arranged for me to preach on Sunday, October 25th, in the Call Lane General Baptist Chapel at eleven, and in the Temperance Hall, formerly a Baptist chapel, at six. Here I was most sumptuously entertained by friends I had not seen for years, and whom one after another came and shook

hands most cordially with me, and said, thirty years ago I heard you at such and such a place, I felt I must be growing old. Well, no matter, I can now manage to speak an hour and a half every night in the week, and twice or thrice on the Sabbath, when doors are opened for me to do so, and that is one proof amongst a thousand others that alcoholic beverages are needless, not to say injurious, things for ministers to tamper with, and I am more active and can do more work than I could twenty years ago. “Thus far the Lord has led me on.” When this is read by my friends, I shall have passed the sixtieth year of my pilgrimage on earth, a long way towards a moiety of which years I have toiled without the stimulus of those liquors which have blighted so many.

In closing my jottings for the present, I may just add, that I am “a debtor to mercy alone,”—sovereign, discriminating, eternal love and mercy,—and hope, despite of all my weaknesses and waywardness, through the completed work of the Redeemer, bye and bye, to wave the palm and raise the song before His throne.

Otley, Nov. 4th, 1863. THE WANDERER.

LITTLE STONHAM.—A glorious meeting was recently holden in the Baptist chapel here, presided over by the laborious and successful pastor, Mr. Caleb Broom. Our correspondent, writing of this meeting, says,—On entering the chapel, seeing it greatly improved, beholding many smiling faces, hearty greeting given to friends from a distance, and many devoted ministers of the Gospel on the platform, one could not help gratefully exclaiming, “What hath God wrought” for this cause and people! Excellent arrangements were made; abundance was provided; and at the evening service prayer was offered by a sincere friend of the cause of God. Mr. Caleb Broom, the present esteemed pastor, entered into a statement of the Lord’s goodness since he came amongst them. Previous to that time, and for several years, the cause dwindled away; indeed, at one time, not more than five or six could be got together in this place for the worship of God, and the path to the door was overspread with grass. Mr. Broom, who had been speaking in the Lord’s name in cottages, &c. (but all the week engaged in agricultural labour), was invited over to Stonham on the Sabbath-day. The scattered sheep began to assemble; careless sinners were attracted; the word was blessed to some of them; the minister was invited to come and live amongst them. He, believing the work and call was of God, obeyed and came. The Lord continued to give success; the few struggling, praying ones, who could never quite give over, began to see their earnest prayers were answered, and they were favoured to see “Zion arise.” Great interest has been manifested in this cause by Mr. Broom’s former pastor, Mr. Woodgate, of Otley. The old trustees of the chapel were nearly all dead; a new trust-deed has been obtained and paid for; the minister has been supported; all other expenses have been met; the chapel got to be more than comfortably filled; a Sunday-school was wanted and determined upon. It was found necessary to erect a new gallery in the front of the chapel capable of holding 100, which, together with a few other little odds and ends, cost about £35. Towards raising this, the people had obtained about £27, and now this meeting was held to wipe off the debt, and the object and wish was fully realized; for, before the close of the meeting, it was announced with gratitude that they had got all the money. Through a friend from a distance, they are provided with books to the amount of £1 10s., with which to commence the school. The ministers attended this day without any expense whatever to the people, and in the most Christian-like manner,

suitable and Scriptural addresses were given by brethren Woodgate, of Otley; Morris, of Ipswich; Clark, of Stowmarket, and Cobb, of Framden. The friends appeared so well pleased they were loth to part. The meeting was continued to a rather late hour. As a proof of the Lord's working in this favoured spot, it was stated by the beloved pastor that the church numbered between seventy and eighty members, of whom thirty-six had been baptized by him during the brief period of his pastorate. That God may continue to bless and prosper them prays,

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

CLERKENWELL.—**CHADWELL-STREET CHAPEL.** On Lord's-day, Dec. 13th, and the Tuesday following, services were holden here to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the opening of this chapel. Excellent Gospel sermons were preached on the Sunday by the aged George Murrell (of St. Neot's) and Mr. John Foreman (of Dorset-square). On the Tuesday following, a large number of friends gathered, and took tea together. In the evening, a public meeting was holden, over which the pastor, Mr. John Hazelton, presided, and was surrounded by the following ministerial brethren:—Murrell, Foreman, Pells, Mote, Dixon, Meeres, Wyard, Milner, Anderson, G. Webb, Kealey, and others. The meeting being opened with prayer by Mr. Pells, the chairman, in the course of some sober observations, acknowledged the continued mercy of the Lord towards them as a church and people: the word was still blessed; their congregations were good; peace reigned in their midst; and he still held by the same truths he professed when he came amongst them. As to their prosperity, he should not mention numbers; they were still blessed in that respect: but he preferred not boasting as to numbers, because the Lord changes His hand sometimes, and we have to endure days of adversity, and then (on a similar occasion) it would not be pleasant to have to refer to former large numbers. As regards his ministerial connections, he had not associated himself with any ministers who were not of the same faith and order as himself; he was, therefore, found surrounded by nearly the same brethren as on former occasions; with these he was quite content to dwell. Mr. Anderson then spoke of Adam as a type of Christ. Adam was our natural father—we all sprang from him. Families were proud to trace their pedigree; but he could not see that we had much to be proud of in that respect; for there was much truth in the statement that we were all sons of Adam, who was a gardener that lost his place for robbing his Master. Adam was a type of Christ, he being the head of a family—a figure or type of Him who was to come. Mr. Mote spoke of "Joseph as a type of Christ." Joseph was a very significant type of Christ: he was the first-born of the rightful and beloved Rachel; he had the double blessing; he was hated by his brethren; he was persecuted; but he was presently made king. Mr. Mote drew some parallels between the various events in the life of Joseph, and in that of our blessed Spiritual Joseph; noticing his love, his persecution, his imprisonment, his sufferings, his humility, his exaltation, his calm death, and of not a bone of his being left in Egypt. Mr. Milner gave a pleasing panoramic view of the life of Moses; and then spoke of him as a type of our blessed Saviour; noticing the providence in preserving his life when in infancy; the heart of Pharaoh's daughter was moved with love towards him, her motherly heart was affected, and Moses was nursed and protected in the royal house which he should eventually shake to the very foundation. Mr. Meeres spoke of Aaron as a type of Christ, in his call to sustain the priestly character; in his anointing; in the sacrifice he had to make; in his representative character, and in his eloquence. Mr.

Freeman's subject was "Joshua," and from it we were favoured to listen to some excellent remarks. Mr. Wyard next spoke of David, and Mr. Murrell closed the addresses with some soul-elevating remarks on "Zerubbabel." Seven brethren spoke; some excellent observations were made; the meeting was pleasant and profitable; the chapel was well filled, and a good feeling appeared to reign amongst the people.

STEPNEY.—**CAVE ADULLAM.** Dear Mr. Editor and Christian Friends,—We beg respectfully to inform you that the lease of the present chapel in which the late Mr. William Allen preached as pastor for many years with much success, and where Mr. John Webster (formerly of Trowbridge) is now the pastor, will expire in a few years, it being old, and originally by no means strongly built, although now in good repair; yet it is very uncertain whether it will last out the few remaining years of the lease. For nearly two years past a fund has been established to build a new chapel and school-room or rooms, as may be practicable; but, owing to keeping the place in repair and insuring it, in addition to the payment of the rent, all of which the church is bound to do by the conditions of the lease, with the unavoidable expenses of carrying on Divine worship, and there being a Sabbath-school with about 130 children, and a sick and distressed fund in connection with it; the church, consisting of about 140 members, the great majority of whom, while rich in faith, being the poor of this world, the committee are unable to raise so large an amount of money as they regard as necessary, considering the expense the accomplishment of their object will necessarily involve. For the history of this building fund, we beg to refer our friends to the **EARTHEN VESSEL** for May, 1862, page 122, and May, 1863, page 128. Considering the total amount that has now been collected, with the accumulation of interest, about £50, it certainly does not warrant the hope of our having a sufficient sum at the expiration of our present lease to build a new chapel and school-room, much less rooms, without incurring debt, which we are anxious, as far as possible, to avoid. Under all the circumstances of the case, we earnestly and respectfully appeal to those Christian friends who have it in their power to assist us to attain the object we have in view. Subscriptions and donations, however small, will be most thankfully received by our pastor, Mr. J. Webster, 9, Wilson-street, Stepney, E.; Mr. C. C. Abbot, the Treasurer, 82, Grafton-street, Mile End, N.E.; or by the Hon. Secretary, Thomas Culyer, 1, Road-side, opposite the Jews' Hospital, Mile End-road, E., who will duly acknowledge the same.

BIRMINGHAM.—**STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL, CHARLOTTE STREET, PARADE.**—Joyful tidings! Truly we can say, "The Lord is on our side." We have waited for and seen the salvation of our God. Monday evening, November 23rd, four persons publicly declared their love to Christ Jesus our Lord by baptism. Mr. P. W. Williamson, from Johnson-street, Notting-hill, London, came down to Birmingham during the day; and in the evening went with the candidates and friends to Bilston, where Mr. Lodge preaches. The baptistry was kindly lent for the occasion, and much kindness was shown by the people there. All seemed to rejoice that the good Lord had led the way, and said, "Walk ye in it." Mr. Williamson took for his text John i. 12. He preached an impressive sermon: it was altogether a solemn season. Under God's blessing, we believe some good was done. May God seal home His truth to the hearts of many, and cause them to rejoice that He has appointed such an ordinance. On Tuesday evening, a heart-searching sermon was preached by Mr. Williamson in

Charlotte street chapel, from the words, "But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." We hope many would be led to examine themselves. How much do we daily need such an exhortation. After the sermon, we had a favoured time at the table of the Lord, our loving Saviour presiding, and causing our tears to flow in deep gratitude to Him for His unspeakable mercies. May He help those so lately added to His church to go on their way rejoicing in Him, their living Head. "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men. D.

HORNSEY NEW TOWN.—MOUNT ZION BAPTIST CHAPEL, Cowper Road, near Stoke Newington. It is well known that there are many parts within the limits of the great metropolis, where sound truth cannot be heard, but where Popery and Arminianism reign, and where missionary aid is as much needed as in the darkest climates of the earth. Such is the case in Hornsey New Town, a spot situated in Stoke Newington. Many friends desiring that a Strict Baptist cause be opened in this dark neighbourhood, we are happy to inform the readers of your magazine, that a place has been prepared competent of holding one hundred persons, and have chosen for our pastor Mr. C. Cornwell, a converted carpenter, who, no doubt, the Lord hath called to the ministry, for when we see his humble position in life, labouring daily at the bench, and blest with no superior education, and when we hear him handle the Word of God so readily and truthfully, it leaves no doubt but that the Lord is his Teacher and His marvellous works have not yet ceased. This place was opened Lord's-day, Nov. 1st. Three sermons were preached; the morning by Mr. W. Osmond, from "Happy art thou, O Israel," &c. In the afternoon, Mr. J. S. Anderson preached an encouraging sermon from Zechariah iv. 10: "Who hath despised the day of small things?" In the evening, Mr. C. Cornwell gave a heart-cheering discourse from Psalm xlviii. 11: "Let Mount Zion rejoice," &c. Altogether we had a good day. We hope this was the dawning of a great and glorious day upon which the Sun of righteousness has just risen. W. M.—[We are favoured with communications from Mr. Cornwell, and as his public recognition is soon expected, we then purpose to notice the goodness of God to him and His people more fully.—Ed.]

MR. W. FLACK'S RE-OPENING SERVICES.

SALEM CHAPEL, Wilton Square, was re-opened according to announcement. On Thursday, Nov. 26th, Mr. Foreman and Mr. Wells preached two good Gospel sermons to large and attentive congregations. On Lord's-day, the 29th, Mr. Wyard, Mr. Bloomfield, and Mr. Flack occupied the pulpit, and preached to crowded assemblies. On the following Tuesday, Dec. 1st, the public meeting was held as described below. On Thursday, Dec. 3rd, Mr. Fells preached a sermon on believer's baptism to a full house; after which, Mr. Flack baptized four believers, two males and two females. There were several things of a pleasing character in connection with these services: 1st. They were well attended throughout; 2nd., the collections were good; 3rd., universal satisfaction with the alterations was expressed. The chapel is not only greatly enlarged, but greatly improved. The re-arrangement of the seats, the alteration of the gas, and the new ventilation, is calculated to add greatly to the comfort of both minister and people. May God send prosperity. A report of the services on Thursday, Nov. 26th, has been forwarded to us; but as it did not reach us until the 22nd, it was impossible this month to give it. Mr. Wall, of Gravesend,

preached in the afternoon. G. T. Congreve, Esq., presided at evening meeting; the brethren Flack, Alderson, Anderson, Attwood, Bloomfield, Chivers, Evans (of Bexley), Hazleton, Milner, Meeres, and Milbourne all delivered hearty and intelligent addresses, from which we hope to extract some good things next month.

DUNMOW, ESSEX.—In this town is a large and comfortable Baptist chapel, once the scene of the happy and successful labours of "The Watchman on the Walls," Mr. William Garrard, now of Leicester. For some few years the church has been small, the congregation is much scattered, and the hearts of those who love God's holy truths, have been much discouraged. All that is wanting is a good and devoted, a faithful and fruitful preacher and pastor. Dunmow certainly presents an opportunity for any man taught and sent of God, and whose heart and hands are willing to be employed in raising a drooping cause. The field is most extensive, and if a real Nehemiah could be found,—if in Dunmow Baptist chapel the whole Gospel of Jesus Christ could be preached,—if the faith and prayers of the people could be strengthened,—days of prosperity would here again be seen. The people can offer no golden reward at present; but would gladly do their utmost in connection with an earnest "ambassador FOR CHRIST." Mr. John J. Burton, of Dunmow, Essex, will give further particulars.

TORRINGTON, DEVON.—Sunday Dec. 13th, our pastor, Mr. W. Jeffery, had the pleasure of baptising twelve believers, making thirty-four during the last five months; these, with nine others, forty-three in all, have been added to the church during the last half of the present year. On Lord's-day, Dec. 13th, our pastor preached from "The Baptism of Christ," as recorded in Matthew iii., shewing what true Christian baptism was, and stripping stark naked the arguments of infant baptists and their miserable ceremony. Wesleyans and many pseudo-Baptists present fully confessed the power of our pastor's plain and weighty reasoning. The chapel was crowded to excess one hour before the service, and hundreds failed in obtaining admittance. In the town we have baptismal regeneration, sacramental efficacy, and all that is essentially Popish fully preached. Brethren, pray for us, that as good soldiers, we may with spiritual weapons war a good warfare.

A FRIEND.

GRAVESEND.—ZOAR CHAPEL, PEACOCK-STREET. It is with deep feelings of gratitude to our covenant God that we have to record another baptismal service in this chapel. On Wednesday evening, Dec. 2nd, our esteemed pastor, Mr. Wall, baptized five believers in the Lord, who had given a good testimony of their love to Jesus, and of the blessings of the ministry of Mr. Wall to their souls in leading them on in the faith and hope of the Gospel. Our pastor delivered a very appropriate discourse on the occasion from the words, "And He commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord." Acts x. 48. The subject was listened to with great interest, and we cannot but pray that it may prove as bread upon the waters, to be found after many days. The spectators were impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and conducted themselves with great decorum. The ministerial friends that so kindly assisted this church by their services will rejoice to learn, that since Mr. Wall's pastorate amongst us (being about eighteen months), twenty-nine members have been added to our numbers, twenty-one of whom have been baptized. Brethren, rejoice with us, and help us to ascribe all the praise and glory to Him to whom alone it is due. S. C. DRAVSON, Deacon.

**OPENING OF
NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL,
SUDBOURN, NEAR ALDBOROUGH,
SUFFOLK.**

THE opening of our chapel took place 25th ult. When the morning service commenced, the chapel (which, by the labours and under the superintendence of brother Large, had been begun and finished), was completely filled with hearers. Several ministers were present. The public service commenced by brother Leggett, of Cransford, giving out the psalm, "Arise, O King of Grace, arise," which was sung with energy and feeling. Beloved brother Runnacles, of Charsfield, read the word, and most earnestly pleaded for the presence of the Lord; another hymn was sung, and then, according to my engagement, I ascended the pulpit to address the people. The text was Psalm cxxxix. 8th and two following verses, in noticing which, I spoke of the similarity of the circumstances under which David penned the words to those under which we were then met, and showed that we needed the blessings for which he was pleading. I noticed three or four things which were implied in the text: first, the existence of one Great Sovereign Ruler, viz., the God of Nature, Providence, and Grace; second, that this great Being has a resting place in this world, viz., His eternally beloved Zion, His church, which He has desired and in which He has declared He "will rest for ever;" third, the blessings pleaded for,—the presence of the Father to be enjoyed through the mediation of the Son, that the Lord's priests might be honourably clothed, and that His saints might be so filled with heavenly joy that they might shout loud praises to His name. The Lord was with us. In the afternoon, brother Baker, of Tunstall, read the hymns; brother Brown, of Friston, read the Scriptures and prayed; brother Collins, of Grundisburgh, spoke to a very crowded assembly from Acts xiv. 7. In the evening, the place was crowded to excess; prayer by brother Baker. Brother Brown was then called to the chair, and, after a few remarks of his own, called upon the aged Charsfield pastor to address the meeting, which he did with so much Christian affection and zeal for God's glory, that the influence under which he spoke seemed to be diffused through the meeting; many hearts were made glad. After him came Mr. Roberts, of Aldborough; next followed brother Leggett, of Cransford; after him brother Baker, of Tunstall, all of whose speeches were well worthy of commendation; but I must not trespass upon your space. At the close of the service, brother Collins made an earnest appeal to the people for help, as our brother Large had erected the building upon his own responsibility, and that for the comfort of the people of Sudbourn. This appeal brought forth promises to the amount of ten pounds, which, with the collections which had been made, and about £23 which had been previously subscribed, amounted to £43, towards the sum of £175, which will be the entire cost of the chapel and vestry. Thus ended the services of this happy day. The neighbourhood is morally very dark, and I sincerely hope our brother Large will receive from the Christian public that pecuniary assistance which his well-directed effort to build the chapel deserves, and that he and his friends may often enjoy the presence of the Lord therein.

J. BRAND.

FRESSINGFIELD.—Such well-attended meetings for prayer at the Fressingfield church now beholds, must be precious to the souls of all who pray for the peace of Jerusalem. From tidings received, it appears Mr. Pegg's ministry is honoured of God. He is preaching, baptizing, and the Lord is adding to them many who, we trust, are saved.

POPLAR.—(From a Correspondent.) On Tuesday, Dec. 15th, Mr. Inward and his friends, at Manor-street chapel, Poplar, were favoured with another token for good. In the afternoon, Mr. J. Pells preached from "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to His purpose." The text was clearly expounded; well adapted to the experience of those who have to live by faith on the word of God. A very happy company sat down to tea. It had been announced that brethren Webster, Flack, C. W. Banks, and Young would speak to the meeting; but Mr. Inward announced that his brethren Webster and Flack were ill. The chapel was nearly filled, and the meeting was exceedingly pleasant. The service was opened with prayer by Mr. Inward, who afterward addressed his friends; then called upon C. W. Banks to speak on Christ as the apple tree. He arose, and spoke in his usual, earnest, weighty, and living manner. Then followed a hymn heartily sung; after which Mr. Inward said he should feel a pleasure in seeing the friends come forward who had kindly taken collecting cards at the meeting a year ago for the purpose of clearing off one portion of the chapel debt. One by one the collectors came forward, cheerfully laying down their several sums collected. Three-fourths of the cards, or more, came in, and to the surprise of pastor and people, there was £49 10s. without trouble to any one, simply from the collecting cards. Mr. Young then rose and expressed his regret that our churches should be obliged to have so much to do with the money; however, he congratulated the minister and the church on the surprising amount they had been enabled to obtain, and must say they had cause to thank God and take courage. Mr. Young then turned to his subject,—Christ, as the Vine, which he opened in a commanding and comprehensive manner, just shewing the order he had purposed; but as it was now nine o'clock, he could not enlarge. Mr. Inward thanked the friends very warmly for their zeal and kindness in what had been done, and then turning to his right hand, he called upon a young brother, Mr. Abraham Howard, who had come in during the evening just to speak a word. He made a remark or two on the lily being an emblem of the Saviour, a hymn was sung, and by a word of thanksgiving and prayer, this delightful service closed.

MR. H. HANKS AT WOOLWICH.

ALBERT ROOMS, ELEANOR ROAD, POWIS STREET,
NEAR THE ARSENAL STATION.

TUESDAY, Dec. 1st, Mr. James Wells preached two excellent sermons to crowded congregations. At five o'clock, nearly 200 persons sat down to tea. After the sermon in the evening, Mr. Hanks, representing the church and congregation, presented to Mr. E. D. Bullock, the leader of the singing, a handsome tea and coffee service of plate, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. E. D. Bullock, by the congregation meeting at the Albert Rooms, in consideration of his vocal services. Dec., 1863." At the same time, Mr. D. W. Hitchcock, deacon, after an affectionate and sympathising address, which was marked with considerable humour and heartily responded to by the friends, presented to Mr. Hanks a purse, containing twenty-five sovereigns, as an expression of the cordial esteem and affection in which he is held by his numerous friends. Mr. Hitchcock assured Mr. Hanks and the meeting that nothing was ever more easily obtained than the purse he had the pleasure of presenting to him. A few of them had simply mentioned to the friends that they were desirous of presenting Mr. Hanks with such a memorial, and then contributions were spontaneously brought to them. In the course of Mr. Hanks's acknowledgment of the munificent expression of the kindness of his friends, we were

glad to hear him say that he never felt more settled; and that he was happier in his present position and connections than he had ever been during his ten years' residence in Woolwich. That God has greatly honoured his ministry in this town and elsewhere none in truth can deny. And that he may continue to do so for many years to come is the fervent prayer of the many that love him for his unflinching advocacy of the truth as it is in Jesus. Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

JOHN BOFFEY, Deacon.

MR. W. LEACH AT PLUMSTEAD TABERNACLE.

As a portion of the Zion of God, we are still permitted to worship in the above place; we are favoured with the Lord's presence and blessing. Our anniversary was a happy season: our collections were good, and, with the united effort of the people, we have cleared ourselves of a small debt the treasurer had against us. Brother Leach, late of Northampton, has preached to us for several Lord's-days past, whose testimony the Lord has so blest in our midst, that we as a church have desired to "arise and anoint him;" the which being made known to him, he, after due deliberation, has consented to become our pastor for at least twelve months, commencing the first Lord's-day in March next. That the Lord may bring him forth richly laden with heavenly truth is the desire of yours to serve in the Lord's vineyard,
J. WENBORN.

NORWICH.—Mr. John Corbitt's sermons, only one halfpenny each, are suitable for circulation, as he generally, in these printed sermons, takes up some point of importance, and discourses it with all the ability he possesses. Might not many ministers extend their usefulness by frequently issuing a good sermon? Long, dry, stereotype discourses are not adapted for the times in which we live. But Truth, expressed in simplicity and affection, and illustrated by the facts which daily pass beneath our notice, might be useful to the people, and cause many to hear a minister from reading his tract.

LAKFIELD.—Changes will come: if David needed that his head be anointed with *fresh oil*, so will all real servants. "John, the farmer's man" must not be hasty—winter as well as summer will come. When times of trial overtake us, let us unitedly beseech the Lord to show us wherefore He contendeth with us. Dangers are avoided, difficulties are overcome, deliverances are wrought, and delighting in the Lord realized, when only on Him we wait: but, if any idol be cherished, we shall know—bitterly know—the hiding of His face.

Our Australian Mail.

POPERY AND PROTESTANTISM.

THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS
IN AUSTRALIA.

[We have this month received a packet full of cheerful intelligence. We can only give a portion. The letter of J. F. Broadwell to John Bunyan McCure will certainly appear in our February number (D.V.). It is a source of much grief to us not to be able to send forth one half of the precious fruits and testimonies which reach us; but we live on hoping the way will yet be made clear. The Australian friends ask for a

large packet of **EARTHEN VESSELS, Cheering Words, and Gospel tracts.** We purpose to send them out a bundle as soon as means are supplied. Will any English people help us?]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR BROTHER,—I give you a short account of my visit in the country, about 100 miles from Sydney. I arrived in safety, through the Lord's mercy, at Clarence Town, on Wednesday evening, and spoke to the people concerning the things of the kingdom of God.

On Thursday, a tea meeting was held: after which a public meeting, the object of which was to close the labours of Mr. Cater, who felt his work was done in those parts. It was a very interesting meeting, more especially because the people proved themselves to be true and faithful to all their engagements, and very much regretted Mr. Cater's leaving them. They parted in love and friendship.

The next day we rode to Hinton, sixteen miles through the bush. I found the enemy hard at work, making a stir against me: all manner of reports were circulated to prevent the people from coming to hear. The Roman Catholics said I had been a priest in their Church for seventeen years. That report induced some Roman Catholics to hear me; and they heard our precious Christ exalted as the only *official Priest*, whose right it is to receive *Confession* and grant *Absolution*, without *money* and without *price*. Another report that I had been a Mormon, &c., and that I preached awful doctrines; indeed everything that jealousy and envy could think of and invent was said. Instead of preventing the people from coming to hear, it was the means through which many came; the chapel was crowded; and those who were expecting to hear *awful doctrines*, listened to the glorious Gospel of the Lord Jesus—doctrinally, experimentally, and practically set forth; God the Holy Ghost was pleased to cause, his rich blessing to go forth with his word; so that many who came full of envy, were now my warmest friends, and desired I would visit them again.

Brother Henderson, pastor of the Baptist Church at Hinton, and his good little wife are well and happy, united together in the Gospel; they have warm hearts for Zion, and Zion's children, and Zion's watchman; and the reason why it is thus with them, they are in love with, and are determined to honor Zion's glorious Christ. I was truly happy with them; we could work together in giving all the glory unto the Lord. The Lord is with them, and will bless them. On the following Wednesday, I preached at Morpeth, at the Presbyterian place of worship; after it was advertised we found the Roman Catholics were to hold a great meeting at their own place in Morpeth, close to where I was to preach, the same evening: hundreds were expected to attend: some of my friends feared that it would not be safe for me to go, my name being well known through *The Christian Pleader* as an enemy of their system.

and my presence might excite them. I replied "I fear God, and can trust in him, for 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have (body and soul) committed unto him against that day;' moreover, if I am to be hurt, injured, or killed by my enemies, I desire that it might be at the post of duty." Therefore I was determined to go, "Believing," as good Havelock said, "every bullet has its billet." I am therefore immortal until my time comes. We had the chapel crowded: there were some very suspicious and ruffian-looking men outside, looking through the window. The word was a shield for me; my glory and the lifter up of my head while I was preaching unto the people concerning the *Personal*, the *Official*, and *Relative* greatness and ability of Christ to save unto the uttermost. I returned to my kind host's in safety, having an escort of many horsemen who accompanied me. The next day brother Henderson and myself rode off to Raymond Terrace on the Hunter River; in the evening I preached in the *Court House* to a crowded and attentive congregation, from "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."

The next day I left by the *City of Newcastle* steamer for Sydney, rejoicing that the Lord had counted me faithful, intrusting me with the Gospel to preach: and that the blessing of the Lord had attended my labours. THE EARTHEN VESSEL, *The Gospel Standard*, *The Gospel Herald*, and *Zion's Trumpet* are well known in all these parts, and are read with increased pleasure by those who love the truth. At Newcastle one person said how much he desired to get THE EARTHEN VESSEL; Mr. Adderson, bookseller, Sydney, is now supplying him and many more. Your VESSEL is well known in the Colonies. I have circulated many hundreds; and likewise *Cheering Words*, instead of tracts. *I wish you would ask some of the rich and good in Zion to send me out a good parcel of Gospel literature, to give away to the many thousands who do not and will not go where the Gospel is preached.*

I have more good news yet to tell you, but I must leave it until next mail. I have sent you a little book I have just published upon the work of the Spirit. Errors are very much on the increase, therefore we must preach by the press as well as pulpit, that we may speak for the Lord in the homes of men where error is lifting up its voice against the truth.

The Christian Pleader is still sent to you that you may see that I am a kind of *servant of all work*. Well, if useful and fruitful in the work and my Master is glorified, I will therein rejoice. I am, dear brother, ever yours in Jesus,

Sydney, JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

Oct. 22, 1863.

[The report of a noble meeting in Australia as soon as possible.]

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND.—We have some good words from brother John Kingsford, which we will give next month.

Notes and Queries.

The Lord's Supper.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Can you prevail on our highly-honoured brother, Mr. James Wells, to answer the queries relating to the Lord's Supper in the December VESSEL? I believe his views would be received with great consideration and thankfulness by thousands who love him for his work's sake, and desire to walk in the ways of the Lord blameless. J. B.

The Cause of Truth at Hounslow.—MR. EDITOR,—A notice in December VESSEL announces a change in the tenancy at Zoar, and that a church is to be formed of Strict Baptists, &c. From that notice, some might infer that other than Strict Baptists held the place. Will you say the church worshipping now at Zoar is a Strict Baptist Church, established fourteen years, under three pastors, viz., brethren Bracher, J. Palmer, and Woollington. For some time, brethren Parsons, Alderson, and Attwood, on Tuesday evenings, have preached to us. The chapel was built for us. Mr. Corney advanced the money at five per cent. interest; holding the ground lease as security. About £60 has been paid off, and a gallery built, costing £30 more. Three years since the church got in arrears; and assigned their fittings and furniture, with all interest in the chapel, to Mr. C., as an equivalent for the debt, taking it of him at a rental. That rent has been punctually paid up to Michaelmas last; the attendance has increased; but the person holding the chapel gives it up at Christmas. Mr. C. has let it to a comparative stranger, who, with a minority of the present church, are to form the new one, thus compelling the majority to leave and seek another home. We feel we have been unkindly treated. With our God we leave our cause, and trust His promised grace. On behalf of the church.

R. GRENVILLE.

MARRIED, at the Surrey Tabernacle, on Saturday, Dec. 5th, 1863, Selina, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Wells, to Mr. Charles Suffell. The service was attended by a large number of friends, and a very suitable address was given by the daughter's parent, Mr. James Wells, who performed the service.

THE Plain Man's Pentateuch.

WE have often referred to good old Dr. JOHN TRAPP's quaint, pithy, and most excellent sentences, illustrative of the great truths revealed in the Scriptures. We have felt disposed to give his Commentary: it is entitled,

"A CLAVIS TO THE BIBLE;

OR, A NEW COMMENT UPON THE PENTATEUCH,
OR FIVE BOOKS OF MOSES,

Wherein are, I. Difficult Texts Explained. II. Controversies Discussed. III. Common Places Handled. IV. Cases of Conscience Cleared. V. Many Remarkable Matters Hinted that had by other Interpreters been Omitted. Beside Divers Other Things which give a Beauty and Value to that now disputed, but most Essential and Comprehensive Foundational Portion of God's Most Holy Word."

In thus proposing to give the Churches this rare and precious piece of Sacred Literature, we hope we shall be rendering some good service; and that the blessing of Heaven will rest upon the perusal of that devout, but critical commentator.

The Joys of Salvation in the Christian's Dying Hour.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE DEPARTURE
TO A BETTER WORLD OF
MARY ANN WELLS,
DAUGHTER OF MR. J. WELLS,
MINISTER OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The announcement in this month's VESSEL of my *eldest* daughter being married is not correct: it was not my eldest, but my *second* daughter who was married at the Surrey Tabernacle on Dec. 5th. My *eldest* daughter had been for many years heavily afflicted with spinal affection. And this, my eldest daughter, departed this life on Monday morning, January 18th, 1864, at twenty-five minutes past eight. And I will, by your kind permission, give an outline of her living and dying testimony. And I will do so as a word of encouragement to every one who is seeking salvation; and as a word, I pray, may be blessed to the thoughtless and careless; and as an evidence of the grace of Him whose mercy endureth for ever.

My daughter Mary Ann was 33 years of age. Her mother died twenty-nine years ago the 6th of last June. It will not be out of place just to say a word concerning her mother.

When her mother and myself, in the order of providence, were brought together, neither of us knew, or desired to know, the Lord. I was first brought into deep soul trouble; but she despised my religion, and made sport of it for about two months. But one afternoon when I was from home, she, from some unaccountable cause, was smitten with a locked jaw. This she solemnly felt to be a judgment upon her, and she felt as though the Judge of all was saying to her, If you cannot open your mouth without despising God and godliness, you shall not open it at all; but before the medical attendant arrived it came right. The arrow of conviction had, however, effectually pierced her heart. When I arrived home, I wondered what was the matter with her. On my entering the room, she burst into tears, and related to me what had occurred. From that hour she was glad to kneel down with me day by day, and join in my poor broken, but earnest prayers to God for mercy. We were both of one mind, and both in all but black despair. Some few weeks after this, we were

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both greatly blessed by being brought into the liberty of the Gospel. As I was engaged in reading the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, and on coming to the words in the eighth verse, which read thus, "With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer," we were both completely overwhelmed with peace, and Mrs. W., bursting into tears, spontaneously exclaimed, "*O! how happy I am!*"

At this period neither of us hardly knew what it was that thus gave us such peace and comfort; like Peter when he wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but *thought* he saw a vision (Acts xii, 9); but as Peter's deliverance was real, so was ours spiritually. In this faith, at the end of little more than nine years, consumption took her to her heavenly rest: her end was solid peace. A cold struck her chest while bathing in the sea; from this she never recovered. A better wife, or a better mother was simply impossible.

Such was the hope and the end of the mother of my dear departed Mary Ann, who from a child was convinced of her state as a sinner. That conviction commenced as I had her when a child upon my knee, which I was very fond of doing. I always delighted greatly in my dear little ones. I was thus holding her with one hand on my knee, with the Bible in my other. I do not now remember what the remarks were that I then made to her; and not only on this but on other occasions also, the word spoken wrought conviction on her mind, although I knew it not until years after, when affliction brought it out. Still, it was not until recently, comparatively, that she joined the Church; and I believe all who heard her testimony at the Church-meeting, were well persuaded of the work of grace in her soul.

It was her lot to be afflicted from her infancy; and though surrounded with every earthly comfort, life at the best was to her but a *bitter cup*. I can form no just estimate of her bodily sufferings; and yet those sufferings were borne with a resignation none but heaven could give. Deep some-

times were her exercises and despondings; more before she was entirely confined to her room than afterwards. Pondering over her afflictions and miserable state, she felt she must put an end to her life. This, of course, I did not know at the time: but the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee," put the adversary to flight, and she was again strengthened and made strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

She was able to sit down at the ordinance only twice. On the last of these two occasions I dwelt chiefly upon the twenty-fourth Psalm, from which she could and did again read her title clear; and being thus afflicted she was driven to the Word of God.

Her knowledge of the Scriptures was truly wonderful; and scores of hymns were as familiar to her as the letters of the alphabet. It was remarkable, also, how as affliction dried up other comforts, she drew water with joy the more largely out of the wells of salvation.

She not only well knew these things, but was favoured with such a gift of utterance, that she could and did speak freely of them to others. It mattered not who the individuals were that were by her bed-side, *vital godliness* was her theme, always with a Scripture at command to prove and establish what was said. Those Christian friends, who are well taught (being taught of God), members of the Surrey Tabernacle, who have conversed with her, always readily expressed their full satisfaction that her religion was of God.

She had a great love of language: I scarcely recollect her ever making a breach in grammar. She was well versed in the construction and powers of the English language; and could also read the Holy Scriptures, and converse in the French language with nearly or quite as much ease and fluency as in her own language. I hope the kind reader will forgive my weakness (perhaps vanity) in naming this mere natural acquirement.

Her chief watchword under her affliction was, "*Is there anything too hard for the Lord?*" But to write one half of what she has said during her deep affliction, would be to write a volume. Her eye was indeed keen as the eye of an eagle, to distinguish truth from error: whether in books or persons she would discover it in an instant, and roll in from the Scriptures such a tide of testimony against it as would swallow it up quickly; and from a consciousness that God and truth was on her side, she would glory in her victory, seeming to say with Deborah, "O, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." I seemed as though I could teach her nothing; her heart was indeed fixed, trusting in the Lord; and, as he said, "Pain has kept me from sleep, but

it could not keep me from the Lord, nor could it keep the Lord from me."

After a life-time of affliction, and several months confined to her bed, she was, on Sunday, January the 10th, taken much worse. Yet I still hoped this would go off. But on Friday evening, the 15th, as I was just going to Bartlett's Buildings to preach, I went into her room again to kiss her dear infant lips (for they were as infant lips to me). I then clearly saw death in her countenance. My heart sank within me. But even after this she revived a little, and I again began to feel a hope. This hope was soon destroyed. I went and preached on Sunday the 17th; but how I got through the day I know not. Glad enough when I reached home on the Sunday evening to find her still alive; and though intensely suffering, yet calm and perfectly sensible, and could and did speak up to within a quarter of an hour of her death. One of our deacons had called, and kindly engaged in prayer with her.

On the Monday morning, as her end drew near, the light was the more bright. Truly at evening time it was light. Softly I said to her, "My dear, are you afraid to die?"

The answer was,

"*I am not so much afraid to die as I have sometimes been afraid to go to sleep.*" This suffering is not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed."

The candle being placed near to her (it not yet being daylight), she said,

"I shall need no candle there. Here it is all night; there it is all day. God and the Lamb being the light thereof."

"Complete in Him. I long to be gone."

I said, "Your life has been but a bitter cup to you, dear."

"Ah, but the Lord," she said, "has made it all up."

"Then you do feel that the Lord is yours?"

"Ah, yes," And then with a power that none but those in the same circumstances could equal, she said,

"My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
There's none but Thee in heaven above,
Nor on this earthly ball."

"What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod:
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God."

She then desired the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of Revelation to be read, which I did as carefully as I could, without word or comment. I then said,

"My dear, shall I pray with you?"

She said, "Yes."

And in that prayer I truly felt that I was at the gate of heaven, and that her redeemed spirit would soon be there.

I said, "You will not be long now."

She answered,

"I would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee."

She then stretched out her dying hand to me; and it seemed a degree of comfort to her that I was with her. To the nurse who so kindly attended upon her, she was much attached, expressing the deepest affection to me, and to all the house, all having been kind and sympathetic to her. To her youngest sister (the only one at home) who sat up all night with her, and in deepest affection did all she could to soothe her dying hours, she felt deeply indebted I said,

"We shall not part for ever."

"Oh, no! oh, no! my dear father; I shall see you again."

I said, "You will soon be happy, dear."

She said, "*I am happy now!*"

And then quoted those beautiful words, only with a little alteration, to make them speak in the present tense.

"Jesus makes a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Very affectionately, she then referred to her brother William, (son of the same mother) and prayed that he might be brought savingly to know the Lord.

She then said, "I long to be gone;" presently adding, "I shall not be long here. I feel I am going."

She then tried to say something more of the care which had been taken of her, and of the holy triumphs of her happy heart and soul; but her breath grew gradually shorter, and in about ten minutes, without a sigh, or struggle, or a groan, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

I shall never forget my feelings. Just at the moment of her departure, a peace and holy calmness rested upon my soul that I seldom or ever experienced before. Then said I to myself, What is this but the presence of God and the Lamb?

"A mortal paleness on her cheek,
But glory in her soul."

And some of that glory reached to me; and in a moment I was filled with love and gratitude to my dear covenant God. For what more could I desire than such *mercy* as this? As I came down stairs this morning (Wednesday, January 20th,) with my heart almost broken, these words came with great power, "I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof." But I said, He has come under my roof; and will He ever leave any of his own? No! never.

In what little I have thus said, I have fallen very, very far short of the depth and height of the glory of her departing hours. For how can one write or speak that which is unspeakable? To realize the real power could be only by being with her, when she, with great power, testified of her own eternal

salvation. She had spoken highly of a Christian friend with whom, some years ago, she resided; not forgetting that she had in the present Mrs. Wells, the kindest of mothers. But

Mary Ann Wells is gone,
The conflict o'er; the victory won!

The following is a copy of an entry written in my note book on the occasion of two of my daughters being baptized:—

"Wednesday, March 2nd, 1859.—Baptized at the Surrey Tabernacle forty-five persons: twenty-nine women and sixteen men; and among them my two dear daughters, Mary Ann and Elizabeth Selina. I felt very happy in baptizing them—there seemed just at those moments a special smile from heaven into my soul. Was that a token for good? It must be; for the smile of heaven cannot be a token for evil. O, thou God of my life, my hope, my all—Thou art become the God, and Father, and Saviour of two of my dear children. Yes, Jesus died for them. They are His. O, lead them, guide them, bless them! and let Thy servant rejoice in seeing the others brought also. Hast Thou not promised Thy servant that he shall 'see greater things yet?' Bind, Lord, my heart and soul more and more to Thee; for Thou knowest that I love Thee. And, though less than the least of all Thy children, and the poorest creature that ever lived, yet Thy grace is sufficient even for me. Thou hast taken the mother of one daughter to Thyself; the mother of the other daughter is also Thine; and thus have I, Thy servant, a place among Thy children. And now, Lord, what is my request and petition but this?—that Thou wouldst still keep me walking and working in Thy blessed ways. Bless all that last night publicly owned Thy dearest name; and bless all Thine everywhere; feed them also; and lift them up for ever."

The above note,—which I have copied verbatim,—was, as you see by the date, written nearly five years ago, merely for my own reference, without the least thought of its ever being thus brought into public.

And now, dear Mr. Editor, may the Lord bless you and yours abundantly; and all who love His name; and yet gather harvests of souls to Christ Jesus the Lord, is the earnest prayer of,

Your's in the Gospel,
JAMES WELLS.

2, Amphilh-place, North Brixton,
London, S.
January 20th, 1864.

THE FUNERAL.

After reading the foregoing most blessed testimony, we resolved to witness the interment of all that remains of one who was

indeed chosen in the furnace of affliction—but, having come out of great tribulation, having washed her robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb—she is now before the throne, enjoying and uniting in a worship sublime in its nature, and more pure and precious in its realization than can be imagined.

On reaching Nunhead Cemetery (the earthly resting place of the mortal remains of thousands, and of many whose memory is dear to us) we found a large assembly of friends gathered in groups awaiting the arrival of the funeral *cortège*. Among them were many aged saints of God, dearly beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, and ministers of the Gospel, were mingling their tears of sorrow and of joy—while upon their staff they leaned,

“Till God shall call them home.”

We always think there is a grave and solemn sternness stamped upon the features of all the living vessels of mercy who really know and love THE TRUTH as in our Saviour it is found. They are a different people from all the people that dwell on the face of the earth; and this we noticed as among the groups we walked in Nunhead last Friday afternoon.

After long waiting, a hearse and coach drove up to the Chapel doors, but it was the funeral procession of

THE LATE MR. MASSIE,

who was for so many years the honoured, the useful, and the happy deacon of good old GEORGE FRANCIS, of SNOWS Fields, and since his death, and the removal of the Church to Bermondsey New road, Mr. Massie has continued the faithful friend of the Church whose beloved and esteemed pastor is now MR. THOMAS CHIVERS. Mr. Massie died at the age of 85, or thereabouts, and his remains were laid to rest on Friday, Jan. 22nd, 1864, by Mr. Chivers, surrounded by an immense concourse of Christian friends. Mr. Chivers read Romans iv. and v., and addressed the people with much feeling, and approached his God in prayer with much largeness of soul and boldness of faith and utterance. A solemn season indeed. We hope to be able to give of Mr. Massie's life and death some truthful record.

It was nearly dark before the hearse bearing the body of the late

MISS MARY ANN WELLS

came up. The fact is, the mortality of London has, lately, been so great, that undertakers have found a difficulty in obtaining hearses, horses, carriages, and assistants fast enough. Surely, death has done a mighty work among our three millions of late!

At length the coffin was laid on the stand. Mr. Henry Hanks, of Woolwich, ascended

the pulpit. Our brother, James Wells, and many of his family followed. All being seated and in silence, Mr. Hanks commenced reading 2 Cor. v., and bore a blessed testimony expressive of the happy, the well-grounded, and the abiding confidence in God of the departed. In speaking and prayer, he was evidently strongly affected with a sense of the greatness of the mercy which God had granted unto his faithful servant, James Wells, in indulging him to witness his beloved child's departure so unmistakably safe and glorious.

When many ungrateful, iron-hearted men—whom our brother has served so many years—but now, in the effort to erect a new tabernacle, not only stand aloof, but speak unkindly; when they read this signal token of heaven's special favour, they will surely, with us, feel thankful to the Lord.

When they laid the coffin in the grave, and while Henry Hanks addressed the crowds of friends in the dark shadows of approaching night, we noticed our brother Wells' heart was overwhelmed; but he was sustained; and to see his worthy deacons, the brethren Butt, Carr, Attfield, Lawrence and Edwards, and a host of strong men, and of deeply affected godly women surrounding the grave, and to hear them sing,

“Why should we tremble to convey,
Their bodies to the tomb;
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
The graves of all His saints He bless'd,
And soften'd every bed,
Where should the dying members rest
But with their living head?”

To silent spectators, like ourselves, the scene was awfully, yet gratefully solemn. May God spare our bereaved brother yet for many, many years.

We sincerely trust Mr. Wells' letter respecting his beloved child, will be profitably read by many hundreds of thousands. There are two important features in it: first, therein is seen how wonderfully God's gracious presence and blessing can sanctify afflictions of the heaviest kind, as this dear sister in Jesus so abundantly proved. Secondly, the letter unfolds the keen and tender affections of a father's heart—and the holy joy of a Christian's soul in beholding the salvation of his offspring so remarkably developed. May the eternal Spirit make these two portions of the letter instrumental in convincing thousands that neither the truth we love, nor the ministers we defend are so dreadful as many would declare.

The report of Mr. John Foreman's heavy illness, added much to the seriousness of the season.

The funeral was quietly and respectably conducted by Mr. Hutchinson, of St. Martin's Lane.

F O R G I V E N E S S :

ITS AUTHOR, ITS SOURCE, ITS SECURITY, ITS NATURE, AND ITS
BLESSEDNESS.

BY JOHN BLOOMFIELD, OF SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT, SOHO.

(Concluded from page 16.)

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."—PSALM xxxii. 1.

Third. *Forgiveness* in the next place is *full and entire*. When God forgives a man He forgives freely. He does not forgive in part, part of this life and leave the other part; but He forgives sins entirely, He blotteth them out fully, and wipeth away all uncleanness, He putteth them behind His back, and burieth them in deep waters, from whence they shall never rise again. When the Israelites left the land of Egypt, they were pursued by their enemies, and appeared in great danger of being overcome by them; but the Israelites were encouraged to go on their way, by the assurance that their enemies "whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see no more for ever." And the waters came upon them and buried the Egyptians, and they were no more seen. So, poor sinner, though you may have pursuers, though you may have difficulties before and enemies behind, your Great Captain hath overcome them all; and if you have faith in Christ and His atoning blood, those sins which ye have seen to-day, shall be buried like the Egyptians, and you shall see them no more for ever. Just notice what the Scripture saith on this point: "As far as the east is from the west, so far have I removed thy transgressions from thee." God also says, "Behold I will blot out thy sins, as a cloud, and thy iniquity as a thick cloud." Also, "For thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back:" and He hath buried them in the depth of the sea, when they are sought for they shall not be found. Then, as if this is not enough: "I will remember Thy iniquity no more for ever." Our Lord, then, we say forgiveth fully and entirely: He casteth our sins behind His back; they are buried in the depths of the sea, when sought for they shall not be found. Are you interested in this matter? Do these Scriptures meet at all your case? Have you been favoured to enjoy peace with God? Are you interested, dear friends, in these precious, precious portions of God's holy Word, wherein is so beautifully portrayed the love of God in putting away sin?

Fourth. Further, we notice, *God forgiveth sin and He forgiveth for ever*. Man will sometimes say to another who has offended, Well, I will forgive you, but then mind you do not commit the like again! Man cannot forgive his fellow for ever, but

God does. What the Lord does He doeth for ever. Doth He love His people in Christ? He loveth them with an everlasting love! Hath He made them righteous in Christ? It is with an everlasting righteousness! Hath He saved them in Christ? It is by an everlasting salvation. Doth God forgive sin? He forgiveth for ever! These blessings are securely enjoyed, for God's love is everlasting; His will is immutable as concerns His people; the efficacy of the atonement of Christ is an everlasting efficacy, and in which all believers are interested for ever and for ever.

III. Let us notice, in closing, **THE BLESSINGS OF FORGIVENESS**. He is said to be a blessed man "whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Wherein is he a blessed man?

First, Blessed first in a *freedom from condemnation*. If sin be forgiven he cannot be condemned, as God only condemns man for sin. Man is, and would remain under a perpetual violation of the law; but Christ came, and in His own body on the tree suffered on the behalf of His people: He was wounded for their transgression, and bruised for their iniquities. He had no sin of His own, but He suffered in the place of others; He made a full atonement for His people, that He might bring them to God. Now, therefore, there is no condemnation to them "that walk after the Spirit, and not after the flesh." Then say some, it is only believers who can walk after the Spirit, and enjoy the things of the Spirit. But what is it to walk after the flesh? To walk after the flesh, is to walk in enmity to God: to walk in blindness to God, to walk unconscious of our dependence upon Him, and to walk unconscious of our entire dependence on Jesus Christ for our soul's salvation. While to walk after the Spirit is to walk with God, to walk with our minds enlightened by God, with the enmity of our minds slain, and our hearts filled with love to God. To such a man, who loves God's truth, who delights in God's service, there is no condemnation. There may be lamentation to experience, and tribulation for the child of God to experience, and temptation to test the genuineness of the principles of his heart, but no condemnation. That which lights up the fires of hell, is condemnation; that which makes the agonies of

hell so great and so terrible, is the consciousness that the condemnation is just; that it is the act of a just and righteous Judge—the condemnation of a righteous Governor; this thought makes the condemnation more terrible, that it is the just punishment of offences committed against a righteous God. Believer, whatever may be the pains thou art called to endure; whatever may be the sorrow you may experience; whatever may be the conflicts you may engage in; whatever may be the burdens you are called to bear, let this cheer your heart, that there is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus, and walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.

Second. The blessedness of the *consciousness of pardon*. What makes man so full of trouble as a sense of sin and guilt? I do not know anything like a consciousness of guilt that makes a man such a coward: I do not know anything that throws such a gloom over the present, and terror over the future, as a consciousness of guilt: I do not know anything that makes night so terrible, and day so miserable, as a consciousness of guilt. Now, if this be true, that a consciousness of guilt makes man so miserable, it is also true that a consciousness of pardon fills the heart with joy, and the soul with cheering prospects. The Christian can look back with thankfulness; he can look forward and speak of the solemnities of the eternal world with calmness; he can speak of those great realities which lie beyond human scan; he can contemplate depths he cannot fathom with confidence, with joy, and with holy expectation. The man that enjoys peace in his own soul can be happy in a dying hour; he can battle with any enemy, only let him feel in his own soul that his iniquity is pardoned, that his sin is blotted out, he then has peace with God and peace in his own soul. If God gives peace, who can give trouble? If God gives light, who can give darkness? If God takes the burden from a man's soul, who can make the soul groan, being burdened?

Third. Another thing the pardoned man enjoys, is *communion with God*. A mere name to live while dead in sin is of no avail. No man can have communion with God who delights in sin: sin makes the gulph between the soul and God. If a man can be happy in sin, live in sin, he cannot be a godly man. A man to have communion with God, must be made like God, must be a partaker of the Divine nature before he can have intercourse with God. The man who hates sin, has communion with God, for God hates sin. The man who loves holiness, has communion with God, for God loves holiness. The man who hath light in his own soul, has com-

munion with God, for God is light, in whom there is no darkness at all. The man who loves the truth of God, and the God of truth; the man who knows Christ, and in whose heart Christ is formed the hope of glory—that soul enjoys communion with his Maker. I do not know anything so humbling to the believer, as communion with God: I do not know anything that gives a man such exalted views: I do not know anything that gives a man such high prospects to titles and a heavenly state, and enables him to form a correct estimate of eternal things and eternity, as to hold converse with God. What is heaven, dear friends, but the highest possible state of communion with God? What is heaven, but the highest possible state of holiness? What is heaven, but the highest possible state of felicity in the presence and service of God—dwelling in the light, love, and glory of God?

Do you walk with God, my hearers? Do you rejoice in the pardon of your sins? If so, you are blessed indeed! If so, you have a freedom from condemnation, and you are favoured to walk with the God of truth, the God of love, and the God of holiness. A few more months, or years at most, and you will prove these great and solemn truths. I am sure they are true, as I am the Bible is the word of God; and the words to which you have listened with such serious attention this morning, will prove themselves true in that great and solemn change which ere long must be experienced by us all. May God bless the words of His grace, and cheer your hearts, and give you to enjoy the blessings of forgiveness; but do not say, Blessed is the man who hath wealth, power, princely estates, and commanding titles; but, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

"The Christ of God" is a complete Saviour, and will not halve His glory with another, and whosoever believes not in such a Christ is not on God's highway, but is journeying to death! It is here that countless multitudes of professors are deceiving themselves. They believe that whatever is Christ in name is Christ in reality, and that if they can take the words into their mouths, "We believe in Jesus Christ," they have an interest in and are saved by the Christ Jesus of the Scriptures! This is an awful and a wide-spread delusion.—*Rev. W. Parks.*

You cannot get to heaven by your works. You might as well seek to mount the stars on a treadmill, as to go to heaven by your doings; for as you get up a step you will always come down as low as before.

THE EDITOR'S THOUGHTS ON MEN AND THINGS ON THE EARTH.

WHEN we received the pamphlet, entitled, "*Thoughts on Heaven*. By John Foreman," we concluded that, as the writer had passed the prescribed age of man—three score years and ten—he had quietly sat himself down to contemplate the beauty, the glory, the greatness, and the felicity of that kingdom into which his redeemed spirit is expecting soon to enter. Like good old Robert Bolton, who said he wrote his "*Directions for a Comfortable Walking with God*," as a kind of help to hold up his own soul in the good and right way; so we thought good John Foreman—standing now on the margin of time—had taken three things,

I. The balances of the sanctuary, in order to be quite certain that if, in passing out of time he should be subjected to a serious weighing up of matters, he might enjoy the confidence that to him it never would be said, "Thou art found wanting."

II. That he had taken the telescope of FAITH, and with it had been looking upwards and onwards into the brighter worlds, and so had become filled with the Spirit, and clothed with the power of Simeon, when he cried out, "Lord, lettest now Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." And then, having examined himself, and having looked carefully into the great Recompense of his Reward, he had taken time for writing out these *Thoughts* that others might be profited thereby. But on finding that these "*Thoughts on Heaven*" were written many years since, and that this pamphlet is but a re-issue, our first impressions fled: in fact we were disappointed; for we had hoped to have found in this little book a kind of mirror which would shew us something of the *present* INTERNAL state of this great man's soul: but we suppose what he believed and thought about Heaven twenty or thirty years since, he believes and thinks about Heaven still. If his mind has not soared higher during the last quarter of a century, the re-issue of this book shews it has not descended any lower. If he has not been favoured with any special revelations of the heavenly glory since he wrote these "*Thoughts*," he has not had any very dark clouds, or material alteration of faith touching the heavenly kingdom. Nay, he is the same man, in the same mind, preaching the same Gospel, serving the same Master, and looking for the same home. All this is well. And here we restrain our thoughts—fling down our pen—

fold up the feelings of our heart—shut the doors of the mind, and forbear, at least for the present, lest in giving liberty to some of our own *Thoughts* we should intrude. Silence, then, ye struggling powers within. Go on with your work.

John Foreman's "*Thoughts on Heaven*," now re-issued by his fellow-labourer, W. Holmes, of New street, Dorset square (a most intelligent and worthy Christian man, and useful itinerating minister) have three excellent features in them. 1. His arguments against degrees in glory, although open to criticism, are well worked out. 2. His reasons for infant salvation are numerous, and calculated to administer comfort and confidence to many a bereaved heart. 3. His portraits of the two faces of the Bible [are nicely delineated. He shews, first, how minutely God, through his Word, looks down upon His people in the wilderness, and speaks to their every sorrow, every woe, every fear, every casting down, every temptation, every conflict, and every degree of affliction; and then he shews how God looks at the (to us) unspeakable, unsearchable, and imperishable perfections, conquering graces, healing and saving remedies, treasured up for them in His own and only begotten Son, the Son of His love; and through the Bible assures "*them that are His*" that every tear shall be dried, and every atom of the curse removed—in that eternal world of joy. Yes, it is of sin *here*, and of the consequences of sin here, that fills up the one page: and it is of salvation FROM SIN, and of deliverance from all the consequences of sin; and of an inheritance among all them that are sanctified—that fills up the other page.

But, FOR WHOM IS HEAVEN PREPARED? Well, even this momentous question is not quire passed by in Mr. Foreman's book. But if any poor dejected reader of THE EARTHEN VESSEL should urge this question upon us, we reply, HEAVEN IS PREPARED FOR THE PENITENT BELIEVER.

Is not that enough? Must the term "Penitent Believer" be defined? Here it is, then. First, hear the contrite confession of the penitent. He says,

Thy judgments, Lord are just; thou lov'st to wear
The face of pity and of love divine:
But mine is guilt—Thou must not not—canst not spare,
While heaven is true, and equity is Thine.
Yes! O, my God! such crimes as mine, so dread
Leave but the choice of punishment to thee;
Thy intercessor calls for judgment on my head;
Aid e'en Thy mercy dares not plead for me!

TRY WILL BE DONE! since 'tis Thy glory's due,
Tho' from mine eyes the endless torrents flow;
Smite! it is time—tho' endless death ensue,
I'd bless the avenging hand that lays me low.

Such is the broken-hearted confession, appeal, and surrender, unto a holy, just, and righteous God. Ah! the self-righteous Creeds-men, the Pharisee, and lofty-minded Priest and Professor will say—Such, indeed, is language becoming some of the guilty wretches, upon whom we would not look—with whom we would not walk; but it is not necessarily the language, and feeling, and confession of all who are to be saved.

There is the fatal deficiency in many who stand high, we fear.

But we have only given part of the reply. It is not *Penitential Confession* alone that evidences salvation. For whom, then, is Heaven prepared? For all who, after penitence wrought, have, in their souls the Christ of God revealed—and, faith looking on His substitutionary Sacrifice made for sin, repeats,

"Smite—it is time—tho' endless death ensue,
I'd bless the avenging hand that lays me low."
Then in comes Faith's mighty appeal:

"But on WHAT SPOT shall fall thine anger's flood,
That has not first been DRENCHED in CHRIST'S
ATONING BLOOD?"

There is the PENITENT BELIEVER. A sense of sin has sunk him low—a sight of the Holy Majesty of God has appeared to seal his doom in darkness for ever. But, the bow in the cloud appears, Jesus looks through the tempestuous hurricane which is hurling the soul to hell—and as He looks down into the soul, He speaks, "LOOK UNTO ME, and be ye saved; for I AM GOD; and beside Me there is NO SAVIOUR." Power with the Word carries the soul up into the arms of EMANUEL: it looks—it lives—in heaven it must for ever dwell—for Jesus says, "I have redeemed thee; I have called thee; I will never forsake thee. *Thou art mine.*"

Now we may safely leave Mr. Foreman, and his "Thoughts of Heaven. We only add, we hope he has even now something more than *thoughts* of heaven. We trust his soul is often carried up into the bosom of his God, in sacred realization of the Rest which remaineth:

And when upon his dying bed
He lays his large and useful head,
May Jesus near his soul then stand,
And waft it to that happy land
Where joys for ever reign.

Mr. Cox, the celebrated artist—has produced an original *Carte de Visite* of Mr. Foreman, in which his whole soul is seen in his face: it is *enlumineur*, the work of a limner as perfect as things can be here, we think. There is no ministerial *Carte de Visite* out to equal it. Mr. Cox deserves the deepest thanks of all who wish to have

John Foreman to look upon, even when he may be in heaven; and they are not few in this country, nor is their number small in the Colonies, and across the Atlantic.

"*The Address of William Lincoln to the Church and Congregation of Beresford Chapel*" has occupied our most serious thoughts. The following is the commencement of our notice; and in giving it we must defer the Review of the Ministerial Roll, which is designed to direct strangers to places where godly men preach the Gospel; and, also, to hand down to our children's children the names of many who in these days have dared to be singular in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But the beginning of notice of Mr. Lincoln's Address is as much as we can find room for.

"ONE YEAR NEARER REST WITH JESUS."

BERESFORD CHAPEL, WALWORTH.—

MR. LINCOLN'S POSITION AND PROGRESS.

THE minister of "Beresford," in Walworth, has issued an Address to the Church and Congregation, which was delivered on the first anniversary of his Secession from the Established Church. It is published by J. Paul, in Chapter-house court, price 2d., and contains some close and searching questions which, we fear, many of the professed disciples of the Lord are neither sober, nor single-eyed enough, profitably to consider. We recommend a candid reading of Mr. Lincoln's works. He brings a strong thinking mind to all the subjects he discusses; and speaks out, acts out, and stands for, all he believes to be the will of the Lord, with great boldness and clearness. Mr. Lincoln has been walking in a path of deep anxiety—"Blessed be God," he says, "our difficulties have, one after another, been cleared away; and now, not only are we one year nearer Rest with Jesus, when He shall come; but, also, as we firmly believe, are in a much more scriptural position."

We look upon Mr. Lincoln as occupying a position singularly critical. He is witnessed as much against the generally recognized Dissenting bodies, as he has done against the National Establishment. He declares that "the professing Church is *in ruins* all around;" and he stands out distinct and separate from them all. He is not a Particular Baptist; and yet he has had a baptistry sunk in a retired part of his chapel, and he is constantly baptizing. Many are being added to the church under his care; and although he is far from ex-

pressing himself confidently as regards the future, yet he says, "I believe the work here is so far at least God's own, that as light shining in a dark world, we are, by our very unique position, witnessing for God in a peculiar manner, and against much spiritual uncleanness." We learn—not from the writings of Mr. Lincoln—but from the personal testimony of godly men who hear him, that a special blessing is attending his labours: and the earnest expectation of many a Christ-loving heart is this—that the foundation has been laid for a continued flow and wide-spreading increase of real prosperity—even that prosperity which stands in the manifested power of God: converting sinners; encouraging believers; uniting living souls to Jesus and His Truth; and instrumentally ripening them for the higher spheres of likeness and nearness to the Author and Finisher of their faith. Without going further into this Address now, we must say, Mr. Lincoln speaks most tenderly, yet most nobly, for Believers' Baptism—it shall not be forgotten by us.

Much less shall "Forward! Forward! Forward!" by Mr. Spurgeon. His "Pressure upon the people to find places in which his young men may preach," is, as "Cauter" observes, "a feature of the times not to be slighted."

CHRISTIAN TRIAL PREVENTIVE.

By WILLIAM FRITH, BOROUGH GREEN.
AUTHOR OF "COMMUNION OF SAINTS," ETC.

If this world were as some men affirm it is, originating and continuing by CHANCE, we might indeed bewail our present lot. For, to our poor, limited, and short-sighted view, the scenes of this world often excite sceptical feelings in our breast when we see innocence trodden down by injustice, and poverty in her pitiful nudity, shivering before the cold heart of human charity, and, like an importunate mendicant, appealing to the favoured of the earth. When we see the greedy and the avaricious "pull down their barns and build greater," while the poor, helpless, and diseased Lazarus, like a Wickliffe Lollard, lies a beggar at his door; when we see misfortune treated as swindling, and every effort to raise herself frustrated by opposing hard-heartedness, and the erring one stand penitent, but met by the haughty disdain of those who appear to be conscious of the freedom from inadvertence, and smitten by the withering satire of unforgiving man,—I say, when we see these, with a thousand other evils, we ignorant of the complicated and mysterious

revelations of Providence, are fearfully staggered. Nature gives us no explanation of her actings in her "open volume." Many of her lessons are given "without note or comment," and leave the inquisitive spectator to seek the exposition in the supplementary volume which the kind Author of nature has mercifully supplied. Here we have the "key" to many of the mysteries of nature and providence. Revelation is God's will more fully developed. And the truly pious soul, who has felt the power of covenant love, the efficacy of atoning blood, and the Divine unction of the Spirit, "will look into the perfect law of liberty," and read the characters of nature, the intention of its Author, and feel calm and composed amid the "war of elements" and "the strife of tongues." God will be seen to be working according to "His own purpose and grace," known only as it is gradually evolved, like the ancient manuscript from the binding roller.

But to the pious, devout, and humble Christian, providence is but "the way of God with man." The world is full of Divine action with many powers operating, in appearance, inimical to Jehovah's honour and glory. Yet revelation assures us that "His purpose shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure;" and that "the wrath of man shall praise him, while the remainder He will restrain." The natural corollary deduced from the inspired statement is, that many of the believer's trials are preventive, especially when considered in connection with this soul-cheering truth—"All things work together for good to them who love God."

The thorn in the flesh was to St. Paul a preventive trial, for that honoured apostle distinctly declares that it was given him, "LEST he should be exalted above measure," i.e., that it was the DIVINE INTENTION to thus afflict the apostle, and that for a special end, viz., a preventive one—to prevent the growth of pride and arrogance, which are too often existent in the life of the sanctified under certain circumstances, and without preventive influences. And who will venture to affirm that "a crook in the lot," "a thorn in the flesh," "an Uz disaster" were not given, as well as an Abalom and an Adonijah to a David—a furnace to the Hebrew children—a den of lions to a faithful Daniel, "LEST THEY," too, "should be exalted above measure?" Reader, are there no preventive trials in thy life? See, look, and be thankful, inasmuch as they prevent greater ones!

Peace is the flowing of the brook, but joy is the dashing of the cataract when the brook overflows, bursts its banks, and rushes down the rocks.

CONFERENCE BETWEEN A KING AND A CHRISTIAN.

"But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people."
 "Thou hast made us kings and priests unto God."

King :

Can any one more happy be
 Than I, array'd with Majesty?
 Has any one more cause to sing
 Than I, an arbitrary King?

Christian :

Yes, I am happier far than you,
 And richer, greater, nobler too;
 With costlier robes by far array'd,
 Robes from more distant countries had.

King :

What! do you dare the distance boast?
 My robe was had from Persia's coast,
 And thence to Tyre, to take that dye
 With which no purple e'er could vie.

Christian :

But mine, by far more distant still,
 Was fetch'd from Zion's holy hill;
 And in a nobler colour dyed—
 The crimson stream from Jesu's side.

King :

The purchase of my robe's so great,
 It cost a little king's estate;
 Then who's most rich, then who's most fine,
 Your far-fetch'd robe, or this of mine?

Christian :

But mine no king's estate could buy,
 None but our God who reigns on high—
 His blood alone the price could pay;
 That God whom Monarchs must obey.

King :

Your robe, perhaps, will quickly waste,
 But mine for many years will last,
 Unless, by chance, the fire or moth
 Consume or rot the precious cloth.

Christian :

No! Mine can never waste or rot,
 Nor ever wrinkle, ever spot;
 But always fresh, and clean, and pure,
 'Twill everlastingly endure.

King :

To whatsoever place I go,
 By these, my robes, all mortals know
 That I'm a king, and ready wait
 To do me service at my feet.

Christian :

And by my Righteous Robe I'm known
 To Him who sits on Zion's throne;
 And all the angels ready wait
 To do me service at my feet.

King :

What! do you think your robe to save,
 Wear, and possess beyond the grave?
 I know that I my robes must leave,
 And all my pomp to Death must give.

Christian :

O yes! through all eternity
 This Righteous Robe my own shall be;
 'Tis death that makes it perfect shine,
 And renders it completely mine.

King :

Strange Robe indeed! How got it you?
 To merit it what did you do?

Christian :

Nothing at all, 'tis freely given
 By Jesus Christ, the King of heaven.

King :

Were this my Robe, my all; to take
 Your dress, I would my own forsake;
 But I am rich, have pearls, and gold,
 As much as my large chest can hold.

Christian :

I'm richer still: for I possess
 His treasure, who all riches has;
 The Pearl of Greatest Price is mine;
 Jesus, that Jewel all divine!

King :

Your riches may my wealth excel,
 But I in joy and pleasure dwell;
 Banquet on choicest, daintiest fare,
 And drink the richest wines that are.

Christian :

I greater pleasure know than you,
 Banquet on greater dainties too:
 For Christ's own body is my food;
 My wine is His most precious blood.

King :

But what are these without a power?
 Rebels may rob you in an hour,
 And leave you destitute and mean,
 And change your robe into a chain.

Christian :

With all your boasted power, I know
 With earthly kings it may be so;
 But power almighty acts for me,
 Subduing every enemy.

King :

And are these robes, this wealth and power,
 Pleasures and peace for evermore,
 All freely given? Where may I go
 Your joy and happiness to know?

Christian :

O you must leave your fancied throne,
 And your imaginary crown;
 And in the dust, with David bow,
 David, a temporal king, as you.

King :

And will humility, and prayers,
 Loud crying, and repeated toars,
 Purchase your robe, your joy, and peace,
 And merit endless happiness?

Christian :

No! Could you pray,—for ever pray,—
 And spend in tears the night and day—
 Your prayers and tears would all be vain,
 Still wretched would your soul remain.

King :

Shall I then sacred temples build,
 And altars raise in every field?
 And with my sacrifices buy
 A throne to all eternity?

Christian :

Were you to offer thousand bulls—
 Ten thousand rivers of rich oils—
 But vain the sacrifice would prove,
 'TIS GIVEN FREELY—ALL OF LOVE!

King :

How shall I come? or, how draw nigh?
 Or, how to your Great God apply?
 Which way must I the gift receive?
 To please the Giver, which way live?

Christian :

Reason no more, but come away,
 And at Christ's feet, like potter's clay,
 Submissive wait His sovereign will—
 He will the empty vessel fill.

King :

Thou, dearest Jesus, hear my prayer—
 My wretched vileness made me fear—
 That I to hell should tumble down,
 And there have condemnation known.

Christian :

Ah! there my soul long since had been,
Had God dealt thus with sinful men!
But since his ways are grace and love:
Come, and his tender kindness prove!

King:

O draw me, Jesus, and I come!
Nor longer ignorantly roam,
If thou, bright Morning Star, wilt shine
And lead me in the path divine!
My golden riches I'll forsake,
And with this crown my cross I'll take,
If Thou, O Lord, wilt be my guide,
And all my former follies hide.
No more in sceptres, or in thrones,
In regal robes, or sparkling crowns,
My blest immortal soul shall trust,
But spurn such flattering, gilded dust.
My Jesus shall my riches be;
Jesus, a spotless Kabe for me;
Jesus my Pleasure, Power, and Peace;
Jesus, my Endless Happiness!

Christian :

Is this your song? Then let me join,
For this same Jesus, He is mine;
And in Him greater joys I feel
Than tongue can tell, or heart reveal.

King:

I feel them too: ah, Lord, why me?
A lump of sin and misery!
Black as the blackest fend in hell,
Expecting no where else to dwell.
But such is Jesu's boundless love,
That rebel I, his kindness prove.
How shall I sing, or how proclaim,
The merits of my Saviour's name!

Christian :

Nothing the Lord requires of you,
But what He'll give you power to do:
Justice to do, Love to esteem,
And always humbly walk with Him.

King:

Then, O my soul, for ever bless
Christ, the Eternal Righteousness;
And let his praises be thy song:
His praise th' employment of thy tongue.

Christian :

Then thankful let us join to sing
The praises of our loving King,
Who brought us from the sons of men,
With Him eternally to reign:

Christian and King sing together :

"All praise we give and honour too,
To whom all praise and honour's due;
And sing for ever, 'Worthy He
Who lives and reigns eternally.'"

OBITUARY.

GEORGE CRUMLIN.

GEORGE CRUMLIN was hopefully brought to Christ in the "Irish Revival," being one of those who were usually called converts, i.e., he was a subject of the physical affection, and that in an extraordinary degree, being frequently deaf, dumb, and blind. When he was first convinced of sin, I visited him; and while I prayed at his bed-side, he professed to experience the peace of the Gospel. Having afterwards learned the will of Christ on the subject of baptism, he obeyed the Saviour's command by being baptised in His name on the 18th Sep. 1859.

For some time he lived consistently with

his profession. Indeed, of all the "converts" whom I have seen, he appeared to me the most promising. His views were clear; his confidence in Christ so strong; his prayers so fervent. So melting were his prayers that some of our elderly praying people who experienced less freedom, were led to doubt the reality of their own conversion. How sad therefore was our disappointment, when we learned that he had become the victim of temptation, and that it became our painful duty to exclude him from the fellowship of the Church! It is pleasing to relate, however, that after all, the Lord appears to have had mercy on him. He was visited with a lingering and painful disease which I hope was sanctified to his soul, and which eventually proved fatal. On his death-bed he sent for me to visit him, which I did in the month of September last; and when I was about to leave him, he desired me to stay a little longer, as he said he had something special to say. He then acknowledged his sins very penitently—said that he had fled to Christ as his only hope; and desired me to mention his case to the Church, and ask the forgiveness of the members; also that he might be restored to the fellowship of the Church, as he earnestly wished to be united to the Church below, in the hope of soon being united to the Church above. I need not say that his request was granted. On the 4th October he was restored to full communion.

During his illness I frequently visited him, and every visit increased my confidence in his sincerity. I saw him about two hours before his death. He was unable to speak; but his conduct indicated that he was perfectly sensible. He grasped my hand and maintained his hold until I pulled myself away from him. On the same day (Dec. 5th) he fell asleep, being in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

I improved his death on the following Sabbath, from Psalm lxxxix, 30—33.

Conlig, JOHN BROWN, M.A.
Newtownards, Ireland.

DEATHS AT ROTHERHITHE.

DEAR BROTHER,—The Lord has called for another of His saints. Within three months death has thrice hung our pulpit in black. The first was old lady Orion, a very aged believer and a constant supporter of the cause. The second was a stalwart young man, whom death laid hold of suddenly, and in six days he was gone, but whose triumph I shall never forget. The third from our midst whom death has taken, is our aged mother, Mrs. Stenson, relict of the late Rev. John Stenson, minister of Carmel, Pimlico. For the last three years her health,

from decay of nature, has been gradually declining; but retaining her powers until Friday, January 8th, 1864, when she was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexia, of which she expired on Monday, January 11th, 1864, aged seventy-three. Our good Brother Williamson, who had known our mother from his earliest recollections, performed the funeral rites in Bethlehem Chapel, Rotherhithe, where a goodly number of friends were gathered. His affectionate and appropos address will not be forgotten by the bereaved. Thence we proceeded to Brompton cemetery, where the last cold act was performed, that of placing a mother in the cold, cold grave. There she lies, as it were, in the arms of her beloved husband, awaiting the "last trump of God," while her spirit has joined the happy host of heaven.

A funeral sermon was preached by her son-in-law on the following Sunday evening, from the words, "Comfort one another with these words; so shall we be ever with the Lord." Praying that the bereaved may not only be comforted, but prepared,

I am, yours truly in Jesus,
Rotherhithe. J. BUTTERFIELD.

THE
SHIPWRECKED MARINER,
AND
THE GOSPEL MINISTER.

A LIVING NARRATIVE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As I have some reason to hope that I can (through grace) claim an interest in both time and eternal blessings, spoken of by Jude in his Epistle, and as many of my personal friends, who have known something of the Lord's dealings with me from my youth up, have time after time urged upon me my duty in putting upon record something of the Lord's goodness toward me, as manifested in the way in which He hath led me, both in providence and grace. And, thirdly, feeling myself to be a monument of sovereign grace and mercy, a brand plucked out of the fire, inasmuch, as from the time I was of a very tender age, I was permitted to run away from my home, and for thirteen years to lead a wandering life upon the bosom of the mighty ocean, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, during which time I was not only permitted to run into the greatest excesses of sin, folly, and open vice, or, in other words, as the poet has it, went,—

"As far from God as sheep could run;"

but was, also, through rich mercy, wonderfully preserved, and delivered in perils oft, such as the following:—Four times from shipwreck; four times picked up after full-

ing overboard at sea, at the capture of seventeen slave ships, where many of my companions were often swept suddenly into the presence of the Judge of all the earth; besides having been made to suffer imprisonment, and the lash of the inexorable cat-o'-nine-tails, for my folly in an unregenerate state; and, after all, to be called to a knowledge of my state as a law-condemned sinner while upon the bosom of the Indian ocean, sovereignly, and without the use of means, so far as man can see; then, afterwards, to be brought to see "the truth as it is in Jesus," under the preaching of that noble champion for Divine truth, the beloved minister of the Surrey Tabernacle, Mr. J. Wells: all these things, together with others, are the reasons why I feel it my duty to tell to sinners round what a dear Saviour I have found. If you think that the relation of a few of the above incidents would be interesting to the readers of your EARTHEN VESSEL from time to time, I will furnish them with some twenty minutes' reading for each month during the present year. I might also add, that I should have done so while an agent of the London City Mission, which, as many of my brethren know, I had to leave for the truth's sake; but their act of parliament forbade, and, as soon as they knew that Mr. J. Foreman was my "nursing father," whom, with Mr. Wells, I love for their work's sake, I at once received sailing orders, and myself and another brother, Mr. G. Hearson, of Vauxhall, had to shape our course under Divine guidance, to a land to us hitherto unknown. However, though I am not at present exactly in Goshen, but in the wilderness, trying in my poor way to celebrate His Divine perfection, whose counsels of old are faithfulness and truth, and to speak of the glorious majesty of His kingdom; yet the pillar of cloud continues to go before by day and the pillar of fire by night. The manna still falls in right quantity, and as I am now and then permitted to drink a little water from the rock, I hope, by-and-bye, to drop "my best bow" in that city where the Lamb is the Light thereof, and shall, doubtless, then, as now, ascribe my safety during the whole voyage to eternal and electing love.

Wallingford.

NEMO.

P.S.—As I have neither been to Cambridge or Oxford, nor received three-month's schooling in my life, excuse grammatical errors.

[We trust our brother will proceed with his narrative. It must be valuable, as expressing the preserving and saving hand of the Lord toward him. As regards the City Mission, we know some now expecting to be dismissed for Truth's sake; but we are surprised any Truth-loving man can be bound by the Mission at all.—Ed.]

THE PLAIN MAN'S PENTATEUCH :

OR, THE
PREACHER AND HIS PREACHING.

A Few Introductory Words respecting Old Dr. Trapp, and Young Enoch Mellor.

WHEN God makes and fills a mighty mind, and sanctifies, and employs it for His own glory, it develops and lays open beauties of the highest order—and the fruit of its meditation is racy, rich, wholesome, and good; like the luminaries in the heavens, it scatters blessings all around.

Old Dr. John Trapp's Commentary on the Pentateuch (a little old fashioned quarto), lies on our left hand, and Enoch Mellor's Address to the Congregational Churches lies on our right hand. They are gems of a brilliant order. We have believed Trapp's Pentateuch would be read by thousands in this day with great spiritual pleasure and real soul profit: hence, we have marked its insertion for the consecutive numbers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. And nothing is to hinder its portions being found every month. But while looking over Dr. John Trapp's shattered old book, the Annual Address to the Congregational Churches (this year by the Rev. Enoch Mellor, M.A., of Liverpool), came to hand; and has so drawn out our soul in admiration, that we are compelled to give a few sentences ere we plunge into the sea of Trapp's Pentateuch.

It speaks well for the Congregational board, to see them choosing such a man as Enoch Mellor for their chairman. What he is as a preacher we know not, but as a writer, he has mental, spiritual, literary, theological, and truly practical powers beyond any of his compeers we have yet met with. Enoch Mellor stands head and shoulders above all his fellows—not only a classical, eloquent, and gifted combatant—but evidently as a man whose head, heart, mind, spirit, and conscience, have all been deeply baptized into the knowledge and love of that HOLY MASTER he doth so faithfully and devotedly serve. He is on the ministry, in one part of the Address. He calls "a soul-vitalizing faith," PIETY; and with this word he thus addresses his audience. He says,—

"It is a trite saying that the first and most indispensable element in the ministry, is PIETY" (that is a living, soul-ravishing, heart-purifying, life-controlling FAITH IN JESUS). "It is lamentable that there should be any necessity for the utterance, and still more for the emphatic and repeated utterance of so transparent a truism as this. For a preacher, in the sense which the word has acquired in too many quarters in our country, piety is no requisite whatever.

When the ministry is regarded as a profession, a walk of life, a sphere to which a man betakes himself from taste in preference to any other sphere, because of its social respectability, or the leisure it is presumed to afford for study or recreation, no wonder that piety is regarded as a very needless qualification. If the work of the ministry were a mere routine, a performance in a certain order of specified or expected services, the reading of prescribed, or the utterance of extemporaneous prayer, the delivery of a sermon orthodox or heterodox, original or bought, borrowed or stolen—piety would be a mysterious superfluity in an office so mechanical and perfunctory as that. Such is not, my brethren, the conception you have formed of the work of the ministry. You believe the Gospel you preach to be from God, and that men of God alone can truly preach it. He that sends the truth must send its ambassadors, and no man can be a true ambassador who is an enemy to the truth. To say that piety is needful to the minister, is to say that eyes are needful to a guide—that ears are needful to the musician—that knowledge of the stars is needful to the teacher of astronomy—that acquaintance with navigation is needful to the captain, and that love is needful to the mother. A minister without piety is a well without water—a lamp without light. He has entered an office where, unless his sensibilities are seared as with a hot iron, he will be exposed to miseries which one would not wish to inflict on his worst enemy. He will feel that he is an unspiritual man, manipulating with unsympathetic heart spiritual things. In the midst of his most earnest yet purely physical enforcements of the Gospel, conscience will keep up her remonstrant accompaniment, as if Heaven were incessantly uttering in his ears, 'Thou art an unbeliever.' He will be confronted daily with Christian experiences, the depth, the subtlety, the complexity of which he will be unable to comprehend. Spiritual delusions will meet him which he cannot dispel, sorrows which he cannot alleviate, doubts which he cannot remove, fears which he cannot allay. While expected to be at the head of the most spiritual of his flock, he will be behind them all. Professing to be a physician, he will know nothing of the thousand diseases which will claim his consideration, and he will know as little of the cure. If he had

aimed to compress into his life the highest amount of wretchedness, he could not have realized a more perfect success. The sense of unfitness in its most torturing form—I mean, the want of sympathy with his work—will never desert him, and what to him must be misery, to others must be disaster. Better far that he had assumed the command of a vessel freighted with a thousand souls, and had undertaken, though knowing not an inch of the way, to steer them through rocks, and shoals, and whirlpools to a distant land; or better that, in the most perilous crisis of his country's history, he had usurped, were it possible, the functions of a leading statesman, though ignorant of the first principles of government, than have assumed the office of guiding souls to the Cross which he has never seen, to the Saviour on whom he has never believed, and to a heaven upon which his back is perversely turned. If he had wrecked the vessel, the extent of the calamity would be known; if he had plunged his country into confusion, wiser heads than his own might gradually reduce the chaos to order; but under a ministry without faith and sympathy, souls go on and down to a perdition which knows no remedy. There are many hypocrisies in the world, but none like that of commending to others a Gospel in which one does not believe; and there are many fearful retributions lying ready in eternity, but none like that which awaits the man who, once a preacher to others, himself becomes a castaway. Faith, then, or, if you will, piety, is a prime condition of ministerial power, for it is essential to a Christian; and if to a Christian, surely to one whose work it is, under God, to make Christians, and to lead them on from strength to strength, until they appear in Zion before God.

“We speak of faith, and we mean not that mystic and blind energy which is so lauded by many, whether it rest on error or on truth, but the faith which grasps the verities of the Gospel as special truths communicated to man through a special revelation. We are ambassadors, not scholars; ambassadors, not philosophers; ambassadors, not historians. We have a message, distinct, specific, separate from all else that is true in morals, or in physics, and it is this that we have to deliver with clearness, and to enforce with love. We have to declare an eternal purpose, purposed in Christ Jesus before the world was; to narrate events that have happened once and for ever upon the theatre of the earth—to preach a redemption accomplished through suffering and blood—a resurrection, an ascension, an intercession, a judgment, a heaven, a hell! There is something called the Gospel which Christ commanded His

apostles to preach. This same thing was esteemed by the Apostle Paul as of such supreme and sovereign moment, that he trembled as he thought of the penalty which would fall upon the unfaithful preacher—‘Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel of Christ.’ In the fervour of his admiration of that truth, or system of truths, he feared not to scathe with a curse an angel's brow, if a spirit so lofty should ever venture to preach any other Gospel. In an age which has given so many indications of a tendency to undervalue the historic in Christianity, and to inculcate the belief that its reputed miracles encumber and dispiritualize it, is it not incumbent on us to hold and publish the truth, that there is no Gospel which is not historical? The philosophic spirit may be scandalized at being remitted for the truth that saves, not to the depths of human consciousness, but to events which have happened once for all in the history of our world. But if so the scandal must be given. Tell us not that the history is but the shell, and that there is a Gospel independent of it all; that, under the winnowing of a pure and transcendental criticism, the incarnation, and the miracles, and the death and resurrection of Christ may be blown as chaff away, leaving all that is solid and essential behind in the shape of noble ethical principles. A system which thus unceremoniously casts aside the facts of Christianity may be worthy of some name, but that name is not the Gospel. If it promise us a salvation, it is without a Saviour; if it promise us forgiveness, it is without a Redeemer; if it promise us sanctification, it is without a Holy Spirit; and if it promise us eternal life, it takes from us the only ground of hope that death is not an eternal sleep or a terrible wakefulness. If unhappily, faith in the facts of the Gospel should in any of us begin to yield, our power as preachers will tremble as if smitten by palsy: and, if that faith should desert us, we shall be weak as Samson when shorn of his locks. The life of Christianity is in its facts, the motives of Christianity are its facts, the impulses of Christianity are its facts, the consolations of Christianity are its facts,—it stands on its facts, or with its facts it falls.”

There is a seeming relation between the foolish and the wise virgin; but the time comes when the brotherhood is broken. There is a seeming relation between those who have a name to live, and are dead; but the time will come when this relation shall be dissolved; no more false profession; the reality of every man's character must come to light: if bad, his wickedness will appear before assembled worlds; if good, not one of his sins will appear.—*James Wells*.

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

NEW BAPTIST CHURCH, Near STOKE NEWINGTON GREEN.

A CHURCH was formed on New Testament principles, as a Strict Baptist Cause, on Monday, Jan. 18th, by Charles W. Banks, in Mount Zion Chapel, Cowper road, Matthias' road, between Stoke Newington and Kingsland; Mr. Cornwell, the minister, having been instrumental in gathering a Church and Congregation. Mr. Joseph Flory poured forth his heart in earnest prayers to God for a blessing upon minister and people. In describing

THE CHARACTER & CONSTITUTION OF A GOSPEL CHURCH,

C. W. BANKS said:—This is a solemn meeting in more senses than one. 1. Because it is a separation, a division, a coming out from other places; and divisions are generally painful; but one Scripture has impressed my mind this day: it is in 2 Thess. iii. 6, "Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother who walketh disorderly." This is one ground of justification for any to come out from others with whom they cannot hold Scriptural and experimental communion. When I met with a succession of losses in 1861, and a dark cloud burst upon me, I at once resigned my pastorate. I had stood with those people about eighteen years; I commenced with them in 1843 with only eighteen members: we rose up, as a Church, to nearly 300. I obtained more than £800 for the two chapels we worshipped in—I mean Crosby Row and Unicorn Yard; and to leave my pastorate was dreadful work; still, I felt under such trying circumstances I was not prepared to stand, and at three several Church Meetings, I resigned. It has been the heaviest trial of my life, but my earnest, constant prayer is, that the Lord would enable me to give to every one a righteous recompense for all they have lost. Then—not till then, can I have any real peace.

I have to say a word or two descriptive of a real Gospel Church.

One of the ancients said, "Not the place, but the congregation of the elect I call the church." And you all know that remarkable saying of Cyprian, "Upon this Rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The Rock is the knowledge of Jesus Christ as God-Man, as Days-Man and as Mediator, which knowledge came from God the Father into Peter's soul. Christ will build souls together, but they must be living souls, and upon himself and his word will he build them.

Only consider two things,

I. The number and the nature of the material necessary to form a Church.

II. The ends for which a Church is formed on the earth.

The Number should, at least be twelve, if there must be pastor, deacons, and members, this number seems requisite.

The Nature was typified in those coverings of the Tabernacle; these were ten all joined together by loops and golden clasps. The inner ones were of fine linen, beautifully embroidered with cherubim, &c., descriptive of the work of the Spirit upon the souls of all who are united together in bonds of life and love. Those curtains were of blue, of purple, and of scarlet. *Blue*, expressing the highness and origin of salvation in and from God. *Purple*, the Royalty of their character, made kings and priests unto God. *Scarlet*, the precious blood of the Lamb by which they are redeemed. But the New Testament is plain. The second of Ephesians is a grand and all-sufficient testimony to the kind of characters which should form the Church. Souls quickened into life divine—sitting together in heavenly places; the covenant of grace, the kingdom of grace, all the offices of Christ, all the doctrines of the Gospel, all the ordinances and precepts, and promises of the New Testament; these are indeed heavenly places where by faith they sit.

Consider the ends for which a Church is to be formed.

1. For the bringing in of God's quickened people. "No more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion." There must be churches to receive them, and to nourish and ripen them when by grace they are called.

2. A place for Christ to come in and bless his people, called "An habitation of God through the Spirit." Jesus will have churches where he can meet with his people.

3. The church is to maintain the ordinances. Prayer to God, preaching the Gospel, baptizing penitent believers, the Lord's Supper, and praise. These ordinances must all stand together.

4. The church is to defend and uphold the truth as it is in Jesus.

Let us glance at the posture each member of the church should strive to occupy.

The Pastor, as a father and feeder of the flock must be a man living near to God—seeking all his messages from God—aiming in all things to glorify his Maker, to honour his Master, and to be a real and constant blessing unto the people.

The Deacons should aim to be real helpers to the pastor, to the members of the church, and to all who are seeking for salvation.

The Members should aim to fulfil all the duties which God in his word calls them to attend to; and if they really love the Lord and his truth; if they have a living and devoted pastor; if they have careful, wise, and kind deacons, they will find grace to pray for

Zion, and in every way to seek her peace and prosperity.

C. W. Banks then asked for a Confession of their faith, which was given by Mr. Cornwell, their minister. All the persons to form the church then stood up, lifting up their hands, attesting their faith in and attachment to the principles enunciated by Mr. Cornwell. After this, C. W. Banks addressed each member separately, giving to them the right hand of fellowship. Mr. Cornwell then offered up a most heart-moving prayer to God for his blessing in all their movements; the Lord's Supper was administered. Mr. Flory asked them to sing,

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,"
and the hallowed service closed.

Believers in Jesus desirous of encouraging this new and needed cause, may address the Deacon, Mr. W. Maslen, 5, Keppel row, St. Matthias road, Stoke Newington-green, N.W.

MR. PALMER'S MEETING AT HOMERTON.

As is the oasis in the desert to the weary traveller, so is it gladdening to the heaven-seeking Christian now and again to find, amid the darkening shadows gathering around, that there are houses built for the worship of God, where God himself dwelleth, and the truth and light of his mercy and grace through Christ Jesus is still made known. On Thursday evening, January 7th, at the Baptist Chapel, Homerton, with a band of ministers around him, Mr. Palmer, and the people of his care, were favoured with another annual meeting. Tea was provided; a goodly gathering of people, and a cheerful, though sober tone pervaded. After tea, Mr. Palmer began the meeting by reading a sweet hymn. Mr. Pearson offered prayer. Mr. Palmer then said, As the heavenly bodies move onward in their course, quietly making their revolutions, fulfilling the course God has given them without an apparent change to the ordinary observer—so we move onward from year to year in our courses without much observed change; yet the years pass, and we approach nearer and nearer to the end of our course. And, as the changes of the heavenly bodies are only known from certain points of observation, so our changes are mostly known by coming to certain places, or points, for observation and reflection. Since the meeting of this kind at the opening of 1863, another year has passed away. In the past year God has increased us: by experience, by baptism, and by dismissal from other Churches, we have increased between twenty and thirty in the Church. A greater increase than in any one year since I have been here. The congregation has increased also: they have gotten strong, so strong, they thought of lifting the roof of the chapel, and getting a dome on in its place: and as the people increase, new ideas increase. The windows were small, and they thought of having larger; and then (casting his eyes to the east side of the chapel), on the east it is rather dark, and some want the light of the east: so we think of having windows that side. Indeed we know not what we are not going to do, only they were not going to make it a new chapel, but they hoped to make it look like one. Mr. Palmer spake well of his people. They increased in affection toward him, and he felt an increasing desire for them. He knew nothing of the future, that was with God alone; but he had been with them some nine or ten years, and he had no other desire but to live and die with them.

MR. G. WYARD ON THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Mr. Wyard spoke on the institution of the

Lord's Supper. It was instituted by Jesus immediately after the passover, to succeed or follow in the place of the Passover; as the Passover was commemorative of the release from the great Egyptian bondage, this institution was in commemoration of the one great and lasting deliverance of the Church by Himself. The persons for whom it was instituted; he should say for the good, for the loving, the obedient disciples of Jesus. The speaker said he did not see that any others had right to it. The way to it was by baptism. It is said that we are strict; we admit that we are Strict Baptists; but are not other professing bodies Strict Baptists too? The Congregationalists, the Church of England, and the Roman Catholics, will they receive persons to the communion without baptism? No! they will not. Some immerse, some pour, some sprinkle; while we strictly enforce that immersion is the one right and only Scriptural way. The place where it should be observed is in the Church, in the family of the adopted: when assembled together; not to be carried round to bed-sides, and the like; but in the assembled Church is the place; regeneration is the way to baptism; and baptism is the way into the Church. Whether the communion be administered once a month, or every week, the speaker did not see it clearly enforced in Holy Scripture. Its end and design was to lead us to the offering of Christ: the sacrifice of himself; his life, his sufferings, his blood, his death for us. Those who are lax in their attendance at the house of God, they neglect this ordinance of God: they come to the table occasionally—for this reason—they say in themselves, "There is a rule in our Church, that if we absent ourselves from the table beyond such a time, our membership is lost." Thus they make an occasional attendance, just to prevent being thus separated from the Church. I say, such persons come and receive the Supper unworthily; they do not do it in remembrance of Christ, but to keep membership: they receive it unworthily, and eat and drink condemnation to themselves: their own hearts and consciences condemn them. Every time they present themselves at the table, they know they have no right there, so that they eat and drink to their own condemnation.

The Chairman thanked Mr. Wyard for his remarks.

MR. MOTE ON "SCARS OF HONOUR."

Mr. E. Mote then spoke on "Scars of Honour."—John xx, 20. The speaker gave a lengthened address, evidently with intensity, desiring his audience to feel the worth and appreciate the excellencies of the glorious Conqueror, who is more glorious and excellent than all the mountains of prey; and who, after his victories and resurrection made his disciples glad accordingly, by shewing the scars of honour in his hands and feet.

Mr. Mote's address was good.

MR. J. FOREMAN ON "THE FATHER'S TEARS."

The subject was from St. Mark ix, 24, "The Father weeping over his Child." Mr. Foreman appeared to be unwell, and evidently felt a sense of God's goodness toward him. In the course of his remarks he said that he was not his own; unworthy as he was, he was bought with a price, and belonged to the Lord. It was the feeling sense of this, that for so many years had kept him on as he had done. In reference to the subject, he observed that there were different kinds of tears; compound tears, fictitious tears; of all tears fictitious tears were the worst. In the service of Almighty God, this was greatly to be dreaded. Emotion and tears produced by theatrical effects were fearfully delusive. God George Coombe used to pray to be preserved from any tendency to theatrical emotion in his preaching: he knew its danger, for he had been engaged

in that life. Mr. Foreman made some striking reference to tears and their effect in easing the heart and spirit when under distress and oppression from natural causes. But the tears of the great Father of which he spake were compound tears. They were tears of grief over his poor demoniacal child, of which demoniacal powers many were possessed at the time our blessed Lord was upon earth. One, in particular, for whom there seemed no help: he had been to the disciples; but until he went to Jesus there was no help. This man wept tears of reflection; he went to Jesus, making confession to our blessed Lord, who said, "If thou canst, believe." This word, with convicting force, led him to reflect; he saw his own unbelief, the powerlessness of his own heart, to believe in Jesus; though by some little hope he had come to Jesus, yet here he wept in perplexity, in grief, and reflection on the unbelief, the unsoundness, the badness of his own heart before Jesus, and with tears said, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." Also, they were tears of hope. Yes, from this word of Jesus his understanding was enlightened, his hope increased; he saw the Lord's power, and wept in confidence of him to whom he was come, feeling "Lord, I can believe, I do believe;" and thus they were tears of hope. Lastly, as Jesus did command the deaf and dumb spirit to come forth of his child (thus having mercy upon himself and child), he would weep tears of gratitude. So this man's tears were compound tears. Tears of relief, tears of reflection, tears of hope, tears of gratitude. May the Lord bless you.

Mr. Webster, of Cave Adullam, made some very interesting nautical observations on Paul's Voyage and its Happy Issue. This subject had been well studied: it was really well done.

Mr. Blake, now of Artillery lane, made some earnest remarks on the Noble Resolution (Psalm lxxxv, 8) "I will wait to hear what God the Lord will speak."

After another hymn and prayer, this happy New Year's meeting at Homerton closed. May the Lord God be glorified. So prays the Church's young servant,
ABRAHAM HOWARD.

SAMUEL JACKSON IN THE BACK WOODS OF CANADA.

OUR patient and forgiving brother, William H. Peck, of Halloway, Canada West, sends us the following kind note. Such evidences of usefulness are cheering to us in the valley. It is a mercy, indeed, that although our churches do nothing toward sending out good ministers, yet doth God, in His Providence, press out many who prove their mission to be of Him, by their enduring hardness in His service, and by their success in His vineyard. We have thought that all believers who really receive the Truth from the Great Fountain Head, as the pledge of their souls' eternal salvation, and who, also, desire above all things that the Living Truth of the Gospel should be spread abroad through the miserable masses of men in our country, and through the wide-spreading and constantly-opening colonies and countries beyond us—we have long desired that all such earnest souls should hold special meetings at least once a quarter, to unitedly pray unto God for the prosperity of those of our brethren, who, like J. Bunyan M'Cure, Samuel Jackson, John Kingsford, Samuel Ward, — Day, and many, many others are now fighting the good fight in the distant parts of the earth. The Almighty Lord GOD Himself has said,—"Them that honour Me, I will honour." How can poor finite men honour the eternal God? We answer the question by quoting a section of a short sermon we lately preached in Squirries-street chapel. It was a doleful night—business had occupied us all the day—hindrances prevented our usual hour's retirement previous to preaching. Cold

and barren we set out to speak in the Lord's name, without one word or thought; but as we pushed on through the gloomy Green-streets, and other crowded thoroughfares, "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together" came to mind. To ourselves we said, "Jerusalem, the Church of God, is builded AS A CITY, because she is builded according to a well-considered and wisely-ordered plan; the covenant of God's grace, concerning the building of this city, is ordered in all things and sure. Again, she is builded to answer and to accomplish certain special ends—certain most wonderful things are in this city to be accomplished. God's glory is to be revealed herein; the SOX of GOD is to be honoured, and extolled, and lifted very high; the work of the ETERNAL SPIRIT is to be carried on; and the spiritual and final happiness of all the vessels of mercy is herein to be effected. For the carrying out of these blessed purposes, there is ample provision made. The heavens are prepared, the glorious Mediator is appointed, the Bible is given, the Gospel is preached, ministers are qualified, the door of mercy is open, the Saviour's intercession is carried on, the power of the Spirit is exerted, the promises are realized, churches are formed, sinners are converted, believers are built up, THE CITY IS GROWING INTO PERFECTION. And are we identified with, and vitally joined to, all these most holy works of the Lord? And shall we be slothful, selfish, sensual, and of an isolated spirit! Oh! God forbid. As Enoch Mellor said, so would we re-echo,— "While we would advocate strongly the removal from our or from any church everything which can offend, being unspiritual and anti-evangelical, let us not forget, that, in the end, the mass will crowd where THE CROSS is most uplifted, and the love of God most displayed. 'Will crowd,' did we say? We mean God will bring them; and the power of any denomination over the unregenerate (vessels of mercy), will, eventually, be in the ratio of the power of the pulpit, and the power of the pulpit will be as is the power of its individual preachers, and the power of its individual preachers will be in the proportion in which they receive the power of the Spirit of God; and they will receive the power of the Spirit of God to the extent in which they seek in the true spirit and manner to preach that truth which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Why, then, should not our churches meet together in stroug and loving companies—not to have tea-meetings and collections for their own use simply—but to pour out their hearts unto God for His blessing upon our brethren, and upon our sister churches, who, in the back woods and roughly-inhabited parts of the world, are suffering and often sorrowing in the midst of their heavy misssion! Brethren, ministerial brethren, deaconical brethren, influential and earnest praying brethren and sisters, when God shall move your hearts to this Apostolical and Pentecostal unity of purpose and power, praying God to "SEND OUT His light and His truth;" then shall envy, strife, covetousness, and petty divisions greatly diminish; they shall our cords be lengthened; then shall we see Christ's kingdom coming, and glory shall dwell in our land. Some of our half-infidel and dreadfully proud preachers, who seek nothing but their own aggrandisement, will scoff and sneer at this; but that we leave to the Great Judge of all. Let this hint have room in the hearts and heads of all who are sincerely devoted to Christ, and let us soon have a meeting of the kind referred to. Meanwhile, here is brother Peck.

Halloway, Canada West. Dec. 13, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Although it is a long time since I wrote you, you have not been forgotten by me; nor is your service of love in the Redeemer's cause less acceptable than heretofore to myself and a few others who still continue to

hear from you by means of the good VESSEL, which brings us "glad tidings" of good things—which publisheth salvation, which saith unto Zion "thy God reigneth." How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of such messengers; yes, we hail them with delight as they come bringing us the old corn and wine of the kingdom, and we feel sure that those thus employed in scattering (by the press) the seeds of truth to "the ends of the earth," will not in this life be permitted to know how useful their labours have been to the church of God, and although mountains of difficulties and discouragements may be, and sometimes are, in their way, and sorrow fills their soul, yet the promise for their encouragement stands sure: "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall, doubtless, come again rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him." Dear Brother, the Lord bless thee, and make thee a blessing still to Zion both by word and epistle.

Brother Samuel Jackson, who was formerly in the London City Mission, and, I think, with whom you were acquainted, is now in this part of Canada. He was well received by the "Regular Baptist" body here; they appointed him to a mission in a newly-settled part of the country, quite "back in the woods," between forty and fifty miles north of where I live. He came "out" to attend a quarterly meeting in this neighbourhood, and was ordained by the ministers present as a "Regular Baptist" minister, being received with Mrs. J. as members of the church at the then place of meeting. Mrs. J. was made quite contented with her "back woods" life by the superabundant kindness and glad reception she here met with from the Baptist friends, who sent them back to their field of labour with many tokens of practical kindness. Their temporal wants have thus far been well supplied, and brother J. has some encouragements that the Lord will bless his labours: he has a very laborious field, preaches three times on Sabbath, and walks thirteen miles over rocks, through swamps, and over hills, in some places almost perpendicular; but the "settlers" gladly "turn out" to "hear preaching" in some neighbour's "shanty" (a house built with logs), and a Sabbath-school has also been commenced, and brother J. has met with some few of Baptist sentiments whom he hopes to baptize and form a church. I send this per favour of brother Holmes, of Dorset-square, through whom I obtain my magazines regularly.

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Jesus' arms I fall;
He is my strength and righteousness,
My hope, my help, my all."
Yours in Him,

WILLIAM H. PECK.

A HAPPY SCENE AT PRESTWOOD, BUCKS.

"I LOVE THE LORD, AND THE LORD LOVES ME."

DEAR BROTHER,—A baptizing service was recently holden at Prestwood. The church here has been in a low state for years. The work of the Lord has scarce been visible; but He has put it into the hearts of His people to cry mightily to Him to revive His work, that they might rejoice in Him; and a favourable change has taken place. The Lord has heard prayer, has blest His word, and constrained some, by His grace, to give themselves to His church and people. Mr. Free, of Speen, preached from Psalm cxvi. "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling: I will walk before the Lord in the light of the living." The candidates were two females; each a young mother of several small children. Cheerfully they walked into the water, and were buried with Christ in baptism, rising again while the congregation were singing, "Praise ye the Lord.

Hallelujah!" It was a happy time; but all was not done. Mr. Free, addressing the congregation, said if there were any others present who were believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, but had not yet obeyed His command with regard to baptism, if they would come forward and give a reason of the hope within them, he would baptize them there and then if they wished it; whereupon, a rather tall young man at once pushed his way through the crowd, and, holding his hand towards the minister, said, "I love the Lord, and He loves me, and I desire to be baptized." In answer to questions put to him, he gave a very interesting account of his call by grace; how his godly father and mother had, from his earliest years, striven to bring him up in the way of the Lord; how he had run contrary to their good wishes and instructions, until, a few months ago, he became so distressed about his soul, and the pains of hell gat so hold upon him, that he was driven to cry to God for mercy. At length he found pardon and peace by faith in Jesus Christ. Since then he had worshipped with the Primitive Methodists; but as he had not been baptized, he felt constrained to embrace that opportunity. The next question was how could he get a change of raiment? A man in the gallery said he would lend him some clothes. He then walked devoutly into the water with the minister, exclaiming, "Bless the Lord," and was baptized, and again the congregation sang, "Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah." It was a pleasing sight to see the man thus follow the Lord through that despised ordinance. Some wept; others rejoiced; and one old man exclaimed, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. To God be all the glory." On following Sabbath, Mr. Evans gave the newly baptized the right hand of fellowship, and received them into the church. He spoke in the morning from Psalm ix. "The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed: a refuge in times of trouble." In afternoon from Isaiah xlvi. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs in His arms, and carry them in His bosom; and shall gently lead those that are with young." After this he administered the Lord's Supper, addressing the new members from Laban's words to Abraham's servant, saying, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?" It was a solemn, sacred season: the Lord's blessing was on the word. We have others we hope will shortly come forward and declare what God has done for their souls.—[Mr. S. Evans, of High Wycombe (son of the late Mr. Evans, the pastor there some years since), has been honoured of the Lord to preach His word. We should rejoice to see him usefully settled over a prosperous cause.]

AN EVENING AT ZOAR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I just send you a line to inform you of an evening I spent at the Particular Baptist Chapel, Great Alle street, Whitechapel. You may use it if you think well, or you may cast it into that most grievous basket, which all oditors keep for the special benefit of such pieces as are of no use, very much to the wounding of the feelings of the respected writers. A certain curious writer, speaking of the very courteous manners which persons generally receive at chapels, says,

"When I went to Zoar,
I sat me on the floor."

Well, this is a fact. On the first Sunday evening in this year I went to the above named place, and I perched on the antique gallery stairs. None but persons of a very religious aspect get a seat. Permit me to draw a contrast. Perhaps, sir, you are aware that it is a very remarkable thing indeed for a person to be seen going into a Church (I mean the good Church of England) in some parts of the City. But when such an occurrence

does happen (that is, if you do go to worship at a City Church) the pew opens run, put you in a seat, bring you books, and try to make you comfortable. What a difference! Were you, dear Mr. Editor, just to give us an article upon this subject, we might stand the chance of getting a seat.

The preacher whom I heard was a Mr. Warburton. The lesson was the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, which was very distinctly read, without a comment. The singing is better conducted than at many places. Murder is not committed. I mean they do not give out two lines at a time: this both murders the tune and the words, for very often there is not so much as a comma where the division is made. I am glad this two-line mode has almost died out: it is an outrage upon common reason.

The preacher (Mr. Warburton) rose, and gave out his text. It was taken from Ezekiel xi. 19, "That they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances, and do them; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God." The minister told us that the key to the text was the preceding verse, "And I will give them one heart," &c. We were taken back to the day of Pentecost, and heard that when the Holy Ghost wrought upon the hearts of the three thousand, they were all of one heart. In this manner we heard the Gospel faithfully preached. Upon the statutes and ordinances, Mr. Warburton spake as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. I have heard the most curious accounts of these *Standard* preachers; they certainly have a standard, which seems to me (who am an impartial judge) principally to act differently to any other persons. All men have a standard; but he is no man who pins his faith upon the unsubstantial smiles (if they dare commit such a crime) of two or three men at the helm. Well, I do not know what Mr. Warburton is, save that he is a minister of the cross. His disputation of good works is one that every man should hear, and one that will bear the scrutiny of the critic. He says every Christian should work as though salvation were dependent upon it, and then tread upon the whole, and jolt with St. Paul, and say, "I count all things but dung and dross for the excellency of Jesus Christ." The sermon was frequently interspersed with anecdotes that had evidently come under his own notice. I certainly was sorry to hear so goodly a preacher so unacquainted with our language. If it be right to speak at all, it must certainly be well to do it in accordance with propriety.

Wishing you, Mr. Editor, a happy new year, and your excellent magazine very much success, as it justly merits, I am, yours most respectfully,

Bpvt.

MR. J. S. ANDERSON AT DEPTFORD.

THE first Sabbath in the new year was appropriately fixed for the commencement of the new pastor's labours at Zion Chapel, New Cross-road, Deptford. Since the opening of this place, two pastors have dispensed the word of life to the church. Formerly, Mr. Felton, now at Ipswich; and more recently, Mr. George Wyard, who has since been at Blandford-street, where the closing year brought also to a close his labours at that once-flourishing but now decayed cause.

Mr. Anderson having resigned his pastorate at Bethesda, St. Luke's, and the church at Deptford being anxious to find an under shepherd, the way appeared to be open to invite Mr. Anderson to accept that office, he having been heard at Deptford with some considerable acceptance. It is hoped that, by the blessing of the Lord, he may be enabled to revive the cause here. There is abundance of room and opportunity at Deptford for a man of truth; one who will pray

and work. The locality is thickly populated, and there are in and around that neighbourhood a large number of lovers of a free grace gospel. Here is a good, substantial, commodious chapel, eligibly situated, a well-organized Sabbath School, and other working bodies connected with the church. To human judgment, all that appears to be wanted, was a leader, or captain to counsel, to direct, to instruct, and to go before the people. Should Mr. Anderson's labours be blessed among the people of his new charge, we hope the church, and its various institutions may be revived, and that new life and energy may mark the future progress of this cause of truth. Mr. Anderson's opening sermon, on Sunday morning, January 3rd, was a well-timed and suitable discourse, and no person, after listening to that sermon, could leave the place, without being fully aware of "the theological views" of the newly-elected pastor. The text was from Rev. i. 5, 6; "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," &c. The text was spoken to under three heads,—and three more vital and important subjects never engaged the thought or mind of man. First, we had some thoughts on the love of our Great Redeemer; secondly, we were led to contemplate the efficiency of the blood of Jesus; and thirdly, the power of our once-crucified but now our exalted Saviour. Certainly—a great and glorious subject—the love, blood, and power of our Great High Priest. May the Lord abundantly bless such bold and plain proclamations of the pure Word of Truth to the comforting and establishing of believers, and to the arousing, convincing, and converting of sinners, so that His Kingdom may grow, Zion's borders be extended, and the Lord's name glorified.

May showers of Heaven's richest blessings descend, and water this garden of the Lord, under the presidency of His new pastor.

THE BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

IT is right that the friends of God and man, truth and righteousness, should know what this body is doing, and I am pleased there are many enquiries. On the 12th inst. at its monthly meeting at Shaftesbury hall, deputations were appointed to visit our Sunday Schools in London, to explain our objects and actions, and to invite their union and co-operation with us. The districts for these deputations are those of the post-office divisions of this great city.

A sub-committee was formed to examine and report what publications can be recommended to the schools of this Union." The members of this Committee are—Ministers, B. Milner, W. Palmer, J. Glaskin, and W. Hawkins; Messrs Cooper, T. M. Whittaker, G. T. Congreve, G. Pearson, W. O. Kemp, J. Briscoe, Jun., G. Now, T. Janies, W. T. Cooper, and Waite.

Many friends throughout the kingdom, I feel sure, will highly appreciate this labour, if well accomplished. Besides the schools of Dners Park, Roinerton-row, and Peckham, all of London, being received: the school of Chatteris, Isle of Ely, under the pastorate of Mr. Sylverton, was also added to our number. This example of a distant school we beg to call attention to, as one, whereby a small subscription annually, they share the pleasure of forming a bond of union in a work having no superior on earth, and in helping to raise means of greater usefulness and pleasure in Sunday School teachings: also in forming a depot of books, lessons, and funds for themselves and others. It was delightful to hear from the Keppel-street representatives of the hearty manner in which the teachers of Brother Milner's School voluntarily subscribe their weekly mites, to be paid quarterly to our

secretary, stating it is likely to produce £5 in the year. Of course, this liberality is entirely optional, only it deserves a place in the summary of this meeting's business, &c.

Two letters were read from gentlemen in the country with donations, and warm interest expressed for the success of the Union. These are noble examples too, very worthy of imitation by the thousands of such lovers of the "generation following" scattered throughout our land. Who shall say what is the number of such friends, ladies as well as gentlemen, who could afford to send us their shillings, half-crowns or crowns, their ten shillings or sovereigns, for this good cause now first starting into life and work among us? And let it be repeated, that a subscription of five shillings or upwards, constitutes each of them members of this Union, with power to vote at public meetings, &c.

Our financial secretary declared a cheering sum in hand; other practical measures were passed, and with some notices of motions, very important, for next meeting, this cordial, and we trust, useful meeting, was closed, as it began, in prayer. Expecting these prayerful efforts will be a blessing indeed to all coming generations, I subscribe myself the friend of all such institutions of truth, love, and action. W. Hawkins, Jan. 16, 1864.

NEW NORTH ROAD. — DORCHESTER HALL BAPTIST CHAPEL, MINTERN STREET.—On the 10th of January three sermons were preached on behalf of the Sunday School; that in the morning by Mr. Hanks, of Woolwich; afternoon, by Mr. George Wyard; and in the evening by Mr. Crowhurst, minister of the place. Mr. Hanks, as usual, came richly laden with the sweet things of the Gospel, text—"He is a rock, His work is perfect," and took five heads as the basis of his discourse, 1st, Secrecy; 2nd, Shelter; 3rd, Safety; 4th, Supply; 5th, Salvation. It was a soul-refreshing season and many there could experimentally cry "Lord, it is good to be here." Mr. Crowhurst preached at Woolwich, and trust that through the exchange of pulpits some souls have been converted, others comforted, and led on their journey, enabled to sing of Jesus' blood, and righteousness.

"The day will declare it."

In the afternoon our beloved friend, Mr. G. Wyard, preached from a very short but important text, "Precious faith," which was expounded in a masterly manner. Such a subject in the hands of so good a workman could not fail but be sweetly and experimentally spoken from and with the Lord's blessing of building up the saints in their most holy faith.

Mr. Crowhurst preached in the evening from Proverbs xxii. 6. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Abandoning the ordinary acceptation of these words, he referred them to the child of God trained in the School of the Holy Ghost according to the Word, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children," and persevering until the end. The services were well attended and the day closed with "a day's march nearer home."

On Tuesday, January 13th, a tea and public meeting was held at the Wesleyan School rooms, Mintern-street (kindly lent for the occasion). Over one hundred sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held, and on the platform, Brethren Attwood, Evans, Flack, Hawkins, Milbourne, Nicole, and Poynder, kindly came to see and help us. The subject for the evening's meditation or discussion, was the rise, progress, and working of Sunday Schools, morally, practically, illustratively, and religiously considered, Mr. Crowhurst in the chair. After singing a hymn, Mr. Poynder prayed; Brother Kimber, one of the Deacons then rose, and on behalf of the church and congregation presented to our beloved pastor, Mr. Crowhurst, a handsome Bible

and Denham's hymn book, "for the faithful discharge of his ministerial office as pastor." Mr. Crowhurst feelingly acknowledged the same. The secretary read the report, after which excellent speeches were delivered by the ministers present, and which were listened to with marked attention. Mr. G. R. Nicole moved, and Mr. Attwood seconded "That the best thanks of this meeting are due to the trustees of the Wesleyan Schools for their kindness in lending the rooms and tea service on this occasion." Carried unanimously. The meeting broke up singing, "Good night, dear friends, good night."

HOUNSLOW. — DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—We thank you for inserting the re-opening of Zoar Baptist chapel, Stain's-road, Hounslow. Mr. Wells could not come; Mr. Fells preached a good sermon. Between seventy and eighty friends and ministers sat down to tea. Mr. Foreman was with us in the evening; spoke from Psalm cxxxiii. 1; gave good advice. We hope, by God's help, to carry it into practice. On Sunday, Mr. Cozens preached twice from Psalm xx. 6. Each sermon was good and profitable. A church was formed; ten joining hands; two absent, through family illness, will join, making twelve. Others stand prepared. May it be true of our cause: God is in her midst, saying, "Peace be unto you." Our prayer is mingled with David, Psalm lxxx. 14. May the same prayer echo from the hearts of your readers for us, though we are in a dark corner of the earth. May we yet be as a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid. So prays yours on behalf of the few met together in the hope and love of Christ Jesus. ALFRED JEFFES.

BEXLEY HEATH. — BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Our aged pastor, Mr. J. Wallis, was privileged to administer the ordinance of believers' baptism to two saints on the 3rd of January. On January the 12th a new year's service was held in the chapel, when between thirty and forty sat down to tea with delight depicted on their countenances. In the evening a few of the members and a brother from the North delivered some good, practical, and spiritual addresses, which were listened to with devout attention, and evident marks of appreciation. The subject of the discourses was "Spirituality of Mind." The speakers were Messrs. Wallis, Hudson, Carman, Chester, New, Sweet, English. We had no strangers or visitors; it was a semi-private and social meeting. One feeling—love—seemed to possess the whole assembly, and it was a good time. May God bless the cause. A. CARMAN.

HORSELYDOWN. — MR. EDITOR.—Your readers will be glad to hear that the Gospel is fully preached in the Church of St. John, by the Rev. J. W. Gowring, B.A., the afternoon lecturer, who is totally blind. Perhaps you may be surprised to learn that this is the only place in the immediate neighbourhood where truth is even hinted. The rector is a semi-detached kind of a parson, and you cannot for a moment imagine what you will hear from him. But from the afternoon lecturer we have the Gospel affectionately preached. Excuse this intrusion from a lover of the "steeple-house," who subscribes himself "A THING."

STEPNEY. — CAVE ADULLAM.—On Wednesday evening, Dec. 2nd, the Believer's Baptism was administered to four persons in the presence of a large and attentive congregation, these, with four others previously immersed, were received into the church the following Lord's Day by our pastor, making fifty added during his ministry among us.

MENDLESHAM.—**MR. EDITOR,**—Allow me to represent to my friends, to several brethren in the ministry, and to all able and willing friends of truth, the position of the church over whom the Holy Ghost has made me overseer. Upwards of twenty years have elapsed since the trumpet of the Gospel first sounded forth in this then dark corner. The small beginning (only six members when the church was formed), has gradually increased; many reverses the church has had. At one time the doors were well nigh closed: only two worshippers within its walls: but light again dawned—the garden again flourished—another dark cloud—the elements threatening the entire destruction. But the sunshine of peace and prosperity has shone forth; my fourth year's ministry here closed with the past year, and was commemorated on Christmas-day. Brethren Baker, of Tunstall, and Hanger, of Colchester, uniting with us on the occasion: they were helped to extol our Lord to the great delight of many. Our collections were not, as has often been the case, to pay off the debt on the chapel; nor the debt contracted two years since in erecting a school-room. No; all that has been paid: nor yet to make up the minister's salary. They owe him nothing; but to commence a fund for enlarging the chapel. Mr. Bloomfield first put on his regimentals in this part, and stood in fellowship with some of our good brethren still among us. Brethren, to whom I have in days past preached—to you, in the name of my Master, residing in Essex, Surrey, Hampshire, Wilts, Bath, Herts, Manchester, Norfolk, London, &c., can you, will you put your hand in your pocket for the most valuable piece you can spare, and forward to me to aid me and my friends in this really necessary work! We enlarge from necessity: the majority of my people are poor; we have no wealthy folk, though some well to do; and on them rests more than I like. They have done well, are doing well, and deserve to be helped. We have space enough for ourselves as a church; but it is for our poor neighbours around, seeking food for their immortal souls, we plead. The Lord is calling out His hidden ones, aye, some from the very dregs of society. Seventy precious souls have been added to our church since my coming here. We commenced the first Lord's-day in the year by baptizing five, and six additions to the church. The Lord is working; many are pressing to hear the word of life. Our vestry will not hold those that flock to the prayer-meeting; our gallery will not hold our school children. The body of the chapel will not hold our congregation often now in the middle of winter: we feel there is a call for more room, and we want £100. Our people do not like getting into debt. They have been in bondage for years through it, and have only of late freed themselves. They have set a noble example since by founding a school, erecting a building for the purpose, and to maintain a resident pastor. Once more, dear brethren, will you help? I ask, in the name of my Master, for your poor brethren. I am the church's humble servant for Jesus's sake, HENRY BARTHOLOMEW.

Mendlesham Green, Suffolk.

P.S.—Will any good brother lend me his pulpit to come and plead for my brethren! [There are thousands in this country who can help. If one friend in each church would undertake to collect the mites of their fellow-worshippers, the church at Mendlesham might soon make room for all who flock to hear. We have known this cause many years and, heartily second the appeal.—Ed.]

GOWER STREET.—We understand the Church here have decided that every member shall sign the Article of Faith in the ETERNITY OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM, or be excluded. This, at least, is announced as being the case; and if so it will be an affliction to many—to many who

really do not understand what is meant; and for their edification we would quote the simple definition of Joseph Caryl. "Of CHRIST," says Caryl, "He is God's own Son" (Rom. viii, 32.) His Son not only as Socinians say, because his conception was by the Holy Ghost, but he is THE SON OF GOD by an eternal and unspeakable generation." Now, if it be "unspeakable," then, let men be careful of three things. I. We would beseech them to beware of denying it. To us, that does appear both dangerous and distressing. II. Let men be careful, also, how they dare attempt to define and explain it. This no man can do in our present frail manner of conception and of conversation; it is UNSPEAKABLE: no words, no ideas, no figures of speech can expound the mystery. III. Let Mr. Philpot, and all the ministers of his diocese; let the deacons and heads of Churches be careful how they cut off, cast off, and send to perdition those who have not faith enough in this glorious mystery to set their hands to it by way of covenant. The cruel tyranny and popery of such conduct is a crying sin in our Churches. "Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," are essential to membership here, and to salvation and glorification hereafter. And if the question be asked, What must that faith comprehend? The answer is in Matthew xvi. The Saviour asked, "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter, in the name and as the mouth of the rest, gives answer, "Thou art Christ, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD." Christ was so highly satisfied with this answer, that first, he pronounced him blessed; and, secondly, declares that this confession is the Rock on which the Church is built. We shall never deny the Eternity of our glorious Redeemer's standing as the Son of God, nor will we persecute those whose faith is weak, or whose eyes are cloudy.

LITTLE WILD STREET.—On New Year's-day, the church, under the pastoral care of Mr. Christopher Woollocott, held their annual tea-meeting; after which they proceeded to the choice of some new deacons, when Mr. C. W. Williamson, Sen., of 1, Picket-place, in the Strand, and another excellent brother, were chosen. Subsequently, the jubilee meeting was publicly holden in the chapel, Mr. Woollocott having been in the ministry fifty years, he, that evening, resigned and retired from his stated labours. A large congregation assembled; many ministers delivered addresses; and a handsome purse of nearly one hundred sovereigns was given to the retiring pastor. The scene was deeply affecting. Mr. Woollocott's position was evinced indeed. As a faithful and useful Strict Baptist minister—as a warm-hearted and devoted Christian—as a labouring servant in many benevolent societies—as the husband of one beloved wife, and the father of one honoured family, he has been preserved beyond thousands; and in the deepest gratitude of his heart, he desires to magnify the grace so abundantly bestowed upon him. We all pray that while his yet noble and well-sustained barque is at anchor laid, waiting for his holy Master's call to come home, that rich and happy foretastes of the bliss of the glorified may be enjoyed by him and his happy partner. What a scene! To view this pleasantly united, fruitful, but now ancient couple of saints, sitting down together in the late evening of life, both alike expecting soon to receive the message, "Higher come! And in the best assembly join, where the service never ends—frailty is never found; but where joys are pure, and JESU'S praise is sung in songs divine." Christopher and his spouse have been "lovely and pleasant in their lives;" "and in their death" may they not be divided. The church at Little Wild-street needs a strong and sterling pastor. Should the Lord move the heart of any worthy man that way, communications might be addressed to Mr. Williamson, 1, Picket-place, Strand.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, GLEMSFORD.

RECOGNITION OF MR. KEMP.

The first Lord's-day, January 3rd, 1864, was an eventful day with the church assembling in Providence chapel; that day being set apart for the public recognition of brother Samuel Kemp, late of Brockley, as their pastor. He was engaged for twelve months with a view to the pastorate: in the mean time, should the church be satisfied with his ministry, and pastoral qualifications, to invite him to become their pastor. After six months' labour amongst them, it was evident he was the sent of the Lord; his ministry generally being very acceptable and much blessed. The church was called together, and was unanimous in their invitation, and which our brother Kemp, with much trembling and affection, accepted.

The morning service was devoted entirely to prayer, and it was truly a spiritual and devotional meeting. The Holy Spirit's influence was realised, and appeared to pervade the whole assembly.

In the afternoon, the meeting partook more of an official character, brother Whorlow presiding. Brother Ford, deacon, gave a very clear and plain statement of the leadings of Providence in directing brother Kemp to Glemsford, and of the long acquaintance that had existed between them: and that neither had ever had occasion to regret that they ever knew each other; but the longer their acquaintance, the stronger their love: "Happy Jonathan and David. Oh! that we could all say so." Brother Merrington, deacon, gave also a brief history of the church, shewing that, although the church was young in years, they had passed through many rough and dreary spots on their march through the wilderness; but they had the presence of the Angel of the covenant with them, which was the cause of their union and perseverance, and could say, "Hitherto the Lord had helped them."

Brother Kemp, then, as they unanimously chosen pastor, gave a brief but very appropriate and affectionate address, stating that he came not among them as a partizan, but as a minister of Jesus Christ, to preach Him and Him crucified, and that the minister and church, meeting at the old meeting-house, being of the same faith and order, i.e. prayed and trusted there would ever be a happy feeling existing between the two causes (yet but one).

In the evening, brother Whorlow preached a sermon from Luke xix. 13, "Occupy till I come;" from which he addressed the pastor, deacons, members, and congregation, shewing their relative obligations to each other, and especially to their Lord, whom they professed to love, trust in, and to serve; and thus closed a day, the particulars of the proceedings being now recorded in the church-book of the church of Christ meeting in Providence Chapel, Glemsford, and recognised and sanctioned, we trust, by the Head of the Church in heaven, and long to be remembered by all present.

BETHNAL GREEN.—Jan. 10th and 11th, special services were held in Squirries-street chapel. Mr. R. Bowles, of Hertford, preached three scriptural sermons; and at the closing public meeting, Mr. Henry Stanley proposed an effort for going into the highways and hedges to search out, instrumentally, some of the Lord's hidden and afflicted ones. In no part of England can there be found a more densely populated, nor dreadfully oppressed and sunken, people than is to be found by hundreds of thousands around the streets, and lanes, and alleys, and courts, and roads of Bethnal Green. From Squirries-street Baptist chapel, Mr. Stanley proposed a little band of Christian pioneers should be sent to endeavour to rescue some, and bring them under

the sound of the Gospel: but the means and the men are wanting. If in the east of London any zealous hearts are moved to aid in a work so much like the Saviour's, they might communicate with Mr. Stanley, addressing him at Vice Controller's Office, General Post Office, London, E.C. Mr. John Inwards followed Mr. Stanley with a warm-hearted speech, in which he expressed the utmost confidence that the Lord would gather in His own in His own time. Messrs. R. Bowles, H. Strickett, W. Palmer, of Plaistow, C. W. Banks, A. Howard, and James Wise aided the object of the meeting; but no resolution was carried. We will dare to express an opinion, that if the churches at Hope chapel Green-street, under Mr. Merrett's ministry; at Shalom, in the Hackney-road, under Mr. Myerson's ministry; at Hephzibah, under Mr. Gorderier's ministry, and at Squirries street, under Mr. A. Howard's ministry, if these good ministers and people were to unite to work out an evangelising effort to benefit the teeming thousands around them, we believe greater prosperity would attend them all. Mr. Merrett is a powerful pleader for Gospel truth; Mr. Myerson is a lively, ready, and eloquent speaker; Mr. Gorderier and Mr. Howard are grave and intelligent divines. Were these, and other good men, to band together to carry out more fully the Gospel commission, we believe they might be a great blessing to Bethnal Green.

CAMDEN TOWN—AVENUE CHAPEL, Great College street. On Tuesday, January 12th, public services were held in this place to commemorate the second anniversary of the opening of the chapel. Mr. Thomas Higham, the pastor of this church, is a young man who formerly stood in fellowship with Mr. John Foreman's church. He is not at present a popular London preacher, neither do we expect he will ever become extensively so; not that we have the slightest doubt of his ability for the work, to which he is evidently called; but being a solemn, deliberate, and thoughtful speaker, a man who evidently looks at the pulpit and its work with that sacred feeling, that to make light of it would be to him a matter of deepest anxiety, it is not probably that he will become so prominent a preacher as some who are more fluent, and whose cheerful manner and peculiar style of expression, have brought them prominently and frequently before our churches at these annual gatherings. From what we have heard fall from Mr. Higham's lips, we gather he is one who knows and feels in his own soul the continual warring of the two natures—the man of sin, and the man of grace. Under Mr. Higham's ministry, this cause at Camden Town has increased, and the present chapel raised; it is a neat, plain, quietly-situated place of worship; and in such a large locality we are pleased to find a cause is being established, where the ordinances of the New Testament and the truths of the Gospel will be faithfully proclaimed.

On the day in question, Mr. John Foreman spoke to the people in the afternoon from the words, "My speech shall distil as the dew," &c. Tea was provided. In the evening a public meeting was held.

Mr. Higham, the pastor, in opening the same spoke of the goodness of the Lord to them. It was twelve months since they last met to recognize the continued mercies of God toward them as a church, and to say to one another, "having obtained help of God we continue to this day." Our spiritual life had been maintained in the faith of the gospel. What debtors we are to the mercy of God! In the family circle, Mr. Higham spoke of heavy affliction—of death and of life; but through all the Sun of righteousness sometimes shone with power, and a secret something appeared to sweeten all those heavy trials. In speaking of the cause under his charge, Mr. Higham mentioned his own insufficiency, and said

"If I had not been thrust out into the work, I should never have become a minister." Peace was in their midst; there had been no cause for separation from any of their number; the word had been received with power, and he had felt the sweetness of the word in his own soul at times. Financially, the year had been the best one, and they had paid £86 off their debt, which reduced it to £475. The house was built in faith, and he believed that they should be enabled to pray for its erection; and he must say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Mr. Pells's subject was, "Great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh." We had hoped to have given sketches of the speeches at this meeting, but cannot now find room. Messrs. Foreman, Milner, Green, and Webb, also spoke. The chapel was filled with an attentive company; the meeting was cheerful; the speeches were good, and the friends appeared well satisfied with the result.

SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK.—Interesting services were held here on Tuesday, January 19th. In the afternoon, Mr. Leggett, of Cranford, opened the meeting with reading and offering appropriate prayers; after which, Mr. Pells, of Soho Chapel, London, delivered an excellent discourse on the past, present, future, and final gathering of the children of God. A goodly number of friends stayed to tea, and ere the friends had finished, Mr. Pells arose and said he was requested to make a short speech, which he did, and a lively and interesting one it was, and in winding up he addressed his brother-in-law, Mr. Cullingford, saying, "My dear brother, a very pleasing duty devolves upon me, namely, in the behalf of your pastor, your brother deacon, members, and other friends, I present to you these two very handsomely bound volumes of hymns, one by Dr. Rippon, and the other by Dr. Watts, as a token of Christian love, and as a proof that the friends not only esteem you as a deacon of the church, and as superintendent of the Sabbath School, but also for the efficient and satisfactory manner in which you lead the singing of God's praises within these walls; and if it be his blessed will, I pray you may continue to do so until you are 99; then die and go to heaven, and there sing the praises of the Eternal for ever and ever." Mr. Cullingford in a short, but truly appropriate address, expressed his surprise, and also gratitude for such a manifest token of the respect in which he was held. Mr. Baldwin, pastor, made also a short, but capital speech; and that which added to the pleasure of the circumstance was that Mr. David Barnes, a deacon, and the principal supporter of the cause most heartily concurred therein, and contributed towards the same. After tea, Mr. Baker, of Tunstall, commenced the service by reading and prayer; then Mr. Pells again ascended the pulpit, and in a clear and satisfactory manner, as well as to the comfort of the children of God, set forth how all things do come and last and end, as doth best please our heavenly Friend, and that for the good of his children, and for the glory of his own great name. I might have said that a few of the friends much enjoyed the prayer meeting held at Mr. Cullingford's house the previous evening; Brethren Baldwin, Pells, dear old Abraham Baker, father to the Bishop of Tunstall, and Cullingford, boldly approached the throne of Grace, obtained mercy and found grace to help in the time of need. Through the mercy of our God, prosperity and peace attends our little cause.

RICHMOND, SURREY.—Through the influence of the clergy, the Baptist cause at Richmond, has both improved its former position, and secured a much larger and more commodious place of meeting. Till recently the friends met in a school room close to the parish Church, so

close in fact that the singing of one congregation could be heard by the other. This appears to have been felt as an annoyance by the authorities of the Church; and through some peculiar influence brought to bear on the landlord of the room which our friends occupied, they received notice to quit. The result has been the securing another place of meeting. A hall, standing in a good open thoroughfare, facing George street, has been opened. Its position is all that can be desired; the place is lofty, well-lighted, and has been comfortably fitted up. Thus far, we think, the Richmond people have no cause to be dissatisfied with the result of this little opposition to truth—although, perhaps, the issue is not quite in accordance with our clerical friends' wish. On Thursday, January 7th, special services were held in the new place of meeting. In the afternoon, Mr. John Foreman, of London, preached an excellent Gospel sermon; after which about 120 took tea; and in the evening, a public meeting was held, over which Mr. Samuel Cozens presided; and suitable addresses were given by Messrs. Anderson, Pells, and Flaok. And on the following Sunday, Mr. Cozens preached two sermons, on the evening of which day the hall was comfortably filled. The friends have also commenced a Sabbath School, with goodly signs of success. We ask for the Richmond cause the sympathy and support of all lovers of truth. We are pleased to be able to announce that Mr. Samuel Cozens has accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit for three months, commencing with February. Any friends who will co-operate in the establishment of their cause, will be welcomed by the friends, and Mr. E. Jeffs will be pleased to hear from such.

OLD FORD.—Monday, Jan. 4th, the first anniversary of the Sunday-school established in Bethel chapel, Old Ford, Victoria Park, was held. A number of the friends took tea. At public meeting, C. W. Banks presided; Mr. Beestliffe, the secretary, read the report, which Mr. Cozens eulogised as most excellent in composition, in detail, and in fact. It is really encouraging to know that, under the superintendence of that most energetic and devoted Christian man, Mr. Crews, assisted by Messrs. Beestliffe, Gowing, Jeffries, and a good staff of teachers, the new school has prospered beyond all their expectations. Mr. Samuel Cozens gave an address quite worthy of himself. Mr. Temple gave the teachers golden sentences and rules by which to prosecute their work. Mr. Brittain, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. A. Howard encouraged the enterprise. We hope this new field of labour which the Lord has granted unto us will be the means of bringing many into His own fold. We have precious tokens for good at times. We think we want a better, a larger, a more comfortable place for worship and teaching; but with the Lord it must be left. We wish to do all the good our God will enable us.

LITTLE STONHAM.—Mr. EBITON.—The account in January VESSEL of a meeting recently held here does not contain all the truth. Your correspondent should have stated that in my opening address, I distinctly stated that some four years ago, when the chapel was almost deserted, God, in His providence, directed the steps of Mr. C. Merrett to this place, and that through his labours, God began to gather together and build up His cause here; and when he left, in obedience to the Master's call, I came and entered into His labours, and having obtained help of God, I continue to this day. God continues to bless His Word, and in the villages around. On the first Lord's-day in December we were baptized, and hope to baptize again shortly. Our Sabbath-school movement is successful; we have already sixty scholars. For the Truth's sake, and in justice to my predecessor insert this, C. Broom, Pastor.

FRESSINGFIELD, SUFFOLK.—The annual Tea Meeting of the Baptist Chapel Sabbath School Teachers took place on New Year's day, previously to which occasion the friends had presented a crimson silk velvet cushion, with fringe and tassels to match for the pulpit desk, with carpeting for the stairs, and furniture for the reading desk, as a mark of their esteem towards the present minister, Mr. Isaac Pegg. The chapel was prettily decorated with wreaths of flowers and evergreens suspended from the gallery, pulpit, and desk, with appropriate mottoes. About 250 took tea. In the evening, Mr. Taylor (of Pulham), preached from Mark x, 28. After which Mr. Pegg stated that the school had increased during the last six months from 45 to 96. A similar blessing has also crowned the ministerial labours as 16 during that time have been added to the Church. The average congregations on Lord's-days have increased from 500 to 600 or 650.

OXFORD STREET.—SORO CHAPEL.—On Lord's day evening, 27th of December, Mr. Pells preached to a crowded and attentive congregation, from Ecclesiastes v. 4, 5; after which he immersed five males and one female; who with two other brethren and a sister were received in the full communion and fellowship of the church, on Sunday afternoon, January 3rd.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

BOROUGH GREEN—On Sunday, Jan. 3rd, Mr. Frith baptized two believers in the name of the Holy Trinity.

Our Australian Mail.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, AND THE FIRST STRICT BAPTIST MINISTER IN QUEENSLAND.

BEFORE us lies the letter and the likeness of Mr. John Kingsford, who has gone out, with his family, to that far—very far off Colony, to be engaged in extensive commercial matters, and in preaching Christ's Gospel. He is a missionary indeed, dependent on no society, sent out by no company, but constrained as by heaven's mighty force. When we consider John Kingsford was for many years the beloved and universally respected co-worker with the pastor and teachers, and village preachers, connected with King-street Chapel, Canterbury: when we assert that in a business point of view, he was doing well in that favourite city of ours, Canterbury, when we affirm that no human power, compelled him to leave all so dear to him in England—even his truth-loving flock at Eger-ton, and all his happy social and relative ties, surely we are justified in asserting that the LORD had need of him in Queensland, and there he is honoured of God, and will instrumentally plant the Gospel there. When we hear and read the dreadful outcry of the Baptist Missionary Society, who require eight or ten thousand pounds to set them right, we feel sad for them; we know too well, too painfully, what these embarrassments are, not to feel deeply for them, and their churches are bound to deliver them, which, no doubt, they will; but let us be heard in two things. First, Does it not become them to see well to it, that their missionaries have the love and knowledge of Christ in them, and that it is pure love to souls constrains them to go out? Their

representative in Queensland requires a Priscilla and an Aquila to do for him that which was done for Apollos, unless he be too lofty to be instructed. Then, secondly, we would ask the Baptist Missionary Society if they could not find men like Mr. Kingsford, who will not burden them, but who, having some kind of mechanical or commercial intelligence, and being possessed of, and influenced by, an earnest spirit of industry, might be useful in commencing the good work, and helping it on instead of hindering it. If a man has not brain and body enough to work with his hands for some support, and with his mind, heart, and soul, for the spiritual good of the people whither he goes, we almost venture to affirm he should not go forth as a missionary, relying upon the over-burdened home churches for his living. Of Mr. Kingsford and his church we hope to say much soon, and for the Baptist Missionary debt, we have other hints.

IN MEMORIAM.

MISS MARY ANN WELLS.

Our sister is gone!

Where—where is she gone?
She has gone to the banquet of Jesus above,
To feast on the glories prepared by His love.
She is gone to behold her Saviour's sweet face,
And join the glad song of redemption by grace.
Her spirit has fled to that haven of peace,
Where sorrow, and trouble, and doubtings all cease.

She is seated beside her dear Lord, on His Throne,
Whose merits, while here, she trusted alone.
And angels will guard o'er her slumbering dust,
Till that solemn day, when she'll rise with the just,
To hear the glad welcome her Father will give,—
"Come near me, ye blessed, with me you shall live,
And sing the loud anthem with rapture and joy
For ever, and ever, without an alloy."

Render, do we also hope to gain that sweet rest?
And stand with Mary in the ranks of the blest?
Have we the same love our sister possessed?
And that godly fear that dwelt in her breast?
If we've the same hope to support us while here,
Although like our sister, we have doubtings and

fear;
Yet, leaning on Jesus, we surely shall rise
Triumphant and happy, to dwell in the skies,
And, like her, be welcomed to join the glad throng,
To sing the loud chorus of Calvary's Song.

Borough Road.

JAMES COX.

Death.

Died suddenly, in Florence road, Deptford, Ann, wife of Mr. George Wood, an honourable and useful deacon of Zion chapel, New Cross. This solemn event occurred on New Year's day, 1864.

Died, Jan. 11th, 1864, Mrs. Martha Stenson, the relict of the late Mr. John Stenson, minister of Carmel Chapel, Pimlico aged 73. She died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Butterfield, of Rotherhithe.

Died, Jan. 6th, 1864, Harriet, the beloved wife of Mr. David Bidmead, after an union of about twelve months. Her death is deeply felt by a very numerous circle.

“Songs in the Night.”

A FEW WORDS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE ELIZA RUTTER, THE BELOVED WIFE OF
MR. SAMUEL RUTTER, OF WHITE STREET, BOROUGH.

Mrs. RUTTER was one of that happy band of spiritual and excellent saints of God who some years since crowded the seats of Crosby Row Chapel; and where the Lord did, in a special manner, bless the souls of very many. For ten years successively, the Gospel was effective in gathering in, and in building up, a goodly number: most of them are gone home to glory. Who that knew those godly men, James Blake, and Gawkrudgers, the best of deacons? who that ever walked in fellowship with Mrs. Blake, Mrs. W. Fenner, Mrs. Lock, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Symonds, and a multitude of brethren and sisters in Christ that might be named, but will be fully persuaded, with us, that now in those sweet worlds they live—where the Saviour whom they loved below, is beheld without a veil or cloud; and now in sweeter, nobler songs, they sing His power to save. When we think of the glory our God did there reveal; and then of the cloud which led us therefrom, with all the trying circumstances which followed; when we behold the scattering hither and thither of families and friends once pleasantly settled in Gospel bonds, we hang our harp upon the willows, and we sit down in sorrow—sorrows more heavy than sometimes our spirit can bear. But to hear of the glorious departure of another of them, like the following, is some relief to an overburdened heart.

When members were received into the Church at Crosby Row, a card with the date of their admission was always given them; and on the card was written some text of scripture which was frequently obtained in answer to prayer. Mrs. Rutter's card has been lent us by her bereaved husband. When we read the text on her card, and the memoir herewith furnished, we could but exclaim, “How beautifully and exactly true is the Word of God!” We here transcribe an exact copy of the card that our readers may compare the scripture given with her experience; and, with us, learn to love more devoutly the precious book of God. The card reads as follows:

“Baptist Chapel, Crosby Row, King st., Southwark. Sister Eliza Rutter admitted to full communion, April 6, 1851. ‘*Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall.* For THE MAN will not be

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in rest, until He have finished the thing.’ Ruth iii. 18. C. W. BANKS, Pastor.”

On the back of the card is written (as a comment on the Scripture given)—“This is the language of the Church to every coming child. It shews the commencement and the consummation of the work, is CHRIST'S; and that the safest posture for the seeking soul is waiting patiently and prayerfully at Christ's feet.”

All who knew Mrs. Rutter will say, this was the posture in which the Lord kept her.

Mr. Samuel Rutter, writing of his beloved wife, says:

After a long and painful affliction, she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, January 29th, 1864. Her end indeed was peace. Jesus was precious; God's faithfulness in His promise was fully realized. To her He had said, “I will make all thy bed in thy sickness.” She had for upwards of ten years shown symptoms of approaching consumption. A medical gentleman, nine years ago, told her she could not last two years. But God had ordained it otherwise. He kept her in the wilderness till He had prepared her fully to enter into that rest prepared for His saints. Her heart was fully satisfied with what her God was doing, and she would often say—

“All our times are in His hands;
All events at His commands;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees it.”

“I shall have my sufferings, as well as my joys; and my afflictions, which are but for a season, will work for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I hope I may not be left to be so vile as to mistrust Him after all He has shown me. I am looking forward (she would say) to a better world; and I feel the earthly house of this my tabernacle is being taken down as it were piece by piece. But I hope I may not murmur how long soever it may be.”

Thus, year after year, through many trials, sorrows, and pains, she calmly wended her way, with the eye of faith fixed on that city—her eternal home—which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. In April, 1862, a violent cough set in, and never left her free; her sufferings

were very acute. She was last out of doors Feb. 10, 1863: since then, almost entirely confined to her bed; gradually reduced to a mere living skeleton. But O, mercy of mercies, she was favoured to hold sweet communion with her God and Saviour Jesus Christ. When those about her were speaking of her dreary hours, she would say, "I am never alone. O no! Jesus is a present help in time of trouble; and this is indeed a time of sore trouble. But when the Lord comes to me and speaks, I can bear it all, I can say—

"He's mine; and with pleasure I see
We both are united in one;
And such is my Jesus to me,
I never can from Him be torn."

"It pleased the Lord when I was young, (she would say in referring to her first concern for her immortal soul) to give me a very tender conscience; and he gently led me to see my lost condition. I was living with my (now) dear aunt Hawkins, at Kew, in Surrey; who tenderly and with much concern, helped me on in my way Zionward; and what the Lord then shewed me, he has never drawn the veil over." When called, in the order of providence, to accept a situation in the same village, one Sabbath morning, being low in spirit, her heart fainting under a sense of her lost condition, and being anxious to attend God's house, she asked to be allowed to go with Mrs. Hawkins to the Meeting House at Old Brentford; but, to her sore pain, she was refused, and was desired by her mistress to attend the Church on the green, which was respectfully declined. Referring to this morning, she said, "I then took my Bible; went to my chamber; fell on my knees; and, with God's word before me, pleaded in broken, but I now believe acceptable accents, that God would by some means, give me a word of encouragement and comfort. I then opened my Bible, and the first words which caught my eye were, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee, with the right hand of my righteousness.' (Isa. xli. 10). *I believed then those words were given me for my living and my dying days.*"

This was her testimony of her first hope, the sweetness of which never left her while on earth. After this, she became anxious to unite with the people of God meeting at Brentford, and was the first candidate for Believers' baptism immersed in the pool at the chapel, New North Road, Old Brentford, where Mr. Parsons now ministers. She enjoyed the Lord's presence much at this ordinance; and often spoke of the sweet intercourse her soul then had with Jesus, who set her the pattern in Jordan's

stream; and who was baptized in the wrath of God, to atone for her sins.

During the last nine months of her severe affliction, she was never heard by any friend present to murmur or complain; however great her pain, and pungent her grief at the thought of leaving her children and husband, she was enabled to commit them in prayerful confidence to the care of Him whose faithfulness she was helped so firmly to rely on. But when her pains were the heaviest, she would, with sweet composure of soul, and earnest expression, refer those who were speaking about her suffering, to the agonies of Him who suffered, bled, and died, to save her soul, and say,

"You know He did not murmur at suffering the pains and sorrow due to me, and not to Him; and my sufferings are light compared to His. I must not repine; I will not, if God will listen to my humble prayer for patience and resignation to all His will, I would wait with patience all my appointed time. I long to be gone: I pray to be gone. But He will do all His pleasure concerning me, and will take me to my heavenly home when it shall seem best to Him."

She would often say to her husband, when fretting under the galling yoke, "God will work, my dear husband, and none shall let or hinder. I do pray that God will abundantly sanctify my painful affliction to your immortal soul, and that the patience God has blessed me with, accompanied with living faith, may be thine in the hour when heart and flesh shall fail you, and that God will make my dying days a living memento in my dear children's hearts that that God I have so often pointed them to, has proved Himself faithful to me, that they may in early life seek to know Him by the same sovereign grace that has upheld me through life, and comforts me in my affliction, and will support me in my dying hour."

She would often ask them to sing those sweet words,—

"Our Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how dear!
At time to faith's far seeing-eye,
Thy golden gates appear.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam,
But nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home."

"How sweet," she would say, when her sobbing children had ceased to sing, "to have a house to go to not made with hands; an eternal home; no more pain, sorrow, or mourning, known by the inhabitants thereof. Oh! how sweet,

"Haste, my Beloved, and remove,
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise."

"Grieve not for me, my dear, fly to His bosom; cast all thy cares upon Him, for He careth for you: He is a very present help in every time of need; and you will much need His help, I know. But look up, look to Him. His support is sweet; He cannot err. He will not give me one more pain, nor sorrow, nor groan, than is my lot. No! nor one less. If He appoints the number ten, I ne'er shall have eleven. It is a heavy affliction, a deep and painful crucible I am in; but underneath me I feel His everlasting arms, around me His preserving mercy, and above me His sweet smiles; and I only wait to hear His precious voice, saying, 'Come up higher.' *I long to be gone. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Haste, my beloved, fetch me home.*"

The day previous to her departure, when suffering very acute agony, she said to me, "My dear, I want you to beg of the Lord to remember the word on which he first caused me to hope; you know what that was (referring to Isaiah xli. 10). My breath is too short to speak out my thoughts and my soul's enjoyments. But *I know* I shall not be disappointed. I shall soon enter upon that glorious Sabbath, though not there now: yet there is no condemnation to them that are in Jesus. My failings and sufferings cannot alter my dear Redeemer's purposes of love. He has many, many times assured my soul of its part in

His love and mercy. And now I need the comfort of His promise more than then. Shall I doubt Him more? Oh, no!

'Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.'

"You will find many Scriptures turned down in my Bible which have been very precious to my soul. And now, my dear husband, my prayer is that the same sweetness may be realized by you and my beloved children when I am gone. My days, like my breath, are growing shorter. My comforts are low at times, but my faith relaxes not. It holds firmly on the finished work of my dear Redeemer. All is right! all is well! Do not think He will leave you in trouble to sink: no! He will not." Her aunt, who was anxiously watching her during her last night on earth, saw her trying in vain to sleep, and said, "I was in hope you were taking a little sleep." She smiled and said, "*I cannot sleep here again; but I shall soon sleep in Jesus.*" And, at four the same morning, her happy soul, in sweet peace, took its flight to be for ever, ever with the Lord.

SAMUEL RUTTER.

[This is a blessed testimony indeed. We hope all God's dear children will read it themselves, and read it to others. It is a solid and powerful display of the reality and genuineness of the true grace of God. May our last end be like hers. Amen.—Ed.]

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

MR. JOHN BLOOMFIELD'S SERMON,

IN MEMORY OF MRS. BEANE, UPWARDS OF THIRTY YEARS A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH MEETING IN SALEM CHAPEL, NEARD'S COURT, SOHO.

It may be asked, who was the subject of these remarks? We cannot better describe her, than by saying she was a quiet, unassuming Christian, who feared God, and loved His people. She was not a woman of affluence, but she was not without her influence. At the tea meeting, one might almost be as much surprised to find the usual refreshments wanting, as the active presence of Mrs. Beane. In the Sunday School, she was as the mother, in midst of her large family. To the candidates for baptism, her smile and kind word of encouragement were ever ready; in the vestry to assist in the little necessities on baptising occasions, she was always foremost. In short, in every good work, she was more or less actively engaged; but she is gone, leaving her impress behind, showing while she was not a great talker, she was a con-

tinuous, humble, and consistent follower of Jesus, and as such she loved to be among His people while below.

Her funeral sermon being preached on Sunday evening, Jan. 24th 1864, by her beloved pastor, Mr. Bloomfield, a large number assembled on that occasion, dressed in sombre attire, as a token of respect to one who had walked so long, and walked so well amid the same people.

The text was "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Corinthians v. 1. Mr. Bloomfield contrasted with great feeling the trials of the present, with the glories of the future. To have a knowledge of an interest in Christ; he did not know what could sustain more the weak or trembling,

nor what could more light up the dark, deep valley of the shadow of death, or tend more to make the grave a desired resting-place, rather than the cold sepulchre. This house must be dissolved, then to know we have a building not made with hands strengthened the departed. For many long years, she had tokens that her body was but a crazy building, trembling with every wind, showing that it was but a temporary dwelling, in which the spirit was caged, until the time arrived when it should take its flight to a dwelling more in harmony with its lofty destiny.

The preacher then asked for the attention of his hearers while he spoke,

First, *on the description given by Paul of our earthly mode of existence.* Secondly, *the superiority of the future dwelling of the people of God,* and lastly, *the inspiring assurance* "we know we have a building, not made with hands."

First, *the description given by Paul.* Man has a body, and he has a soul; the body is adapted to this temporary existence, while the soul must live out the crush of worlds, and the wreck of matter. This soul is acted upon, not the body, by Divine life and Divine principles. Mind is influenced, not matter, matter drags down the mind. The body then, is but a crazy house, which the soul inhabits. The penitent thief cried, "Lord, remember me." Jesus answered, "This day thou shalt be with me." With me, not the body but the soul. The body was left on the cross, the soul was freed. So there is no middle state, no purgatory; but the soul at once enters into the presence of the Lord. In the morning we have the dying penitent thief on the cross; in the evening he was standing at the right hand of God, possessing glory and life immortal. In the morning he sighed and groaned on the cross; in the evening he sang sweet like the harps of heaven, and loud like the thunders thereof. In the morning he prayed with a trembling, fluttering spirit, "Lord, remember me." In the evening he praised with a joyful heart, because he was a subject of free grace and salvation, and interested in that covenant, which in life he had despised, and hated in the enmity of his heart.

This body then is a house built with hands, which is indicative of intelligence, and it is fearfully and wonderfully made; a beautiful piece of Divine workmanship. It is the soul's dwelling-place; the soul acts through the body.

Then the body is a house because the soul dwells in it, and acts through the body. It is called an earthly house to show that all its parts came from dust; it is not made of marble, nor silver, though it be thought that some bodies are composed

of the best china, and others of common earthenware, yet all are made alike, and all must return to the dust again. It is a house, and is adapted to an earthly life, and is supported by earthly means.

It is also represented as a tabernacle, indicative of life being a pilgrimage, and also because of the ease by which it is taken down. I little thought when I shook hands with our dear sister in this chapel so recently, that it would be the last time; she had often spoken of her failing health, but how easily was her tabernacle at last taken down. She went home, was taken unwell, and in a day or two her spirit took its flight to the regions of light. Some are taken down, we hardly know how, some suffer great agony; death is represented as falling asleep in Jesus. But let us ever bear in mind, before we can fall asleep in Jesus we must be one with him. By being called a tabernacle also, indicates brevity of existence.

II. The superiority of the saints' future dwelling-place, they shall dwell in their Father's house, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." With Jesus, ah, we could not be happy in heaven without Him. We are with Him now by anticipation; He is crowned, and so must His people be; the husband is exalted, and the spouse must also be exalted, to live where he lives, to behold his glory, and share his triumphs for ever and ever.

In saying a few words in relation to our dear departed friend; it appears from early life she was blessed when hearing a sermon preached from the third chapter of Romans. From this text, by the power of the Spirit, she was shown her helpless state as a sinner, and that there was no help for her only in Christ. She enjoyed the advantage of a mother's company, from whose godly companionship she profited much, which tended much to strengthen and encourage her in early life. From her first entry into spiritual life, down to her later moments, she was always grieved to hear, and always wondered how any good people could speak against the doctrine of election, To speak against the great distinguishing truths troubled her much, because they had been such comfort to her. She saw very plainly that if the doctrines of election, predestination, and eternal justification were taken away "What could the righteous do?" But for election, no salvation, no predestination, no life, no mercy, no justification, no fellowship with God, and no heaven at last. I rejoiced when her beloved husband informed me, that in early life and down to her latest days these great truths were to her a great source of comfort. Many years ago she heard my venerated predecessor, and whose name, while she lived, was em-

balm'd on her heart, as were the truths he preached, and which are also embalmed on the hearts of tens of thousands in this country. Would to God, many who have professed to believe in the great truths which he taught, and who professed to drink into his spirit, would prove their sincerity by abiding in the same things, rather than to turn their backs on them and go to places where the truths he taught are ignored. I pray God to keep us faithful to his gospel. I may have taken a more charitable view of some things than many men, which may be owing to my natural temperament, but I can never forget the great distinguishing truths which I have learnt, nor be bought by the kindness of men, to depart from the truth; I tremble not at men's frowns, in preaching the gospel I seek no man's friendship, nor fear their enmity, if they want me to give up the truth.

To the honour of our deceased sister then be it said, that she was received into this church upwards of thirty years ago, and during that long period, she adhered quietly, calmly, and with a warmth that never died out, to the great truths she loved. She was a quiet Christian, never talked much, but her presence in our school, in the bible-class, and on baptizing occasions, will be much missed. For thirty years she belonged to this Christian church, she loved the people, she loved the institutions of God's house, she loved my predecessor, and without flattery I may say she loved the present pastor, from whose lips the Word has often been greatly blessed to her. She would often say to me after a sermon, "The Lord has been with you," when I have thought all was cold and poor. She lived a life of faith and she died in peace. Her life will speak now she is gone; can you go into the schoolroom, and not think of her? can you think of any of our institutions and not think of her, as a steady, quiet, warm-hearted Christian?

By way of conclusion we may say, having no detailed account of her last days, that her end was peace; that as she lived, so she died, trusting in Jesus and His everlasting righteousness for eternal salvation.

LINES

IN MEMORY OF

MR. JOSEPH HARBOTTLE.
BY WILLIAM STOKES, OF MANCHESTER.

LINES on the death of that learned and excellent man, Mr. JOSEPH HARBOTTLE late of Accrington, who was called to his rest, on January 19th, 1864, aged 65 years. His last sermon was preached in Barnes Street Chapel, Accrington, on Lord's Day evening, January 10th, 1864, from those

important words, "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Heb. x. 14. Those who were privileged to hear that earnest, impressive discourse, will never forget it to their dying day. The doctrine of that passage was the law and guide of his ministerial life. Whatever changes occurred around, he stood to that doctrine as firmly as a Paul, a Luther or a Dr. Gill.

Why that loud wail?—Why that moan,
Where weeping crowds their sorrows own?
What woe profound has stirred the grief,
That finds in tears a sole relief?

Not the wild roar upon the blast,
Or skies with thunder-clouds o'ercast;
Not the deep cry of lone despair,
Could spread those mighty sorrows there.

All, all in vain the blast, the cloud,
These draw no tears from yonder crowd:
And grief retir'd, to few but known,
Moves but that few to weep and groan.

But when the noble cedar falls,*
The stroke resounds in distant halls;
While Cotters and their babes deplore,
The greatness they shall see no more.

Harbottle thus, in manly growth,
The foe alike of pride and sloth:
Rose high as some more favoured Son,
Like Cedar in great Lebanon.

Deep read in all of sacred lore,
And rich in every heavenly store,
Yet sunk he greatness in the mild
And humble spirit, of a child.

Pride, nor in word or deed he knew,
Nor ever learn'd he to pursue
The vain professor's empty fame,
That nothing carries but a name.

He knew not how to fawn on power,
By doctrines "fashioned to the hour;"
Nor at the shrine of wealth to bend,
Or own the "changeling" as his friend.

True as the needle to the pole,
Straight on as racer to the goal,
Like the great Paul, he onward press'd,
To the "high-calling" of the blest.

To sacred truth his heart he gave,
Nor ever swerv'd like hireling slave;
That Truth to him was life and health,
More prized than honour, pow'r, or wealth.

O noble man! Few like remain,
Few care a silent praise to gain,
Few like thee now, from early youth,
To stand forth boldly for the Truth.

All, all around cry "bow the knee,"
To the new Idol, "Charity,"
Nor heed they greatly Truth Divine,
It but the World upon them shine.

Not so, thou child-like, noble man,
Not so thy glorious race was ran;
Not so didst thou for idle fame,
Tarnish thy pledges or thy name.

There, where the few retir'd to pray,
There closed thy unambitious day;
There thy last words, like heavenly dew,
Dropped sweetly on that favour'd few. †

Adieu! Adieu!—We part with pain,
Yet we but part to meet again;
A few more stormy seasons o'er,
And then we meet to part no more.

Yet while we view thy heavenly flight,
And trace thy way to worlds of light,
Say, Prophet, say,—where dwells the seer,
Worthy to wear thy mantle here?

* Zechariah, xi. 2

† Barnes Street Chapel, Accrington.

THE EDITOR'S THOUGHTS ON MEN AND THINGS ON THE EARTH.

NO. III.

We are still thinking ; and it is a privilege, yea, it is a mercy great indeed, when, as one said, " In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul." If any one was to ask us on what ground we could dare to hope we should enter heaven at last, we should not refer to our past experience, nor to our present faith, we should affirm that our hope stands on the promise in Malachi iii. 17, " They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." And who are they ? " Them that feared the Lord, and that THOUGHT UPON HIS NAME." Our happiest hours are spent in thinking upon, and in telling out the WONDERS OF HIS BLESSED name. Can a soul so think of Him, until holiness, happiness, and even heaven itself, seems to be possessed ? and, yet, can such a soul be lost ? We hope not indeed.

Thinkers on the name of Jesus,
Still this glorious theme pursue ;
He will come at length and bless us,
THEN HIS GLORY we shall view.

We have not returned to Mr. Spurgeon's " Forward ! Forward ! " nor to Mr. Lincoln's beautiful words on Baptism ; for many things have almost overflowed us ; but, passing many of them, we briefly refer to the great meeting announced to be holden in the Surrey Tabernacle on Good Friday, when Mr. James Wells will preach a sermon in the afternoon ; and after tea, a public meeting to be addressed by several ministering brethren. This will, with God's blessing, be a noble and profitable gathering, and multitudes expect a feast of fat things, in which they will not be disappointed, we believe ; for the more we are led to the consideration of the object before them, the erection of a large and permanently freehold house for God and truth, the more we are persuaded that the time is come when the living in Jerusalem must, in the strength of the Almighty, stand out freely and openly in the distinguishing and undying principles of sovereign and invincible grace.

But, we have some thoughts upon one question laid before us ; it is this :

WHY HAS TRUTH FALLEN IN OUR STREETS ?

A QUESTION FOR THE SERVANTS AND SAINTS OF THE MOST HIGH.

Perhaps it will be said truth has not fallen. Praises to God it has not become extinct. There are, in this happy fatherland of ours, thousands who LIVE in THE TRUTH—and the truth doth live in them. Not a few good men are evidently called of God, anointed and sent by Him, to preach the great and excellent Gospel of His grace, and are useful to some extent ; but we are, with rare exceptions, few and feeble, and far between. Not only so, but to us it is fearfully astounding to find how many (who are reckoned as men of truth) are mere glossographers, mere reciters of the word, and expounders of the letter : they have that " knowledge which puffeth up ; " they are filled with pride ; they can prate, and with their lips they can pray : but they have no bowels of compassion ; they have no travail of soul, no yearnings of heart over the souls of their fellows, no agonizing cries to God for salvation-power, no taking the precious from the vile, no special revelations from heaven in their own experience, no leaping of joy at the sound of the

Master's voice, no rushing mighty wind ever blows through them—no gushings forth of soul are ever known by them : yea, they pour contempt upon all who contend for these special mercies ; and hence, they are themselves dry-broasts, and it is with difficulty they hold on at all.

What shall we do ? has been our cry for many years. There are many good young men in our Churches secretly panting for useful positions in the Church, but they are in some things like Apollos. Are not our leading men responsible to God for the talents committed to them ? Should there not be efforts and means employed to encourage, to strengthen, to stimulate, and to help them ? Should we not unitedly do something beside preaching in our own pulpits for the planting, extending, and defending of the Gospel we so sincerely love ? Is not that second verse of the twelfth of Daniel exceedingly full of heavenly meaning and of evangelical suggestion ? " They that be wise (teachers), they that truthfully and faithfully teach

the people, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

MR. BUTTERFIELD.

Did the apostle St. Paul nourish and commend his Timothies, his Tituses, his Philemons, and his numerous fellow-helpers and labourers in the Lord, as named in that sixteenth of Romans? He did! His loving heart and laborious life was ever toward them. And is he not in that part of his work, as well as in his doctrine and experience, an example to us? We think he is. But in our Churches how fearfully is that example lost sight of. At a meeting recently held in Old Ford, we heard our young brother Butterfield speak; he delivered an address full of Gospel matter, and with a mind and manner which commended his testimony to the consciences of the crowded audience he then addressed. It forcibly reminded us of our text the first time we preached for Mr. James Butterfield at Jamaica Row, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." Good John Stenson, of Carmel, Pimlico, was a father indeed to James Butterfield. The father has gone home. The child has been instrumental in planting a new cause, building a new chapel, and nourishing a growing Church at Rotherhithe; but he has many times been almost crushed under the weight and burden of the debt, and is even now lecturing to obtain the means to remove the liability. When we consider the heavy afflictions with which he has been visited, the burdens he has had to bear, the discouragements he has had to meet, and see him growing up into a sphere of usefulness promising, by God's good Spirit and keeping, to make a decided and devoted minister of no common order, we do rejoice we are encouraged; we would thank God, and venture to exhort all the labouring men and the laymen to help him and his people, with all the aid they can afford. On the 7th of March, (D.V.) he delivers his Lecture on "Bunyan and His Times" in Bethel Chapel, Old Ford, the whole of the profits to help to liquidate the debt on his chapel. We crave the support of all our friends for him on that occasion. Heads of houses might send their families if they cannot attend themselves. We understand the lecture is really good, and of a lively, but beneficial tendency.

THE LATE JAMES NUNN, AND THE PRESENT PASTOR AT "ZION."

May we kindly refer to other young men who are now springing up in our midst? Poor James Nunn was last year called home

to his rest; and whatever deep sorrows overwhelmed his soul, whatever dreadful furrows lay in his path, he was holden fast in the truth to the end; and our most merciful God did so bless his ministry that hundreds will speak to this day, of the blessedness they realized therein; but the Lord has taken him home.

Let us pause here one moment. Dr. Thomas Goodwin, in his comment on that 32nd verse of Psalm lxxxix., and of the boundless mercies of God to poor, broken-hearted children, says, "Millions of God's elect pass home to glory without ever coming into the experience fully and deeply of this part of God's word. They are, after conversion, most mercifully preserved:" that they should, therefore, in this time-state, carry it very haughtily toward the bruised and bleeding prodigals, must not be wondered at. There are many little rivers with water and tide enough to carry small boats, but vessels of any size could not enter on them; they must have the deep seas, the unmeasurable depths and lengths and breadths of the mighty ocean, with all its consequent rising and rolling waves and powerful winds, in order that from one nation to another they may carry both freight and people enough to meet their ends. So, there are many good little men gliding gently down on the smooth surface of the shallow waters, and they have their work to do; and we hope it is as much of God as those who often sing,

"Our journey lies across the brink
Of many a threatening wave;
The World expects to see us sink,
But JESUS lives to save."

Not for ourselves, but for all whom it may concern, we here introduce a few lines sent us by a young Christian friend:—

Think kindly of the erring;
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour;
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly then they fell.

Think kindly of the erring;
Oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet;
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring;
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot,
The sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who have a happier lot,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring.
And thou may'st lead them back;
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

Well, poor James Nunn has gone, as we have said. Who shall succeed him? Will any of the "elder sons" who walk and toss their heads as though they never sinned in all their life, whereas if they be weighed in that Matt. vi. 15, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses," (until He has sorely chastened you for your sins of omission:) they would be found very light; but will any of these upright ones ever tread the threshold, or ascend the pulpit of "Zion?" Will they? For years, of that beautiful sanctuary in Goldington crescent, it might be said by not a few, "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard; as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." Ah, and as "a besieged city" too. She was not left by her Redeemer-Lord; nor was she left by hundreds of his disciples; but from the memorable day when she was opened, down to the sorrowful day when the coffin and the corpse of James Nunn was carried through his beloved "Zion," not one of "the honorable" men would ever tread its floor; but as soon as God removes His sorrowing son, plenty looked with anxious eyes toward the spot. "Who will succeed Mr. Nunn?" was the question. The Lord gave the answer. And when before the eyes of Deacon Marks, and others in authority, there rapidly passed the vision of many a tall Eliab, Abinadab, Shammah, and others, there was no power to call or anoint them; but as the barley loaf tumbled into the ancient host of Midian, so did a young brother, George Webb, tumble in among the Zionites of St. Pancras; and they heard the voice, "Arise, anoint him, for this is he!" And, having obeyed the voice of Providence, on Tuesday, February 2nd, you might have seen passing through the quiet gates on their way to Zion, the grave and gracious George Wyard, the sedate and saintly John Hazelton, comely and happy John Bloomfield, the lofty Anderson, the particular Samuel Milner, with some other good brethren, such as Flack, Chivers, Meeres, Pells, Higham, Green, William Webb, and hundreds of believing people who thronged the house to give the newly chosen pastor a hot and hearty welcome.

When Dr. Hawker died, the clergyman who succeeded him, declared he would not stand in the same pulpit as the Doctor stood in; he would have it pulled down, and a new one erected. A gentleman told us in Plymouth, when looking at the stone which recorded the death of Dr. Hawker's successor, that before the new pulpit could be erected, the clergyman who was to

occupy it, and his wife, were both suddenly removed by cholera. How solemn the dispensation seemed! These are solemn things. They are not to be thought of, nor dealt with lightly, and we will only add, we hope the "holy brethren" who assembled in Zion on the 2nd of February, had no such unhappy feelings as the newly-appointed vicar of Charles, Plymouth, had toward Dr. Hawker's pulpit, when the cholera suddenly laid him in the grave. We have much more to say on the subject another day. We only now make one remark. Recognition days are very well; they are something like the nuptial days when two young friends are joined together in wedlock. After these wedding days, come winter days, dark days, trying days, and nights of sickness, and seasons of heavy sorrow. Neither the Church at Zion, St. Pancras, nor their new pastor are inexperienced: the Church has had many years of trial, intermingled with joy. Brother George Webb has not had the deep ploughshares of law and terrors, as some have had; but he has had many little afflictions and not a few trials and tribulations by the way; he is highly respected and beloved by hundreds in our Churches where he has occasionally or stately laboured. He is one of the few young men of whom we may surely say, The Lord hath called him, formed him, qualified him, honoured him, and helped him. He had no college training, he has no acquired literary talents, he has no stores gathered up from research and reading. He is an original, heaven-made minister; and we expect and hope that the Church at Zion will take care of him. We believe the Lord has given him to them, that they may nurse him, encourage him, and, instrumentally, help him in his growth and onward ministerial labour.

George Webb has an enviable position. He is in character unblemished, in natural powers well-furnished, in Christian experience of mild and moderate tone, in doctrines sound as a bell. And if, with all these great advantages, he can dispense with some of his oft-repeated poetry, and apply himself to the Bible, to the study of everything which may tend to open up the mind of God in the Word; if he can prayerfully, carefully, diligently, earnestly, and habitually give himself up to these two things: 1, laborious meditation; and, 2, a faithful and affectionate unflinching ministrations of God's eternal and most comprehensive truth, and keeping his proper place at all times—he may become, yea, by God's sparing and sanctifying blessing, he will become one of Zion's leading ministers—one of her noblest defenders—one of her successful champions, when the heavy head of John Foreman, the

elastic and ever-flowing brain of James Wells, the stern and decided Milner, Wyard, Attwood, Hanks, and a host beside are silent in the tomb; for ere George Webb reaches his meridian prime, many who are now preaching Christ's Gospel—except the unbending John Andrews Jones, [and really there is no knowing now how long the Lord may let him live, the Master seems practically to say, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? with the exception of this good old Jireh pastor,] many of the now recognized servants of God will have passed home; but if brother Webb can work, wait, weep, watch, and wrestle, and get his heart, and mind, and soul all filled with the stores of heavenly treasures, ALWAYS THE SAME MAN—yet ALWAYS WITH THE GOSPEL in a new phase, he will stand long, Zion will be enlarged greatly, and the Church will prosper and rejoice.

OUR YOUNG MEN WILLING TO BE USEFUL.

While such young men as these to whom we have referred, are growing up into visible and acceptable usefulness, there are many who can scarcely be heard at all. Their hearts are breaking with the longing they have for the free proclamation of the glorious Gospel of the ever blessed God. And with the hope of rendering some service to our Churches and our famishing brethren, we introduce the following note, as a specimen of many constantly coming to our hand,—

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I thank you for your kindness. My mind has been very much exercised about the work of the ministry; and, as a father in Christ, I send

to ask your advice. Ever since I was brought to know the Lord I have had a desire to

"Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found."

The desire has increased. At last I made it a matter of prayer to God that if it were His will I was to speak in His name, He would make the matter plain, opening up the Word, and in sending me to some place. No one knew my mind about this matter; but the Lord knew. Not many days passed after that solemn season of prayer, before I was asked to go and speak to a few brethren about three miles from my home. I again asked the Lord's direction. I went with much trembling, took for my text, "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him, for they shall eat of the fruit of their doings; woe unto the wicked it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him." The Lord helped me for half an hour to tell what He was to the righteous; how they were so: and what He would be to the wicked. Since then I have been employed in this work. I stand amazed at the goodness of God to me in conferring such an honour upon one so unworthy, to declare His truth. Dear brother, I have my seasons of darkness, and am sorely tried, knowing scarcely what course to pursue. This is a poor place. Should you know of an opening where you could send me, I am willing to go, but desire to leave it with the Lord. I pray God to bless, comfort, and support you and yours."

We should rejoice to see this young brother in full work in the ministry, where the Lord may lead and bless him. We will give his address to any who require it,

ON REVELATIONS.

By MR. JOHN BRUNT, LATE OF COLNBROOK.

REVELATIONS are from heaven; they have ever been the desire of the Church. When man had sinned, and so had brought darkness into Eden, Jehovah was pleased to reveal the purpose of His grace in the person and work of Jesus. God, at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets; but He has also spoken by His Son, and even now He speaks by His Spirit. Sometimes the voice of God was a man, a priest, or a seer, and sometimes an angel. When Jehovah speaks man should listen, for when Heaven speaks, earth is interested.

The revelations of Jehovah have respect to the course of individuals, to the destinies

of nations, and to the interests of His Church. With respect to those revelations which more immediately affect the Church, we remark, that they are the outpourings of love. God is love; His revelations are expressions of love; they are as true as love, and as faithful as love; they are mighty like love, and as vehement as love.

Jehovah's revelations point to Jesus— attract to Jesus, and are concentrated in Jesus; they are intended for the Church of Jesus.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem, what a grand revelation did Jehovah make of His love for His chosen people! When the day of Pentecost was fully come, what

a marvellous revelation was then made of the Gospel kingdom! And when God is pleased to call a sinner by grace, how strikingly does He reveal the character of His salvation! Yet, further, when the last great day shall have come, how truly and grandly will Jehovah reveal the people of His choice, the work of His own hands, that He may be glorified.

The prophet Isaiah was commissioned to declare that the righteousness of the Church should be "as brightness," and the salvation thereof as "a lamp that burneth." We propose to ourselves to look somewhat into this important revelation.

The Lord Jesus was "The brightness of the Father's glory—the express image of His Person." He is according to His own declaration, "the Light of the World," He is also "a Light to them that sit in darkness." The advent of Christ ushered in the day of salvation. Doubtless, the prophet intended to set forth the coming Messiah as "the Light of Day," and as "the Light of Night," that is to say, "He shall be the sole light of the Church, in all her wilderness wanderings."

Jesus is the Light of Day. Our world would have been dark indeed without this living light. And in our dark seasons, Christ alone is the lamp which Jehovah has ordained for His anointed ones. Light is symbolical of wisdom, and "Christ is the wisdom of God." In Jesus, all the designs of love, all the determinations of purpose, all the accomplishments of power, are laid up, and consequently when Christ is revealed by the Spirit, all the designs of love, in their magnitude, marvellousness and mercy break forth. All the determinations of purpose are seen to be based on Him, to be built on Him; in a word, are seen to be indissolubly connected with Him.

All the accomplishments of power, assert the rights of Jesus, reflect His glory, and crown Him with a diadem of living light. Again, light is symbolical of truth. Jesus is *Тавръ*; the Truth of God, the Truth for the Church. Whatever is true in relation to the Church of God is found in Christ. The grandest truths, namely, those which relate to man's best interests, all centre in Christ. Atonement for sin, righteousness to justify the ungodly, a life of godliness, and a life of glory are all in Christ, who is "The resurrection and the life."

Light is also symbolical of safety. How safe is the soul in Christ! Law never thunders *here*, terrors never alarm *here*. Satan may tempt, sin may try, and troubles may distress, death may awaken fears, and thoughts of judgment may give rise to doubt; but while Jesus is the "Light of the Church," Satan will miss his mark, sin shall fail, troubles shall be succeeded by a calm,

death shall be robbed of his sting, and even judgment shall be anticipated as confirming in glory what had been begun in grace.

Lastly, Light is symbolical of bliss. The more of light, the more of happiness; and therefore Heaven, the World of Light, will be the scene of endless joy. Christ in His righteousness is brightness without obscurity, Light without darkness, a morning without clouds, a meridian sun without a shadow. "Christ the righteous One"—is the source of light to his Church (the moon), and the Fountain of Light to all those "stars of various magnitude," which are styled His ministers. Just as the sun always shines, so Jesus is always a light, His light is always *Brightness*. He made the morning of promise, He made the day of grace, and He will be the light of that world, where there shall be no sun, nor moon, nor stars, He being the One light of that glorious world. Just as a lamp is lighted to burn, and burns for the benefit of others: so Christ was a Saviour, a Mediator, an Intercessor, and will be the Judge: that He might save His people for ever, that He might be the only Mediator, that He might be the prevailing Intercessor, and the Righteous Judge in all those matters affecting the eternal Father, and the eternally beloved people.

Be comforted, believer in Jesus; Jesus ever lives, never to change; He never changes, that you may live for ever.

Jesus! Thou art the Glorious Sun of Heaven,
The seven-branched sanctuary lamp of earth;
Thou art the brightness of a soul forgiven,
The Guide of all who know a second birth.

Be Thou my Light, of never ending day,
Shine thro' the clouds, so dark, of sense and sin;
Be Thou my Lamp thro' death—yes, all the way,
Until the pearly gates shall shut me in.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF
MRS. MARGARET MITSON,

WHILE here on earth she felt her need
Of Jesus' cleansing blood;
But this proud nature never taught;
That was her gift from God.

The appointed time arrived, to take
That jewel to Thine heart;
My poor weak nature sigh'd and said,
Alas! 'tis hard to part.

But I'm a worm; and Thou art God;
Shall I dispute with Thee?
No! 'tis Thy right to take her home,
Without consulting me.

Now freed from all her doubts and fears,
And clothed in white array,
She'll join to sing of sovereign grace,
Through everlasting day.

Lord, could these mortal eyes behold
How glorious she appears;
Then faith would raise my soul on high,
And stop these rolling tears.

Eternal God, Thou Prince of Peace,
Whom all Thy saints adore;
Teach me to own Thy sovereign hand,
And weep for her no more.

Stamford street. JAMES MITSON.

THE PLAIN MAN'S PENTATEUCH :

OR, THE
PREACHER AND HIS PREACHING.

ONE of the deficiencies of the generality of our ministers in this day is the lack of ORIGINALITY. Upon the surface of their minds there is stereotyped the set phrases, and million-times mentioned sentences of other men : hence, there is neither interest nor power in their sermons. At least, it is so with many, not with all. When a minister lays hold upon a text, he had need to do with it as the blacksmith doth with a piece of iron he is about to use. The minister should first thrust the text into the experience of his own soul, until it becomes red hot with the heat of life and love which the Spirit of the living God has kindled therein. When the text is thus red-hot, let him lay it on the anvil of a meditating frame of mind—and with the hammer of THOUGHT and the strong arm of prayer, strike it, until the sparks fly in all directions : moulding and fashioning the text into that form and figure which God designs, and whereby a permanent and powerful theme may be given to the people. We know that this is hard work. But the man who has not a soul fired with love to Christ, the man who has not an anvil of solid meditation on which to lay his texts ; the man who has not a sledge-hammer kind of thought, and a heaven-wrought power in prayer will never make a successful preacher.

Trapp—good old Trapp—had a pair of eyes which looked everywhere, and fetched matter into his mind from all quarters and his mind being sanctified of God, he could expound and illustrate Bible truth in a manner rarely equalled. This month, we give his Dedicatory page, addressed to his honoured friend, William Combe, Esq. He says,—

WORTHY SIR,—You may well wonder, not so much that I now dedicate this peece of my pains unto you, as that I did it not till now ; considering how long I have known you, and how very much I am obliged to You. The truth is this ; These Notes (upon Genesis) were the first, in this kind, what ever I finished ; and You were deservedly among the first that came into my thoughts, for a Patron to them, But as P'auze once made a breach upon his brother, Zarah, and gat into the world before him, so did those other Works of mine (if at least, that name be not too good for them) deal by This, which now, with its red thread, (a

sign of its intended seniority,) humbly implores Your patronage, and (if worth while) your perusal : I know you have somewhat else to do, than, to read Commentaries ; and yet I must needs know too, that You (that are so sedulous a searcher of the Scriptures, and so seriously inquisitive after the genuine sense of such and such dark Texts therein, as, in conference occasionally. You have oft proposed unto me,) cannot but delight to be duely exercised in books of this nature. That Reverend Doctour of Cambridge, that (in the behalf of himself, and his whole Coll edg, for a very good turn you did them,) presented You with the fairest great Bible that ever I beheld, saw something, surely, of your pious inclination to the study of that blessed Book : And, if to the better understanding thereof, this, or any thing else that I have yet written, may be any way serviceable, I have that I sought for. Alphonseus, King of Arragon, is said to have read over the Bible fourteen times, with Lyra's Notes upon it. And those English Exiles for Christ at Geneva, knew they could not present any thing more pleasing, to that Incomparable Queen Elizabeth, than their new Translation of, and marginal Notes upon the holy Bible ; which Book of books she had recieved, with both her hands, from the Londoners, soon after her Coronation ; and kissing it, laid it to her brenst, saying, That the same had been her chiefest delight, and should be the rule whereby she meant to frame her whole deportment. Let it be still Yours, Good Sir, as hitherto it hath been ; and let this poor piece of mine (if at any time you think good to consult with it) tell you, in my absence, what my sence is of such places, as wherein, with that noble Eunuch, (Act. 8. 31) You may need an Interpreter. No more, Sir, at present, than to pray the Father of lights (who commanded the light to shine out of darkness) to give You the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ ; That though You have this treasure presented to you in an earthen vessel, in a vile oyater-shell ; (as the Greek hath it,) yet You may partake of the excellency of the power that is of God, and not of Me, who preach not, present not, myself, but Christ Jesus the Lord ; and myself

Your Servant for Jesus' sake,
JOHN TRAPP.

(To be continued.)

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER AND THE GOSPEL MINISTER.

A Yiking Narratibe.

CHAPTER II.

MR. EDITOR,—In compliance with your wishes, I here send you an account of some of the Lord's dealings with me in a way of Providence, and shall, as I proceed with my narrative, try to describe something of that way in which He hath been pleased to bring me to know Him, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. This is the true God and eternal life.

In so doing, as most of the "sable traits" of my character were made manifest in early life, and during my wanderings hither and thither upon the mighty ocean, at which time the providential mercies of "a covenant God" were neither few nor small (though I perceived them not, neither was thankful), I shall commence at the beginning, and shall occupy the first few pages of your VESSEL in describing how "He hath made His goodness to pass before me in the way" whilst in a state of unregeneracy. And here I can appeal to Him who is the Searcher of all hearts, and say, "Lord, Thou knowest that my only motive is to shew forth the greatness of Thy preserving care over me in the evil day, and to give a word of encouragement to others of Thine own people, who have to tread the path of tribulation in the wilderness."

I begin by saying I was born at Barton-in-the-Clay, a small village in Bedfordshire, where I remained with my parents until I was about five years of age. I had little or no schooling, inasmuch as there was but one school in the place, where the chief branch of education imparted was to say the "Collect for the Day," and to make plait for straw bonnets, to be sold in the neighbouring market towns.

About this time, my father obtained a situation in London, which led to our speedy removal, and being the only child, my parents, "too kind and indulgent," allowed me to have too much of my own way; and, as the sequel will shew, I found "the way of transgressors was hard:" the result was, instead of my being found in the Sabbath-school (whither my parents had sent me), I generally spent my Sundays in playing at "pitch and toss" in Britannia-fields, Islington, or in any other way that suited my comparatively infant, but depraved, mind. I was at that time of a quarrelsome temper; frequently fighting with other boys, and making use of fearful oaths. I blush while I have to say it, that in my very childhood, my "throat was an open sepulchre," and

"my mouth was full of bitterness and cursing." This my parents knew but little of; my departed father, I am happy to say, was afterwards brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in the church of which brother Banks* is now (I believe) the pastor, and which was then under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Parker. My father's end was peace.

When I was about six and a half years of age, I distinctly remember one of my companions (a boy four or five years older than myself) had been to sea, and had made two voyages to the West Indies; and from being frequently in his company, as well as seeing that he always had "plenty of money to spend," my mind was fired with the idea that I would go to a foreign land, thinking that "an inheritance might be gotten quickly at the beginning." My difficulty was *how* could I get away from home? At length, meeting one day with my companion, he informed me that he had that day shipped on board a vessel called the Amphitrite, of London; that she was bound to Van Dieman's Land; and as she was going to take out some four or five hundred convicts, if I liked to go, he would manage to stow me away in the "fore-hold" until such time as the vessel was clear of the land. I could then come on deck, and there would be no possibility of my then being put on shore. This to me was a golden opportunity; "my feet were swift to do evil," and thus my path was marked out, little dreaming that my "hope and expectation were to be cut off" by a merciful interposition of Divine Providence, by which my life was to be spared from sudden destruction. I accordingly ascertained the day when the ship was to leave the docks, the morning of which I went on board, and took up my abode on the "water casks" in the "fore-hold," where I remained undiscovered till the ship had cleared the docks, and had nearly reached Blackwall; but, on the third officer coming below to get some provisions for the ship's company, I was perceived lying on my hands and face at full length, in order, if possible, to conceal myself from view. "My nest having been thus stirred up," and being sought out of my hiding-place, according to the "ancient settlement," I was brought on deck, received a rope's-

* Mr. Merrett is the pastor. The church under C. W. Banks meets at Old Ford.

ending at the hands of the chief mate, and, to my then sorrow, was landed by a waterman's boat at Blackwall.

But some may say *why* record all this? To such I reply, be not too hasty; behold the finger, the faithfulness, and sovereignty of God in the matter. There was an elect sinner on board the Amphitrite, and the eternal God, in the deeps of His own sovereignty, had destined that vessel not to reach Van Dieman's Land, but to become a total wreck, and a grave for four hundred souls and upwards. Within three days of her leaving London, she struck on a sunken rock off the French coast, and although within two miles of the port of Boulogne, only some three or four were saved. Thus did eternal love watch over and protect an unworthy sinner like myself, and at the same time make good the words of the poet,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Oh! how thankful have I often felt since to the God of all my mercies for this deliverance.

I returned to my parents, who knew nothing of what had transpired, and remained with them until I had turned seven years of age; and though I had been thus foiled in my first attempt, still my ardour for following the sea had not in the least abated. And as I was one day walking over Tower-hill, I saw a bill in the window of the "naval rendezvous" which stated that a number of boys and ordinary seamen were wanted to serve on board H. M. ship "Princess Charlotte," which was then fitting out at Portsmouth. I at once went into the rendezvous, and offered myself as a second-class boy for the Princess Charlotte, but was told by the quarter master that her complement of boys was made up, but that there were two or three ships lying at Portsmouth wanting hands, and if I went there he had little doubt that I should succeed. Now my difficulty was, "*how* can I get to Portsmouth? If I could only get there, my ambition would at once be gratified." That same night my plans were laid, and so determined was I to carry out my object, that the next morning, while my mother was gone out on an errand, I took a blanket from off my bed, tied it up in a bundle handkerchief, and without one farthing of money, and only a clasp knife in my pocket, I set out for Portsmouth, "a land hitherto to me unknown." The first day I sold my blanket for ninepence to a man on the road, with which I got myself a night's lodging, a twopenny loaf, and a pennyworth of cheese; and on the second day I sold my clasp knife for sixpence at a

public-house in a place called Petersfield, with which I purchased some food, and at night I took up lodgings in a chalk-pit, near a village called Hordean, and in this said chalk-pit was the *first* conviction of sin that I ever had wrought upon my soul. I distinctly remember, while I was lying in a kind of hovel, ruminating upon my chances of success, when I reached Portsmouth on the morrow, and the deep grief that I must have caused my parents in being away two days, besides the theft I had committed in taking the blanket, that these words came with some amount of power to my soul, "Be sure your sin will find you out." My very frame trembled, and what to do I did not know; to return home I dare not to face my parents, and thus did I again realize the solemn truth, that "the way of transgressors is hard." Since that time, I have had reason to believe this was only natural conviction, inasmuch as although it made me fear and tremble for the time, for fear of the "punishment of my sin," yet it wrought no penitential tear—no cry for mercy—and, like the "morning cloud and the early dew, it soon passed away;" so much so, that after lying awake all night, I set out with a fuller determination than ever not only to keep away from home, but to represent myself as an "orphan" wherever I went, that I might excite the pity of the creature toward me. Thus did I, though I shudder as it were to say it, "go astray speaking lies from the womb," and thus did Satan lead me captive at his will. Still, being brought to know something of the breadth and length, the heights and depths, of eternal and electing love, there is a sense in which I can bless and praise our God for thus instructing me into the mystery of my base original, by permitting me to drink somewhat deeply of the bitter waters of sin. Oh! that it may teach me how as an instrument "to gather out the stones from the way of others, and cast up the high way of eternal perfection in, by, and through the blood of the everlasting covenant."

On my reaching Portsmouth the third day, my difficulties were again increased; first, because I found those ships that were in want of boys were lying off in the middle of the harbour, and could only be got at by my taking a waterman's boat, which it was utterly out of my power to do; and, secondly, because here I was in a large seaport, homeless, houseless, and penniless, and here again the dear Lord, who commanded the "ravens" to feed Elijah in days of old, also went before me in His kind providence; for while I was standing on a place called "Common Hard" (and which I truly thought was a hard common for me), a boat came on shore from a ship

called the Victory, with a crew of five men. These men being desirous of going up into the town, asked me to mind the boat while they were away, and said that on their return they would give me a penny each, which they did. Thus my "bread was again given," and my extremity was the opportunity of that God who was watching over me, though I knew it not. I spent part of my little stock for food, keeping twopence in reserve for the following day, and at night took up my lodgings in the wreck of an old vessel that was lying on the beach close to the dock-yard gates. But here again the God of my mercies was pleased to interpose in such a way that has often filled my heart with gratitude since. I had not been long asleep in my new lodgings before I was awoken by the rats running over me as I lay, and which caused me to take "rather a sudden departure." However, "the lot is cast into the lap, while the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord," and as I was walking round the garrison walls, a soldier that was on sentry got into conversation with me, and finding the deplorable state I was in, told me that I could always have a bed in the guard-house with him, and as there were always more rations than they stood in

need of, there would be plenty of food for me. "He giveth them their meat in due season."

And now, in conclusion for this month's VESSEL, should any of my friends think that I have said too much upon the "sable side" of the matter, let me say it is "naked truth," and my faith stands not in the wisdom of man, but in the Omnipotent power of that God who hath fed me all my life long, and who in His own time, way, and manner hath redeemed me from all evil. Another reason is, because I have generally found, in reading the biography of professedly Christian men, there has been a very bright side made manifest—something amounting to almost fleshly perfection—but no spot, wrinkle, blemish, or any such thing; and thus, as the wise man says, "Most men will proclaim every one his own goodness; but a faithful man who can find?" But the heaven-born soul shall find that the plague of his own heart stands as a perpetual barrier to keep him from putting any confidence in the flesh, and his daily infirmities shall experimentally teach him that, at most, he is but an "unprofitable servant." I am, yours in covenant love,
Nemo.

Wallingford.

DEVOTIONAL READINGS FOR LORD'S-DAY EVENINGS.

BY WILLIAM FRITH,

BOROUGH GREEN; AUTHOR OF "COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

"He preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection."—Acts xvii. 18.

BLESSED subject! How much it contains! What writer ever exhausted it? What preacher ever fully exhibited its incomparable excellency? Jesus is the centre of the believer's hopes. His "name is as ointment poured forth." It emits, in every direction, an unctuous fragrance, that ever revives the drooping spirits of the Lord's tried ones. It is the blessed Jesus who says "in all thine afflictions he is afflicted." And surely my soul, that which was the favourite theme of the "chief of sinners" can never be an unwelcome theme to thee. Surely if Saul of Tarsus "preached Jesus" to the Athenians, and Philip the Deacon "went down to Samaria and preached Christ unto them," with whom "the Jews had no dealings," thou mayest well say,

Dear name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Oh, my soul, exult in that name which is above every name. That "brand" plucked from the eternal burnings near Damascus

gloried in Jesus. The precious Redeemer first manifested Himself to him when on his way to the capital of Syria, under this sweet name, saying unto him in the plaintive tone of mercy, as well as in the authoritative tone of Divine sovereignty, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Ah, yes, and that Name ever after rang with sweeter melody in his ear, than the matin or the vesper song upon the rural swains. And is it not so with thee, poor soul? When life is dark with thee, when thou art like a sparrow alone upon the housetop, has not that Name a precious sweetness that is "sweeter than honey, yea, than the honey-comb?" Does not the very mention of that Name strike the slumbering chord of thine heart, and make it vibrate to his matchless glory? Has it not a spell more potent than the amulet? The very name carries with it a savour that makes even the conversation pleasant, and the discourse more than acceptable when literary embellishments are entirely absent. Ah! says the soul, whose lips are embittered by the

frequent cups of wormwood which earthly care and domestic trial afford, "let Him (Jesus) kiss me with the kisses of His mouth;" let him "stand at my right hand, then I shall not be greatly moved." This Name has been precious to the church in all ages. It was "His name, through faith in his Name," as the Apostle says, (Acts iii. 6, 16), "hath made this man strong." Peter prayed in the NAME of the holy child Jesus. The noble army of martyrs died in his name, through faith in His Name they sealed their testimonies in their own blood. Like the proto-martyr Stephen, they cried *amid a martyr's agonies but with a martyr's faith*,—"Lord

Jesus, receive my spirit." Christian, dwell devoutly upon the high estimation in which this precious Name was held. Extract aid from this rock, and honey from this flinty rock. Let it be frequently at thy lips, and the subject of thy song. Oh, let it be to thee an antidote to all thy sorrows, a sure anodyne that will remove all thy pains. Dwell, O dwell, in sweet meditation upon this precious Name, and may the blessed and eternal Spirit make it to thee what the poet so beautifully expresses,—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

THE GREAT DEATH AND THE VISION OF GLORY.

We entered very briefly upon the first question connected with this GREAT DEATH, namely,

"IS EVERY CHILD OF THE FIRST ADAM INVOLVED IN THIS GREAT DEATH?"

Is there no exception? The answer is. *None whatever!* In every sense this death is entire and it is eternal—except, and until the quickening Spirit of God doth come. The multitudinous variety of disputants against this solemn truth, is astonishing; but let Arminians, free-willers, duty-faith men, and *annihilation* teachers, say and do their utmost, we mean to assert—God ALMIGHTY helping—that this Great Death is Entire, and it is Eternal; but that it is not, cannot be, never will be, a NON-EXISTENCE. Nay, let Charles Skinner write and print his volumes, and he has studied and laboured hard in one part of this question, and is a man of dominant perseverance, a man of mental metal beyond many—in every other sense a most worthy man—but, let him write as he may—let him teach William Chamberlain to preach up annihilation to the utmost of his power; let the popular preachers of the day impliedly preach that man has something left in him which may rise, and live, and turn to God, and repent, and believe, and be saved, and so ignore the Person, office, and work of the Holy Ghost; we shall constantly affirm two things:

I. That man's soul is Eternally Immortal; that the immortality of man's soul is a truth, which causes the saints to rejoice, and the wicked to tremble.

II. That, notwithstanding all this, Man's soul is, in a spiritual sense, dead to its own state, dead to God, dead to the terrors of the law, dead to the beauties of the Gospel, dead to the glories of Christ, dead to all the sacred and secret mysteries of

spiritual and heavenly worship, and never can love nor serve God acceptably until the HOLY SPIRIT hath created it anew in Christ Jesus.

Oh! this immortality of man's soul is the grandest piece of God's workmanship, and the greatest piece of revealed truth. Let us then apply ourselves to its consideration; let us try and explode all the delusions of men, and exhibit as much of this great mystery as the Lord our God shall enable us to trace out.

The salvation of infants we entered upon last month. We wish to fortify this part of truth as well as we can. We desire to call in all the witnesses to its reality, who are willing to aid us. Therefore, from Mr. John Foreman's book, "Thoughts on Heaven," we make an extract or two on this point. The Pastor of Mount Zion adduces ten reasons. We quote a few sentences as follows,—

"It will be an answer to many enquirers to state what my opinion is, relative to the future state of infants dying in their infancy. I believe they go to heaven. But not on the ground of their innocency as creatures; for if they were not involved in the fall of Adam as the federal head of the whole human race, they could not die at all. "For by sin only came death," and where sin hath no being, death can have no admittance, by the first great and Divine law on human constitution. "And man became a living soul, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Nor do they go to heaven upon the equally unscriptural sentiment of Christ's having died for all original sin; for Christ never died for sin irrespective of persons; for the idea of a surety for

debts and offences, without an immediate regard to debtors and offenders, is most ridiculous and unreasonable by any laws known under heaven. Besides, if Christ died for the whole of original sin, then he purified the root of the whole human race; and if the whole root be holy, the branches must all be so consequently; but for such a conclusion we have no warrant in the Bible. Christ died for all that will ever live to God, and they will all live for whom He died. And He died as personally for every infant that will be saved, as He did for any one of those who are spared on earth for years, and are blessed with faith to believe and openly profess his name.

"The reasons for my opinion that infants dying in their infancy, do go to heaven, are,

"First, the perfect unconditionality of salvation as purely the will and work of God on whom He will have mercy, and on whom He will have compassion. A proposed conditional salvation would exclude them, for their lack of performance in the conditions required; but a purposed unconditional salvation, all willed and wrought of God, can embrace them on the ground of election. Rom. ix. 11.

"Secondly, while their death itself undeniably proves them implicated in the fall of Adam, their dying in their infancy is entirely by the will of God, over which they can have no control; and their so dying is, therefore, to my belief, a testimony of their interest in the Lord's electing love, as is the

openly declared faith of a living person called to believe. And as the Lord made all things for Himself, He made them for His glory; and I believe they will stand in heaven as monuments of free-grace, to the condemnation of all the carnally invented notions that the salvation of a sinner is in any way hinged on human conditions, or that the Lord hath in any way subjected His infinite will to forgive, justify, and save by any conditions whatever on the part of the guilty, the law-condemned, and the lost."

From Mr. Foreman's testimony we take no more. He has wisely concluded by saying, "These things I have stated as matters of opinion, but the little that is in any shape said on the point in the Bible, teaches us, that it is a province we have but little business to occupy; for while they are alive we know not the will of God concerning them, and when they are dead they are within the righteous will and government of God, and out of the reach of our interference."

Before we can enter upon the Vision of Glory, we must fully beat out the four-fold view proposed of the Adam fall, and man's state therein. Herein we hope to be of some service. Never, until some revelation of the glory of CHRIST has reached a man's soul, can he ever fully believe either the extent of the FALL, or the awful nature of sin. Let not ministers neglect these great principles so much as they have done.

THINGS SECRET AND REVEALED.

By JOHN BROWN, A.M., CONLG, NEWTOWNARDS, IRELAND.

ALL the "things" contained in the BIBLE are "revealed," and therefore it becomes us diligently to make ourselves and our children acquainted with them; but many things relating to these are secret, and ought not to be curiously pried into. For example: it is plainly "revealed" that there are three Persons in the Godhead, and that these Three are One (1 John v. 7). But the *mode* of the Divine existence is not "revealed," and therefore not an object of faith. It is not only *not* "revealed," but incomprehensible. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" It is also plainly "revealed" that the Divine and human natures are united in the one person of Christ. Hence He is sometimes called God; (Acts xx. 28), and sometimes man (Acts xiii. 38), because He is both. But the nature of this union is one of the "secret things" which belong to Jehovah

our God. "What is His name, and what is His Son's name, if thou canst tell?" (Prov. xxx 4.) "It is secret." (Judges xiii 18.) It is plainly "revealed" that man was originally created in the image of God (Genesis i. 26, 27), and that he now bears the image of the devil (John viii. 44); but *how* a pure and holy being, having no tendency in his nature to corruption should become guilty and depraved is not "revealed," and, therefore, not an object of investigation, or belief. It is also plainly "revealed" that a sinner cannot convert himself (Jer. xiii. 23), and that conversion is effected by the operation of the Holy Spirit on the heart (Acts xvi. 14); but the *mode* of this operation, is not only a "thing" *not* "revealed," but declared in Divine revelation to be *inexplicable*. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth;

so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." Again it is plainly "revealed" that all events are foreseen (Acts xv. 18), and their issues pre-appointed by God (Eph. i. 11); and it is also plainly "revealed" that man is accountable to God for all that he does (Matt. xii. 36), but a *reconciliation* between Divine prescience and human responsibility, is nowhere attempted in Scripture. When the Arminian asks, "Why doth He yet find fault, for who hath resisted His will?" the Apostle answers him with a rebuke rather than a reason: "Nay, but O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, why hast thou made me thus?" The imputation of Adam's sin to his posterity (Rom. v. 14); the imputation of the sins of the elect to Christ (2 Cor. v. 21), and the imputation of Christ's righteousness to the elect (Rom. v. 14, 2 Cor. v. 21), are all "things" which are "revealed" in Scripture; but the solution of these is one of the "secret things" which "belong unto Jehovah our God." Humble faith credits these *apparently* contradictory doctrines on the testimony of God's Word, but does not attempt an explanation. "The secret things belong unto Jehovah our God; but those which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever." "And I said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto Jehovah, to gaze, and many of them perish." "Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." "And He smote the men of Beth Shamesh, because they had looked into the ark of Jehovah; even He smote of the people fifty thousand and three score and ten men: and the people lamented, because Jehovah had smitten many of the people with a great slaughter." Deut. xxix. 29; Exodus xix. 21; iii. 5; 1 Sam. v. 19.

NEW BOOKS & PAMPHLETS.

Ebenezer Bailey's Book on Entering the Church of England.

Conformity to the Church of England. By EBENEZER BAILEY. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

We have received from Mr. Abraham Howard a clever and conclusive note on Ebenezer Bailey's pamphlet; but a word is enough. We firmly believe if this young man could have succeeded as his pastor has done, the Church of England had never seen him; but history tells us of many who, not succeeding as Dissenters, have become priests of the National Church; while but very few, who have left the National Church, have been of much use to Dissenters. Mr. West, of Winchester, is considered a giant in the Church of England, and he is too wise to leave it.

The same may be said of those excellent men, the Doudneys. At Bristol and Plymouth, they are acceptable to many hundreds, and there they will abide until their work is done, no doubt.

There has long been a fear that the Church of England would not find young men fast enough for ordination—especially as the Bishop of London is raising a million of money to build churches and to employ men as ministers. But, the bishops need not fear, now young Bailey has taken so bold a leap from the lap of popular Dissentism into the bosom of Church of Englandism.

Let us look calmly and fairly at what this young Bailey has done, and at all he is now saying.

What has he done? He has confessed before God, and angels, and ministers, and men, that he was a true penitent, and by grace became a true believer. He believed (at least, he practically said so), that baptism by immersion was most certainly an ordinance, a sacrament, and an institution of heaven's own ordaining. He was baptised; he preached and practised baptism; he entered into most solemn covenants to abide faithful to all the responsibilities which he took upon himself. He availed himself of all the advantages of the College—he accepted pastorates—and seemed determined to be a zealous and laborious Baptist Minister: but—whether his heart failed him, or the Lord forsook him, or the people withdrew from him, or the remuneration did not satisfy him—whatever it could be, we cannot imagine; whether he dreamed he should certainly make a fine bishop; whether Satan, as an angel of light, seduced him; whether female influence conquered him; or, whether the golden wedge allured him: it seems impossible to decide; but one thing is certain, he has *changed* his mind, he has altered his position, he has broken all the vows he made as a Baptist Minister, and to his original friends he has said, Farewell.

And, now, having taken his leave of all that appeared so dear to him; having placed himself upon the strong, but tottering, walls of the Establishment, his *example* will have a loud voice in it. It says to all the young men who long for the ministry, "Get into the College if you can; go forth into the ministry successfully, if you can; but if your anticipations there are not realized, come into the Church, she will gladly receive you."

We remember well, Paul says, "All things work together for good;" and, if the Church of England will gladly receive all the young men who are trained in our numerous colleges, but cannot make much head-way among the Dissenting Churches, in a temporal sense, it will, for them, be a good thing that the Church of England steps in to prevent them from falling down to their original level. But, where, and how, they will stand in the last Great Day, must be left till the books are opened.

Against the college, or its founder, we write not one word. Mr. Firminger's pamphlet may, some day, have a notice from us.

Against Ebenezer Bailey, or his book, we bring no charge. He has evidently read many Church of England authors; he has adopted their clothes, and run quickly to their conclusions. But, has Ebenezer Bailey ever truly passed from death unto life? has he been, and is he still, vitally united unto Jesus Christ, the Son of God? As a minister of Jesus Christ, has he been instrumental in begetting souls to life, and faith, and fellowship divine? Does he live in Christ? Does he walk in the Spirit? Does he enjoy the spirit of adoption? Solemn questions. How will he answer them?

Dr. Cumming's Antagonist.

The Last Vials. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row.

This great writer is reckoned among those powers by which our nation is, at this moment, being flattered, deluded, and lulled into a false presumption of peace. Such, however, is the bold assertion of the writer of *The Last Vials*, a monthly issue of most comprehensive powers. That writer says, in January number, "In a postscript to one of the *Vials*, it was said long ago, that the Armstrong guns, the *Times* newspaper, Dr. Cumming, and Lord P——, were all deceiving us seriously, if not FATALLY." Dr. Cumming has recently sent into the world another volume,—*The Destiny of Nations*: but between the doctor and *The Last Vials* there are some differences as regards the future. The Editor of *The Vials* has an immense pair of eyes—they traverse the whole of the globe, they review the past, they survey the present, they penetrate into the future,—and in few words you have a plain, out-spoken, and decided opinion of the external state of affairs, not only as regards Europe, but throughout the whole world. Many may think lightly of this flood of light, which for eighteen years has been poured upon the panoramic movements of the nations; but we read its issues with the most careful and serious attention.

"*A Gospel Worth Dying For.*" Sermon by J. Wells: being No. 269 of "*Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit.*" Published at Stevenson's, 54, Paternoster-row. It does not say when this sermon was preached, nor where; but we can discover in it the most sacred of all feelings in the author of the sermon, both toward those who love their own life more than they love the Lord, as well as those to whom the Gospel of Christ is of more value than ten thousand worlds. As we read this sermon, we could not help crying out, "Who can this be for?" Rich professors and crawling cringing ministers have certainly a few words of weight here; but their scared consciences, their proud hearts, and their blind eyes, will shield them from feeling the force of these most seasonable, yet terrible, truths. The scenes which have passed before us of late of *Mr. Lifeless Ambition* laying himself down at the feet of *Messrs. Worldly Wealth*, have so saddened our hearts, that we dare not trust ourselves to write more now.

The 13th of Ezekiel has been solemnly read over to us. We may send it to poor Zion some day to help to discover the emptiness of many. Let ministers and people read this sermon of James Wells if they dare.

"*Salvation: What is it? Who is it for?*"—

A sermon, by W. Chappell, Minister of Baptist church, Victoria Rooms, Southampton. To be had of the Author, or of his deacons 20 pp. 2d. Our well-known brother, William Chappell, has been called out openly and fully to express and declare his faith and sentiments touching the salvation the Lord has promised, provided, and revealed. Mr. Chappell met the demand as an honest Christian, and as a scribe well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom. Those who heard the sermon on Salvation requested its publication. Their request, also, Mr. C. has complied with. We have carefully gone through it, and hesitate not to pronounce it orthodox in every point; a sermon suited to be useful to all who are anxious to know the truth. As a preacher, poet, and author, Mr. Chappell is no idle or ordinary man.

"*Daily Reflections.*" By G. Wyard. This volume is now ready, and can be had from the Author at 5, Molesworth-street, Lewisham, near London. The soundness of Mr. Wyard's theology, and his well-known love to Zion, are the best guarantee we can furnish of the value of this new book.

"*Autobiography of D. Lodge,*" Baptist Minister of Bilston, in Staffordshire. To be had of the Author. There is talent, variety, ministerial exercises, changes, and Christian trials and temptations in this book above many.

ENGLISH AND COLONIAL BOOK MISSION.

APPLICATION having been made to us from Australia, America, and different parts of our own country, for a free grant of pamphlets and periodicals advocating Gospel and experimental Truth, we purpose to send out packets as fast as possible. Friends willing to help, will please notify the same to Mr. Robert Banks, 9, Crane-court, Fleet-street.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR BROTHER,—IN THE EARTHEN VESSEL of January last, there is an article respecting your sending over a parcel of books to our friend and brother, M'Cure, Baptist minister in Sydney, Australia, and requesting subscriptions towards the same, stating you have a quantity of books suitable. I think the proposition a very good one, and beg to forward a mite towards the same. Surely there are not a few that love the truth—real Gospel truth—in our highly-favoured isle, who will withhold their helping hand to so desirable an object, however small their donation may be, that the hands of our friend may be encouraged by finding there are some in his native country who feel an interest in the spread of the everlasting Gospel in our distant colonies, especially where our friend is labouring, amongst so much opposition to the truth, and especially that awful heresy, Popery. Yours in sincerity,

RICHARD MINTON.

(From whom we have received in stamps 5s. 6d.)

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

NEW CHURCH AND PASTOR AT EAST BERGHOLT.

In the rural village of East Bergholt, Suffolk, stands a church, a Methodist chapel, an Independent cause, and a Roman Catholic Nunnery; and here a few of the members of the Particular Baptist's Church of Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, lived, whose hearts were grieved because so little truth, and so much error existed in that locality. They were led to make known their soul's desire to their Lord, to their pastor, and to the church. They were encouraged, and on the 17th June, 1861, sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, and T. Poock, in the Methodist Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion; the little chapel was filled, the word was blest, arrangement was made to preach in a cottage, and Brother William Churchyard, one of Mr. Poock's members, was requested to come and preach to them; he did so, and continuance going from Ipswich—a distance of ten miles—in all weathers, without fee or reward, they being so poor that his travelling expenses are hardly paid; yet his heart being in the work and the word being blest, and the spirit of prayer poured into the souls of those around him, and numbers increasing, the cottage was too small to accommodate; fresh work arose for faith and prayer; some were impressed the Lord would give them a house to worship in. One was confident, our Sister Baldwin had her mind when she was before the Lord so satisfied upon it, that nothing could hinder her from persevering and encouraging others in the work of asking largely in the Saviour's name.

A piece of ground was offered at a moderate price by Mr. Baldwin, who has showed no small kindness in this matter. Some of Mr. Poock's deacons and members formed themselves into a trust, took the ground, and on July 18th, 1862, a number of friends from Ipswich, good Brother Whorlow from Sudbury, and brother Baker from Tunstall, met at the laying of the stone by T. Poock, for a house of God; the season was a solemn one not soon to be forgotten. Brother Baker, brother Whorlow, and several other kind friends gave encouraging addresses on that truly delightful day. The chapel, named Jireh, is finished, and was opened on Oct. 31, 1863, by T. Poock preaching in the morning, and brother Baker of Tunstall in the afternoon. In the evening brother Whorlow took the chair, and warm-hearted speeches were delivered by brethren Lambert, Andrews, James Churchyard, William Churchyard, T. Poock, and Chairman. Collections were made, and joy and gladness crowned the day, and the motto was "What hath God wrought!"

Now again they cry unto the Lord for a suitable pastor, to lead them into green pastures, and beside the living waters, for nothing short of living truth, sound doctrines, heart-felt experience, with Scriptural order, and life and conversation agreeing therewith, will be recognized by them as real evidences of a living soul. They unanimously agreed to invite brother William Churchyard to become their pastor and to be formed into a church; he, after seeking Divine counsel, agreed to their call, and on January 27th, 1864, he was publicly ordained. Mr. Poock, his pastor, stated the nature of a gospel church, called upon Mr. Churchyard to state his call by grace to the ministry, his faith, and to that place in particular; his every reply was truly satisfactory. Mr. P. then called upon him to hold up his right hand as a token of willingness to become the stated pastor of Jireh chapel, East Bergholt; he did so; then Mr. Poock and Mr.

Baker gave him the right hand of fellowship as a brother in the Lord, and in the gospel ministry. His pastor gave him his charge from Col. iv. 17. The members to be formed, mostly from Mr. P's church, held up hands, confirming their call of the pastor, and willingness to form a part of that church (nine in number), to whom brethren Andrews, Sheldrake, and Harris, three of Mr. P's deacons, gave the right hand of fellowship, recognizing them as a sister church of the same faith and order. The Lord's Supper was then received by the church thus formed, and friends from other churches, about thirty in number altogether. Collections were made, and to the utmost in their power the poor people gave.

Here stands a good chapel with baptistry, and everything necessary, neat and plain; the building will hold 150 persons, the cost of which, with ground conveyance and other expenses, is about £250. The friends in Ipswich have helped what they could; will any lover of truth assist them? Jireh Chapel stands as a lily among thorns, the banner of free grace, full redemption, complete atonement, and certain salvation, through the love of the Father, the blood of the Son, and grace of the Holy Ghost, made known in the heart, lip, and life of the family of God, are the truths held, preached, and maintained with the discipline of particular and strict communion. Donations thankfully received by Mr. John Lambert, hardwareman, St. Matthews, Ipswich, Mr. G. G. Whorlow, Sudbury, and Thomas Poock, Baptist minister, Ipswich.

February 12th, 1864.

THE WANDERER IN HARNESS.

NO. 2.

"Our time like a dream,
Our life like a stream,
Glides swiftly away."

SINCE my last jottings were written, the year 1863 with all its sins and sorrows, perplexities and cares, storms and tempests, has passed away. Whilst its months rolled slowly along, many have been cut down by the ruthless scythe of death, some of whom have passed up to the city of rest and song, while others have been plunged into the wild and dark abyss of everlasting degradation and despair. Many those of us who are spared—spared in the possession of the blessings of "a covenant ordered in all things and sure"—evince our gratitude to God, day after day, by vigorous efforts to lessen human wretchedness, by proclaiming to those who are willing to listen to our teachings, the excellency of that gospel, which is the "power of God to salvation," to every one that believeth its soul-purifying, bliss-creating, Christ-exalting truths.

My last paper was sent from the interesting little town of Otley, in Yorkshire. Since we held very successful meetings at the lecture hall there, we have visited and laboured to counteract the dark doings of man's malignant foe, in the following towns in England and Scotland:—Skipton, Settle, Colne, Ormskirk, Castleford, New Shildon, Spennymoor, Darlington, Whitehaven, Gatehouse, Creetown, Borgue, Wislaw, and Strirling; and in every place we have had reason to believe that our labours were not in vain. Both myself and my travelling companion have been greatly helped, and mercifully preserved amidst dangers seen and unseen. Besides the places just named, we have visited Bradford, Manchester, Carlisle, and Dumfries.

BRADFORD.

Is a very large town, and contains a population

the greater portion of which appear to be rushing onwards with a fearful rapidity towards perdition. In this town there are five Baptist chapels, several of them very large and well-attended. The chapel that greatly interested me is that in which a very intelligent and eloquent brother preaches, whose praise is in all the churches—the Rev. J. P. Chown. The cause with which he stands connected, was commenced in the year 1751. A few persons first met together at the house of one, Elizabeth Frankland, at Manningham. A church consisting of 23 members was duly organized, and the persons composing it took the cockpit in Bradford, for their place of meeting. In the year 1782 a small chapel was erected by them in Westgate, which had to be enlarged in the year 1817, and again in 1839. Mr. W. Crabtree, of Halifax, was pastor of this church for half a century of years. That good man, whose natural temper was by no means crab-like, was brought to God by the instrumentality of that eminent servant of Christ, the Rev. W. Grimshaw. For many years, Mr. Crabtree worked hard at his loom during the week, and preached to the people on the Sabbath. He is reported to have been a cheerful Christian, whose every word and look seemed to endorse the sentiment of that poet who once sung,
 "How charming is Divine philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute."
 He lived beloved by many, and died in the Lord.

Mr. Crabtree was succeeded by the well-known Dr. Steadman; after him the Rev. H. Dawson laid hold of the pastoral crook, and when he laid it down, others followed in his wake until our kind-hearted, intellectual brother Chown was chosen pastor. The chapel (Sion) where Mr. C. has laboured with no small amount of success, becoming too small, another has been recently built, by Mr. Chown's people for their beloved minister. With a noble disinterestedness, Mr. Chown, on the completion of the new building resolved to remain in his old pulpit, and Mr. Makepeace from Luton has become the minister of the new and very beautiful sanctuary. Mr. Vaughan, whose theology harmonizes I believe with my own, occupies a chapel, or upper room, in Westgate, called Zoar. Besides these Baptist places, Bradford contains immense chapels belonging to the different sections of Methodists, and a considerable number of very fine episcopal houses of prayer. I have not called them churches because I cannot see how the word church can be applied to a mere building.

SETTLE.

In which we held three large and enthusiastic meetings (the hall in which they were held being too small, comfortably, to hold those who desired to be present), is an interesting town. The scenery around it is peculiarly picturesque, and richly beautiful. Immense limestone rocks surround the town, from the summit of which much that is truly interesting may be seen. I found here three small chapels, one belonging to the Wesleyans, one to the Independents, and one to the Primitives, but no Baptist house of prayer. The Independent minister is a very warm-hearted brother, and from him we received a greater amount of fraternal kindness than we have received from some, whose views of Christian truth fully harmonize with my own. I was much interested with some valuable Roman remains I met with here, and I walked a considerable distance from the town in company with Mr. W. P. Thomas, my useful young colleague, and a friend belonging to one of the churches, to see the famous cbbing and flowing well, the water of which is as clear as crystal. As I sat by the well somewhat wearied with my walk, I travelled back into the dim, distant past, and with my mental eye, gazed upon Him, who rested himself beside a similar object and talked

to the Samaritan woman about that water of which "if a man drink, it shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." Of this famous well at Settle, a quaint poet once sung,

"Ibi vena prope vice
 Fluit, refluat, nocte, die;
 Neque norunt vena,
 An a sale vel arena."

which may be translated thus:—

"Near to the way as a traveller goes,
 A fine fresh spring both ebbs and flows;
 Neither know the learned that travel
 What procures it, salt or gravel."

Since that poet tuned his lyre, it has been discovered that the syphon-like form of the hollow in the rock, through which the water finds its way, causes the remarkable phenomenon he refers to in his lines. From Settle we proceeded to

COLNE.

which is anything but a beautiful town. The streets are badly formed, and some of the houses are very old, and very ugly. It contains about 8,000 people, and to more than an eighth part of its population I was permitted to speak, I hope, words of truth and soberness. There is a small Baptist chapel here in which the popular theology is presented to the people. I found on the Sabbath morning I visited it, only a small congregation assembled within its walls. In the evening of the same Sabbath, I preached in a large and beautiful hall, to a very attentive and overflowing congregation, and I hope not altogether in vain. I believe many felt it good to be there, for
 "Joy like morning dew distilled
 And all the air was lowe."

THE WANDERER.

RECOGNITION OF MR. G. WEBB,

AS PASTOR OF THE CHURCH
 MEETING IN ZION CHAPEL, GOLDINGTON
 CRESCENT, ST. PANCRAS.

RECOGNITION services are not now as angel visits are proverbially supposed to be, for they are neither far between, nor are they very few. Unions between Churches and ministers in these sensation days, are quickly made and almost as quickly divorced. Mr. Right is announced this month as pastor of the Church meeting in Changeable street; and we are requested to announce that there "appears every prospect of success." Our readers barely get the intelligence before we are again desired to state that Mr. Right is not "the right man in the right place," and "he is at liberty to supply any destitute Church." The fact is, the solemn relationship between Church and minister are not looked upon with that seriousness and thoughtful reflection which the case demands.

These remarks in no way apply to the Church at Zion, for there the case is an exception to the general rule. The Church there have never had but one under Shepherd in the person of James Nunn, of whose departure to a "better country," we gave our readers particulars in our June number of last year. But we have to report Mr. Webb's Recognition as the successor of Mr. Nunn, and not sermonize in this wise.

These interesting services were held on Tuesday afternoon and evening, Feb. 2nd, 1864, in Zion Chapel, Goldington crescent, St. Pancras. At 3 o'clock, Mr. Marks, the deacon, commenced by reading a hymn, which was cheerfully sung by a chapel full of people, and these Zionites know how to sing. After this, Mr. Pells read the fourth of Ephesians, 1 to 16, and sought the Lord's blessing on the occasion. Mr. Hawkins gave out the next hymn; after which Mr. Bloomfield made some remarks on the Church from the words, "Upon this Rock I will build my Church." At the close of Mr. Bloomfield's remarks, Mr. George Wyard ascended the pulpit, and asked

the Usual Questions. In the first place, Mr. Wyard said he should like to hear a short statement of how the Lord first brought him to know and feel himself a sinner. To this Mr. Webb, in a few words, replied, noticing the way in which he had been deeply exercised now nineteen years ago; and eventually, after much exercise of mind how, under the word as delivered by Mr. Wyard at an anniversary at Ilford, his soul was set at Gospel liberty. Mr. Wyard thanked Mr. Webb for this statement, and asked him to give some relation of the exercises of his mind respecting his call to the ministry. Mr. Webb said he was not like some of his brethren, who had to be "thrust" into the ministry. He always felt a longing desire to be engaged in so glorious a work. The leadings of providence were then related touching the way in which Mr. Webb had been called into this work. In replying further to Mr. Wyard's questions, Mr. Webb read an original and concise paper on his belief, as to the doctrines and order of the Church of Christ; and we then had the particulars of how Mr. Webb had been led to accept the oversight of the Church over which he was then being ordained. At this point of the proceedings, Mr. Wyard called upon some member of the Church to state the reasons that had led them to choose Mr. Webb to walk in and out before them as the mouth of God to their souls. To this question, Mr. Marks gave the reply on behalf of the Church: and in doing so, he spoke of the late Mr. James Nunn in the highest terms as a man that was deeply tried and heavily afflicted; and a man of God who was most remarkably led into the mysteries of the Gospel; a man of giant stature in the word of God; and a man whom the Lord sent up to the golden city, shouting, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" After Mr. Marks' statement, the members of the Church were requested to hold up their right hand, to signify their desire that Mr. Webb should now become their pastor. This being done, Mr. Wyard told Mr. Webb that if he accepted the invitation now given him by the Church there as just expressed by their show of hands, he would please to signify the same by holding up his right hand. Mr. Webb having accepted the call of the Church, Mr. Wyard asked some ministerial brother to ratify this union: whereupon Mr. Webster took the right hand of Mr. Marks (on behalf of the Church), and placing it in the right hand of the newly-appointed minister, said, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Thus the marriage contract of this Church with its young pastor was openly and publicly declared. Mr. Wyard was to have delivered "a Charge," or words of warning, of counsel, of caution, and of encouragement to the newly recognized pastor, but it being five o'clock, the afternoon service was closed by a hymn read by Mr. Alderson, and the ordination prayer offered by Mr. Hazelton.

After tea, the service was commenced by the pastor giving out a hymn; and prayer was offered by his brother William. Another hymn, and Mr. Wyard addressed the pastor from the words in 2 Timothy iv. 2, "Preach the word." Mr. Wyard's remarks were based upon many years of ministerial life; and we therefore had a *bona fide* experimental Charge to and about the work of a minister, which Mr. Webb will do well to call often to remembrance. After Mr. Wyard's Charge, addresses were given by Mr. Anderson, Mr. Milner, Mr. Green, Mr. Higham, Mr. Bloomfield, Mr. Pells, Mr. Meeres, and others, mostly of a congratulatory character.

There was one thing we could not but help noticing at these services; with the exception of the remarks by Mr. Marks in the afternoon, when speaking of the leadings of providence with them as a Church, and a word which dropped from Mr. Higham in the evening meeting, the memory of the first pastor, and the man who established this cause was most effectually buried. In fact,

but for the instances we have just mentioned, one would have left the place entirely ignorant of any previous pastor; but possibly this may be accounted for by another fact—that scarcely one of the ministers who were at these services ever were either in the Chapel before, or had any connection with the first and former pastor. But, James Nunn's memory is embalmed in the souls of thousands of the living family of God scattered up and down this island; and on the table of their hearts a memorial of unfeigned love is inscribed to the God of all grace for the great and lasting blessing He was pleased to make of His servant to them; and with this we rest perfectly satisfied.

During the whole of the day, the chapel was well filled; and a large number of ministers gathered to assist in the services, amongst whom were Messrs. Flory, Meeres, Dowdall, Webster, Winfield, Green, W. Webb, Higham, Bloomfield, Milner, Hazelton, Alderson, Anderson, Chivers, Pells, and others. A cheerful spirit pervaded the people and speakers; and, to all human appearances, a large sphere of usefulness is here opened up for a man of God. We desire for the Church here much of the spirit of prayer, that their new pastor may be unto them a teacher, a leader, a guide, a counsellor, and a spiritual and lasting blessing. To the pastor—whom we have long known and loved for his sincerity and devoted zeal to his Master's service—to him we say, "Be determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." And may Heaven's richest blessings crown the union which we have thus briefly noticed. "R."

MR. BRUNT, & MR. CORNWELL'S ORDINATION.

On Monday, Feb. 15th, Mr. Cornwell was publicly recognised as pastor of the Particular Baptist Church recently formed in Mount Zion Chapel, Cowper road, Stoke Newington. Mr. John Brunt (of Shadwell) delivered an Address on the Origin and Design of Ordinations; in which he displayed much intelligence, growing talent, and a vigorous spirit toward all that is consistent with the revealed will of God. We were most agreeably surprised, pleased, and profited. Most sound in faith and lovingly determined to abide by every branch of truth—men who have minds of their own, and who are industrious, laborious, and devoted in the work of God, are not numerous. We hail, therefore, with sacred gratitude such a man of God as John Brunt—who has for the last seven years at Colnbrook, and for seven previous years at Watford and Bedford, proved himself to be "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" and whether his future settlement be at Shadwell, or Blackheath, or Reading, or St. Neot's, we trust it will be a prosperous, and for many years a permanently peaceful one. We understand Mr. George Murrell invited him to become co-pastor with him, but the engagements Mr. Brunt had entered into prevented his uniting his labours with that of the much beloved minister of the Church at St. Neot's. With all our heart we wish John Brunt God-speed. As an able minister of the New Testament, we esteem him increasingly, and with real sincerity admire the grace and gift of God in him. We venture to add (and when we see anything like real goodness in a man, we delight in recommending him to the notice of all the spiritual family; as well as suggesting any improvement; we therefore add) a little more close consecutiveness in abiding by, and diving more deeply into the theme in hand; a little more apt illustration; a little more real exposition of the Word; and a little less reference to past circumstances—craving hard for, and obtaining more of the unction and power of the HOLY ONE; and then we hesitate not to declare JOHN BRUNT will—by God's good care and continued watering—be an honour to our section of

the Church, and a man who will go before and leave behind, many who yet stand as leading men. Seeing the fathers in our part drooping, it is time, indeed, we saw some men rising who, instrumentally, might save our denomination from sinking altogether into the shade.

After Mr. Brunt's address, Mr. Joseph Flory spoke to the people, and read a beautiful hymn, which was sung. C. W. Banks asked the questions; Mr. Cornwall related his experience, and described the way in which he was brought into the ministry. The crowded assembly testified their approbation, and sanctioned and welcomed him as a minister of Jesus Christ. Mr. Henry Stanley offered the ordination prayer, and C. W. Banks addressed his brother Cornwall, advising him, first, as a Christian, to be deeply concerned at all times to maintain his character as a true disciple of the Lord his God, seeking to be, at home and abroad, a blessing and not a curse. C. W. Banks said, not a few men who ran preaching, neglected their homes; and wives and children mourned in almost destitute confinement at home, while their parson-husbands were flying in all directions for pulpits. He had recently received a long and bitter tale of a minister's wife, who, for years, had been almost abandoned by her husband, a large family of sickly children to rear single-handed with small means, had broken down her spirit; and her preaching husband has now separated himself from his broken-hearted and ruined wife: how such a man can preach Christ's Gospel is a mystery deep indeed. C. W. Banks next advised Mr. Cornwall as a student, entreating him to endeavour to acquire the habit of getting his mind fixed upon a subject, and then pursuing it with thought and meditation to the utmost of his power. Some men would say they could not pray, nor could they study; then they ought not to preach. God is faithful; and if a man can wait on the Lord honestly and truly, the Lord will supply him. As a preacher, and as a visitor among the people, brother Cornwall was kindly admonished. Mr. Frith, of Borough Green, addressed the church in a gracious and pleasant spirit. Mr. Flory and Mr. Abraham Howard helped to close this very solemn service.

WHAT IS WANTED AT

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

DEEP-thinking James Howell has been three Sundays more at the Particular Baptist Chapel here; but we believe he thinks of leaving it. He preached two Sundays in Squirries street, London, with acceptance. We believe he has yet a work to do; but Bury St. Edmunds requires a Boanerges, a son of thunder; not merely "a Loving John and a Practical James" in one man, for that they have in Cornelius Elven, and the fruit of his labours will last for generations yet to come. A more noble specimen of a large man with a large loving heart, cannot be found in England; still it is possible for a minister, in one sense, to be too universal, and too general, and too lax, and too lenient, and too easy, and too charitable. We say again, Bury St. Edmunds requires a son of thunder, not a thundering gunner, a thundering man merely, but a man through whom "the God of Glory thundereth." It is usual among the ancients to express high eloquence and strong confidence of speech by thundering. It was said by *Alcibiades* that he thundered Greece: he was a man so mighty in elocution, that he made his hearers tremble. And hence Christ Himself surnamed two of His own disciples, Boanerges, which is the sons of thunder. They did not speak, as we say, like a mouse in a cheese, but with a great voice, and a still greater spirit; they spake THE MESSAGES OF HEAVEN, as though it thundered FROM HEAVEN. That is what Bury St. Edmunds wants. She is not badly off for Churches, or Chapels, or people, or

means; nor is she behind her neighbours in evangelical and moral efforts. She has some good spirits in England's national establishments; she has some highly trained ministers in other denominations; and she has her old, long tried, and much-loved pet, Cornelius, who has been a blessing to her people; but this is not enough. The Particular Baptist Church there requires a *Basil*: of whom it was said, "There was thunder in his doctrine, and lightning in his life." Oh! our God in covenant, our Father in Christ, for Thy Church's sake, give us some *BASILS*, some *PAULS*, some *Whitefields* again; or we languish and die. Oh, that we had power in prayer, power in meditation, power in the pulpit, power to WALK in all the good ways of God for His glory, for without this manifold power our ministers are poor, and our Churches sink. Let us fly to God at His mercy throne, and not forget Bury St. Edmunds.

BIRMINGHAM AND BILSTON.—

The Church meeting for worship in the Strict Baptist Chapel, Charlotte street, near the parade, is growing into usefulness, and we hope a prospect of permanent prosperity. On Sunday, Jan. 31, three sermons were preached by C. W. Banks: and on Monday a happy and pleasing meeting, for tea and spiritual converse, was holden. On the Tuesday, the children of the Sunday School assembled, and tea and a treat was given to them. On the Monday evening Mr. Lodge, of Bilston, gave two addresses of a spirited character. Mr. Thomas Drew (in reporting on the progress of the cause), cheered the friends by a relation of their progress. The brethren Thomas and Henry Drew, with their Christian wives and families, have worked hard under God's blessing, to raise a cause of truth in Birmingham; and as in fitting, and enlarging the place, a debt has been incurred, we are bold to appeal to the wealthy and the good friends of truth in London, to help them to rear this infant cause in the midst of one of the mightiest and most productive towns of our native land—a town were Satan's seat is dreadfully visible, while in its centre stand a number of spacious churches and chapels, whose ministers, for the most part, are of the free-will and laxarian class. At the meeting referred to Mr. Hodgetts of Dudley, Mr. Attwood, of Bilston, and other friends assisted to render the meeting profitable. The large and respectable gathering caused us to believe there is an abundance of material for a flourishing church. Even we hope to live to see it multiply greatly. On the following Wednesday C. W. Banks preached in Mr. Lodge's new chapel, when we were favoured to see the chapel nearly filled, and to learn that God blesses Mr. Lodge in this place.

THE BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL

UNION.—At our accustomed monthly meeting February 9, in Shaftesbury hall, our prayers ascended the throne of grace for the blessing of God on our efforts; subscriptions from two gentlemen were added to our funds, and another sub-committee was appointed to arrange for Preparation Classes to be held in the several districts of London, to which will be invited all the teachers belonging to Strict Baptists. District visitors reported very favourably of their reception as far as they had gone. Of course they had accomplished a small part of their undertaking as yet; but I trust we shall all be happy to blend our interests and our efforts, and unite for mutual aid, where we are one in the God-glorifying principles which bless the soul, fire the heart, fortify the mind for work, and by the grace of God reclaim for God, the redeemed out of the guilt-bound youth of our land. The Publication Committee, spoken of in THE EARTHEN VESSEL of the last month is at

work in its very important business, so that, no doubt, we shall have for our schools a noble list of books to name to them every way suitable for all classes and all ages of young persons. And I hope it will not be long before we have a depot or store, to supply our schools on favourable terms. A nucleus of a library may now be had, had we permanent apartments proper, for many of us, and friends, would contribute from our libraries to form such a treasure for all our teachers to refer to for their personal and official improvement. Should there be any teachers, or ministers, waiting to see if we succeed before they join, to them we say,—Dear fellow-labourers in the best of causes, we shall surely succeed, I believe, and we the more directly, nobly, speedily, and extensively succeed, if you will at once unite your cordial love of the truth, and your practical wisdom with ours.

W. H.

IPSWICH.—Lord's Day, January 3, 1864, nine persons were baptized in Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, by T. Pook, where a large number met to witness the solemn and delightful ordinance, and truly the Divine presence was mercifully granted to the administrator and candidates, for every one said they were brands plucked out of the fire by Sovereign mercy, and willingly made to follow their great redeeming Lord in his appointed way. In the afternoon they were welcomed to the Lord's table with two more from other churches, when to the glory of the Lord of the feast, they fed on the delicious fare his love prepared, Himself drawing out the joy of the heart with a "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." They did so asking, "Why me, O Lord, why me?" When the whole family present partook of the same royal spirit and in heart could say,

"What creatures beside are favoured like us?

Forgiven, supplied, and banquetted thus:

By God our good Father, who gave us His Son,

And sent Him to gather His children in one.

Salvation's of God, the effect of free grace,

Upon us bestowed before the world was,

God from everlasting be blest, and again

Blest to everlasting Amen and amen."

And blessed be our gracious and good Master, who was also operating upon the hearts of some of His children among the host of spectators; others have come, saying we wish to come also, for we see and feel the Lord is with you. May the Great Head of His church stir up His ministers and people, in this day of awful rebuke, that while so many do trifle with the doctrines and discipline of the Gospel of the blessed God, and while wars are slaying, and fire destroying thousands, we may see our signs, cleave to our Lord, stick to our banners, be valiant for truth, and crown the Saviour Lord of all.

KEDAR.

BEDFORD.—Our brother Crampin, late of Somerset, is called to supply in Bedford for three months. He is an intelligent, careful, but faithful minister of Christ's Gospel. We shall rejoice if the long-sighing and oft-fainting cause at Bedford rises to strength and prosperity under God's blessing upon John Crampin's labours. John Bunyan and Bedford are dear names to us. We believe hundreds in that town long for something more like real Gospel than they can find at either the Experimental Endowed College, or the Classical Meeting, or at even the clear, orical House of Prayer, which riches have rolled in. Let John Crampin roll in the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the people will rejoice.

SCOTCH BAPTISTS.—TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.—DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to make known through your excellent periodical, the fact, that for a long

time past, a few disciples of Christ have desired to establish a Scotch Baptist Church in this great metropolis. They have been again and again told there are many persons in London holding the same faith and practice, who would gladly co-operate with these disciples, if their circumstances were known. Should this arrest the attention of any individual so disposed, the writer of this would be glad to communicate with them either personally or by letter, under the hope that by the Divine blessing, it may lead to the formation of one more Strict Communion Church, where the truth of God would be set forth, the love of Christ proclaimed to perish; sinners, and the souls of the faithful made joyful in their King. I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

ROBERT BLYTHE.

5, Palestine place, Cambridge Heath, N.E.

CHARD.—Dear Brother Banks, will you please inform the churches of truth through the EARTHEN VESSEL that the minister of South Chard, Somerset, Mr. D. G. Cresswell is open to supply any destitute church. He has been very successful in this locality in his ministry, and God has wrought powerfully by him to the conversion of some souls, and the church is very reluctant to part with him, but the sphere of labour is too small and limited. He has been long exercised as to the course he ought to take under the circumstances, and at length has resolved to propose to the South Chard church, that they spare him as often as necessary. The friends met on the subject, and expressed their regret that they were too poor to be able to find him necessary support. And rather than lose him altogether consented to his going out when required. And as I minister in the adjacent town and am well acquainted with the minister and people, and truly sympathize with them, and also think that brother Cresswell is well calculated under God, to stir up the slumbering churches, I take the liberty (with their consent) to commend him to the notice of the churches of truth, and hope and trust that you, my dear brother, will do all you can in opening his way, so that he may serve the churches in need, and not be constrained to give up his ministering entirely at S. With sincere sympathy with yourself and the churches at large,

O. H. WALTERS.

NOTTING HILL.—Mr. Williamson's anniversary was holden Feb. 13th and 15th. Neither Mr. John Foreman, nor Mr. James Wells could fulfil their engagements to preach, being unwell; but Mr. Bloomfield and Mr. Pells filled up their places. We hope these veterans will be speedily restored to their numerous labours. On the 15th, Mr. Williamson and his friends, at Johnson street, were encouraged by a goodly company to tea, and many ministers addressed the evening audience. The baptistry at John street has been much improved; a new gallery is about to be erected; a harmonium, to aid the singing, is contemplated; all which indicate a continued steady progress.

COMMERCIAL ROAD.—The ordination of Mr. Franks took place at Bloomsbury chapel, Thursday, Feb. 18th. Mr. Bat, of Nottingham, preached in the afternoon; Mr. Luckin asked the questions; and Mr. Jay, of Camberwell, delivered a powerful sermon in the evening, in the course of which he referred to the late pastor of Bloomsbury, the much beloved, but heavily afflicted Gabriel Bayfield, of whom Mr. Jay said, "Gabriel Bayfield is the only remaining type of the late Mr. Joseph Iron." How sad, if this is true. Gabriel Bayfield's illness is a painful trial to all who loved and lived under his ministry. Of Mr. Frank's ordination, we hope to give more particulars.

THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF MR. J. BLOOMFIELD'S

PASTORATE AT SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT, SOHO.

MR. BLOOMFIELD having completed eleven years among his people at Salem, the event was commemorated on February 9th, by a tea and public meeting. On the Sabbath preceding, Mr. Bloomfield spoke from "We preach Christ crucified." Indeed, it appears this is his annual custom; it was the theme with which he began his ministry at Salem, and it is the theme he more particularly delights to expatiate on as his anniversary seasons roll round, when he fails not to impress upon his Church and congregation, that this all important subject has had, and by the grace of God, shall have the most prominent place in his ministry.

The public meeting was very numerously attended. If from these annual gatherings inferences may be drawn to show the favourable standing of a minister among the Churches and his own people, Mr. Bloomfield occupies a very happy one. At the evening meeting, John Thwaites, Esq., ably presided. Without entering into detail, we may say, various addresses were delivered (the subjects and speakers as announced in our last month's number), and were listened to with great interest; and Mr. Bloomfield pronounced it one of his best meetings; and pastor and people seemed really happy.

VICTORIA PARK.—On Monday, Feb. 8th, special services were holden in Bethel Chapel, Old Ford. Mr. J. Wells preached cheerfully to a goodly company. Nearly 200 sat down to tea. In the evening Mr. E. Packer opened the meeting; C. W. Banks presided; and addresses were delivered by the brethren J. Whitteridge, S. Cozens, J. Webster, J. Butterfield, J. Inward, Cornwell, W. Palmer, &c. Brethren Gordelier, Mose, Strickett, Flory, Rayment, Porter, and others were present. The place was densely crowded.

APPEAL.

DEAR EDITOR,—Be kind to say the Baptist Chapel at Crudwell requires to have a new roof in it, and part of the walls to be rebuilt; the people are very poor; they ask the friends of Zion to help them. Should the Lord incline any to send us a little of what God has given them, they can forward it to Thomas Lamb, of Crudwell; or to Thomas Taylor, Chedglow, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, which would be thankfully received. (Crudwell Chapel was John Wigmores's happy place of ministry. Instrumentally we brought him from there; and we are bound to plead for them. Crudwell people deserve real help. Let us all help a little.—Ed.)

Notes and Queries.

MR. CRACKNELL'S REMOVAL.

OUR kind note last month has been considered unwise. Let us speak freely and truly. From the very commencement of Mr. Cracknell's ministry, we have been deeply interested in his welfare. At his first settlement and in his subsequent removal, we were instrumentally employed. As soon as he received the invite from Cheltenham, he laid it before us—not to be guided by us—but that his course might be thoroughly understood. In answer to our question to him respecting the Communion, we understood him to say the Church at Cambray is a decidedly Particular Baptist, and composed of people who love and labour for the great and most essential principles of the Gospel. We could say much by way of exposition on this matter; but perhaps Mr. Cracknell may feel it his duty to inform his old friends, through our pages, whether his well known views touching the principles and practices of the New Testament have undergone any change.

Mr. J. E. Cracknell.—Dear MR. EDITOR,—For the sake of truth and strict church principles, will you ask this one important question in your March number? Is the Church of which Mr. Cracknell, of Dacre Park, has accepted the pastorate, one formed on New Testament principles, or Open Communion? This is an important question, and asked in all sincerity of heart by a lover of Gospel order. R. O.

DEAR SIR,—Has Mr. Cracknell thrown his strict Baptist principles overboard, for the sake of a larger church, and perhaps a larger salary? I was greatly surprised to find by your magazine last night, that he had accepted an invitation from an Open Communion Church, when no longer ago than last April his name was enrolled as a member of the "Strict Communion Baptist Society," one object of which was to try and prevent the spread of the very error he is now so ready to embrace. How long it will be ere this laxity in practice will be followed by laxity of doctrine remains to be seen; they generally go together; and some of the Cambray people have a great horror of those whom they designate "Hypers." It strikes me that a young man who can so easily and readily change his colours, is far more deserving the censure and disapprobation of the wise and good, than the high commendation bestowed upon him in your magazine for this month. I have no personal feeling in the matter. I never saw Mr. C. but once, and have no connection whatever with the Cambray people; but I am a lover of consistency, and a lover of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

AMERICA.

WE have received painful tidings of the long illness and almost starving condition of our friend and ministering brother, James Hooper, whose residence is 245, West 32nd-street, near 9th Avenue, New York, U.S. James Hooper was a member of Mr. John Foreman's church; afterward at Barnstable; and now is settled over a little faithful band in New York, but, through long and severe illness, is unable to preach. It rejoices us much to learn that recently some Baptist friends in New York have found him out, and have endeavoured to relieve him and his family in their necessities. And to all James Hooper's friends in England we would say, send him out a kind note of sympathy to cheer his poor broken heart, if you can do nothing more. We believe him to be an honest and humble believer in Jesus—a man loving and living the truth—and we pray the Lord to raise him up friends in the land of his adoption, where he is almost a stranger, and in a hot and heavy furnace.

We have not seen the American paper, entitled, "The Christian." If the editor will forward us copies, we will send him EARTHEN VESSELS in return.

A correspondent informs us that the *Standard* party in America manifest a cruel unkindness toward all VESSEL readers and friends. We ask our friends in New York to procure us some active agents there. We could circulate as many thousands in America as we do in England if we could only get the agents. Let our friends exert themselves and communicate with us.

Death.

DIED, on the last day of January, 1864, after a lingering illness, the eldest son of Mr. THOMAS ROWLAND, of Cogges hall.

"Sorrowful, yet Always Rejoicing."

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

WITH SOME THOUGHTS UPON "VERY PIOUS PEOPLE" AND
"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

THE Rev. William Parks, the rector of Openshaw, has recently issued No. 4 of his new series of penny tracts, bearing this title, "*Rejoicing Notices and Groaning Veterans.*" (Manchester: Edward Slater.)

One of the most deceptive abuses of the words "*faith,*" "*believing,*" &c., is, what may be termed "*the abstract*" — "*the isolated;*" or, the abiding and uninterrupted assurance of interest in CHRIST, and a constant rejoicing in that GREAT FACT; let circumstances be whatever they may, let conscience say whatsoever it will, or let clouds and darkness gather around the soul thick and heavy as midnight itself.

We have travelled more than thirty years amid the ranks of believers in all parts of the country; we have read the lives and experiences of ministers and of private members in the church, of all sections and of almost all periods; but in no case have we found one whose faith and assurance so carried them beyond themselves and their circumstances as to keep them in one unceasing strain and course of joy, and peace, and constant gladness of soul.

"The folly and absurdity of the 'always rejoicing' theory, lately become so fashionable amongst certain religious professors," is by Mr. Parks examined in a masterly and faithful manner. We are quite certain a little light of this kind is quite necessary in these days, when "*believing*" and "*rejoicing,*" "*flying to Jesus*" and "*resting entirely and at all times on Him,*" are represented as exercises and privileges so easily obtainable. The plain fact of the case seems to us to be here, and let it be faithfully declared (if we are deceived and wrong here, let us stand condemned ten thousand times more than we do; and yet our trembling heart cries out, "O Lord, in mercy spare!" but let us express our conviction):—that the profession of religion has become a popular, a pleasant, a respectable, a lucrative, a necessary, and a fashionable accompaniment of all who are not quite sunk either in infidelity on the one hand, or carnality and worldly-mindedness on the other. The wise and the

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wealthy are come over (professedly, at least) to the side of Christianity. Her Majesty, our most excellent QUEEN VICTORIA, espouses the cause of CHRIST, perhaps as far as she thinks she can; she patronizes and even encourages the publication of good books; she retires, as much as possible, from the world, and in "contemplations upon the God of Israel," we hope she spends many solemn seasons. Queen Victoria is,—we had almost said,—the noblest "defender of the Protestant faith" that ever sat upon the throne of this much-favoured empire. In aristocratic circles, bending gradually downward even to the lower classes, there are many thousands of "*very pious people.*" We use not the term irreverently, nor sarcastically, but simply because it is in common use among the Puseyitish, Evangelical, Congregational, Wesleyan, General Baptist, Plymouth Brethren, and Primitive armies of Christians of all ages, classes, and degrees. We use not the term "*very pious people*" derogatively, or contemptuously; nay, the Lord forbid. Oh! no; not for one moment: for when we read of their multitudinous efforts to do good—when we read their beautifully-written essays, memoirs, poems, pretty tales, and amazing conversions, we quite envy them, and hope—although sometimes fears will arise—still, we hope, that their happy piety, their apparent deep devotion, and their seeming self-denying labours, all spring from the possession of a much larger measure of grace than we ever yet attained unto. And, then, questions arise in our hearts like these,—Was Peter's vision, "the great sheet knit at the four corners, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air," was this a representation of the whole election of grace, or of only a part of them? Was the seventh of Romans designed to shew how men come into the experience of the eighth? Was "the whole armour of God," which Paul so carefully defined, only necessary for the first ages of the Christian era? Was John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* a kind of map of the way all must go

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who will to heaven's high glories come? Or, is it possible, *now*,—*now*, when they build so many churches, such gaudy and elegant edifices, such noble and commodious tabernacles, congregational churches, chapels, halls, &c.,—*now*, when schools are so numerous, colleges so efficient, ministers so gifted and so talented,—*now*, when missionaries, Scripture readers, Bible-women, and evangelists run in all directions,—and, again, we say, we refer not to these enterprises with any other feeling than that of thankfulness on the one side of our heart, that so much care is shewn toward the poor fallen masses of the people; and with *hope* on the other side of our heart that the Lord Himself will bless these earnest labourers, and make use of them to lead home thousands of His own sheep to the Divinely-appointed fold. But, we ask then, *now*, in these palmy days, has the Christian no burden to carry? Is the Slough of Despond quite filled up? Are the lions dead? Has Satan ceased to worry those whom he cannot devour? Nay, nay; when we see with what overflowing success the popular and fashionable churches are attended, and when we witness the painful afflictions, divisions, and heart-rending scenes of the much-despised, yet really earnest and truthful, followers of the Lamb, we are tempted to fear that the one great adversary (and all his infernal hosts) has left the former as dreaming and deluded, while among the latter he labours with unceasing malice.

We could not easily describe with what acute sorrow and silent grief we read the following, in some senses correct, yet, to us, in every way afflicting, paragraph. The preacher is describing the different classes of professors who have

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

He says,—

"Another very numerous class have *opinion but not faith*, creed but not credence. We meet them everywhere. How zealous they are for Protestantism! They would not only die for orthodoxy, but kill others as well. Perhaps it is the Calvinistic doctrine which they have received, and then the five points are as dear to them as their five senses. These men will contend, not to say earnestly, but savagely for the faith. They very vehemently denounce all those who differ from them in the smallest degree; and deal damnation round the land with amazing liberality to all who are not full weight according to the balance of their little Zoar, Rehoboth, or Jireh: while all the while the Spirit of Christ, the love of the Spirit, bowels of compassion, and holiness of character are

no more to be expected from them than grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. Doctrine, my brethren, is to be prized above all price! Woe to the Church of God when error shall be thought a trifle, for truth will be lightly esteemed; and when truth is gone, what is left? But, at the same time, we grossly mistake if we think that orthodoxy of creed will save us. I am sick of those cries of 'the truth,' 'the truth,' 'the truth,' from men of rotten lives and unholy tempers. There is an orthodox as well as a heterodox road to hell, and the devil knows how to handle Calvinists quite as well as Arminians. No pale of any church can insure salvation, no form of doctrine can guarantee to us eternal life. 'Ye must be born again.' Ye must bring forth fruits meet for repentance. 'Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.' Stopping short of vital union to the Lord Jesus by real faith, we miss the great qualification for entering heaven. Yet the time is not come when these mere head-knowers are cursed."

We represent, it may be, as many of these little Rehoboths, Zoars, Jirehs, Bethels, Carmels, and Zions as any publication extant; and the frequent public contempt cast upon them by this great *Solomon* of our day, causeth us, and many beside us, great sorrow of heart, and we humbly ask, is the *littleness*, the *weakness*, the *creature-helplessness* of a church its damning feature? In London, in English cities, in our manufacturing towns, in our agricultural districts, in all parts of the United Kingdom, these little Zoars and Zions exist. The worshippers, for the most part, are the very salt of the earth; they are the men who sigh and cry for the abominations that exist in the land; *their* ministers are not furnished with extraordinary gifts; their pastors are not rich either in classical lore, the use of anecdotes, or the possession of wealth. Many of them have not the charity, the bowels of compassion, nor the largeness of soul we could desire. But how many thousands of them—ministers and laymen—work hard, live hard, walk hard, and, in every sense, "endure hardness as good soldiers of JESUS CHRIST!" Their temptations are painful in the extreme; their toils and trials are heavy and severe; their friends are comparatively few; their foes are mighty and many; but, with little more than "Christ and a crust," they press on—they persevere: instrumentally, they uphold TAVU in the land, and feed the poor of the flock; and while neither they nor ourselves would envy the man who can command his thousands upon thousands—while we would de-

sire to render thanks to God for every dispensation of the Gospel—let it be by whom it may—still, we venture to ask, on the behalf of the captains over fifties, is it Christ-like indirectly to curse them, because their numbers are few, because their gifts are small; because their minds have not been much enlarged; because their influence is scant; because their means are poor in the extreme, and because, among them, may be now and then one or more of "rotten lives and unholy tempers?" Nay, we think such contempt grieves thousands of the broken-hearted who really and daily mourn in Zion, while such contempt leads the uncircumcised to laugh us to scorn.

It is a most lamentable fact, that the Professing Church has scarcely ever put forth any very gigantic effort, but, sooner or later, a dark cloud has covered it. From Solomon to Hezekiah, and taking a very much longer stretch, from Hezekiah to Edward Irving, there has been written in letters (streaming with blood and the blackest of sorrows)—broken, yet blazing letters—not to be mistaken, "*Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*"

Away, then, from this scene, where the people pay so precious dear for the Gospel they get—where, with the left hand Truth is embraced (with a genius and mental power hardly ever surpassed, and, we hope, with a heart beating high in its love to God and His glory in the salvation of souls), but, where, with the right hand, Truth, and her poor ragged children, are often stabbed to the heart, and with the utmost scorn cast down into the dust. Away—with daily tears of real heart-breaking sorrow, we turn—because much as we rejoice in every branch of Zion's prosperity, yet in any way to see "the Church cutting at and condemning the Church,"—to hear ministers who profess to stand with Luther, Toplady, and even preach Tobias Crisp's sermons over again,—to hear such men railing at their fellows, is most lamentable; therefore we turn to One who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin (and then, sometimes, a little hope and help is found), and around the feet of this once bleeding Intercessor, we sometimes meet a man like William Parks, of Openshaw, from whose tract on the impossibility of Christians "Always Rejoicing" here, we gather an extract or two. We take not consecutive nor critical, but the most experimental paragraphs:—

"The life of a Christian is a struggle, a fight, a conflict, a warfare, in which the most desperate efforts are made by the arch-enemy of souls to overthrow him; and how any real actor, soldier, or combatant in such a strife can always rejoice, is as

utterly incomprehensible to me as the skipping and singing of a regiment in the midst of the din and roar of battle. After a victory (even a temporary one) I could understand the regiment's delight; but as long as there was danger about, or the smart of wounds felt, or the terrible slaughter by the enemy witnessed, I should unhesitatingly pronounce the men composing it to be insane!

"I know that Paul's own expressions are brought to bear against my views upon this question. The antithetical phrase, 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing,' is pointed to as an unanswerable proof that if this be not the ordinary Christian's experience, he doesn't know the Lord. But what fallacious folly is this! What schoolboy superficiality is here! What outrageous recklessness does such dealing with the Word of God exhibit!

"Am I Paul? Have I Paul's graces, Paul's privileges, Paul's power? Nay, for though I have 'like precious faith' with him, it is not of the same measure or quantity, and in comparison with him I am but a weakling and a babe!

"Besides, must it necessarily follow that because Paul has stated to the Corinthians that he was 'always rejoicing,' his words are to be taken in their literality? Does the word 'always' invariably mean continually, continuously, uninterruptedly? Surely not. We read elsewhere that 'Cornelius prayed to God always.' (Acts x., 2.) And we read, too, that the Apostle exhorted the Ephesians and the Thessalonians to pray 'always' (Eph. vi., 18.; 1 Thess. v., 17.); but surely no man in his senses would undertake to show that there was never any interruption to Cornelius's prayers, or never any cessation to those of the Ephesians or Thessalonians! Yet, till this is done, the advocates for the 'always rejoicing' theory must be content to be regarded as talking without book.

"Paul was terribly afflicted with 'a thorn in the flesh,' which so harassed him that he besought the Lord three several times to remove it; but the Lord would not grant his petition (2 Cor. xii., 7, 8). Now it is wholly incredible that Paul rejoiced whilst he was struggling in prayer for the removal of this annoyance—this 'messenger of Satan' that so buffeted him. True, again, he says, 'Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities. I will glory in my infirmities' (2 Cor. xii., 9, 10); but we must remember that this was after the Lord had soothed and consoled him concerning this matter, and not whilst he was in the midst of his conflict.

"Though Paul frequently employs the term 'rejoice' it is not at all clear that he means by it what we mean by it; and it may help uneducated persons to know that the

passages in Philippians iii., 1, and iv., 4, and 1 Thess. v., 16, mean nothing more than an affectionate greeting at parting. The word rendered 'rejoice' here, has been more accurately translated 'farewell' in 2 Cor. xiii., 11. It is the simple word-form of greeting, and means, 'May all go well with you in a Christian way; may you be happy as a Christian ought to be, i. e., in Christ.' And even if it meant what the always-rejoicing theorists would have it, we must remember that it by no means follows, because we wish a man to be joyous and happy, he must consequently be so. Ten thousand apostles might call upon me to rejoice, or wish me to be happy, and yet I might find it impossible to do the one, or be the other.

"Some of us, at least, know what it is for the enemy to 'come in like a flood,' and, what is more, for dark and blasphemous unbelief to take possession of us whilst waiting for the Lord to fulfil His promise, 'I will lift up a standard against him!' It is idle to talk about rejoicing then. What! when everything goes crosswise? When the world, the flesh, and the devil are all banded together against us? When the world insults, and the flesh tempts, and the devil taunts us? Impossible! Impossible!

"'Every man,' says Rutherford, 'is a believer in the day-light; but I find it hard work to believe when the course of Providence goeth crosswise to our faith, and when misted souls in a dark night cannot

know east by west, and our sea compass seemeth to fail us.' O how the letter of the Word deceives simple souls! They see it written, '*Rejoice, Always rejoicing,*' and the poor creatures jump to the conclusion that because the words are there, the feeling must be or ought to be in their souls! So they come forth and mock us with that we know to be a lie or a delusion, and say, '*We always rejoice, and they who do not, know not the Lord!*'

"As well might they tell us, because the words, '*Be ye perfect as my Heavenly Father is perfect,*' are in the Scriptures, therefore we may be perfect. But some one asks, '*And does the Christian never rejoice?*' To whom I reply, yes, the Christian is enabled to rejoice sometimes, but, for the most part, it is at intervals far between that he is inclined to take his harp from the willows, and sing praises to his God. It is with the Christian as with the soldier. When victory has been achieved he rejoices, but not in the midst of conflict. It is with the Christian as with the sufferer. When there is a respite from pain, there is joy of heart, but not in the agonies of torment.

"When the Christian can realize the Saviour's presence, when he has had prayer answered, when he has escaped the net of the fowler, when he has received a sweet promise into his very soul, he rejoices indeed; but as these things are not always happening, it is clear the Christian is not always rejoicing."

THE PLAIN MAN'S PENTATEUCH :

OR, THE
PREACHER AND HIS PREACHING.

I was glad to find that Mr. Spurgeon studies good old Trapp. I saw a quotation from that ancient commentator in a recent published sermon of Mr. S.'s, and being so fond of Trapp myself, I rejoiced to find others occasionally consult him. It was a saying of the late Isaac Beeman, of Cranbrook, that he always laboured to get from the Lord Himself the mind of CHRIST—the mind of GOD—the mind of the SPIRIT, in any text he might be led to study; and having thus drunk in the Truth from the Fountain Head—having well digested it in his own soul's experience—he sometimes referred to Gill, and others, to see if they were led by the same Spirit. Thus he was oft-times confirmed and comforted.

When ministers speak lightly of books, book-makers, and authors, commentators, and interpreters, I ask myself (and I would

ask them, if I dared), three plain questions:—First. Did you ever know a permanently successful and useful minister who had no library? A pastor, a preacher, a biblical student, a workman in the Lord's vineyard, without his library? Nay. That dear old man, John Warburton, did exhort William Allen to read no book but the Bible; but when William called to see John, he found him surrounded by many excellent books. Such mighty men as John Bunyan and George Whitfield could not make much use of books. One was shut up in prison, and lived in times where and when he could not have books to any extent; the other was such a flying evangelist, that he could not have recourse to what are called "dead men's brains." George Whitfield found text, sermon, comment, notes, and all in the simple Gospels

of Jesus, and such was his burning love to the souls of his fellow-men, and such were the rich anointings of the Holy Spirit on his soul, and such was the fruitfulness of his mind, the fluency of his tongue, and the use which he could make of everything he saw or heard, and so frequent and constant his labours, that he needed not to avail himself of any ray of light an ancient student might throw upon the text. With such rare exceptions, most ministers have their book-shelves and library tables pretty well stored.

Then, secondly, I would ask, do these good men content themselves with merely knowing the books are there, yet never look into them? I have heard that good young John Pells read consecutively the whole of Caryl on Job, besides many other books, which has, under God, greatly helped to expand and fill up his mind. But,—

Thirdly. Let me ask the contemner of books this question: "My friend, doth thy wrath against good books come from thy poverty, so that you cannot obtain them? Or from thy laziness, that thou wilt not apply thyself unto them? If from the former, I pity thee; if from the latter, I say cease thy prating in that direction; for every common-sense hearer of thine will clearly see that thou hast such a large measure of the Spirit in thee, that thou lackest little or nothing from any other source, which really is the happy privilege of here and there one; or, he will see thy emptiness and vain boasting, so as soon to leave thee to thyself and to thy vain conceits.

"Where to Find Fruit," is the title of the sermon referred to. "From Me is thy fruit found," was the text. The preacher said,— "According to Master Trapp, some read this passage, 'In Me is thy fruit ready.' Certain it is that at all times, whenever we approach to God, we shall find in Him a ready supply for every lack. The best of trees have fruit on them only at appointed seasons. Who is so unreasonable as to look for fruit upon the peach or the plumb at this season of the year? No drooping boughs beckon us to partake of their ripening crops, for winter's cold still nips the buds. But our God hath fruit at all times: the tree of life yieldeth its fruit every month; nay, every day and every hour, for He is 'a very present help in time of trouble.'

"Another translator reads the passage, 'In Me thy fruit is enough.' Whatever may be the accuracy of the translation, the sentiment itself is most correct. In God there is enough for all His people; and well there may be, since in Him there is infinity. 'I have enough, my brother,'

said Esau when he met Jacob: 'I have all things,' said Jacob in reply. None but the believer can say, 'I have all things;' and therefore only he can be sure of having enough. Ishmael had his bottle of water, and went away into the wilderness; but it is written, that Isaac abode by the well: how happy is the soul which hath learned how to live by the well of his faithful God! for the water will be spent in the bottle, but the water will never be spent in the well. Christian, remember the all-sufficiency of thy God! Let that ancient name, 'El Shaddai'—*God all-sufficient*, sound like music in thine ear; as some translate it, 'The many-breasted God,' yielding from Himself the sustenance of all His creatures."

Now, let us come to give a few words at a time from this rare old scholar John Trapp, with whose testimony I may, here and there, give some expository notes from others. My motive is simply to stir up the hearts of good men to study more intensely the precious Word of God.

"In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." A beginning there was, then, whatever Aristotle fancied of the world's eternity. So true is that (saying) of a learned Italian: *Philosophy seeks after truth; Divinity only finds it; Religion improves (i.e., manifests) it.* * * * The mystery of the blessed Trinity is expressed by Elihu (in Job xxxv. 10), *Eloah Gnoscit, God, my Makers.* 'None saith, Where is God, my Makers, who giveth songs in the night?'"

The FATHER made all the elect ONE IN CHRIST, and ONE WITH CHRIST, in the covenant of grace. The SON made them righteous by His righteousness, and clean from every spot and wrinkle by His precious blood-shedding. And the SPIRIT makes them new creatures in CHRIST JESUS. If any man be in CHRIST (by the power and grace of the SPIRIT), he is a new creation, or has in him a new creation, which unregenerate men never have. To them, even in this night of a dark world, He giveth many songs.

"David (in Psalm cxlix. 2), says, 'Let Israel rejoice in the Maker of Israel.' While Solomon says, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'

"To the same sense, sweetly sounds the *Haphtora*, or portion of Scripture which is read by the Jews (namely, Isaiah xlii. 5): 'Thus saith God the Lord, He that created the heavens and stretched them out; He that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; He that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein': this, and Genesis i., the Jews read together. Also, that of the Psalmist: 'By the breath of the Lord were

the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath (or spirit) of His mouth: that is, God the Father, by the Son, through the Holy Ghost, created all. This *Trimegist*, an ancient Egyptian, who flourished before Pharaoh, acknowledged, and from thence had his name. The Hebrews of old were no strangers to this mystery, though their posterity understood it not.

"R. Solomon Jarchi, writing on Canticles i. 11 (which we read, 'We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver), interpreted it thus, '*I and my judgment-hall.*' Now, a judgment-hall in Israel consisted of three at least, which, in their close manner of speech, they applied to God, who is *Three-in-One*, and *One-in-Three.*"

From this short exposition you may see how deeply Trapp searched into the hidden parts of every sentence of God's Word: so that its harmony, which to many of us may be hidden, is most beautifully made transparent.

I must confess that Trapp is not so grand and full upon the TRINITY as many others. The doctrine of the Trinity, the existence of the Trinity, the knowledge of the Trinity, a living faith in the Trinity, and fellowship with each and every Person in the all-glorious Trinity in unity is so very essential, as the foundation and root of all religion, of all worship, of all enjoyment, and of all salvation, that I cannot be content to confine myself here to Trapp.

The Bible opens with this the highest mystery of all things revealed; and as faith in this mystery is needful to qualify us for the church below and for heaven above—as this mystery seems to be so much beclouded or unknown by men of our day—let us have a fuller chapter on this

great theme, which, the Lord permitting, I will give next month.

When Augustus Toplady wrote his preface to Zanchy's "*Predestination*," he said, "Excellent as Zanchy's original piece is, I yet have occasionally ventured both to retrench and to enlarge it." So say I of Trapp's Pentateuch, in which are many Latin quotations of no benefit to my readers. Most of these will be omitted; and, on the other hand, on some Scripture words and sentences, Master Trapp is silent or scant; here I shall (if that blessed SPIRIT, under whose guidance I desire to be in all things, will help and preserve me), often throw in some precious gems of thought and deeply-dug-out expositions of the sacred Word of God.

For instance, this first word—this door of entrance into the precious chambers of revealed Truth—is but briefly touched by Trapp: yet, this "IN THE BEGINNING" is a golden sentence—a relative line—a grand note, which demands reverent attention and notice. It is the first putting forth of the Divine hand to open the door through which the glorious Trinity are to march out of the councils of eternity into the transactions of time. THE FATHER had been predestinating, choosing, covenanting, promising, and preparing all things for His elect family. THE SON had been undertaking, and receiving, and delighting in the forethoughts of the glory to be revealed to the children of men, yet unborn. THE SPIRIT had been witnessing and sealing all the glorious plans of salvation. And now they arise from their inexpressibly blessed "thoughts of peace" and purposes of love, and putting forth Divine power in creation, the Holy Ghost says, "*In the beginning.*" Let us look at this for one moment further.

THE GLORY OF FREE GRACE.

By ALBERT BROWN, BAPTIST MINISTER, WISDEACH.

"To the praise and glory of His grace,"—Eph. i. 6.

By the great division of our sphere of land and water, we are supplied with a faint illustration of what the sacred Scripture is to us, and in our hand when we attempt to search into its holy mighty mysteries. The Bible is our *terra firma* of holy knowledge whereon we stand. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."—John v. 39. It is the field of truth wherein lies the pearl of great price. It contains mines of inexhaustible treasures for misers and miners who love it, and are skilled therein, for which they may

lawfully labour without guilt; and the more they acquire of such precious substance, the more bountiful they will become.

As the literal earth was brought forth by a word, and a law given it to yield seed and bring forth fruit, so the inspired word was given by the mouth of Jehovah, "And shall not return void, but shall accomplish it."

It presents us with the tree of life, the Rose of Sharon, the Balm of Gilead, honey out of the Rock, streams of waters, with the sweet aroma of an infinite collection of aromatics, of almond nuts, spices, myrrh,

aloes, and cassia of love, mercy, and peace from the Plant of *Renown* to feed, revive, comfort, and strengthen the souls of all who love the Lord.

The mighty waters girdle the earth, and the earth embosoms the waters; so the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, girdles the book of God; and thus, while secret things belong unto God, the things that are revealed belong unto us, and become our territory, bounds and shore.

We have in this chapter some rich, brilliant, and precious gems of Divine wisdom brought from far distant lands, on love's mighty deep, wafted by her fair waves, and cast ashore at Ephesus to enrich the Church of Jesus's fold there. Should the Lord favor us to walk on this shore, with a clear atmosphere, bright shining sun, and our eyes well washed in the flowing water from the river side of the precious Saviour—without doubt we shall obtain spiritual pleasure and profit.

In the passage we propose to contemplate, there is a slight difference in verses twelve and thirteen of this chapter, which reads "To the praise of His glory;" the other "To the glory of His grace." Doubtless there is more implied in this, because more is said or expressed; besides there appears to be two forms of treating the subject, or at least one great subject divided into two distinct orders. In one we have choosing, adopting, and accepting in the Beloved, as an act of free grace above the fall of man in Adam; in the other we have redemption, calling, and justification, an act of free grace toward the Church as dead in trespasses and sins. So the apostle was led to trace out the cause and order of salvation in the manner described, shewing something of the inconceivable wisdom and grace of the eternal Three. Grace in choosing and blessing unalterably and for ever, who in sovereign favour He did so bless. Wisdom in contriving the marvellous plan of recovery of such from a fallen state through the Person and work of His dear Son, wherein He hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence.

Grace is a term of exceeding sweetness even when spoken in reference to the children of men, more so when Divine grace takes possession of the heart, and shines forth in living declaration of faith and love in the Lord Jesus Christ, as Barnabas, "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith." Superlatively sweet is grace, true and only genuine, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, which has its habitation and essence in Deity, for He is "the God of all grace."

According to my apprehension, grace is

an act of a being that is good, unobliged by any event, circumstantial, or personal: a voluntary act conferring a benefit as a superior to an inferior. We may propose to consider the passage as follows: 1st, grace; 2nd, glory of grace; 3rd, the praise of the glory of His grace; or it may be couched in this sentence, "The glory of God in the salvation of His people."

Will be continued.

'GUSHINGS OUT OF THE HEART.

WE began some time since a paper under above heading; but it has never yet come forth: we borrow the heading, to place under it the following from a long and deeply exercised lamb of the fold,—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Nothing have I more desired, save the salvation of my soul, than to communicate to you a little of the sorrow of my heart, but I feared, as something says within me, if that should not turn out well, all will be over then. As I have often thought, could I but tell you all from the beginning, I would take your advice, knowing that you are, and have been led in deep waters, but your kindness in wishing to know my state, I cannot refrain longer. I am bound in prison, and cannot get out. My eyes are opened, and cannot be shut. I have often wished I never heard the sound of that dreadful word, "*God is of one mind*, and none can turn *Him*," which is above six years since. What does it all mean? At first I thought there was none but God, and I truly knew him to be angry with me. Until that time I knew not that I had a soul more than beasts; a dark horror lay upon me about six months, till the words "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," shewed me so plainly the way sin was put away—that from that, the Gospel opened up very plainly, and gave me some hope for a time. At length these words spoke, "He is not a Jew that is one outwardly," and "Many are called, but few chosen," with other like passages. Oh! this was worse than the first. The Gospel began to look such a hard thing. At first I thought I could mend myself, and should get better; but alas! I found that I was sin itself, and was too sinful for God to pardon, and dared not attempt to pray. This state of things lasted for two years. It was a remarkable time. O! the hard thoughts of God I had at that time none can tell; the more free the Gospel appeared to be, the further I was off. But in these dreadful low-places the Lord did many, many times meet me with His precious Word. One or two things I must name. One time I had given

up all, and thought I would never take the Bible up any more; yet before I dare lie down to rest I must look again; and it opened upon these words, "Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee, O Lord." This language was so suitable; I can never describe that. It was as though the Lord did put his hand down from heaven, and said, Never mind words, let the sighs and groans come up before me. This did melt me indeed. At another time, "Shall the dust arise and praise thee?" I thought this did come down as low as my trouble; and many more such things. But that is all over and gone. The last two years have been dark and fearful. There seems such a PERSUASION in my mind that I am not an elect vessel. There has been a great shaking, and I have thought a coming together; but I fear there is "no breath in" me. These words came to me the other day, "Ye have believed in the Father, believe also in me." I thought I could see myself in the first place, but not in the latter. O! this is where I fear I shall fall short. None can give me Christ but God. And this gift God parts with HARDLY; He will give anything before His SON; it is too great I fear for me: this raiment of needlework I fear will never be mine. To really know that God is independent of us, and we really feel our wickedness, what reason have we to think He will save our souls? except He give us to say, "Who hath loved me, and given Himself for me." This question is still with me, Will He pardon me? and wash me? and accept me? O! dear friend, this question remains with me. I am glad to hear that your family is better.

Sin is no part of humanity, and therefore his was a holy nature. Sin is a subsequent blot, an after interpolation, or intrusion, not God's work. God neither made sin, nor did He make man sinful. Instead of constituting an integral part of human nature, it is a vile poison that rushes along every artery and fovers every part, and disturbs and destroys, and ultimately drags this exquisite organism to the dust of death, retaining in its wreck, however, the blessed hope that it will be recast in resurrection beauty, and become a meet, and pure, and perfect shrine for the inhabitation of the glorified soul.—*Dr. Cumming.*

All the believer's troubles and trials preach and say, "none can do you good but Christ:" temptations say, "you have temptations, go to Christ for him to conquer them:" troubles say, "you have troubles, go to Christ, and he will turn them into blessings."—*Romaine.*

THERE is nothing but deadness and darkness without Christ.—*Romaine.*

CHOICE EXTRACTS

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF THE
CELEBRATED A. M. TOPLADY.

MR. EDITOR,—On my bookshelves I have some choice volumes. I have just laid my hand on one; it is entitled, "The Posthumous Works of A. M. Toplady," containing passages selected from the Writings of Eminent Divines, Short Memorials, a Collection of Letters, &c. 1780. I send you one or two extracts. The *bulk* is equal to the *sample*. At my extreme period of life I can promise nothing; but (D.V.) you may hear from me again. I am, yours truly,
Jireh, East Road. J. A. JONES.

"Generally speaking those that have the most *grace*, and the greatest *gifts*, and are of the greatest usefulness in the Church of Christ, are the most *humble*, and think meanly of themselves. So those boughs and branches of trees which are most laden with fruit, bend *downwards*, and hang *lowest*."—*Dr. Gill's sermon on the character of St. Paul.*

"Satan is very busy with *all good men*, and especially with *ministers*. He desired to have *Peter* in his hands; he buffeted the Apostle Paul; like the archers that shot at Joseph, that fruitful bough by a well, so he levels his arrows at those that are the most fruitful, flourishing and useful. Joseph was *grieved*, but his bow abode in strength, 'the arms of his hands being made strong by the mighty God of Jacob.'"

"The *natural man* is a spiritual monster; his *heart* is where his *feet* should be, fixed upon the earth; his *heels* are lifted up against heaven; his *face* is towards hell. He *loves* what he should *hate*; joys where he should mourn; glories in his shame; abhors what he should desire; and desires what he should abhor."

"The souls of the elect were *saved upon trust* for four thousand years. The Father gave *credit* to Christ and *glorified his saints* on the footing of a sacrifice *not then offered up*, and of a righteousness *not then wrought*. Christ also, in the days of his flesh, *went on credit with his Father*, every time he said to a sinner, 'thy sins are forgiven thee,' previous to his offering himself on the cross'.—Told me, says Toplady, by Mr. J. Ryland, Sen., of Northampton, July 11th, 1769.

"Before you go to the *University*, you ought to go to a preparatory *school*.—Don't meddle with *Election and Predestination* till you have experienced something of divine grace in effectual *conviction*. While thou art *unconverted* thy body is but the living *coffin* of a dead *soul*."

"When the coat of a saint is *cleanest*, the devil is most desirous to *roll him in the mire*."

THE CORRESPONDENCE ARISING OUT OF
MR. SILVER EJECTING MR. COZENS FROM HIS PULPIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—A short time since, some of my City friends sought and obtained permission for me to occupy Mr. Silver's pulpit on Monday evenings; accordingly, I preached there last Monday evening, the 7th instant; and to my astonishment, on Saturday afternoon, I received the following unceremonious writ of ejection, because, forsooth, my views of the Person of Christ are not in keeping with the views of the worthy pastor of Jewry street. Perhaps he can comprehend the subject, I frankly confess that I cannot.

"To comprehend the GREAT THREE ONE
Is more than highest angels can."

Albeit, I love, adore, and worship the ETERNAL, and immutable, and incomprehensible TRINITY in UNITY, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. In the faith of whom I was baptized; in the worship of whom my soul delighteth; and in the love, blood, and power of whom my heart greatly rejoiceth: for by the electing love of God the Father; and by the redeeming blood of God the Son; and by the regenerating power of God the Holy Ghost; I hope to be admitted finally into the temple above,—notwithstanding I am now, by an excess of zeal, put out of the synagogue. I should have been greatly alarmed at this conduct had it not been anticipated by the dear Lord Jesus.

According to the *nota bene*, as I was to be publicly read out of church, I think I am entitled to this public mode of reply to my respected brother, Mr. Silver. May God lead him more and more into the essential and mediatorial glories of the God-Man Mediator Christ Jesus the Lord, is the prayer of yours faithfully,

S. COZENS.

13, Lincoln street, Bow road, E.

March 14, 1864.

"MR. COZENS.—Mr. Silver, pastor of Jewry street chapel, has requested me to write you, and say, that Jewry street chapel pulpit cannot be occupied by you again; in consequence of your views of the Person of the Son of God being antagonistic to his. Yours truly,

"THOS. LADD, Co-Pastor.

"N.B.—There will be, therefore, no lecture at Jewry Street Chapel, on Monday evening next, of which notice will be given on Lord's-day next. THOS. LADD."

"98, Houndsditch, March 12, 1864."

[MR. COZENS TO MR. SILVER.]

MY DEAR AND RESPECTED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.—Leaping over the circumstantial gulf betwixt us (there being no distinctions of rank in the kingdom of Christ, for all are kings there), I presume to cashier the formal "sir" of the world, and to address you in the familiar, fraternal, and family nomenclature of the household of faith: and I do so, because, for many years (nearly twenty), I have loved you as a brother, beloved in and of the Lord. And although you have addressed me (by your amanuensis) so ungentlemanly, and treated me so unbrotherly, and condemned me so unfairly (even more unfairly than the Romans), and put me out of the synagogue so unceremoniously, I love you in the Lord none the less. Indeed, I am not sure that I do not love you rather more, because you are still zealous (though not with equal knowledge) for the honour of the dear Lord Jesus Christ, in whom believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Believe me, my personal feelings are nothing to be compared with His honour. For His sake I have suffered much, and am not only content to suffer, but I rejoice to be counted worthy to suffer for His dear and precious name sake. I am willing to decrease in the estimation of the church, and of her ministers too, that He may increase in my affections to Him, and in my abstractions from an evil world and an imperfect church. He to whom all hearts are known, knows that I would not willfully say one word to disparage the glory of my ETERNAL Lord, who became a man, and was called Jesus. Again, I call you brother, because I am assured in my heart that I have a personal right in *grace* so to address you. For the first sixteen years of my life, I lived after the manners and customs of my godless fathers, without God and without hope in the world. In 1836, at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, the sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me. I found trouble and sorrow, and for nearly five years I was of all men the most miserable. Condemned by the law, haunted night and day with the ghostly apparition of my guilt, tempted to open rebellion, infidelity, blasphemy, and self-destruction, I was reduced to a ghastly skeleton. In 1841, at Taunton, in Somersetshire, God of His mercy was pleased to kindle a spark of hope in my hitherto hopeless soul by the words. "It is

good that a man both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God." Nine months after, I was brought into the glorious liberty of the sons of God by the mighty application of these words: "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee." Then I saw the *Man*—the *real man*—with wounds still gaping wide, and adored Him as *God* my Saviour.

"I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust."

The change was so great and my joys were so unbounded that I could not help telling to sinners round what a dear Saviour I had found. There was not a member of my father's or mother's family but what saw and acknowledged the change, and some of them were constrained to admit that the power that could tame such a wild ass of the wilderness must be Divine. After speaking a few times in the name of the Lord, I fell into deep soul travail about my call to the ministry. Could the fields, and lanes, and solitary places frequented by me during those three years speak, their wail would thrill the heart and frighten one half of the untried and unsent preachers in our land out of the pulpit. In a field near Orpington, Kent, I believe a dispensation of the Gospel was committed unto me. In that field I had my text and sermon; in that *hour* I was asked to preach; on that day I opened my commission, and from then until now I have gone hither and thither preaching peace by Jesus Christ, for He is LORD of all. And in most of our large towns, from Liverpool to Brighton, and from Plymouth to Dover, I have held forth the Word of life, and have never till now been ejected from any pulpit for preaching error, and promulgating anything derogatory to the person of Him whom I love above all things—above the praises of men, and in spite of the disapprobation of those who wilfully misrepresent my views.

My dear brother, my prayer for you and your Mr. Ladd is, that the unchristian measure which you have meted out to me may not, with some more painful additions, be meted out to you again.

The Lord bless you for His name sake is the desire of your's truly,
S. COZENS.

[MR. SILVER TO MR. COZENS.]

I DESIRE to bless the Lord for His mercy towards thee, S. Cozens; and I do thank you for your kind and affectionate letter. I never heard of you, even by name, until Mr. Ladd informed me of your desire to preach in Jewry Street Chapel; and then he stated you maintained the Eternal Sonship of Christ in opposition to Mr. W. But Mr. Ladd appears to have been mistaken;

for last Thursday, your publication entitled "The Sonship of Christ" was shown to me by a minister of the Gospel; and I was surprised to find, in page 13, "We hold that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, but only in his complex existence: as Immanuel God in our nature." Surely *Son* is a name of nature, moreover the Eternity of His Sonship is expressly revealed in the 7th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews; and our Lord declares, the mystery of His Sonship no man knoweth. (Luke x. 22. See John x. 30.) In page xi. you ask, "Is He (Jesus Christ) a servant as one of the Eternal Three?" Certainly not. He came to minister: "He took upon Him the form of a servant," &c. (Matt. ix. 28. Phil. ii. 7, 8.) Who was the "He" that took upon Him the form of a servant? &c. Does not the Holy Spirit testify, He was equal with God? what say you to the 113th Psalm?

I have great cause to lie low before God, and to bless His Name for preserving me from the subtilty of men who corrupt the word of God. Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, (look at the 3rd verse) receive him not into your house; neither bid him God speed; for he that bideth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds. 2nd Eph.; John ix. 11. As many as walk according to this rule peace be on them and mercy and upon the Israel of God: which is the prayer of

F. SILVER.

Luke xvii. 10.

Camberwell, 16th March, 1864.

[MR. COZENS TO MR. SILVER.]

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE FAITH OF CHRIST,—I feel thankful that the mercy for which you bless the Lord, in the commencement of your letter, is far more compassionate, and noble, than that of my aged father, Mr. Silver. Indeed, my heaven would be tremendously precarious, if it were not secured by mercy, as high above the tender mercy of Mr. Silver, as the heavens are high above the earth. Surely, sir, your long experience of shortcomings, and imperfections, and errors, and mistakes (for I presume you have had to unlearn a good deal, and still feel there is yet room for the emendations of the Holy Spirit.) ought to have prompted you to put on bowels of mercy, toward the ignorant, and the out of the way; unless, forsooth, I have erred beyond compassion and recovery.

You say, "Mr. Ladd informed me of your desire to preach in Jewry Street." Allow me to say that I never saw Mr. Ladd,

and therefore never expressed such a desire. My friends desired me to preach there, and I consented: but that matter is of no consequence to me, and is now done with. I want to say a little to you about the question at issue. You remark, "surely *Son* is a name of nature." No, sir, "Son" is not always a name of nature. Angels are called "the sons of God;" not because they have a *Divine* nature, but because they are God's sublime creations. Adam was called the "Son of God;" not because he was *Divine*; but because he was the immediate production of God without the intervention of secondary causes. Every man, but Adam, and Christ, had a *man* for his father. Adam was called the son of God, because in the complexity of his being he was God's son. So Christ (who is not divided—who is the Child born, and the everlasting Father, the Son given and the Mighty God,) is in the complexity of His being the Son of God. I believe what the Angel said to Mary, "that holy thing which *shall* be born of *THEE* shall be called the Son of God." Luke i. 35. I most heartily accept the testimony of the Holy Ghost, not only in the above scriptures, but in all the scriptures of truth. The "Child born," was the Mighty God, before His birth; "the Son given" was the Father of Eternity, before the presentation. But admitting that Son is a name of nature, I have nowhere *denied* the divinity of Christ. The seventh chapter of Hebrews is a blessed revelation of the Eternal Priesthood of Jesus. It is rich in savoury meat, such as every true Israelite must love. I believe that the literal Melchisedek, had neither father nor mother, in the tribe of Levi; neither beginning of days, nor end of life in the Aaronic order; and that this is the idea, is clear from the word *pedigree* in the margin; and to the frequent reference to the *tribal* order of the Aaronic priesthood. Neither the type, nor the anti-type, had any pedigree in *that* tribe; and so they had neither "beginning of days, nor end of life," in that old covenant order of priesthood. The words cannot be taken in their broad LITERAL sense: for Jesus Christ had a mother. You may say He had no mother as God. I am not talking about Him as God—but as the Priest of the most High God. I say He had a mother,—a real mother,—a mother who gave Him birth; who nursed Him; wrapped Him up in swaddling bands; suckled Him; fondled Him in her bosom; dandled Him on her knees; pressed Him to her lips; watched over Him; and, indeed, did a mother's part towards Him: and that dear, darling, precious babe of Bethlehem was God; Mary's God; my brother Silver's God; and I hope my God. Yes, and the Man of sorrows experienced *death*. "Jesus died;" not as God,

but in official capacity. Hence, honourable mention is frequently made of "Mary, the mother of Jesus;" and His death is everywhere proclaimed.

Again, you say, "Our Lord declares the mystery of His sonship, 'No man knoweth,'" Luke x. 22. But you, sir, act as if you knew it, by putting me out of your pulpit, for not knowing it. If man cannot know the mystery of His Sonship, why do you contend for the knowledge of it? Why do you condemn those that are ignorant of it? Did not Peter know the mystery, when he said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God?" No *natural* man can know the mystery of His Sonship; and no spiritual man can *comprehend* the mystery of His Sonship. I know there is a sun in the heavens, but I cannot comprehend him. So I know that Jesus Christ is both God and Man, but I cannot comprehend the mystery of the union that makes Him one glorious complex Person. I don't know that it would be wicked to desire to look into this mystery; for the angels desire to look into it. The quenchless thirst of the great Apostle was, "That I may know Him!" He knew Him savingly; he would know more of Him in the glory of His adorable Person.

Again, you ask, "Who was the *He* that took upon Him the form of a servant?" I answer, "The Word that was in the beginning *with* God, and *was* God." John i. 1. "The Word that was made flesh, and dwelt among us." May you behold His complex glory, as the full of grace and truth, prays your injured and persecuted brother,
13, Lincoln Street, S. COZENS.
Dow Road, E., March 17, 1864,

[We have inserted the foregoing letters simply because we feel bound to give the Churches the clearest and most correct information as regards the cause why Mr. Silver refuses Mr. Cozens the use of the pulpit at Jewry street. We are much afflicted to find this question is permitted so to divide the brethren.—Ed.]

Dr. Mc Neile gives a happy illustration of this subject: "The volume of the book of Moses in its connection with the gospel of Christ, has been very appropriately compared to a watchmaker's board, on which lie scattered chains and springs, and pivots and wheels, and cylinders and cases, and dial-plates and hands; all separate, and all ready-made according to the purpose and by the skill of the workman who has planned their combined movement. The gospel, as brought to light in the New Testament, is the watch completed, with every chain, and spring, and pivot, and wheel, in its proper place, exhibiting the manifold wisdom of the everlasting God."—*Dr. Cumming.*

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER AND THE GOSPEL MINISTER.

3 Filing Narratibr.

CHAPTER III.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In my last I gave an account of the time, way, and manner in which I was permitted to leave the roof of those parents, the memory of whom will be ever dear to me. At that time, I little dreamt that my track was marked out by an unerring hand, or that the Lord was about to “make a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters,” wherein I was to tread until I reached the eternally destined spot whereon He was to appear unto me in all the terrible majesty and inflexibility of His most holy and righteous law. But, as the time of my deliverance from the galling yoke of sin and Satan did not transpire till I had reached the age of nearly twenty years, I shall, for the present, continue my narrative by the relation of those mysterious leadings and merciful interpositions of Divine Providence in my behalf while I was a stranger to God and desired not “the knowledge of His way.”

I proceed by saying I remained nearly three weeks with my soldier friend at Portsmouth, who shewed me great kindness, and who, on finding that I was not an orphan, as I had represented myself, frequently advised me to return home to my disconsolate parents, but to no effect; my full determination being to follow the sea. And here I might observe, that if anything short of the blessed Spirit could subdue or soften the heart of stubborn and rebellious man, surely my circumstances at that time would have done so; for although I obtained a goodly amount of food on some days, yet there were times when I was glad to pick up even a piece of orange peel in the street. The time drew nigh that the promise, “Thy bread shall be given thee and thy water shall be sure,” was to receive its fulfilment in a somewhat remarkable way. I was standing one evening on a pier, or landing-place, called the Logs, when an officer of Her Majesty’s ship Victory came up to me, and made inquiries as to where I lived, who my parents were, and whether I should like to go to sea; and on the ground of the representation I made of myself to him. He said that he had noticed me for several evenings, and thought that I was “all adrift,” and gave me a shilling to purchase some food, and that shilling I shall never forget to the day of my death. He further told me that he was in want of a boy, that he would take me on board the Victory the next day, and

should I be too small to enter as one of the ship’s company, I could only come ashore again, or he would keep me as his private servant, at a salary of two dollars a month, he finding me all my clothes. I need hardly say that I was delighted at the prospect; I readily acceded to his request; and how did I long for that night to pass quickly away. Still “bitter herbs” were mixed with the prospect of plenty. I well knew that I should have to be both “weighed and measured” as soon as I got on board; I also knew that I should fall considerably short in both. And, oh! how often have I since thought that had I then been weighed in the “balances of the sanctuary,”—not as I stood in God’s account, a “vessel of mercy, afore prepared unto glory,”—but as I stood, an unregenerate, unpardoned, and unsanctified sinner in the first Adam, how awful must have been my doom. And as the above may, perhaps, be read by some out of mere curiosity, I would put the question in all affection,—Reader, how stand matters between God and thy soul? Art thou full weight on the ground of that infinite atonement rendered by the Son of God, and full measure with that law which demands a perfect obedience at thy hands, on the ground of the eternally perfect obedience He hath wrought out? For in the Lord alone “shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory.”

To return. I was taken on board; the process of weighing and measuring was carried out; and, as I had predicted, so it came to pass. And perhaps my readers may smile at what I am about to relate, as it regards this process. My muster (for such I now called him), finding that I was deficient in both, seemed anxious to try an experiment with “flesh and blood,” ordered that I was to be well fed, and to be weighed every morning for fourteen days, and accordingly I was hooked on to the “steel yards” morning after morning by the corporal of marines, who eventually pronounced me as full weight; but I must here tell my readers the deficiency was made up by my putting some bullets in the bosom of my serge shirt; so, after all, it was only “a balance of deceit which is not good.”

Here I remained for nearly two years, and did add sin to sin. There were some sixty other boys on board, over whom, in a

moral point of view, there was little or no restraint laid. I soon became an adept at singing immoral songs, and making use of fearful imprecations. I became rather fond of grog, and frequently spent my Sabbath afternoons in playing cards, and thus I became, if possible, "two-fold more the child of hell than before."

I have not mentioned here the deep distress I caused my parents (as I afterwards learned), but will leave that to be imagined; suffice it to say, that the first report which reached them was, that I had become acquainted with a gang of young thieves, and was confined in gaol at Hortham. This was a false report. My father, having some idea that I was gone to sea, determined to make a search after the poor prodigal, and accordingly visited the following sea-ports in quest of me:—Chatham, Sheerness, Southampton, and Portsmouth, but to no purpose. Thus the wise man's words were true,—“A foolish son is a grief unto his father, and bitterness to her that bare him,” and this at times “burns like a fire in my bones.” Truly, then, it may be said, it is of the Lord's mercies I am not consumed, because His compassions fail not; they are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness; truly thou hast remembered that covenant which standeth good to all the myriads of God's elect; unite my heart to fear Thy name.

On the 10th of May, 1841, I was draughted on board Her Majesty's ship *Bittern*, sixteen guns, which was shortly to sail for the west coast of Africa in the abolition of the slave trade. And as the whole of this voyage for a period of five years and four months was nothing less than a series of merciful interpositions to preserve my soul alive, I will here mention some few incidents that occurred wherein the preserving hand of Israel's God was manifested in a most remarkable way.

After having touched at Rio de Janeiro, where we were detained for some months, we received orders to sail immediately for the Cape of Good Hope, and while on that passage, the vessel was suddenly overtaken by a strong breeze, which made it necessary to send all the upper yards and spars on deck. I was accordingly aloft with others, and while in the act of sending down the fore-top-gallant yard, the mast suddenly went over the side, myself and another poor fellow being precipitated headlong into the ocean from a height of not less than eighty feet. Why I speak of this as an almost miraculous interposition is for a two-fold reason:—First, because neither at that time nor ever since have I known how to swim one yard; and, secondly, because as I fell, the wind, which was blowing half

a gale at the time, had forced its way to the inside of my blue shirt, and formed a kind of bladder by which I was to be sustained amidst the mighty billows, until such time as a boat could be lowered from the ship's side, and myself and shipmate brought safe on board, which occupied a period of nearly half an hour. And well do I remember how, while in the water, that what with the fear of death, the dread of dying, and the thought of entering upon a solemn eternity, my very soul sank within me. One would have thought such a display of Divine mercy would have called forth an eternal song of gratitude from my heart to Him who is the “Preserver of man and beast.” But so far from that, I was no sooner in a position of comparative safety, than I appeared to be totally insensible of the source from whence that mercy flowed; but, oh! how often since, in reference to both this and a greater deliverance, hath my soul exulted in singing those delightful words of the poet,—

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

As I have before said, so far from this interposition leading me to repentance even in a natural way, I seemed only the more to “despise the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering;” for, about twelve months after this, I became on very intimate terms with a shipmate who professed to be a downright infidel, and who, having drunk somewhat deeply into the works of Tom Paine, Owen, Gibbon, and others of a similar cast, I was easily led by his reasoning to disbelief in a hell, or in the doctrine of a future punishment and reward. My new companion was able also to perform a few tricks at conjuring, which art he offered to teach me on the performance of certain conditions, which, in the ignorance, blindness, and hardness of my heart, I consented to. And now, reader, what do you think those terms were? My very blood chills as it were while I record it, and I only do it by way of “uttering the memory of His great goodness who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.” It was this: I was to give or sell myself to his sable majesty in a formal way, and which was as follows:—While all hands were aft at church, “so called,” on the Sabbath morning, I was to remain alone on the lower deck, take a pack of cards, and laying them out in the form of a ring or circle, was to read the Lord's Prayer backwards over them. I took the book and commenced my task; but thanks,—yea, ten thousand thanks to Immanuel's

name,—I never completed it. An Omnipotent power seemed to seize upon my very frame; my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, while the words of Hagar, "Thou God seest me," seemed to speak within me with a voice louder than that of thunder, and never from that moment has a card been seen in my hand, nor, to my knowledge, have they been found in the house where I have lived, and for months afterwards, such was the agony of my mind through the accusations of conscience, and the dread of dropping into hell every moment, that many times I was tempted to take away my life by jumping overboard. Still, *no real* penitential tear, no "godly sorrow," was wrought, and thus do I well know,—

"That law and terrors do but harden,
All the time they work alone."

And, now, should any say, What a hardened wretch you must have been, to the eternal honour of my God I confess it. But shouldst thou be saying in thine heart I am not so bad as you, my reply to such

an one is,—If by dint of education, moral training, or a restraining and invisible power thou hast been kept from going to this excess, be thankful thou hast not trodden thy unworthy brother's path. Nevertheless, if thou wouldst like to behold thine exact portrait, it may be seen at any time in Rom. iii. 10th to 18th verses. Yea, forget not that the seeds of all this are lurking within thee, and would burst forth like a mighty avalanche were that restraining power withheld. That "also cometh from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working;" and sure I am that grace never appears more amiable or shines with a greater lustre than it does in the eyes of that poor sinner, who, by Divine teaching, has to do business in the deep waters of his own mysterious heart, and yet stands in the manifest relation of a child of God, an heir of heaven, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. I am yours in covenant love,
Nemo.

DEVOTIONAL READINGS FOR LORD'S-DAY EVENINGS.

BY WILLIAM FRITH,

BOROUGH GREEN; AUTHOR OF "COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

"BE STILL."

How restless is the heart of man! Not only are the "wicked like the troubled sea, whose waters stir up mire and drit," but even the soul of the faithful is too often "driven of the winds and tossed." But how good, how kind, how sweetly indulgent is our dear heavenly Father to His tempest-tossed children. Hear what He says by the burning lips of the seraphic Isaiah: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and *great shall be the PEACE* of thy children." (Isaiah liv. 11.) O how suited are His mercies to our afflicted state! Though "in deep waters," they do not overflow us. The dear disciples, though driven and tossed on the boisterous lake of Galilee, are directly ushered into a pacific calm by the potent voice of Him who "holdeth the winds in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of His hand." And art thou not still under His watchful care? "O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?" Wherefore art thou sad? Canst thou not hear, above the raging of the storm, Him whose kingly mandate

tranquillizes the stormy billows of the human soul by a "Peace be still! O my soul, why art thou cast down? Why art thou disquieted within thee? *Hope thou in God?*" The darkest day will pass away under the dissipating influence of His irradiating beams. Be still, thou troubled heart, and look up. That dark cloud only hides or obscures the ever-complacent countenance of thy covenant God! "Be still, and know that He is God." "Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face," which is a faithful index of His ever-loving heart! Do the birds sing in vain? Do the flowers shed their delicious fragrance in vain? Is the heart so sad that nature's beauties cannot dispel the impending gloom? "Draw nigh to God, then, and He will draw nigh to you:" and though He "has been like one that hideth himself," yet He will appear," showing Himself through the lattice. O "be still;" say with good David, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it." O my soul, wait, watch, pray—go not forward—"wait, I say, on the Lord!" Dear Lord Jesus, come quickly!

THE FIRST SIGH.

BY HENRY STRICKETT, OF ENFIELD.

ENCIRCLING yonder couch stand a group of persons, on whose countenances anxiety the most poignant is depicted, as they bend forward, and with intense eagerness, watch for the first returning sign of life, if any exist, in the form of one who lies there. No words are exchanged between them,—scarce a breath or sound disturbs the awful stillness, of what may be the chamber of death. With agonized suspense, the still and patient watchers continue to hope for the success of measures used, to resuscitate the vital spark of life in the drowned man. But hush! what meant that feeble fluttering sound? Why do those faces gleam, as with the fruition of hope? Why that sudden activity among those before so still and silent? Ah, the half-drowned man has heaved a sigh, and though so feeble as scarce to ruffle the silken down of a feather, yet 'twas a sigh: and life exists in the breast from whence that sigh has sprung.

So, believer, when grace caught thee a drowning wretch in the dark waters of spiritual death, and by its saving exercise infused life within thee, what was it first evidenced the existence of the vital principle? Was it not a deep drawn sigh springing from thy contrite heart, so weary and distressed with the load of sin? There were unseen watchers too waiting for that sign of life,—ministering spirits who knew Jesus had marked thee out an heir of salvation. And oh! as that quivering, panting, longing sound burst from thy aching bosom, wet with the tears of inward grief, there sprang from beside thee, and quicker than thought, winged his rapid flight heavenward, an angel of light! He neared the portals of bliss; wide open flew the pearly gates, as the celestial messenger from earth approached with all the fire of seraphic zeal. Rapid his flight, as he entered those heavenly mansions, and staying not to communicate his tidings to thronging hosts of glorious beings like himself, who heralded his approach with eager expectancy, he sprang past them all, up through the realms of bliss, nor tarried till he bowed his majestic head at the foot of the eternal throne, where, amidst ten-thousand legions of ransomed spirits, bathed in refulgent glories, sat the God-man Jesus.

There was a pause in heaven's music of praise, and every eye was bent upon the kneeling messenger,—when, lo! opening wide his arms, he disclosed to view—what? The first sigh of thy contrite heart. And instantly there arose a shout of gladness that pealed far and wide through the heavenly mansions; for "there was joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth;" and that sinner was thyself.

THE REVELATION OF TRUTH.

"THE FOUR BEASTS."

"And in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts, full of eyes before and behind; and the first beast was like a lion; and the second beast like a calf; and the third beast had a face as a man; and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle. And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him; and they were full of eyes within."

Now, while the shades of Sardin night grow deep,
And fearful judgments through the nations sweep,
While human speculations everywhere,
Like bubbles, rise, and burst in kindred air;
Come, thou, my fellow citizen, with me,
Our times of peril and of triumph see.
Our foes, too, with their fall; the times, how

long—
Look up for promised grace, and have a song.
O Book of books! throughout thy sacred page
What wondrous scenes the conscious soul engage!
In metaphoric beauty see they rise,
Bright with the living glory of the skies.
Now notice that amidst, and round the throne,
Twenty-four elders and four beasts are shown.
As one they fall down prostrate, and adore
The LAMB, who died, and lives for evermore.
His pow'r they sing—which, in redeeming blood,
Sought out, and made them kings and priests to
God.

Here the true church appears; for who among
Assembled worlds can sing this joyful song
But her? Not e'en the blessed angels can,
Wish as they may the mystic theme to scan.
They never left their high and happy home,
Seduced by sin through foreign lands to roam.
They never from the realms of death were drawn,
Heirs of new life, and to a kingdom born,
But firmly in electing love they stand,
And all on fire to know his high command.

Again: those elders mark; for there we see
That patriarchs twelve, and twelve apostles be.
They represent the dispensations two:
This, by the Christian own'd, that by the Jew;
But, in more ample measure, we behold
By the four beasts the Church of God unfold.
They represent the Church in periods FOUR—
From Adam's time, till time shall be no more,
Yet ere we their historic course pursue,
Some other points of character we'll view.
Each had six wings, and this seems to imply,
Beyond six thousand years time cannot fly.
For as a day, God sees a thousand years—
A thousand years with him a day appears—
Thus, in six days, Creation's work we trace,
Six thousand years of new creation grace.
Again—in these six wings the Church may see
The marks of her time-state identity.

Alike in each great period taught of God,
Her children walk, and overcome by blood.
So by six wings on each she plain appears
As the one church of twice three thousand years.
These four were also full of eyes within,
So does the Church look inward; and her sin
Original, and actual, desery,
With the drawn sword of angry Justice nigh.
She looks again, and lo! the bleeding Lamb
Hath borne her griefs, and put away her shame.
His whole obedience, as a robe, she wears,
And free for ever from all blame appears.
Before, behind, they still were full of eyes;
By which the church looks backward, and descries
Her sin foreknown, before the worlds were made,
And the great scheme of her salvation laid.

Again—the Church looks wistfully before,
And spurns this den of sin and grief the more,
The more she sees her happy home above,
Where all is brightness, purity, and love.
Thus in the type of eyes the Holy Ghost
Gives light and knowledge to the blind and lost.
Nottingham. J. N.

NEW BOOKS & PAMPHLETS.

"*Gleanings Among the Sheaves.*" By Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS antique little volume is sent us for notice "with the publisher's compliments," stating that "more than eight thousand copies of this little eighteenpenny book were sold on the day of publication." That sale arose not from any novelty in the book itself, but simply from the fact, that Charles Haddon Spurgeon is a great favourite with the people. His sermons, his lectures, his volumes will sell by thousands, where other authors or preachers will only sell by hundreds. But our readers will say, "What do you think of Mr. Spurgeon?" and "what report can you give of the book?" It is now eight or nine years since we bent our knees beside Mr. Spurgeon's little bed, on a certain occasion when he was very ill; and in the arms of our faith, and in the simple affection we ever feel for all young men who are enlisted under the banner of Christ, we were helped to plead with the Lord for his speedy recovery. It was such a season of holy fellowship, and of earnest wrestling with God, as we have known but seldom during our five-and-thirty years pilgrimage in the truth; and so fully did we receive that young brother into our heart, that neither his rapid rising, nor our circumstantial descending, has ever caused us to forget. He has gone up into the skies of popularity; we have gone down into the valley of adversity: he has stretched himself so extensively as to take in almost everybody; and almost everybody in some shape or other has taken him in: the circles of his ministry are so immense, that you can never say of him he is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. He travels round the whole of the evangelical globe, and touches, more or less, at every point; while we, having sunk almost into obscurity, can, perhaps, understand but little of what passes in these days for religion, for revivals, for conversions, and for Christian churches. When in our right mind (unfortunately, we are not there every day; but when we are there), we sit down, and if with Watts we cannot sing, yet with him we can say,—

"My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but Thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more."

We have always believed him to be a tender-hearted child of God; and although he hurls dire contempt down upon us poor little Zionites, Zoarites, and Bethlehemites, sometimes, still, having had some boys of our own, we know they will be naughty now and then; but love covers their folly, and aims to correct their fault. Whatever C. H. Spurgeon may do, or not do, on this im-

perfect stage of time, we hope, through grace, to meet him in that kingdom where pleasure in perfection is, and all are like their Lord. We have thought—we hope it is not a wicked thought—but we have thought,—What a changed scene it will be if, in that bright celestial world, on some future period, and sitting on one of the heavenly hills, we should happen to see a company of the Southwark divines, good old George Francis, in all the youth and beauty of a Saviour's healing life; "dear Master Thomas Gunner," with a heart as soft and a mind as refined as the loving John and the holy Jesus Himself; Hugh Allen, as tame as Noah's dove; James Wells in the shining robes of his loving Master's righteousness, and Charles H. Spurgeon close beside John Foreman and J. A. Jones (for we believe the ancient Jireh patriarch will go home some day, and), then and there, as our favourite poet says, we, yes, even we, hope to see,—

"The glorious tenants of that place,
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise,
The infinite Three—One
And, oh! what beams of heav'nly grace,
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile."

Ah! brethren, differences, jealousies, and suspicions here will exist; but, to us, seeing the world is so full of sin, our hearts so full of deception, the adversary so full of malice, the mere profession of religion so full of death, to us the man who really seems to love and live Christ in HIS Gospel, to us such a man is highly esteemed, and leaving all imperfections, we silently breathe out,—

"Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there."

Oh! that will be joyful indeed.

"*The Gleanings*" are extracts from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. All his friends will like them, and among them are some choice little gems of thought.

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"*The Memory of the Just. A Funeral Sermon occasioned by the death of the late Mr. John Massey.* By Mr. THOMAS CHIVERS."

We referred, in February, to the funeral of this aged and honoured man of God. A Funeral Sermon, preached in Ebenezer Chapel, Webb Street, Bermondsey, Jan. 27th, by Thomas Chivers, has since been published; and can be had at the Chapel. For happy Christians it is a sweet and pleasant testimony of the life, faithfulness, and peaceful end of a really good man. We give the first paragraph, in the Sermon, as a testimony to the character of the deceased. Mr. Chivers began by saying,

"It may not be altogether unprofitable to give a brief outline of our knowledge of and connection with our late highly-esteemed

friend and brother, Mr. John Massey, who stood in honourable membership of the church at Snow's-fields and Ebenezer, Bermondsey, fifty years, thirty-nine of which he was a useful and faithful deacon of the same. What Queen Victoria said on the death of the Duke of Wellington, that there never was two Wellingtons, I am sure may be said of our brother, there never was two Masseys: he was a man of good report, and highly-esteemed by all who really knew him. His life was a true exemplification of the Christian character before God and man; his death an incontestable proof of the reality and vitality of the great truths he had so many years been sustained by. Our brother has left the stage of time for the glory world, and is now in the realms of the blest, for ever with the Lord."

"*The Gospel Treasury; or, Treasury Harmony of the Four Evangelists,*" in the words of the authorized version, according to Greswell's "Harmonia Evangelica;" having Scripture Illustrations; Expository Notes from the most approved Commentators; Practical Reflections; Geographical Notices; Copious Index, &c. Compiled by ROBERT MIMPRISS, Author of "The System of Graduated Simultaneous Instruction;" "Christ an Example for the Young," &c. Two vols in one. London: The British and Colonial Educational Association, 6, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, &c.

THIS book never can be appreciated nor its full value realized but by a constant use. Reviewers have exhausted all the usual terms in their high commendations of Mr. Robert Mimpriss's labours; but we are persuaded no one can anticipate or imagine the real character of the book but by searching, using, referring to, and carefully perusing it. Every lover and teacher of New Testament Truth will most delightfully and gratefully acknowledge the immense service Mr. Mimpriss has rendered the highest and best of all causes.

"*The Story of the Life of John Anderson, the Fugitive Slave.*" Edited by HARPER TWELVETREES, M.A., Chairman of the John Anderson Committee. London: William Tweedie, 337, Strand.

A SIMPLE title, leading you on to sheets of contents which furnish such photographs of men and of minds, of characters and of cruelties, of places and of political principles, of nations, narratives, trials, and triumphs beyond all description. The world is full of stories; but this is a storehouse of fact, and finely worked out incidents sufficiently powerful to enchant, entertain, and enlighten the whole of the human family, from the boy of ten up to the most aged sire. Harper Twelvetrees has climbed the ladder of commercial enterprise with almost unparalleled success. In the domestic circles of every house and home he is a benefactor; but here he has stepped into the library, and made a contribution for which hundreds of thousands will thank him, not in our times

merely, but in all succeeding ages, especially as the tide of freedom rolls on through the civilized world.

"*The Gardener's Weekly Magazine.*" Conducted by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Esq. Published by E. W. Allen, Warwick-lane.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD is an industrious, active, intelligent, and talented gentleman. To get good matter for his magazine he walks many miles, makes observations upon the roadside villas, parked mansions, country nurseries, and, like the busy bee,—

"He gathers honey all the day,
From every opening flower."

And having gathered up a richly-varied store, he sends it forth to many thousands for their use and help in gardening and horticultural pursuits. Shirley Hibberd possesses the rare gift of writing plainly, pleasingly and in a truly practical style. We only know him through his literary labours; but we are certain his work deserves extensive patronage.

"*Supplement to Earthen Vessel,*" containing Letters to the Bishop of Chester, by Nathaniel Wright, Esq., of Farnham; to Mr. James Wells, from R. Lee, in America, &c. &c.

IF all our decidedly God-fearing laymen would do as Mr. Wright has done, erroneous clergymen would not be allowed to pour contempt upon the Gospel of Christ as now many do. Mr. Wright's letter is a noble Scriptural testimony to the truth of that Gospel which Jesus and His apostles preached.

"*A History of Baptism from the Inspired and Uninspired Writings.*" By ISAAC TAYLOR HINTON, being the twelfth volume of "Bunyan Library." Published by J. Houghton and Son, 42, Paternoster-row, 1864. THE value of this volume to the Baptist interest is beyond all price.

The pictures and the tales, the lessons and testimonies to every branch of truth, which fill "OLD JONATHAN" every month, are worthy of that increasing and hearty welcome with which it is hailed. Mr. Collingridge's execution of this pony broadsheet is excellent. The editor must work hard to bring together such a variety of reading so suited for the cottage, or to comfort the comfortless in all their sorrow.

"*The Baptist Reporter,*" now published by Messrs. Houghton, is most wonderfully improved, and shall have special notice.

"*The Little Gleaner,*" by SEPTIMUS BEARS, comes out this year quite respectably, and for children and schools is a nice monthly. We know it is very useful.

"*Happy Years at Hand.*" Outlines of the Coming Theocracy. By WILLIAM LEASK, D.D. London: S. W. Partridge.

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

THE TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH IN OUR COLONIES;

OR,

THE AUSTRALIAN CRIPPLE IN BAPTISM.

[We give with pleasure the following communications from our Sydney friends.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—On Lord's-day, December 27th, 1863, our pastor, Mr. John Bunyan McCure, baptized ten disciples in the name of the most holy and blessed Trinity in our new chapel in the presence of a very crowded and attentive congregation, many of whom were very much affected and convinced that baptism is immersion, and is the command of Christ, and ought to be obeyed by all Christians. Those who were immersed, most of them are unmistakable instances of the converting power of God the Holy Ghost with the word preached. One was met with when our pastor preached on board the White Star ship; another when he preached in the Royal Lyceum Theatre; another while he was preaching at the Odd Fellows' Hall; and others in our late place of worship in the sugar works, two of whom are his own daughters, and one a widow with an infirmity, bowed down and could not lift up herself. She had not been to a place of worship for thirteen years, and had not been out of her room for three years. She was a member of the Church of England, and considered herself to be a good Christian, and trusted in herself that she was righteous, and knew not that she was "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." She knew nothing of the new birth and her need of the "balm of Gilead," and the Lord Jesus the only physician of souls. It pleased the Lord to honour the writings of Mr. McCure; his exposure of Popery, as set forth in his published lecture upon "Dominant Popery always the same, whether Rome Papal or Rome Protestant," as the means of her conversion. Great and sore troubled of soul she passed through from a sense of her ruined condition, and that she had been an enemy to the way of truth. In due time, the Lord, through the instrumentality of His servant, delivered her soul; her joy was great, and her decision was for Christ. "I have never been baptized," she said to all who came to see her; "I am convinced from the Word of God that the Particular and Strict Baptist Churches are the only churches that correspond with the Particular and Strict Baptist Churches of the New Testament. I have been sprinkled, and that I know nothing about as my own act. But sprinkling is not the baptism of the New Testament; therefore I am determined, with the Lord's help, to be baptized by immersion in a proper manner. I am quite sure that the Lord Jesus Christ commanded it, and that it is binding upon all who believe, repent, and love Him. I believe likewise that the Lord is able to give strength, and that He will uphold those who obey Him, and I believe He will give me strength to pass through His own ordinance."

She applied for baptism and membership with us. In consequence of her affliction, we held a church meeting at her house, when she gave a most wonderful and blessed account of the work of grace in her soul. She was received for baptism, but very few believed that she would be able to go through the ordinance of baptism, her affliction being of that distressing character, it appeared impossible. She suffers from two cancers; one has grown out of her side as large as a child's head; both feet are paralyzed, and like-

wise her right hand; she is constantly in a high state of fever, and in a weak and helpless condition; cold water she cannot endure; always obliged to be washed in warm water. Many of her former friends, when they found that she was going to be baptized, did all they could to prevent it; others saying it would be a shame to baptise her; it would be sure to kill her, and that Mr. McCure would be guilty of manslaughter. To all such she replied, "If the Lord will be more glorified by my suffering harm or death in the act of obedience to Jesus, I will say the Lord's will be done; and if I was sure that I should die in the water, or the next day, I am determined to obey my precious Lord Jesus. It is His commandment; therefore I believe He is able and willing to give me strength to do what He has commanded; therefore I will leave myself in His hands."

Glory be to His most holy name, He did honour His own faith, and an afflicted sister experienced that she could do all things through Christ strengthening her. With great difficulty she was brought to the chapel; then carried into the vestry; a chair was provided for her, in which she was taken down into the water, and was baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the presence of six hundred persons. Our sister, not having seen the ordinance administered, she desired that she might be left last, that she might witness the immersion of those before referred to. The power and presence of the Lord was indeed in our midst, and many were convinced that baptism is not sprinkling, but immersion. Two have applied for baptism; one was brought to repentance under a sermon Mr. McCure preached on board the Wave of Life.

On Lord's-day, January 3rd, in the evening, seventeen were received into the fellowship of the church by our pastor. Our afflicted sister earnestly desired and prayed to the Lord that she might once more go up to the Lord's house to be received into the church, and obey the other command of Christ,—“Do this in remembrance of me,” and then she would be able to “put to silence the ignorance of foolish men,” by thus declaring that no harm had happened to her through obeying the Lord. Notwithstanding her great sufferings of body, she was brought up again to the Lord's house in a cab. She was publicly received into the church, and those who witnessed were constrained to say, “This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.” This noble witness of the Lord's faithfulness, and that those ordinances, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, are Divine, and that poor, weak, and afflicted ones may with confidence in the Lord keep His commandments and fear not, is rejoicing with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Her enemies are very angry that she should leave the church of her fathers, and unite herself with the despised Baptist church. Thus we may say the Lord of Hosts was with us, and glory be to His holy name. JOSEPH CLARK.

Sydney.

THE OPENING OF JOHN BUNYAN
McCURE'S NEW CHAPEL
AT SYDNEY.

The Baptist Chapel in Castlereagh-street, under

the pastoral care of the Rev. John Bunyan McCure, was opened last Sunday week, when three sermons were preached—one in the morning, by Rev. John Bunyan McCure, from Rev. vi. 2; one at three o'clock in the afternoon, by Rev. F. Hibberd, from Zech. iv. 7; and one in the evening by the Rev. S. C. Kent, from Rom. ix. 3. Rev. Dr. Steel preached on the following day, and we are happy to say that the amount realized by the several collections, amounted to £40. Yesterday a tea-meeting was held in the chapel to celebrate the same happy event, which was very numerously attended. After tea a public meeting was held, J. B. McCure presiding. The meeting was well attended; Mr. Graham, S. Humphreys, S. C. Kent, A. Thomson, F. Hibberd,—Shepherd,—Hicks, &c., &c., were present.

A hymn having been sung and prayer offered, The CHAIRMAN opened the proceedings by expressing the gratitude he felt to Providence at the happy termination of the work that had been undertaken and carried out under many difficulties. The congregation had been united together in holy brotherhood for two years and seven months, and when they first thought of erecting a place of worship, great difficulty had been found in finding a site suitable for the purpose, until a member of the congregation had pointed out the land on which the present chapel was built, and which was for sale—the price asked being £760; but afterwards it was purchased for £700. In conclusion, he begged them all to ask God's blessing on the work that had been completed, and would call upon Mr. Beaumont, the architect who had planned the chapel, to give a statement of the various expenses that had accrued in carrying out the work.

Mr. E. BEAUMONT, who had planned and superintended the erection of the building, stated that the church building contract, exclusive of the gallery and enlargement of the vestry, amounted to £335. The erection of the gallery, the enlargement of the vestry, and an excavation beneath the church building, for the purpose of establishing a school-room, to the extent of thirty by twenty-nine feet, being subsequently considered essential, they were accordingly proceeded with at a cost of £170. The cost of the church seats and tea boards was £68, with £42 for gas, water, and drainage. The cost of the ground,

with deeds, &c., amounted to £718, making the total cost of the chapel and ground to amount to £1,833. The amount expended in the erection of the minister's house was £225, with £96 for drainage and out-buildings, &c., total £620. The cash collected was £210, and the balances due were—on the chapel £1023, and on the minister's house £620, causing a total of £1643.

The CHAIRMAN said he had now a very pleasing duty to perform, which was to present a testimonial to Mr. Beaumont expressive of the universal feeling of gratification experienced at the manner in which he had carried out the work intrusted to his hands. Besides his kindness in offering to plan and superintend the work, he had also subscribed handsomely towards the £300, which was the amount required. He had great pleasure, on behalf of the congregation, in presenting to Mr. Beaumont a copy of the Holy Scriptures, hoping he would live long to read and digest them.

Mr. McCure then handed over to Mr. Beaumont a massive handsomely morocco bound volume of the Old and New Testaments, finely lettered and illustrated, on the first leaf of which was inscribed—“Presented to E. Beaumont, Esq., by the members and congregation of the Baptist Church, under the pastoral care of John Bunyan McCure, Castlereagh and Liverpool streets, Sydney, as a token of their appreciation of his services in acting as the architect of their new chapel, 1863.”

Mr. Beaumont, who appeared deeply moved, briefly expressed his thanks.

The CHAIRMAN then called upon those present to join in a hymn, during which a collection was made towards the funds of the church, and the sum subscribed we are happy to say amounted to £14 3s.

Appropriate and eloquent addresses, on various portions of Scripture, were next delivered, by brethren Hibberd, Graham, Hicks, Kent, Shepherd, and Thomson, and between each address the verse of a hymn was sung.

The new chapel is an elegant structure, and all its internal arrangements roomy and comfortable.

Attached to the chapel is a house built with every view to convenience and health, the rooms all being lofty and well ventilated. This is to be the residence of the respected pastor, Mr. John Bunyan McCure.

GREAT MEETING AT THE SURREY TABERNAACLE, BOROUGH ROAD, ON GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 25TH, 1864.

On Friday, April 25th, 1864, two special services were held in Mr. James Wells's chapel in the Borough-road, in furtherance of the object of erecting a new and much larger place of worship for the overflowing congregations that continually gather to listen to the ever-fresh ministry of the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, Mr. Wells delivered a most excellent discourse, which was listened to by a large congregation, among whom we observed several ministers. We also were much pleased to see the rector of the parish in which the Surrey Tabernacle stands, sitting and with much earnest attention listening to Mr. Wells's afternoon's discourse. Dr. Allen,—much better known as plain Hugh Allen,—was one of the congregation on this occasion; and at the close of the service, gave it as his own opinion that Mr. Wells “ought to have a large chapel *out of doors*, and not *in doors*,” like the present one is. Mr. Allen, in his warm Irish heart, told the deacons that they must go right a-head; there could be no two opinions as to the great necessity for the place which was contemplated, and he hoped soon to hear that the matter was progressing favourably.

After the sermon, tea was provided, at which between twelve and thirteen hundred persons

gathered; the large chapel, both below and in the galleries, was filled; and how such a multitude were supplied we cannot tell; but every one seemed to vie with his neighbour in doing all that could be done to assist, and make the occasion a pleasant one; in fact, “good will” reigned everywhere, and the pressure upon the officers and friends only served as an opportunity for the development of a large amount of good Christian feeling and brotherly love, which probably would otherwise have lain slumbering in obscurity. Such a monster tea meeting we have never before seen; and we may say that the friends all seemed quite happy in being so “warmly received.”

In the evening, a public meeting was held. Shortly after half-past six, Mr. Wells, with his deacons, and a number of ministerial brethren, entered the table-pew, and at the unanimous request of the meeting, the PASTOR occupied the chair. The service was then commenced by the vast body singing,—

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

Mr. Smith, a member of the Surrey Taber-

nacle, sought for the Lord's blessing on the meeting. All who listened to Mr. Smith's earnest supplications for the cause there, for its members, for its pastor, for its various institutions, for its new and important undertaking, felt that a such prayers must be heard and answered.

After another verse, Mr. WELLS, as chairman, opened the proceedings by stating the object for calling the friends together: it was to recognise the principle that was laid down at a meeting held in that place seven months ago: it was then resolved that a new and much more commodious place of worship should be built; to that principle and to that object they were still perseveringly and hopefully adhering. The shortness of their present lease; the hidden position of the chapel; the confined and narrow egress; the closeness of the place; the imperfect ventilation, and many other inconveniences, led the friends to the determination to obtain an eligible and suitable place of meeting, where they, with their families, might worship in comfort and peace. The greatest difficulty that had yet arisen was in obtaining a suitable site: ground in that locality was daily becoming more scarce; but still they had two or three spots in view; and he hoped before long they would be in a position to state something more definite on this point. But this was no ground for discouragement; for seven months they had gone on well; and he was confident, by the spirit of the meeting now before him, that they would still go on energetically and successfully till the great and good work was accomplished. Mr. Wells then said, as there were probably many strangers present, and friends of other denominations, he would briefly refer to the main principles of their religion. The speaker, then, in a very affectionate and lucid manner detailed the leading features of our faith and hope, and in so doing, took occasion to speak especially on the subject of "good will toward men." Mr. Wells observed that they, as a body, were grossly misrepresented by persons who said they cared not for the salvation of sinners. He could say that he prayed earnestly for the salvation of the souls of men; for the conversion of his fellow-mortals; for the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom; and for the spread of the everlasting and glorious truths which had been made so endearingly precious to his own soul; and if angels rejoiced to see

"The feeblest saint upon his knees,"

how much more should they be earnest in seeking to use the means for plucking men as "brands from the burning." This was a movement, also, not only for the present generation, but for many yet unborn. Further, it was a movement for the good of their families. Very many prayers were here presented by parents to the Lord on behalf of their children: they were bound to use all lawful means for their everlasting good; God the Holy Ghost alone could quicken their souls, and call them out of nature's darkness; but many a parent, he believed, would see their prayers answered when in heaven; for there he hoped numbers would witness the entrance of their children through the golden gates of the celestial city. It was a movement also for the good of the country. Take away the real Christians out of Old England, and it would immediately become a hell upon earth. Mr. Wells then referred, in a pleasing manner, to the influence the Gospel exercised among men of the world, illustrating this part by some pleasing incidents. The importance of the movement as an "improvement in our social position" was also referred to; and upon this point the speaker took a review of the numerous and varied temptations with which the metropolis now abounds, all more or less tending to ensnare our youth, degrade our country, and stop the spread of the Gospel. We were told that only thirty per cent.

of the inhabitants of Southwark attended any place of worship. Should such a testimony as that be the means of stopping them in their efforts to spread the Truth? No, by no means; let such a testimony make them more earnest and determined to use every means to spread the truth far and wide. The Lord had wonderfully encouraged them in that place. When they first came there (he did not remember how long ago it was now), it was a little square place, holding about 500; twice they had enlarged it; and still they were in want of room. That meeting was a pledge to them to go forward, Why had so many friends as he now saw before him deprived themselves of a little fresh country air on so fine a day, and come there to be near suffocated? why were they there? because they were determined to carry on this work with energy; and he believed that energy would not abate until the top-stone was raised with shoutings of "Grace, grace!" unto it.

At the close of Mr. Wells's address, which, for energy of spirit, (and breathing a strong desire to benefit his fellow mortals,) was unequalled, he called upon the Secretary to give a statement of the progress made by the building committee. In reply,

Mr. BUTT said,—

"The COMMITTEE appointed at the public meeting held in the autumn of 1863, with the Minister and Deacons, are now called upon to state what has been done. Their attention has been drawn to several sites, some of which appeared to be eligible; but upon careful consideration they were obliged to decline them. They are still looking out, and hope to be rightly directed in this important step.

"The collectors are most active in obtaining not only donation but weekly subscriptions which now amount to about £20 weekly; others are using collecting cards; while many have promised, and others are waiting, until the site is obtained.

"Several churches have responded to our appeal, by granting the use of their chapels, for our pastor to preach in, in aid of the fund, which collections amount to £57. 3s. 6d. we hereby tender our thanks for the kindness thus shown. Others have kindly promised; and will, as the spring advances, be accepted.

"The Committee most thankfully accept the encouraging success which has attended their efforts, as a proof that they have taken the right step; and whilst preparing to make every effort themselves, as far as their means will permit, purpose, under the divine blessing, to use every means for the accomplishment of this desired object—in building a house for the service of God.

"They feel sure this meeting will rejoice to hear that the various benevolent societies have in nowise suffered from the increased call which has been made upon the friends for this new undertaking. The amount received to the present is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and donations ..	2,103	15	4
Congregational Collection ..	57	3	9
Collection at the public meeting ..			
in October ..	40	0	0
Profits of tea meeting in Oct ..	14	1	4

making a total of cash received £2,215 0 2
This amount of £2,215 is invested in the names of three trustees, bearing interest, which will be placed to the funds.

"In addition to this, we have received promises amounting to £1050. Thus, in a little more than six months, the amount realized in cash and promise being £3,265. 0s. 5d. These are facts which encourage us to go forward, still looking unto the Lord, who has been with his church and people in this place for so many years. We believe this work is of the Lord; and that it will still go on, and prosper.

"We cannot forbear expressing our sympathy with many of our dear friends who have passed through painful and unexpected bereavements since our last meeting; some who were then present, and entered heartily with their silver and gold as well as their fervent prayer, that a more convenient and larger building might be erected for the service of God; and prove the means of the furtherance of that Gospel which supported them in life, cheered them in their departing moments. They are gone; and left us still to struggle on in the wilderness.

"In conclusion we say, 'whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Therefore, my beloved brethren, 'be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; for as much as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'

Mr. Butt, in closing the report of the Building Committee, expressed himself much pleased at the rapid progress that had been made with the fund during the six months it had been in operation; more than three thousand two hundred pounds had in so short a time been received and promised. We were also much pleased to hear that the various Benevolent Institutions connected with the Burrey Tabernacle had in no way suffered from the extra exertion that had been put forth by the friends there; in fact, Mr. Wells's words were proved to be quite true, "only get the people use to giving, and they will always work better;" the amount contributed to the various benevolent institutions amounting to £500 in the twelve months. Since the service Mr. Butt, has received from one friend £50, and he had every confidence in the undertaking, believing the Lord had directed them to it.

Mr. ANDERSON, of Deptford, said he was glad to see such a large number of people gathered, and such a united feeling amongst them. He looked upon such a meeting as an extremely interesting event in the history of the church there. He was sure what they had heard that evening fully repudiated the charge that these "hypers" were a people who did nothing for the furtherance of the Gospel; £500 subscribed in one twelve months for benevolent purposes, and then £2000 towards a new house for the worship of God.

Mr. HAWKINS, of Trinity street, said he was delighted at the prosperity the movement had met with; he was not jealous; he only wished every minister of truth in the metropolis was in the same position as his brother Wells, wanting a larger tabernacle.

Mr. HALL, of Clapham, expressed very great sympathy with the undertaking; he had travelled a long way to express that feeling; and now he was much pleased to see such a gathering. He hoped they would soon have a noble chapel in an eligible position, for he did not see any reasons why the good old Gospel should be hid up in courts and at the back of houses, while error stood with a bold front in our open streets.

Mr. MYKESON (of Hackney), and Mr. BLAKE, (of Artillery Lane), also advocated the cause in a warm spirit.

Mr. CABR (deacon) with much energy, spoke of the good success that had attended their efforts; and concluded by moving a vote of thanks to the Ladies "for their indefatigable and untiring perseverance" in the cause. The vote was seconded, and unanimously carried.

After some further remarks from the chair, the doxology was sung, and the meeting closed.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to attend such a gathering; the spacious chapel was filled in every corner where standing room could be got; the happiest spirit reigned amongst the speakers; the friends seemed decided and united; the interest of the meeting never flagged for one moment; and, although the place was almost unbearable for heat, hardly a person moved till the proceedings terminated.

NORWICH — MARCH 15th, 1864. — The church of Christ, at Orford Hill, Norwich, again bear testimony to the kind and watchful care of our covenant-keeping God. Seven years have rolled into the eternal past, since our present pastor, Mr. John Corbitt, first came amongst us; thanks to our heavenly Father they have not been seven years of famine; indeed, there has been no lack of temporal good; and, I trust, I may say with confidence, spiritual blessings have been showered upon us. It has been our custom to hold an annual tea meeting as near the time of Mr. C.'s first coming as convenient; the express object of which has been to commemorate the above event, and to raise a small sum for incidental expenses: these yearly meetings have answered the desired end. On the 23rd of February, we held our seventh annual tea meeting; two hundred or more sat down to tea. A public meeting was held in the evening at which addresses were delivered by Mr. Joseph Field, minister at Saxlingham; Mr. Dearnle, an occasional speaker, and a member at Pitt street; Mr. John Gowing, minister at Pitt street, and Mr. Corbitt: a few minutes being occupied by the choir between each of the addresses; and, as a whole, this meeting was a very encouraging one, and afforded ample proof of the attachment of the great bulk of the people to the minister and the cause of God in this place. Mr. Corbitt thoroughly enjoyed it; and at the conclusion expressed himself as being proud of the success of the meeting for various reasons, which he pointed out in his usual warm-hearted manner. I am quite aware that publishing such things as these, is regarded by many as extremely fulsome and egotistic; but I trust the motive in the present instance is a righteous one, whatever feelings may appear. The holy scriptures declare of brethren dwelling together in unity, that it is like the precious oil poured upon the head of Aaron, that ran down to the skirts of his garment, a holy and copious anointing. Now although we may never realize to the full this brotherly unity, yet we have been favoured with a good share of it, and as a church have a right to say, "The Lord has done great things for us," &c.

It is equally true that there are those around us that think and speak differently; and imagine the prosperity that attends us to be but a bubble that will one day burst, and expose its hollowness; but it is our mercy that God's thoughts are not always as men's thoughts, or we must ere this have been dispersed to the four winds. We do not anticipate fair weather and smooth water all through the voyage, as that would be contrary to the experience of God's family in all ages; it may, therefore, be summed up that as a whole we have been happy and prosperous, and whatever has manifested itself of a contrary nature has hitherto been of short duration. But he who reads the hearts of all knows exactly how matters stand; and having of late had to pass a painful ordeal, the unity of the main body of the church has been clearly tested; and we are again breathing freely and looking forward hopefully. May the good shepherd ever watch over his little flock in this place, and all other places of his dominion, to comfort and to bless them, is the prayer of a feeble one, J. M., Secretary. P.S., Our senior Deacon, who is over eighty years of age, is still able to attend to the duties of his office apparently with unwearied energy and remarkable punctuality, and has hitherto taken the management of all our tea meetings. Give honour to whom honour is due.

IPSWICH—On Wednesday, Feb. 24, was held the annual tea and thanksgiving meeting, commemorative of the Lord's gracious dealings with the cause at Bethesda chapel, and with their pastor, T. Poock, in preserving him to see the sixty-

seventh year of his natural birth-day. Upwards of four hundred persons sat down to partake of a tea plentifully and tastefully set out by the warm-hearted willing sisters belonging to the cause. After tea, a hymn was sung, one of the deacons prayed, and Mr. W. Clarke took the chair. In his usual manner, he spoke much of God's goodness to the cause, showed the present state of financial affairs as being satisfactory, congratulated his pastor in being enabled through another year to fill his pulpit without once being laid by in affliction, and still hoped for further peace and prosperity. He called on Mr. P. to address the meeting. In so doing, he said he rejoiced in again meeting his many friends, and while they had to feel the loss of six members and one deacon by death, the Lord had sent more than He had taken away; the church had chosen two to that office, men competent and willing to fulfil the duties of such an important post in the church of God. He had buried no less than four deacons during his nineteen years labour among them. His intentions were still, by Divine grace, to preach the same truth, the whole truth, and nothing else but truth. Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, then gave us a speech we hope not to forget, showing the manifold way the man of sin was using to inundate the Gospel by artifice and lies; the duty of ministers and churches to watch, pray, and oppose his errors, and to be valiant for truth. He rejoiced to see the cause so blest, and warmly congratulated his brother, the pastor of the church, and the people with him. Mr. Dearing, of Crowfield, next spoke very feelingly to the pastor and friends, that being his birthplace, they being his near relations, and Mr. P. his father in the Gospel, of whom he was not ashamed; nor did he think he was ashamed of him. The Lord had crowned us with loving kindness and tender mercies, and every additional blessing was an additional gem in that crown. He prayed that peace, love, and prosperity may further abound. Mr. Joseph Pock, the younger, son of Mr. P., rose at the call of the chairman; stated he was now an inhabitant of Ipswich; congratulated his father and friends, and hoped the Lord would still make him a greater blessing to many. Mr. Harris, one of the newly-elected deacons, was next asked to speak. He very aptly did so, and hoped to see further prosperity in the cause, especially in the Sabbath-school, he being the superintendent. Our singers performed between the speeches in no mean manner suitable pieces to the delight of the assembly and much to their credit. The doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, a vote of thanks presented to the chairman and ladies for their kind help given on the occasion. Thus closed the most happy meeting ever felt on the like occasion.

CAMBERWELL.—A HAPPY MEETING AT CHARLES-STREET, CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD.—DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I desire for myself and others to congratulate our esteemed brother, Thomas Chivers, on the success attending his noble effort put forth by himself to assist our brother Attwood in his late heavy trial. On Tuesday evening, March 15th, after a goodly number had taken tea, the business of the evening commenced. Mr. William Alderson, who had taken an active part with our brother Chivers, was unanimously chosen to take the chair. A hymn was sung. Brother William Webb implored the Divine presence and blessing. The worthy chairman then made some godly, practical, and effective remarks. One of the respected deacons of Charles-street then presented to our brother Attwood from the church and congregation the sum of twenty-nine pounds odd as an expression of their sympathy for him, which our brother Attwood affectionately acknowledged. The chairman then called upon

our brother Chivers to read a statement of the result of the effort made by himself and ministerial brethren, which they had so cordially and zealously undertaken, realizing the noble amount of £78 5s. 4d., which, with some affectionate remarks, our brother Chivers handed to the chairman for presentation to brother Attwood as an expression of loving sympathy toward him. Our brother Attwood tendered all his grateful acknowledgments, and desired to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The meeting was then cheerfully addressed by brethren Butterfield, Webster, Meeres, and Bracher, all expressing themselves delighted with what they had witnessed of the goodness of our covenant God. Thus ended an evening worth living for. God be thanked. Total amount presented:—

Friends at Charles-street... .. £29 odd
Brother Chivers's List 78 5 4

£107 5 4

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

[We readily give place to the following note from our brother Attwood.—Ed.]

"To each and all of those ministerial brethren and friends who have so kindly responded to the appeal of our brother Thomas Chivers, whose indefatigable labours have been crowned with complete success, I desire hereby to present my heartfelt thanks. Hoping the Lord may abundantly repay them and bless them with all needful grace for Jesu's sake is the desire of yours in the words of the everlasting Gospel, THOMAS ATTWOOD, Charles-street Chapel, Camberwell New Road.

BAPTIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

—A large number of gentlemen met at our excellent and spacious committee-room at Shaftesbury Hall on the 8th instant; and when one's mind looked at them one by one, earnest men as they are, most of them leading men at the head of the labours and benevolent institutions of their own churches and schools, and some of them of such churches as the everlasting Gospel and its ordinances have seldom had in London perhaps before, the soul heaved up to God in humble devotion and holy thanksgiving for the sight. The schools of brethren Meeres, of New Church-street, Bermondsey, and Myerson, Oval, Hackney, were resolved into our union. The zealous and generous teachers of Keppel-street presented their first quarter's collections, voluntary of themselves, amounting to the sum of 16s. 4d. Several other sums from schools and individuals were added to our funds. An aggregate tea and public meeting was resolved on, at which the nature and objects of our union, with the means by which we purpose to carry them out, shall be set before our denomination, to which all the teachers and friends of those schools approving of our principles and constitution are to be welcome and invited, while such friends who may be in London from any part of the world at the time it would give us pleasure to see amongst us. The place, time, subjects, and speakers will be shortly published. The publication committee reported that brother Milner was preparing a juvenile catechism to be laid before them; that they recommended a monthly serial, to be called "The Baptist Sunday-school Union Bible-Class Magazine," at one penny, and also a "List of Lessons," with illustrations. The report was received with instructions to procure printer's terms, &c. The visitor's committee gave an interesting report, and the preparation-class committee recommended a central class in Holborn, a northern one in Islington, and a southern at Trinity chapel, Trinity-street, Borough. This report was received, and remains for next month's consideration. Our monthly meetings in future to be held on the third Friday evenings instead of the Tuesdays, to accommodate our ministering brethren. W. H.

ESHER, SURREY.—New Year's tea and public meeting was holden February 23rd, 1864, at the friends' meeting. After tea had been partaken by a goodly number, the public meeting was held: the place well filled. The friends were spoken to by Mr. Warren, the pastor, upon the work and ministry of the Spirit. Mr. S. Milner, of London, then gave a very excellent address upon the great doctrines of the Gospel. Mr. J. Flory spoke of the encouragement of such views of Divine truth to labour for Christ, as also of support to the believer personally, that God would carry on the work of grace in the soul till we should come off "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." He rejoiced, having had deep sympathy with the cause for years, to see so many, and trusted the efforts of the friends would be crowned with speedy success in having a chapel of their own in which, as Strict Baptists, to worship the God of salvation. Mr. Collins, of Clegett, spoke a few warm words of love to the "truth as it is in Jesus," showing that the love of the Father, the work of the Son, and ministry of the Holy Spirit redounded to the good of the church, and glory of the triune Jehovah. After a few words from Mr. Hine, and a vote of thanks to the ladies for Martha-like care, ended one of the happiest meetings there. "O Lord, send now prosperity."

TRING.—At the late Mr. Glover's chapel, Mr. Bennett, of Chatham, is on probation. The Lord give him many souls in that immense field: but let him not look with contempt upon the sister churches. If he does,—as some have done before him,—he may expect but a short pastorate. We will never believe that our loving Lord and Master will really bless that minister, nor that people, who look with contempt upon the poor and afflicted churches in Zion. Lofty talents—wealthy coffers—aristocratic leanings—and purchased popularities—hold up some causes in appearance for years—but the constant changes speak loud and solemn lessons. For the good of Zion, we pray that the churches in Tring and in those parts of Bucks may be more united—more devoted—more substantially useful. The cause at West End, Tring, has suffered for years, still, it has been helped and honoured of God. That good man, Henry Chapman, has almost laid down his life for the cause, and many more with him. Let them be encouraged, they love Jesus and he loves them. The same may be said of dear Colyer, of Ivinghoe. Like ourselves, he has had his sorrows, and he has made his mistakes, but Christ is for him. Oh, ye ministers, and members of churches read John xiii. 4—17.

STAMFORD.—"A Lover of Truth" gives a sad report of this place. "The church has winked at sin; cloaked it over; members withdrawing from communion; nothing but confusion." What does all this mean? A gentleman was in Stamford one Lord's-day, and being a friend to truth, sought for it. We do not know how many churches and chapels in Stamford have the truth; but his conviction was, "a long decline, and an ultimate division" would becloud truth there most fearfully. Let us be careful we do not help forward the afflictions of Joseph; but always remember, that although the Lord does sometimes correct and reprove His children, He allows no one but Himself to use the rod. We think we have suffered severely from the quarter our correspondent refers to: but, for the truth's sake, we desire ever to love and to pray for all who in the truth do stand. We expect further communications from Stamford. We will try and review the sermons carefully; but where there is such a clear system always maintained with so many acquired talents, it is hard to get out of printed paper any safe conclusion of the man's state.

TOOTING GROVE.—MR. BANKS.—We wish to record the Lord's great goodness to us on the first anniversary of Providence Baptist chapel. We had two good sound Gospel sermons. Mr. Rowlands in the afternoon, and Mr. Luckin in the evening. Seventy persons sat down to tea, kindly furnished by the ladies of the church and congregation, that the proceeds might go towards the funds, so that with the collections, a nice little sum was paid off the debt.

H. WELCH.
[Our brother Welch is one of those industrious ministers who labour six days to support his family, and fully and freely preach the Gospel on the Sabbath. The Lord gives him peace and prosperity. We love him, and pray that soon his chapel may be free from debt, and much too small for the people: yea, that he may long live to labour, and see his pretty chapel very much enlarged.—ED.]

STEPNEY.—CAVE ADULLAM BAPTIST CHAPEL, Old Road.—On Wednesday evening, March 2nd, Mr. Webster, our pastor, was privileged to baptize four persons, one male and three females, who, on the following Lord's-day evening, with two others, formerly members, were received into the church, which makes upwards of fifty who have been received during Mr. Webster's pastorate here, now two years, all of whom profess to have received spiritual benefit under his ministry, some of them quickened into Divine life under it. Three members have recently been taken to their heavenly home. Thus, while the Lord is adding to the church triumphant, He is also adding to the church militant. Peace and unity prevail in our midst, and the ministry is blessed to those who have long known the Lord. To Him alone be all the glory.
THOMAS CULYER.

HARWICH.—Mr. J. W. Dyer, of Walworth, commences his stated labours at Baptist chapel here this month of April. We are glad that Harwich friends have chosen a brother so happily filled with the Spirit of Christ, and with a deep-rooted love to all who love the Lord. Brother Dyer sat not at the feet of Gamaliel, but he sat long under the ministry of that late earnest and useful man of God, Joseph Irons. Since Mr. Irons's decease, brother Dyer has seen and observed the ordinance of believer's baptism by immersion; and even if the saints in heaven could know what the saints on earth are doing, we do not think that now the spirit of the noble Joseph would be grieved either at beholding his son Dyer in the baptistry or in the pulpit. May the Lord greatly bless J. W. Dyer at Harwich for many years.

NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON.—A DAY OF GOOD TIDINGS. On Lord's-day morning, many were wending their way towards the Baptist chapel, Newton Abbot, to listen to the glad tidings of salvation. Our beloved pastor preached a most impressive and suitable sermon from Acts ii. 41, 42: "Then they that gladly received His word," &c. After which three were baptized, one male and two females. It was a time long to be remembered by us all. We thank the Lord, and take courage. Our last three baptisms have been greatly honoured of God, inasmuch as one or more have been constrained, after witnessing them, to say, "We will go with you, for we believe that God is with you." As a church, we are enjoying peace and prosperity. Our prayer meetings are attended better than ever. We hope to have again in our midst on Tuesday, April 19th, that eminent servant of God, Mr. J. Foreman, of London, whose services in these parts were made a great blessing to us when he was last here in October. May God long spare his useful life. So prays yours in Jesus,
VERITAS.

NOTES FROM

NOTTINGHAM.—In the present unsettled state of things, we had much rather see and hear for ourselves than publish from correspondents, although for them we are thankful; but all the time gold can buy preachers, and preachers will sell themselves, and sell baptism, and sell anything for suits of clothes and for a few sovereigns, we can only silently sorrow over them. We hope to be in Nottingham before long, and then we can meet any one who is really concerned to carry out the whole truth. We are glad Mr. Garrard has been helping the feeble flock. He is a master in Israel, and in faith pursues his course without killing himself. With him, and all poor believing sinners, even with many of the mighty men of Nottingham, we hope to find mercy of the Lord in that day.

HOMERTON.—Mr. William Palmer, pastor of the church at Homerton-row, has been advised to vacate his pulpit for a few weeks and to visit the Canary Islands, hoping thereby to recruit and to re-establish his health. The church can ill spare him; but, in the kindest manner, they have encouraged him to make this experiment. As a preacher, Mr. Palmer never rose to any remarkable height of popularity; but as a self-made man of literary power, as an antagonistic writer, as a man of immense research, as an argumentative reasoner, as a thorough dissector of every subject he has handled, as a theologian in the literal acceptance of the term, we have not perhaps in our denomination his equal. He has had his work to do; and many are the prayers now ascending to heaven, that on his return, he may be so refreshed, re-anointed, and replenished, that for years he may sing more sweetly and more clearly still, and that the glorious CHRIST of GOD may more than ever be his one successful theme.

GLEMSFORD—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, March 8th, was a day anticipated with pleasure here. Our kind brother Whorlow occupied the pulpit in the forenoon, and delivered a weighty and suitable discourse from Matt. iii. 13, and following verses. Mr. Whorlow then descended into the new baptistry, and immersed five persons upon profession of repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The chapel was well filled with hearers, and many eagerly witnessed the ordinance. Mr. Kemp (the pastor) preached in the afternoon; and afterwards delivered a very appropriate address to the newly baptized persons. He then in the name of the Church, gave them the right hand of fellowship; and administered the Lord's Supper. There was a good attendance of communicants, and it was truly a refreshing season to the Lord's dear people.

HIGH WYCOMBE—At Zion Chapel, on Lord's-day, March 8th, three brethren were baptized by our pastor, Mr. H. W. Stemberge. The Lord has greatly blessed us during the year we have met in Zion; twenty-four have been added to us; and there are other "Lepers cleansed" who will soon, we hope, shew their love to their healer and Saviour. The anniversary was held on Tuesday, March 15th 1864; our dear brother Foreman preached in the afternoon from Isaiah xii. 1. "And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee," &c. Chapel filled, a tea meeting was held at the conclusion of the service, to which nearly 300 sat down. Mr. Foreman preached again in the evening; the chapel was crowded in every part and many obliged to sit in the vestry. The collections during the day were £41 1s. 6d.

Here, then, we'll sound Jehovah's praise,
Glad to behold and feel his grace;
Joy in the wonders he has done,
Still praying, let thy work go on.

HOLLOWAY.—Mr. F. Green's extract from his sermon on "The First-born" is not sufficient. If the sermon be calculated "to produce a union among the ablest servants of Christ—the brethren Philpot and Wells," could not his congregation publish it entire? Mr. Green's motive, no doubt, is good. He says, "O [for that happy period (would, heaven, that it were nigh!)] when Philpot, Kershaw, Wells, Abrahams, and many others whom I have known and loved for years, were about to meet on one platform, joining hand to hand to build up Zion. Brethren, it is an evil day; cannot we draw closer? See how many enemies are laying siege against the inspired book. Let us draw closer; the day is far spent."

BETHNAL GREEN.—HOPE CHAPEL, Green-street.—Services were held in connection with this cause for liquidation of chapel debt. On Sunday, Feb. 28th, sermons were preached morning and evening by the minister, Mr. C. E. Merrett; in the afternoon Mr. Pells gave an excellent discourse from Matt. v. 4. On Monday, Mr. J. Bloomfield preached from 1 Peter i. 12: "Which things the angels desire to look into." It was full of thought, and for the thought of the redeemed of the Lord. After tea, the public meeting was addressed by brethren Wall, Webster, G. Webb, W. Webb, and Flory, brethren Haisman and Palmer, of Plaistow, engaging in prayer. The speakers had much liberty, the numbers present good, and the collections encouraging.

THE BRIGHTON MINISTRY.—We have seen the contempt cast upon "THE FIVE POINTS" which F. F. refers to; but we have not had time to enter upon the dissecting of such an amazing variety of character as the Brighton pulpits at present furnish. There is not another town in all England so remarkably occupied with singular characters. We wait a closer inspection.

PLYMOUTH.—The good people at Howe-street have resolved, in the strength of the Lord, to build a new chapel. We hope the Lord will crown their desires with good success, and that all the churches in Christendom will help them.

RYE.—A traveller says Mr. Wall's pulpit is likely to be well filled by Mr. Kevan, late of Halstead.

Notes and Queries.

Open Communion.—Is it just or right for a Strict Baptist Church holding their views so rigidly that they will not admit baptized believers (members of open communion churches) to commune at the Lord's table; to receive money left as an endowment, especially for a church holding free or open communion?

A LOVER OF CONSISTENCY.

[The terms free or open are not sufficiently definite. If the trust-deed is for open communion, the church should adhere to the terms on which they hold the chapel. If they receive open communion wages, they are bound to do open communion work or give up.—Ed.]

Deaths.

DIED, 13rd February, at Richmond Terrace, East Street, Walworth, aged 57, ANN, the beloved wife of Mr. F. J. LANE, who was for twenty-one years a member of the Surrey Tabernacle. "To depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

Died Feb. 25th, Mrs. M. Crispin, aged 77. She had known the Lord from early life; her latter days were much clouded with severe suffering. Her late husband was well known 107 years at Hophrah chapel, Mile End.

“The Fathers—Where are They?”

A FEW WORDS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE THOMAS WORSLEY, OF BRIGHTON.

THE bishops and deans in the ecclesiastical establishment of this country have of late been fast going home to their last account. The venerable Bishop of Peterborough died the other day over eighty-four; he was the honoured tutor of our much and increasingly-beloved Queen. The historian says of him, “He laboured more to be good than great;” of Thomas Worsley we may certainly say, he laboured to *do* good in the happy name and holy cause of that great REDEEMER who had saved him from all the destructions of sin and the curse. We remember, not very long since, having to take part in a public meeting in London, and THOMAS WORSLEY, of Brighton, was there. He opened that meeting with prayer, and that prayer gave us such a union of soul to him as leads us even now to hope that ere many years have rolled on, we shall meet him in that vast assembly where all the prayers of the redeemed will be turned into songs of everlasting joy and gladness.

Oh! brethren in the ministry, gird afresh the loins of your minds, and with all the zeal and light, with all the power and love our God shall give you, lift the Saviour's name on high, and tell aloud of his ability to save even unto the uttermost ALL who come unto God by Him. Your opportunities for preaching CHRIST to poor sinners will soon pass away. May the still direful state of millions of our people—may the rapid flowings in of every kind of error—may the exceeding preciousness of JESU'S most delightful Gospel, and may the certainty of an eternal reward in the Master's higher temple, stimulate you all to increasing devotedness in spreading abroad the essential fulness of our Almighty Saviour's finished work.

Thomas Worsley was really a bishop over the village churches around that part of the country where the Lord gave him acceptance, prosperity, and many seals. His beloved and much-honoured widow has compiled an excellent memorial of his life, labours, and last days, and a most soul-encouraging testimony to the faithfulness of God it certainly is.

Thomas Worsley was born at Beckley, in Kent, in 1796; he fell asleep last December 15th, leaving behind an indisputable

testimony of his safety and salvation in Jesus, of which the following extracts are a small portion:—

September 9.—When he awoke in the morning, he said, “I have been repeating that verse, ‘Time sweetly glides away.’ I should, if it was the Lord's will, like to go home to-day. I am like a child going home for his Christmas holidays—getting on the stiles to see if he can see his father's house. I can now rejoice in the God of my salvation. ‘He hath brought me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and hath set my feet on the rock,’ I was very much cast down once when I was going to preach. I thought of those words, ‘They all had their penny.’ I am having mine now, not for what I have done, for I am an unprofitable servant. But He is a faithful God; in Him I trust; His word is my staff. He hath said, ‘Where I am, ye shall be also.’”

September 15.—One of his old friends coming in to see him, said, “You will dwell in many hearts when you are gone from us. I often think what you used to say at the chapel when you poured the wine into the cup; you could pour it out without pain, but Christ poured it out with suffering and death.”

There was a vein of pure originality running through our friend Worsley's ministry which rendered him useful to many; and this vein opened up precious sayings on his death-bed, as the book from which we quote doth amply prove. ORIGINALITY is one of the beauties of God's creation; and in every part of His workmanship the richest variety in the purest originality shine forth with grandeur and goodness. A profession of the Gospel without this originality is like a tree without leaves or fruit—it is like a barren desert. A Gospel ministry, without this *originality*, is always hard, tame, samely, and without either unction or power. That word “*springs*” in the Bible is a precious word: “the springs of Pisgah” refreshed the Israelites in the promised land; and when a minister's soul is full of heavenly springs, gushing out with new streams of spiritual life, how refreshing to the people. In that song which was most especially for the “sons of Korah”—poor, dark, and dried-

up things as even God's dear children many times are—in that song the Psalmist closed up by saying, "All my springs are in THEE;"—that means, "Let me, O Lord, give all the glory to Thee: for it is from THEE all my springs of life and light do flow."

Ah! these springs a man can never buy if Nature and Grace have not given them to him. He may have a very pretty face, and smile pleasantly upon the people, and that does wonders for a while; or he may have a large embodiment of human nature, with a stern front, and a dreadful method and manner of condemning everybody but himself, and this for a time, and with a few, passes for wonderful faithfulness; and then there is your precise systematic—

"His heads and divisions are always three;
His doctrinal expressions exactly agree;
Before he begins you know where he'll end,
And all his dry sermons to weariness tend."

We heard John Brunt say the other evening he did not care to read any book if it would not set you thinking, or writing, or speaking for yourself before you had read many pages of it. That is the thing we mean; a mind so full of springs that immediately that mind or the springs in that mind are touched, up it springs with flowings of thought, and new views of its own upon a thousand evangelical and spiritual beauties rushing out so fast you can scarcely catch them.

How sweet those promises look, but how much more precious to realize them! A minister of God sometimes feels himself as dry and as dead as the flinty rock; he goes down into a deep valley of humiliation; but, then, is it not always true,—
"HE sendeth springs into the valleys which run among the hills." And if you take these hills to be the little hills of Zion, how true it is! For instance: a young man comes to London to supply some empty pulpit. It is soon noised abroad among the hills, "there is a new minister at so and so." Off runs Mrs. Salt-cellar to hear him; and if he has any of these blessed springs in him, she sounds aloud his fame. "Oh! he is a precious servant of God indeed!" True enough, no doubt; hence the tidings spread; crowds flock to hear him; all the churches send for him to come and preach their anniversary sermons; and bring full of springs, he obeys their summons, and thus, in a double sense, the springs "run among the hills;" every beast of the field gets a little drink, and goes to his work all the better for it, and even the wild asses quench their thirst," and are quiet for a while: the earth (the church) is satisfied with the fruit of God's works, which is the ministry of the Word, indited and sanctified by the Spirit of God.

The dry ground is turned into springs of water, and all the people see that the promises of God are true, where, by Isaiah, He says, "the parched ground," (as Old Artillery Lane has been for years, but) is now become a flowing brook, and the thirsty land springs of water, and the Lord is glorified.

Well, Sussex has lost a man who had living springs in his soul; and it is a loss to the little hills all round, where, for many years, Thomas Worsley's ministerial springs did run. But we must return to his dying bed. On

September 21.—He was very happy in the Lord. He said, "Death is like Samson's lion, terrible to look on, but it has no sting. I am not afraid, for the Lord Jesus Christ has conquered death. When I am gone, do not think too much of the world. If I had all Brighton, what would it be to me now? I have done with the world; I have a good home to go to. There I shall ever be with the Lord, who has done such great things for me. I will not let unbelief get the mastery over me, for where He has begun a good work, He will carry it on to the end. Bless His dear name, He has carried it on in my soul for these fifty years; He never left me to bring disgrace on His cause, and He will not now leave me in trouble to sink. He has said, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' He has said, 'Let him that is athirst come unto me and drink.' Bless His dear name, none ever sought Him in vain. I do hope the Lord will hear our prayers for our child; I do want her to be with me the few days I have to live, that I may talk to her about the best things. I wish she could feel as I do—fixed on the Rock."

How well his faith fought with unbelief, and carried up his ransomed spirit to the faithfulness of God, and the fruition of His kingdom. See this more fully. On

September 28.—Very dark in his mind. He shed tears, "Surely the Lord will not leave me." I said to him, "Did you not say you would not have anything to do with unbelief? Bless the Lord, He will be true to His word; He will not leave you in trouble to sink." He said—

"Begone, unbelief; my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear."

This verse of the hymn was a great comfort to him.

What changes do departing saints experience! When the secular records speak of the departure of some great primate or other, he always is represented as "dying divinely calm." Is it true? Nay; they either hold back a great deal, or being twice dead, neither sin nor Satan alarm

them. Mrs. Worsley has faithfully recorded both sides, as the remaining extracts witness:—

September 29.—When he awoke, truly his mourning was turned to joy; he was blessing and praising God. He said, "The Lord hath said, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out; 'There is a fountain filled with blood, &c. Bless the Lord; bless Him now, bless Him when I am gone; live near Him, keep close to Him, love His word.'" I said, "You will exhaust yourself talking so earnestly." He said, "Talking to you for two hours does not seem so long as half an hour to other people; you have been such a help meet to me. I think I must be one of the Lord's favourites.—I do so long to be at home. There will be no night there."

September 30.—In very great pain; very much cast down in mind. "Satan is a great coward," he said, "he always attacks me when my body is weakest, and is in most pain." He was much tempted to grieve at leaving those he loved behind. He tried to pray, and could not; but the latter part of the day the Lord appeared and removed the cloud. He said, "I have been thinking of a passage I heard your father, Mr. Tidd, preach from at Wadhurst, from Nehemiah vi. 11, 'Shall such a man as I flee? I am very happy; I do not envy kings—not if their palaces were of solid gold; for there is such a fulness in Jesus Christ—enough for every poor sinner that feels his need.'"

He continued very happy till the 3rd of October. Then the enemy came in like a flood. The tears ran down his face with anguish of mind, and he said, "Oh, do pray for me! Dear Lord, have mercy upon me! 'Is His mercy clean gone? will He be gracious no more?'" In the midst of this trouble a friend came in, Mr. Carr. He read and prayed with him. The Lord dispersed the clouds by little and little, he said, like the breaking of the day. He blessed and praised the Lord the greatest part of the night, and repeated that hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and "When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come," and many passages of Holy Scripture.

October 5.—About three in the morning, when I awoke, he said, "I have been rejoicing for more than three hours; the Lord is so precious to me. This is heaven begun below. I grieve I cannot praise and love Him more. I long to get to heaven. His precious blood hath cleansed my guilty soul. The inheritance of the saints is not like an earthly inheritance; it endureth for ever; it is secure; it cannot be lost. I have been wrestling with the Lord for our dear child: 'His arm is not shortened, that it cannot save; nor is His ear heavy, that

He cannot hear.' Bless His dear name, I can trust Him and love Him too. When you go to my funeral, don't cry for me; lift the eye of faith, and think how happy I am, for ever with the Lord, eternally shut in. Bless the Lord, it is only once to die. I am happier than the angels, for I can sing of redeeming love. I rest on His precious righteousness to clothe me—His precious blood to cleanse; and I shall be glorified with Him."

November 8.—Had no sleep all night. When the light of morning dawned, he said, "Hail, blessed Sabbath! I wish I was going to preach; but oh, I must not be dissatisfied; the Lord is so good to me. I can meditate on the word, and repeat many blessed hymns." He was very bad all day, but at times the Lord was very precious to him. He said, "I want to praise Him all the time I live. I did persecute those who loved Him, but like Saul one word from the Lord stopped me."

November 9.—His wedding-day—been married forty-four years. "I think the Lord has indeed blessed us both in providence and grace more than any one else in Brighton, that we have been happy together so many years, when so many have been separated by death; but now I want to go home. I leave you and our dear child with the Lord. But if I am to lie here for six months, it is for the good of my poor soul, and the glory of God. As long as it is His blessed will, I can lie here. I shall have a long heaven to enjoy. This has been a trying week of pain, but much of the Lord's presence."

Not many days before he died, he said, "When you hear my eye-strings break,
How sweet my infants roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory to my soul."

The day before he died, being in great pain, he said to me, "What shall I do?" I said, "You have nothing to do, but, like a child at its mother's breast, lie down to sleep." "Is that all?" I said, "Yes, it is." He said, "It is all right." A friend came in, and went to prayer with him. He said, "I shall see you no more on earth." Being very much fatigued, he said, "I will see no friends, only my own family." His daughter said, "No, father, what breath you have left, spend it on us." He said, "So I will." He could only take a spoonful of gold water or tea, but he blessed and praised the Lord for that; for he said, "The dear Lord had only vinegar and gall to drink." He said, "There are rivers of salvation for me to swim in." Not long before he died, he said, almost singing, "The struggle is hard, but I have plenty of ammunition to fight with. Blessed Jesus!" Two friends came to see him on Friday, he cried to them, "Crown Him! crown Him!"

The Surrey Tabernacle Expositor.

EXPOSITION OF PSALM XXX.

BY MR. JAMES WELLS, MINISTER OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD.

[MANY thousands have been greatly edified by the short, but expressive, unfoldings of God's word, as read on the Sunday mornings by our brother WELLS. We purpose to give some of them in the ensuing numbers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL; believing many Christians in different parts of the world, who cannot now hear Mr. Wells, will, in reading, be helped on in their journey by these sparks from the anvil.—Ed.]

I will extol Thee, O Lord; for Thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

WHAT a sweet thing personal religion is; especially when we can realize its advantages; to be able to say that the Lord hath lifted us up where we are beyond the reach of our foes. We must go to the second chapter of Ephesians to get the explanation of this: "He hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." There it is our foes cannot triumph over us.

O Lord my God, I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me.

A wounded conscience, a wounded spirit, a wounded heart, and in many other respects perhaps wounded; cried unto the Lord, and the Word came with power, oil was poured in, healing was realized, So, if we are taught of the same Spirit, we shall need the same liftings up, and shall need the same healings as did the Psalmist.

O Lord, Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit. Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.

Now we can never give thanks for that which is not on our side. I do not myself happen to be made of that kind of material that I can be thankful for that from which I get no advantage. And therefore, when we are exhorted to give thanks at the remembrance of God's holiness, this certainly must be explained by that beautiful declaration where Jesus Christ is our sanctification, the blood of Jesus Christ cleansing from all sin. So, being brought thus to receive the blest Redeemer; there holiness is on our side; there we may give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness, because we are partakers of that holiness, and we have immortality by that holiness, and we have perfection before God by that holiness, and we are prepared by that holiness for

eternity; we are prepared by that holiness, being born again of a holy seed, to appreciate the provisions of the everlasting Gospel. So that here holiness, like every other perfection of the Blessed God, is on our side.

For His anger endureth but a moment; in His favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

So here is apparent wrath and apparent anger; but over against the anger is set eternal life, and over against the weeping is set everlasting joy—the one lasting a little while, and the other lasting for ever. Still, even that is an order of things that flesh and blood cannot altogether appreciate. There is a natural desire about us to have two Heavens; to have nothing but Heaven here, as well as nothing but Heaven hereafter. But the Lord hath ordered it otherwise; and if we cannot now see that His way is the best, the time will come when we shall see that His way is the best. And when we cannot see His way to be the best way, what a great mercy to believe it, and to rest upon it, and to believe the Lord will demonstrate the wisdom of His dealings, and the love of His heart, when the appointed time shall arrive.

In my prosperity,

Very natural,

I said I shall never be moved. Lord, by Thy favour Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong; Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled.

You may depend upon one thing; that, if the Lord hide His face from us, Satan is with us, either personally or by some of his agents, and then the worst qualities of our nature are uppermost. You must never forget this: that sin is ten thousand times more lively in the child of God than it is in the man of the world. There is many an aged Christian has been tempted to what he never was tempted to in a state of nature; many a child of God feels infirmities and imperfections which he never felt while he was in a state of nature. Satan is not so busy with the world; he leaves them to follow their own course. It is when the sons of God meet together, then Satan is among them; and Satan would leave the whole world to try to throw a son of God over; that's where he is busy. So that, when the Lord hides his face, there is the presence of everything that makes the

Christian sigh and say, "Oh, wretched man that I am." And yet how well this downward experience prepares him for that message of mercy which is on the way for him; how well this downward experience prepares him for the fruit that is nearly ripe for him, for the set time. So that mysterious are these hidings of the Lord's face; but He doth hereby establish us in His truth and loving-kindness, and make Himself increasingly our delight.

I cried to Thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord, I made supplication. What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise Thee? shall it declare Thy truth? Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord, be Thou my helper.

We must go to Biblical history to understand these allusions here. "What profit is there in my blood?" David evidently wrote this Psalm at the time that King Saul was seeking his life; and therefore David wished to live a little longer. He

knew the Lord had done great things for him, and he wished to be spared in order that he might put upon record those Divine revelations that should show God's righteousness to future generations, and His strength unto every one that was to come. David therefore prays for life, that he might thus serve God, and be a blessing to others. And who will say that the Book of Psalms is not a pearl of great price? What tried Christian would part with the Book of Psalms? What experience, downward or upward, plaintive or pleasant, is not contained in the wondrous Book of Psalms?

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness; to the end that my glory may sing praise to Thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God,—

"O Jehovah," is the literal rendering,—

O Jehovah my Interposer, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever.

MINISTERIAL "APPEALS TO THE UNCONVERTED."

A LETTER TO A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."
DEAR BROTHER BAKES, — Having had occasion within the last week to write the accompanying letter to a brother in the ministry, it has struck me since, that considering the importance of the subject of which it treats, its insertion in the EARTHEN VESSEL would not be without advantage at the present moment; I accordingly forward it for that purpose, if you should deem it worth inserting.

DEAR BROTHER, — Your letter is to hand. I can at least congratulate you on your increased temporal prosperity; and pray that in things spiritual you may be equally blest; though I may venture to remind you, that the two things seldom co-exist long together in the Christian minister's path. When the Lord means to speak comfortably to us, he generally allures us into the wilderness, and not into a well watered plain; though he may leave us to choose the latter for ourselves. Gen. xiii. 10.

Now, you know, my dear brother, my attachment to you, and my esteem for you; you know also, that I am not one of the most "straight-laced" of the sect whom the professing world calls "Hypers;" that I have no sympathy with that narrow-minded illiberality, which characterises some of them: that intolerant, and intolerable bigotry, which hesitates not to launch the thunderbolts of condemnation against every one who does not see eye to eye with it, even in points indifferent and non-essential. I

do not believe in that Christianity which is synonymous with spitefulness; which would make a man an offender for a word; and feeds with greater gusto upon the serpent's meat, (Isaiah lxxv. 25) than it does upon the bread of life.

But with all these concessions, there are some points on which I am as strict a "Hyper" as the strictest of them; that is in relation to maintaining the pure and undiluted doctrines of grace; for, *here*, "Hyperism," as the professing world courteously calls it, is identical with the truth as it is in Jesus; and from that truth, by God's grace, I hope never to budge an inch; and I am always deeply grieved, when I see any minister of truth manifesting an inclination to give up any portion of that truth; or, to diverge so much as a hair's-breadth from the right line of the "doctrine which is according to godliness."

Now, I have been led to these remarks by a sentence in your letter which pained, alarmed, and surprised me. You say, that "finding the people at — were not quite so straight-laced as the people at —, in going there, you dealt, and mean to deal more, in 'Appeals to the unconverted.'" And you add, that "God has blessed this kind of preaching to the conversion of sinners in thousands of cases." That is, as I understand it, that God has blessed the preaching

of error to the furtherance of truth. Never! Now you will pardon me, my brother, if I address myself to these two remarks in rather a serious manner. I feel them to be most important; and to my mind *pregnant with error*. I tremble for you; and I feel that I should be wanting in brotherly kindness and faithfulness, if I did not at once point out the precipice on which you have taken your stand. "*C'est le premier pas qui couste*," says the French proverb: "It is the first step that costs all." *that* taken, the slope is easy, the descent certain, and the end disastrous.

But what do you mean, my brother, by "Appeals to the unconverted?" What are you going to appeal to them to *do*?

The Holy Ghost declares that they are dead in trespasses and sins. Will you call upon them to give themselves life? Or, do you think that spiritual *acts* can be performed, without spiritual life? Or, do you think that this description of man's state by nature is merely a *figurative* one? "Let us take a single captive." Adam, the first culprit, (*all* are in the same plight,) his sin placed him beneath the penalty of a broken law, that was *judicial* death; he could no more get rid of that than the condemned murderer sentenced by the law to the gallows. He had lost fellowship with God, and conformity to his image, and that was *spiritual* death. Could he regain his lost happiness, by any act of his own? He was dead morally: that is, he was as powerless as a dead man, to make that past transgression not a transgression; or, to *undo* what he had done. Now, every sinner occupies the same position as Adam. What then would you appeal to him to do? He is blinded by the god of this world. Would you call upon him to strip off the bandage by his own efforts? Will you call upon the sinner to rise, and turn out the "strong man armed?" Or, do you believe with Jesus, that the strong man will not stir, till "a stronger than he cometh?" O believe me, my brother, this "strong man armed," is not to be frightened, nor moved, by any display of human power; or the puny assaults of freewill. He *laugheth* at the shaking of that spear; esteemeth its iron as *straw*, its brass as rotten wood. Bind him with the green withes of human resolutions, he snaps them in twain at will, and resumes his old dominion in the soul.

But you will call upon them to *repent and believe*? Allow me to ask you, Are faith and repentance the gifts of God, or the product of the creature? Are they according to modern theology, the "*conditions*" of salvation; or, are they not rather among the things that accompany salvation?

Is it not expressly affirmed by the Holy Ghost, that "*faith is not of ourselves*, it is the *gift of God*?" Why, by that one sentence the Holy Ghost knocks down at one blow that proud modern theology which would compel God's free grace to stand as a dutiful lacquey behind the chair of my Lord Freewill.

As for *repentance*, the Holy Ghost affirms expressly that Christ was exalted to give it. Acts v. 31. And mark, my brother, the other great gift with which the Holy Ghost associates this gift of repentance—"Him hath God exalted to give *repentance* and *remission* (pardon) of sin." If now, in the face of this passage, you can contend that the "repentance that needs not to be repented of" is in the power of the unconverted sinner,—and you can yet call upon him to exercise it before God gives it to him,—you may, upon the *same ground*, appeal to him to *pardon his own sins*. For the Holy Ghost affirms the *first* to be as much the gift of God as the *last*; and if the sinner may, with impunity, pluck the one jewel from the Saviour's diadem, to bedizen his own, why should he hesitate to steal the other?

I grant, indeed, that there is a *faith* which is in *man's power*, but that faith is not the faith of the *heart* by which a man believeth unto, *up to*, Christ's righteousness, (Rom. x. 10); but by which he believeth *down to his own*; a faith like that the Saviour encountered in the days of his flesh, (John ii. 24,) but to which he would not "commit himself" because he knew what was in the *heart*, and he knew that faith *wasn't there*. No, Jesus never associates himself with or is to be found in connection with that faith, which is the act of the unrenewed human mind; it is a faith which went then, and can go now one way, *while Jesus goes another*, a faith which can do without Christ.

I grant also that there is a *repentance* in *man's power*, but not that repentance which *needs not to be repented of*. Esau had this repentance, when he lifted up his voice and wept, (Gen. xxvii. 41., Heb. xii. 17.) but it was a repentance perfectly compatible with the premeditated *murder* of his brother. Judas had it but it is said that he "*repented himself*," that is, the Holy Ghost had nothing to do with it, so it ended in suicide. You will probably base your "*appeals to the unconverted*" on such passages as Ezek. xxxvii. 4—9. Luke vi. 10., and Acts, ii. 38. and iii. 19. Let us look at these passages closely. I once heard your friend and patron the Rev. C. H. S. quote all three passages in one sermon to justify *his* appeals to the unconverted, and as he put the case as strongly and clearly perhaps as it

could be put on his own side, I will as nearly as possible give you his words.

But first of all, you know my feelings to Mr. S. No one ever heard me speak an unkind word of him. I admire his genius, have revelled in the creations of his fancy, admire his kind-heartedness, his frank and noble nature; but his ministry is to me a "dry breast." From all the sermons I have ever heard or read of his, I never had one drop of heavenly dew, nor one element of spiritual strength. They have produced much the same effect upon my mind as Bulwer's novels did in the years of my unregeneracy—an irritability—a void—a craving after something that wasn't there—an indefinable consciousness that there was something wanting. I felt as I guess the poor Israelite did, when he was set hard to work to make the full tale of brick without any straw.

But to return. In the sermon referred to he quoted the 37th of Ezekiel, and said, "Was not the Prophet commanded to preach to dry bones?" Answer—Yes. And so 'tis the minister's mission to "preach to every creature." "Did he not, at the command of the Lord, call upon them to hear the Word of the Lord, and bid them live?" Answer—No. So far from that, he invokes or presents a prayer to the Holy Spirit to breathe upon them that they may live (v. 9).

Ezekiel did not call upon the dry bone to perform the work of the Holy Ghost.

Mr. S. then quoted Luke vi., 10, and said, "When the Lord bid the man with the withered hand to stretch it out, he didn't say he couldn't, but he did it." Admitted. "Where the word of a King is, there is power." Neither you, nor I, nor Mr. S., is Jesus Christ. We might have told the man to have stretched out his hand long enough before he could have done it; but with the Word of Jesus went forth the power that enabled him to do it. Does any one believe that when God said, "Let there be light," that light was an intelligent agent, heard him, and came? Or that when Jesus rebuked the waves they were endowed with intelligence, that they understood him, and understanding, obeyed? Or rather with the Word, did there not go forth a power which compelled obedience? Did Lazarus hear Jesus when he said, Come forth? If so, he wasn't dead, and the miracle was no miracle. But with the Word went forth the life.

Mr. S. then referred to Acts ii. 3, and asked, "Did not Peter exhort them to repent and be baptised?" Answer—Yes; those who being convinced of sin, cried out, "What must we do to be saved?"

But this exhortation, say you, is not limited

to such persons in the 3rd chapter 19th v., where Peter says, "Repent, be converted." Admitted again. They were called upon to repent of their false conceptions of Christ's character and work. But the one word is active, the other passive. He doesn't say, "Repent and convert yourselves," but repent and be converted; a proof that, as I have previously affirmed, that there is a repentance that may exist without conversion, but God's order of things in the soul is, conversion first and repentance afterwards, as a fruit of conversion.

Be faithful, my brother, to the work of grace in your own soul. If your faith and repentance are your own work, you are justified in telling the poor sinner to go and do likewise. But if they sprang from no higher source than the flesh, they will end there. But if they sprang from the Holy Ghost, how can you with any consistency urge a dead sinner to do that for his own soul which God alone could accomplish for yours? Did Paul appeal to Agrippa to become a Christian then and there, as most of our modern preachers would have done? No. He said, "I would to God," literally meaning if it were His will, knowing that Agrippa hadn't the power unless God gave it him. This one case is a sufficient answer to all "appeals to the unconverted." Imagine one of our modern ministers believing in the efficacy of "appeals to the unconverted, standing by Paul's side at that moment, how different would have been his language—"Become a Christian at once, Agrippa; don't delay another moment." But this was not, is not the Gospel of Christ, nor the Gospel that Paul preached; it is that other Gospel, against which and its ministers he pronounces that terrible anathema, "Let them be accursed," Gal. i. 9. A most terrible imprecation—sufficient to warn off any minister of truth from ground so nigh to cursing. Heb. vi. 8.

Pardon me, my brother, for my freedom in writing thus. Depend upon it, I should not have written so seriously and freely did I not feel the extreme importance of the step that you have taken, and the erroneous nature and tendency of the views you have broached.

Praying that the Lord may guide you and keep you clear in the truth, and give you grace prayerfully to consider what I have written,

I remain, most cordially yours,

B. B. WALE.

Plymouth, March, 1864.

Righteousness, holiness, perseverance, victory over sin, death, and hell, and life eternal; all these are the blessings freely held forth to poor sinners, in Christ.—*Romaine.*

WAS IT FROM THE LORD ?

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I am convinced that of the many troubles which beset the children of God, scarcely any are equal to that which often arises from *words spoken in the mind* either without sensible power or with so very little as to leave the poor things in great perplexity. I wish some able and deeply experimental scribe would analyze carefully this intricate subject.

It is of the very highest importance to know whether we have the "Power of God" in our souls, especially in this day when the "form of godliness" abounds. The pious Pharisees of our Lord's day "knew not the scriptures, neither the power of God." Those of this day seem to know the scriptures tolerably well in the letter, and *talk* much of the power.

Two or three hints I may be permitted to give, culled from my own experience, which may throw some light on the question often urged with deep anxiety,—"*Was such and such a word spoken in my mind from the Lord?*"

And first let me caution any little babe in Christ not to conclude that he has never felt the power of God in his soul because he has not had any words or word applied with power. I believe that this wondrous miraculous power of God in the soul is most frequently unaccompanied by any words whatever. If sin be hateful, self-abhorrent, Christ precious, and new Covenant truth welcome—if there be these FEELINGS in any measure, then in that soul there is the "power of God unto salvation." Rom. i.

But now to words spoken within. A regenerate man has a mind and a spirit as well as a body. Thousands of words are spoken in the carnal mind purposely to distract and mislead, and there are thousands of fallen spirits continually employed in this work. Then there are the spontaneous actings of the mind itself.

But all these we may dismiss. But now to speak of words spoken in the new man or spirit. It is said of the new man, "that wicked one toucheth him not." And as I believe that fallen spirits cannot "touch" the new man, I also equally hold that they cannot act upon him by words, which is the same thing as touching him. The old man always credits Satan's lies, the new man never. Satan can talk to and "touch" the old man but not the new.

Is a word, then, spoken within me? If accompanied by *sensible* power, endearing Christ, and while it lasts completely extinguishing the flesh, if only for a second or two, I am certain it is the power of God. But if not accompanied with much *sensible*

power, if very faint indeed, if only just producing a little tiny hope, what then? Well, if the hope be concerning spiritual things, and if it be a well grounded hope, grounded on Christ, as the way, the *truth*, and the life—something after this manner, "I am a sinful, lost, helpless wretch; O that I could know that Christ died for me; O that I might be allowed to love him, etc," while the poor bruised reed is the subject of such feelings a hope springs up, and this hope, if ever so tiny, ever so fleeting, ever so weak, is a *saving hope*. "We are saved by hope."

But suppose a nice line of a hymn or text or godly sentence from some sermon to spring up within us unaccompanied by any power whatever, that is, none that we can perceive. Nevertheless you may take encouragement, for we are not able of ourselves to think any thing good. 2 Cor. iii. 5.

But again. Let a word come for future direction. Here is the truth. Unless accompanied with very great power there is no resting *firmly* on it. We must in the absence of sufficient power watch and wait. Suppose a gracious promise, say of restoration to health. Take an instance—my own case.

A protracted, complicated, and distressing malady—a very tempest of misery, resulting in temporal ruin, had thrust me into obscure lodgings, dismantled, broken—a stranded wreck, no means of refitting; a pauper, crying and sobbing three and four hours a day with continual loss of blood. Words can't depict it. One day as I sat lamenting in a most woful state—for the conflicting statements of many doctors had left no hope of getting well, the words came in a very faint whisper, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." A little hope sprang up, but I could not rest upon them. I went about with clasped hands and weeping eyes, entreating the Lord to speak more plainly, when these words would come,—"*Be not faithless but believing.*" This often took place. Simultaneously with this hope there came a determination to try one prescription out of several which I had obtained (viz., Dr. Corfe's). Whenever my despondency seemed about to rend me the words would come, but always so faint, so inarticulate, so soon gone, bringing hope indeed, but hope so tiny, so fleeting, that it was not until health came on apace that I fully credited the divine origin of the power of the words within me. I am restored to as much health as I have ever had for these twenty-five years, in some respects greater.

I am well. The issue of blood is stayed, yet not without human means. I have felt and learned some wonderful things in my long and dreary sickness, which may hereafter come out to the comfort of poor bruised reeds and the confusion of Satan. I told a clergyman about the words spoken in my mind, and the hope of returning health which they inspired. He robbed me for the time of all my comfort by saying "it was a snare to be looking for a sign within; we should be looking to Jesus." I confess I know not what he means. Either I am very stupid, or he is grossly ignorant.

Yours, in the love of Jesus,
A BRUISED REED.

REJOICING IN THE LORD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR EDITOR.—It is with a degree of sorrow that I notice in this month's VESSEL an attack made by Mr. Parks on those whom he is pleased to designate "Rejoicing Novices." I cannot but think the Rector might have been much better employed than so copiously and angrily pouring his contempt on such of the Lord's people as desire to speak well of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to rejoice in Him as the God of their salvation, glorifying Him even in the "fires" of affliction and sorrow. The Lord hath said in his word, "Whoso offeth praise glorifieth me." But the "word" with too many in this our day, does not seem to stand for much. Really Mr. Parks appears to know little or nothing of the Apostle's meaning, where he says—"We walk by faith not by sight;" let him have a clear sky, smooth sea, and calm sailing, *then* he can understand something about *rejoicing*—reverse the scene, and farewell at once to *all* rejoicing. I am unable to discover according to Mr. Parks' doctrine, wherein the believer stands (while in this life) in a whit better position than the poor worldling who knows not God; so utterly does he lose sight of the *ground* of the believer's joy and rejoicing. I have read some of his violent remarks which have lately appeared in a monthly periodical, there he asks, as with an air of triumph, whether Paul could "rejoice" when he cried "O wretched man." I think it is very evident that he *could* and *did*, for scarcely does the groan appear to have died away, ere we find him breaking forth in "thanksgivings to God." We might notice some of a later date, the poor martyrs for instance, they could not be supposed, poor things, to rejoice in respect of their cruel tortures, certainly not. Yet they *did* rejoice and endure as seeing Him, who though invi-

sible to the eye of *sense* was present to the eye of faith.

Impossible, Impossible, says Mr. Parks, "to rejoice when every thing goes cross-wise." The Lord Jesus *himself* declares "All things are possible to him that believeth." Mark ix. 23. The dear Lord enable his poor "Novices" still to go on their way like the eunuch of old, "Rejoicing."

Fletching, April 11.

H. H.

DEAR EDITOR.—The following "extracts" are taken from the late W. Romaine, which I hope you will not refuse a place in the pages of the VESSEL. I wonder if Mr. Parks will dare to class that excellent man with his list of "Rejoicing Novices." Had the Rector of Openshaw lived in the days of the man at "Blackfriars," he might have esteemed it an honour to have unloosed even his shoe's latchet. Believe me yours faithfully,
A CONSTANT READER.

April 4, 1864.

"The object of the believer is always one and the same; it is God in Christ, concerning whom the commandment runs, "Rejoice in the Lord Jesus always, and again I say rejoice." In every possible view that can be taken of Him, a believer may and ought to rejoice always, and that with a fullness of joy, for thus the apostle offers up his praise, "Now thanks be to God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ," for he has in his person every possible subject of triumphant joy. The Old Testament saints sang with the sweetest melody as the prophet does in the 148th Psalm, calling upon all in heaven and earth with all their inhabitants to join him in the praises of Immanuel. They triumph indeed, and so mayest thou, O believer; thou hast the same reason as they had, Jesus is thy Saviour as truly as he is theirs; even to day, thy conscience purged from guilt, thou mayest enter within the veil, and make sweet melody in thy heart unto the Lord thy God. Lord, help and fit us now to sing in as high a strain as we can, and every day to aim higher. "All the Old Testament words which we translate triumph, signify great joy felt in the heart, and expressed outwardly in word or deed; a jubilee of joy, even joy in the highest, as near as it can be to the joy of heaven. The Lord Jesus still goes on conquering, and to conquer; giving his redeemed such a share in his conquest, that they ought to be ever praising Him with joyful lips."—"ROMAINE'S TRIUMPH OF FAITH."

The best find, that when the heart is at the top of the mount, it is even then but as warm water, soon cool again; and therefore we should go to Christ, not only to warm, but to keep our hearts warm.—*Romaine*.

HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY AND THE CHURCHES' SECURITY.

By H. MYERSON, MINISTER OF SHALOM CHAPEL, HACKNEY ROAD.

IN every man's history there are events which transpire that prove the providential care of God over him. I mean something striking, of a remarkable character: and unless man obstinately shuts his eyes to this fact, he will not only admit God's kind and providential care, but will also perceive that as God evinces his care for, and displays his kindness to him, he is indebted to God; and, therefore, a responsible being that is responsible for his own actions. No man is without his losses, and no man can deny that remarkable and unexpected ways are made for him to meet his exigencies; or to provide for him in his extremities; no man is without his days of adversity, though the causes from whence they spring are as varied in their nature and kind as wormwood is from gall; still, both are bitter, and man may as easily perceive God's hand, God's care, God's goodness, as these trials, but while the one is very apparent and notable, because felt and affecting his interests; the other is passed by because man is ungrateful, selfish and sinful. Nevertheless, it doth not follow that man is inexcusable, he cannot be excused for ingratitude to God; and here we may quote the Apostle's language—"Thou art inexcusable, O man." Inexcusable because you treat with contempt the God of your blessings, from whom you receive your very being, and every display of his providential goodness is thus passed by in forgetfulness. Here is human responsibility.

But we will take another view of man's responsibility. God hath endowed man with power to abstain from moral evil; and also to perform moral good. Now here we may see that man is culpable. God lays down this rule in his word—"Cease to do evil; learn to do well:" that is moral evil, and moral good. It cannot mean spiritual good; for there is none good but One, that is God; and no goodness can be achieved by man acceptable to God, since man is defiled and corrupted by the fall. God's goodness to man is displayed in the work of regeneration; and actuating him to good works; which works are acceptable to him, being the effect of his own grace; but, still, there is a moral goodness that all men may attain to; and it is unmanly not to strive to attain to it. Alas, how many are as Peter saith, more like natural brute beasts than men. Man is exhorted by God, God who has endowed him with reason, God who hath surrounded him with mercies,

God who hath given him a conscience, and dictates to him to abstain from that which is evil and cleave to that which is good.

God's justice is displayed in rendering to every man according to his works; thus man is not responsible for any sin but his own sin; and man will not be punished for another's sins, but his own sins, let them be what they may. "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every man may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Here I see man's accountability; and should you be surprised at this attempt to show man's true position, dear reader, let me state two reasons:—first, because we are stigmatised as being that class that say, "Let us do evil, that good may come;" and, secondly, because man will make excuses for his sins committed against God.

Let me now direct your attention to a great error, which I trust God the Spirit has delivered you from. Though man is punished for his sins in the next world, he is not rewarded for his goodness; hence saith David, "My goodness extendeth not unto thee." Thus, though we may do good to others, and in doing good to others, may do good to ourselves; yet, we cannot by our actions, gain a high position in heaven; nay, nor a place at all there by our works. Now many sincere souls who are seeking peace and striving for heaven stumble at this stumbling stone, and are filled with dismay and confusion, because men who are blind guides, direct them wrong; and here is the great evil of bringing carnal reason and human laws to guide them, instead of the Word of God. Hence seeking souls are exhorted to do all they can to get a high position in heaven: of course, meaning that we are rewarded in heaven for our goodness done on earth. This I denounce *in toto*. Hart says we must renounce all our works, both the bad and the good. Now, child of grace, not only cease from your own works but cease from man's also; and seek the direction of the Holy Spirit; and remember that He saith we are not to look at things which are seen, but the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, and must die, will not continue; hence, we shall not be rewarded for our natural doings; but things which are not seen, not seen by the eye of sense, but by the eye of faith, these things are eternal. Thus the eye of faith must clearly view the perfections

of God in Christ. The hand of faith must lay hold of Christ's hand, the mouth of faith must feed on Him; and the soul must cleave to Him, and nought beside. If this be true, which I am confident it is, for Jesus says, "I am the way;" and Paul tells us to look to Jesus; then there cannot be degrees in glory. Taking this view of this important subject, which is a scriptural one, it must appear plain that the Church of Christ is not held responsible. All the members of the Church will be equal in glory. Such an idea as degrees in glory only leads to pride and vain glory. Faith in Christ gives dignity to the soul, and brings glory to Jesus's great name. How does a sinner get pardon, and obtain pardon? By looking to Jesus. How does

a poor sinner find justice to be his friend? By viewing him laying on the back of Jesus all the strokes due to him, thus by faith in Jesus we escape responsibility, and feel secure from wrath. How can a poor, weak, degraded, unworthy, sinful creature get to heaven? By living faith, by which he is able to appropriate all that is in Christ; yea, all that Christ is to himself. "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." This will be the Christian's peace in life, his joy in death, his passport into heaven, and the substance of his song throughout eternity.

May I be found a living stone
In Salem's streets above;
And help to sing around the throne
Free grace and dying love.

FIERY TRIALS.

BY SAMUEL COZENS.

"Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you."—1 Peter iv. 12.

"MAN is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."—Job v. 7. Is it as certain that man is born to trouble as that the sparks fly upward? Yes! Is he the creature of many troubles, as the fire is of many sparks? Yes! Are his troubles designed to bear him upward? Yes, if he be a Christian: "Lord, in trouble have they visited thee," &c. Are his troubles like the sparks extinguished by ascending upward? Yes! You are sometimes discouraged because of the troubles of the way, because it is an uphill, rugged, and thorny road; but remember, it is UP to heaven and down to hell; 'tis a rough way to heaven, 'tis a smooth and slippery path to hell; 'tis a thorny way to heaven, 'tis a flowery path to hell. It is "through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom of heaven." In the text we have, first, *the trials which are to try you*; second, *the discrimination you are to exercise with respect to these fiery trials*.

I. THE TRIALS WHICH ARE TO TRY YOU. What the tempest is to the atmosphere; what the storm-cloud is to the seed sown; what the winter is to the summer; what the night is to the day; what the probe is to the wound; what physic is to the patient; what the plough is to the fallow ground; what the pruning knife is to the vine; what the war cry is to the soldier; what the stormy wind is to the mariner; what the chisel is to the sculptor; what the fire is to the ore—that trial is to the Christian. Our text speaks of *fiery trials*. There are trials of a severe and intense nature—of such an intense nature that to pass through

them is like passing through fire (Isaiah xliii. 2; nay, more, is like being melted in the "fining pot."—Zech. xiii. 9; Malachi iii. 3.

1. There is the *fiery law of God*. "He sent out a fiery law for them." When He sends that fiery law into the conscience, He tries a man—his life, his works, his words, his ways. Paul was tried by this fiery law; indeed, it burnt the Pharisee of Pharisees to death, and he died a moral death in the terrible blaze of Sinai.—Rom. vii. 9. God's fiery law is a killing letter. The fire of God's word will burn us out of all our refuges of lies, and burn up all our wood, hay, and stubble. Every child of God shall know something of the law before he shall understand in his own experience anything of the Gospel. By the law is the knowledge of sin, and by the Gospel is the knowledge of salvation. A man may be convinced of sin by the law, and not by the Spirit of God. The Spirit's convictions will not only convince a man of sin by the morality of the law in the overt act, but they will also convince of sin by the spirituality of the law, which deals with sin in the thought and feelings. See how the Great Teacher discriminates between the morality of the law in the act of sin, and the spirituality of the law in the thought of sin. Matt. v.

2. There are the *fiery darts of the wicked one*. Let God call a poor man out of the kingdom of Satan, and then his old master will begin to hurl his fiery darts at him. Directly the man begins to believe in God, he tries to fill him full of atheistical thoughts,

and says, There is no God. As soon as he begins to pray, he tries to distract his mind by filling his soul with blasphemous thoughts of that God at whose feet he is bowing, and he thinks it strange: of course he does, because he is ignorant of Satan's devices. Depend upon it the fiery temptations of Satan will burn up all our fleshly religion, all our borrowed religion, all that religion which we have inherited from others. Yes! Satan's fiery darts will prove a man's religion of what sort it is: aye, they will burn up all our ready-made prayers, our lying mockeries at God's throne, and all our false peace, and all our false comforts, and all our false hopes. If God were to let Satan loose upon the professing world, tens of thousands of them would, like Judas, take a short cut to hell. Thousands have no experience, but the experience of conscience, and that in some is very deep, for conscience will work, until it is steeled by a long course of crime. And they have no religion but what they pick up from the canting literature of a bastard theology.

How different are the strong cries of godly sorrow, of soul distress, as recorded in the Word of God, to the flippant jargon of this "religious age." Take the standard periodicals of the day; and how rare a thing it is to find an article with God's image and superscription upon it. And just what periodical religion is, that the people are; tis the pulse by which we ascertain the health of the body; tis the face of the watch by which we learn the hour of the night. God will send the fireman of hell to set fire to all that religion which is not from above. Mind you, it doesn't matter where your religion comes from, if it is not from God, it will, it must be burnt up, for the fire shall try every man's work. Man may lean religion as easily as he learns the rule of three; he may learn to talk religion with as much facility as he learns to talk politics; he may discuss points of theology as clearly as he could explain the problems of Euclid; he may split hairs with as much nicety as the mathematician may split the *minimum*. They may have all knowledge, and understand all mysteries, and be amazingly eloquent, and have extraordinary faith, and be wonderfully charitable, and go to hell after all (1 Cor. 13). Every man's religious work shall be tried by fire.

3. There is the *fire of persecution*, and that is to try you. For if any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution. It is possible for a man to live godly in the world, according to the world's idea of godliness, and not suffer persecution. But let him live godly in Christ Jesus; let him cry up, *None* but

Christ, *None* but Christ, *NONE* but Christ; let him contend for the *TRUTH* as it is in Christ; let him lay the axe at the root of Pharisaism and human merit; let him sing, "Grace, grace unto it;" let him pray, "*THINE* is the power;" let him put the crown upon the right brow, and sing, "Salvation is of the Lord," then depend upon it he shall suffer persecution. The reason why *so few of us suffer persecution* is not because the persecuting element is *EXTINCT*; but because we do not live godly in Christ Jesus. If we are not persecuted by hypocrites, and pharisees, and false professors, there must be something awfully wrong in our ministry. Depend upon it, if the fires of Smithfield are ever rekindled, we shall soon see who is on the Lord's side. It really is difficult to tell now. Religion is so fashionable now-a-days, we want a little fire to burn up the flimsy, flaunting professions of godless formalists.

4. Then there are *fiery trials*. What made Job curse his day? The fiery darts of the devil, or rather the devil hurling his fiery darts at him. You a child of God, you—a poor, miserable, loathsome, forsaken wretch like you—you, a favorite of heaven? Aha! ha—ha—ha! Ay, no doubt the devil laughed with malicious glee when Job began to curse his day. Poor Job! it was a trial to try him: he had no idea there was so much dross in him till that trial came; but, poor fellow, he looks out of the furnace and cries out loud enough to make the devil tremble, "WHEN he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."—Job xxxiii. 10.

II. Secondly, You are not to think it *STRANGE CONCERNING THE FIERY TRIAL WHICH IS TO TRY YOU*. When the winds blow and the tempests rage, we do not think it strange. No! we know that the miasma and effluvia arising from vegetable and animal decompositions would poison the atmosphere but for the purifying tempest. And when the summer is over, and the wintry chilling winds blow, and all nature looks bleak and sad, we do not think it strange. No, much has been created in the summer that must be destroyed in the winter; energies have been taxed by the summer that must be relaxed by the winter. The freezing bands of Orion must bind the forces called into active operation by the sweet influences of Pleiades. Job xxxviii. 31. When the shadows of the evening are upon us, we do not think it strange. No; night is heaven's merciful ordinance of repose. That which appears adverse in nature, is not really adverse; neither is that which appears adverse in the soul, properly considered, adverse, for "All things shall work together for good."

God's children have sometimes looked

upon their fiery trials as *strange*. And then, again, they have taken another view of them: for instance, Jacob thought it strange when he said, "All these things are against me." But he did not think it strange when he said, "It is enough, Joseph my son is yet alive." Job thought it strange when he "cursed his day;" but he did not think it strange when he said "When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Jonah thought it strange when he said, "I do well to be angry; but he did not think it strange when he said, "Salvation is of the Lord." Jeremiah thought it strange when he said, "Woe is me, my mother;" but he did not think it strange when he said, "The Lord is my

portion, saith my soul." Assaph thought it strange when he said, "Will the Lord cast of for ever?" but he did not think it strange when he said, "This is my infirmity." David thought it strange when he said, "I shall one day fall;" but he did not think it strange when he said, "He will perfect that which concerneth me." Hezekiah thought it strange when he said, "He will cut me off with pining sickness;" but he did not think it strange when he said, "By these things men live." Rebekah asked, "Why am I thus?" Naomi, "Call me Mara"—Ruth i. 21. But subsequent events explain all. Eli's faith is the faith for the day of trouble, "It is the Lord."

DEVOTIONAL READINGS FOR LORD'S-DAY EVENINGS.

BY WILLIAM FRITH,

BOROUGH GREEN; AUTHOR OF "COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

"Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Psalm lxxxix. 10.

How often has this blessed portion of Holy Scripture been a comfort to the "poor and afflicted people!" Truly the contents of Scripture are wisely adapted to meet the manifold wants of the deeply exercised "sons of affliction." It is an arsenal full of ammunition, from which the Christian takes his "sword of the Spirit," yea, his "whole armour of God." It is a revelation of invitations and promises that cheer and support those who are "weak in faith," and "ready to halt" in "the path of life." O my soul, what is there that is not provided for thee? The Bible does not reveal nor promise more than its Divine Author, our covenant God, is able to give. He does not invite without first preparing the feast, nor call without making all things ready! And if it is true that, "He who was rich for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich," surely He will not fail to bestow what he has already obtained; and communicate what he has received especially for us! O no; "He has received gifts for men, even for the rebellious also (what a mercy), that the Lord their God might dwell among them!" He is our great and gracious, and faithful ALMON-ER. He is faithful to his great mediatorial trust. "For all the promises are in Him yea, and in Him amen, to the glory of God by us!" O precious promises! May I open my mouth wide in filial obedience to this gracious and inviting injunction! Come, my soul, sip this "cup of salvation"—taste and see that the Lord is good; there is no unrighteousness in Him! Divine compas-

sion goes further in its condescending invitation, and whispers, "Eat, O friends, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" The streams of mercy, like "the streams of Lebanon," are clear, deep, and ever-flowing! Behold the blessedness of the promise in its fulness!—I will fill it! O that those who are "dwelling in a dry and thirsty land where no water is" may open their mouth wide and receive this very gracious and abundant blessing! Dear Lord Jesus, come, pardon our indifference to thy moreful invitation, and "may we more and more hunger and thirst after righteousness that we may be filled." O may we not "feed upon the husks that the swine do eat," not be like Ephraim, "feed upon the wind."

O, that we may open our mouth in faith and love, with longing desires to be "satisfied with the goodness of Thy house," and like Naphtali, "satisfied with favour, and FULL with the blessing of the Lord." Deut. xxxiii. 23. David said, and he was a good experimental saint, "They shall be satisfied with the fatness of Thy house." Psa. xxxvi. 8. My soul, listen, regard and obey this gracious and very blessed invite, and thou "shalt be satisfied as with marrow and fatness." O think not that earthly joys, pleasures, comforts, and friends will satisfy thee; they will all fail like the streams of Cherith, and leave thee disappointed and sad. But sing with the excellent and pious Dr. Ryland:—

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near :
A fountain that will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?

O for more faith to open the mouth of
our soul in spiritual desires at the throne
of grace! Spirit of light, and love, and
power, excite us to those soul-longings that
must be ever gratified and satisfied out of
His fulness who is Head over all things to
the church!

Come, my soul, draw near, open thy
mouth,—plead the promises and receive the
riches of covenant favour !”

THE BURNT OFFERING.

DEAR SIR,—You will much oblige by
inserting in the columns of your valuable
paper a few remarks in reply to a work
that has lately appeared under the title,
Burnt Offering not in the Hebrew Bible.
(Mr. Lennell, the author.)

The first remark in reference to the
burnt offering that attracted my notice
runs thus—“How sadly the whole scope
and teaching in the Sacred Text (Autho-
rized Version) is here missed;” and as an
amendment Mr. L. introduces a revised
version, “If his gift be an ascension *sacri-
fice.*” In order to establish his premises,
he assails Gesenius, who erroneously, he
states, followed the *dictum* of the Septua-
gint in the use of holokautoma, the ren-
dering of (עלה) olah. Mr. L. admits
that Origen found holokautoma promiscu-
ously used in the Septuagint. After all,
he states, it is not an adequate rendering
of the Hebrew olah. In his opinion holo-
kautoma was borrowed from the heathen
idea of sacrifice. It seems to be an insur-
mountable obstacle to his theory; *ergo*, it
is nothing short of heathenism.

I have to observe that our Lord, in his
addresses to Israel, never charged her with
the crime of applying heathen terms to the
instituted sacrifices, or of any interpolations
in the Sacred Oracles of truth; but on the
contrary, he referred to the Greek Scriptures
in his quotations. Had the Jews vitiated
the spiritual signification of the true bear-
ing of the sacrifice (olah) by the usage of
a heathen term to define its import, our
Lord would have condemned them for their
idolrous perversions, and especially so,
as those sacrifices referred to himself. The
inquiring Scribe, in reply to our Lord,
quoted the Septuagint in referring to the
absolute duty of loving God with all the
heart and his neighbour as himself. It is
more than whole burnt offerings, &c.,
(holokautomaton, kai thusion). Again,
Heb. x. 5, 6, the Apostle quotes thus—
“Sacrifices and offerings Thou wouldest
not, but a body (σωμα) hast Thou prepared
me. In (holokautomata) burnt offerings
and sin offerings Thou hast had no pleasure.

Thus we see that the Holy Ghost recognized
the Septuagint. Body is not in the Hebrew
but the Greek. Any addition without the
authority of the Spirit the Apostle would
not have thus quoted. Nachmanides on
Lev. i. says that “it was right that the offer-
er’s own blood should be shed and his body
burnt, but that the Creator accepted. . . .
Then (hesays) the holocaust was a substitute
(Temoorah and Kaphar) an atonement.”
Isaac B. Arama writes—“The victim was
skinned, cut in pieces, and burnt with fire
upon the altar.” R. Bechai and David de
Pomis write to the same effect. I could
adduce many other Rabbins, if space would
admit. I advise Mr. L. to consult *De
Utram Sacrificii.*

Schrevelius, Bowyer, Watts, Entick,
define holokautoma “Genus sacrificii ubi
tota victima cremabatur.” A sort of sacri-
fice where the whole victim was consumed
by fire.”

Jerome says: “Si holokautoma fuerit ejus
oblatio. (If his offering will be a burnt
offering.)” I am by no means surprised
that Mr. L. is so much opposed to the word
holokautoma, it is so subversive to his theory
—ολος, whole, and καω, to burn.

Levit. vi. 9,—“This is the law of the
(olah) whole burnt-offering,—it is the whole
burnt-offering,—upon (הִקְרִיב) the hearth,
or place of burning upon the altar, all
night unto the morning, and the fire of the
altar shall burn on it.”

Gesenius admits that olah is derived
from *halah*. Mr. L. embraces the con-
cession. At the same time Gesenius main-
tains that burnt-offering is the true sig-
nification. Mr. L. demurs, as it does not
suit his theory. In a word, the Rabbins,
the Septuagint, St. Mark, St. Paul, our
Lord, the Vulgate, the Authorized Version,
Gesenius, Professor Leo, Professor Beamish,
and the Church for 1800 years had followed,
and are following the misguided heathen
notions in reference to (holokautoma)
burnt-offerings, according to Mr. L. (Novum
arcanum.)
T. W. PERRY.

JESUS existed in his original glory pre-
vious to his birth in Bethlehem, for God
“sent forth”—words which imply the pre-
vious existence of Him that was sent. He
also was “made of a woman”—an ex-
pression that implies a supernatural birth,
for the word “woman” is distinctive and
emphatic. He was “made under the law.”
What does this mean? Every creature, from
the loftiest seraph to the meanest worm, is
“under the law.” But this strange state-
ment that Christ was “made under the law”
involves and implies the fact that He was
previously *above* law. The law-maker took
the place of the law-breaker, and became in
his stead the law-magnifier.—*Cumming.*

NEW BOOKS & PAMPHLETS.

Mr. Medhurst and his Magazine.—A Caution to Rapid Writers.

Our Own Magazine. By the Rev. T. W. MEDHURST, of North Frederick Street Church, Glasgow. Published by Robert Forrester, Stockwell Street, Glasgow.

It is singularly amusing to see how almost every minister now has—or aims to have—his own "Magazine"—or his own "Pulpit"—or his own issue from the press of some sort or other. And this is not only amusing, but it is a pleasing feature of our times. It discovers a spirit of zeal; of intelligent activity; and of mental and moral industry. It shows our ministers are practically learning that, in these times, the press is a mighty auxiliary to the pulpit—(or platform, if you wish to be in the fashion)—and that magazines, printed sermons, tracts, leaflets, &c., are excellent messengers, carrying the good things, which good men collect together, into the parlours and peasants' cottages—into hamlets, cities, colonies, and countries, where their voice could never reach, where their persons could never come. This almost universal use of the press is a grand enterprise, and it must have on the minds of the people an influence most mighty either for good or evil.

Our study table, and our study shelves, and even the floor itself, yea, every corner, is covered with this multitudinous mass of religious literature. Here are Spurgeon's Sermons; James Wolla's Sermons; Philpott's, Smart's and Septimus Sear's Sermons; Samuel Martin's Pulpit; and pamphlets and magazines out of number; and now, for the second time, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Glasgow, sends us copies of his *Own Magazine*, and kindly requests us to notice them. And this we will do for the truth's sake, having known Thomas Medhurst when he was an unpolished Bermondsey lad; and now, to meet his name, as we do, in almost all the penny papers and cheap monthly issues, confirming the impression we have long had, that he is determined to work himself up into an exalted and extensively useful position, if the Lord will crown his efforts with a Divine blessing.

Minds full of earnest and untiring energy, like Mr. Medhurst's, are, however, exposed to some dangers, which we will not shrink from mentioning. First, it is quite possible for such young men to overtax their mental springs. An eminent physician said to us years ago—"We all of us work our brains too hard;" when the mischief is done, years of partial or entire prostration frequently

follow. To Mr. Medhurst, and to all such fast-going writers, we would say—Be careful of this. Secondly, it is possible for such men to begin so many things that none are well done. This has been our fatal folly; and we warn those who write much against this sometimes direful habit. Thirdly, and principally, there is the fearful danger of so fully occupying ourselves in outward works for others, as to seriously dry up and wither our own souls' spiritual strength. Time for close self-examination, for deep and careful meditation, for fellowship with the Lord, for searching into the hidden mysteries of the Holy Word, and for well thinking out the different subjects with which our minds should be thoroughly furnished; time for these, and many similar associated mercies, must be given; or we become like the parched heath, and the hardened desert.

In the history of Ruth there are three things of immense value to all the living in Jerusalem, beautifully put together. First, Boaz strictly charged her not to depart from her field—"Hearest thou not, my daughter, go not to glean in another field; neither go from hence; but abide here fast by my maidens." This is the vital point to which the attention of all young ministers ought to be called. The field of Christ's Gospel, by many of them, is never entered; therefore by many of them the sheep of Christ cannot be fed. But those who are in the field of God's everlasting covenant, and who go forth therein to glean; for them the command is given—"Let fall some of the handfuls of purpose for them;" and hence the living children find that express words—suitable and useful words—are spoken to them; and they know none but the Lord could send such messages to their souls, for He alone could know their necessities, and only from Himself could their healing come. Then, thirdly, it is said, Ruth "beat out that she had gleaned." By prayer and meditation to beat out, to enter into, to feed upon, and fully to realize, the vitalizing truths of God's good and given Word, is holy, happy, safe, and certain work. The reward for all this is very rich. Now, whether Mr. Medhurst is really, truly, experimentally, and savingly in the fields of our spiritual, our anti-typical Boaz, is not to be decided by us; to his own Master he standeth or falleth; but when we see his long list of lectures announced for Sunday evenings, for three months to come, we tremble for him. If a man is ordained and anointed by the Eternal Spirit, if the

Almighty say to him—"Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; THEREFORE, HEAR THE WORD AT MY MOUTH; and give them warning from Me;" surely such a man would never dare to mark out three months' work beforehand; for this seems to us to put a practical negative upon the direct and positive teaching of the Holy Ghost.

We have for many years realised a three-fold preciousness connected with the ministry:—1. In *waiting* upon God; having the Word softly spoken into the soul and opened up in the mind, so as for the mind to be filled with heavenly light, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, is most exceedingly blessed. 2. To go forth, and to enjoy the power and presence of the Lord in dispensing to the people the hidden treasures of Divine Truth, as laid up in the soul of the preacher, is another spiritual feast; and after all, to behold witnesses coming forward to declare how the Lord himself met them, convicted, called, and manifested to them His salvation, is a crown of rejoicing even here; what must it be to meet them in the kingdom above?

Let the multitudes of sermon-makers and young ministers now starting out take these hints home for careful consideration; and even Mr. Medhurst himself may sustain no serious injury by thoroughly sifting and searching into the true nature of his standing as a minister in the sight of a heart-searching and motive-weighting God. For even in Glasgow, if he is obliged to frame up Sunday evening lectures for three months to come he may find, as at Kingston and Coleraine, a need-be to remove; and this we do not desire; because in Glasgow he has an immense sphere of labour before him; but he can efficiently and perseveringly occupy that sphere only as he daily throws himself into the hands of the Eternal Spirit—seeking to be led by that SACRED ANOINTEE into the constantly-increasing discoveries of the Sovereign Will of God, the beauties of the Saviour and His Salvation, thereby being qualified to preach the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God, according to the Word of God, and not after the fashionable and now-fangled systems of men.

Mr. Medhurst has gratuitously contributed some valuable papers both for our EARTHEN VESSEL and for our *Cheering Words*, for which we publicly and sincerely thank him; and honestly we can affirm that as we have seen him rising in the ministry, and branching out in all directions as an author, we have smiled and rejoiced; but we will not sanction his carving out work for himself in the ministry. If that ministry began in the Spirit, in that Spirit only must he walk and continue; or on

the Mountains of Gilboa he will either become a lifeless letter-lecturer, or a wreck of mere human intellect, and of rapidly-acquired talent.

"*Our Own Magazine*, by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst," is a neat and respectable, a useful and interesting serial. It reflects great honour on Mr. Macrone, the printer. We have scarcely any magazine so thoroughly well printed as this is. It proves Mr. Medhurst to be an incessant reader, as well as an endless writer, and it develops his missionary spirit as buoyant and extensive. We almost anticipate seeing the announcement that Mr. Medhurst has taken ship for China, as an enterprising missionary of the first class. We seriously believe it quite possible the Great Head of the Church may use him in this way. In his writings we do wish to find more of the *genuine* EXPERIENCE of the believer, both in its conflicts and its joys; but this we cannot now insist upon. When we get time to notice his letter to the poor self-styled hypocrite, we may say more. That a TRIUNE COVENANT GOD—FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST—may dwell richly in his soul, and be equally honoured in his ministry, is our silent, sincere prayer.

THE ten tribes were carried away captives to Assyria, and never returned. But Judah retained his sceptre till it crumbled away at the advent of the Son of God. That tribe had then its elders, rulers, lawyers, and scribes. Being deprived of the power of inflicting capital punishment, its sceptre was so far broken; and on the destruction of the temple and city, the autonomy of Judea wholly ceased, and has not returned. The "Sent One," alluded to by St. Paul, has come as Shiloh—the Redeemer, the Sacrifice, the Peace-maker. The scattered and depressed children of Judah, without a country, a capital, or a home, witness to the nations, what they are too blind to see of themselves, that the Messiah has come; people, of all tongues and tribes, gathering to Him, and finding peace in his atonement, and life in his death, and immortality in his grave, and union with God and with each other in Him, are portions of "the great multitude no man can number," emerging out of "great tribulation," washing their robes in the blood of the Lamb, and therefore ascending the steeps of glory, and standing evermore in the presence of God and the Lamb. The Jew of the nineteenth century is the most impressive proof that the Messiah has come, and suffered, and died, and risen. In vain do any look for another.—*Dr. Cumming*.

It is a poor sermon that does not lead the sinner to Christ, and the believer to live more upon him.—*Romaine*.

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

THE PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF MR. J. S. ANDERSON

AT ZION CHAPEL, NEW CROSS, DEPTFORD.

MR. ANDERSON'S CONVERSION, CALL TO THE MINISTRY, FAITH, &c.

ZION CHAPEL, DEPTFORD.—Once the scene of the happy labours of William Felton, the remembrance of whose ministry is still dear to many; and subsequently, of George Wyard, sen., whose faithful testimony the Lord is pleased to divide among many sections of the Church has, this spring, been favoured to receive another sent, and now settled, servant of the Lord Jesus, to preach the gospel, and to administer the ordinances according to the New Testament. On the afternoon of Wednesday, March 30th, we took a silent walk to New Cross, and on entering Zion chapel, took a seat in the gallery. The body was well filled with a very attentive and respectable audience, and the newly chosen pastor, Mr. J. S. Anderson, was surrounded by a considerable number of his ministerial brethren, by whom he is highly esteemed, and who came to sincerely bid him God-speed in his new and enlarged sphere of labour. Mr. John Fells read the Scriptures and offered solemn prayer. The venerable father Murrell delivered an address on "the Divine Appointment of the Christian Ministry." Mr. Anderson then, from the pulpit, spoke in substance to the following effect:—

My part in the proceedings of the day is a very important one. Were it possible for one person to do the work of another, I should have been glad of a substitute. Seeing that cannot be, I must do my own work in the best way possible, and shall divide it into four parts. I shall first give a brief account of my Christian experience; secondly, of my call to the ministry; thirdly, the doctrines I mean to preach; and, fourthly, my views on church government.

I. My first business is to tell you how I became a Christian. It was not by birth—it was not by the sprinkling a few drops of water on the forehead, which a good old man travelled many miles to do, and then pronounced me "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." This was a sad mistake, as my future life proved; for I grew up to be a godless youth, and a leader in all sorts of wickedness. When funds and other circumstances would admit, my evenings were spent at the village public-house, when every sinful desire was gratified as far as possible.

One Saturday night, more than twenty years ago, I formed a resolution to go home early and sober for once, and, although with some difficulty, the resolve was carried out. On leaving the village, I began to congratu-

late myself on my good behaviour, and formed some plans of reform; but, in the midst of this, something seemed to say within me, *If I died that night, I should go to hell.* It came as quick as lightning, and with a power quite beyond description. In a few moments the sins of my past life stood before me in black array. The claims of a righteous but broken law were thundered in my soul. After proceeding about a mile, I rolled my Scotch plaid round my neck to keep out the driving snow, and knelt beside the stump of an old oak tree, and tried to pray; but found no relief. I could neither eat, sleep, or work as heretofore, and some thought I had gone mad.

It is hardly necessary to say that old companions and old habits were forsaken; and all means used to get rid of my burden, which, for weeks, grew heavier. At last, the Wesleys heard of my case, and got me to their meetings, the only places of worship I knew of except the parish church. They prayed with and for me, and urged me but to believe and be saved. Gladly would I, but could not; and then they told me it was my own fault, and if I perished I was making my hell tenfold hotter. At length I got some gleams of hope—felt my heart warm with love to Jesus—and talked about it like a child, and especially to my old companions.

Soon after this, by a mysterious providence, my steps were directed to London. That was in the year 1842; and never can the desolate feeling be forgotten when first I found myself in the busy streets of the great Babylon. I was almost as ignorant as the animals I had been accustomed to drive, not having the slightest knowledge of the plan of salvation, and could read very imperfectly. Being cast entirely among strangers and ungodly persons, I fell into sin; this was followed by despair, and a very desperate attempt to drown conviction. But it was truly kicking against the pricks. I tried to return to the Bible, to prayer, and to the Wesleyan chapel. For a time the conflict was sharp; the order was to sin and repent. At length conscience prevailed, and I tried to be a good Methodist, and worked in earnest. But being brought into contact with an old Calvinist, he took every prop from under me, and after a severe conflict, I came to the conclusion that election was true, but I was not chosen and must perish. Soon after this, my steps were directed to the Baptist chapel in the Waterloo-road, where a half-and-half Calvinist preached—the late Mr. Branch. He was the means of shewing me

the plan of salvation, and bringing my poor soul into some degree of liberty. I was baptized, and became a member of the church. After a time the contradiction of free-will and free-grace in the ministry was detected, and I got among the unhappy people who "cannot hear." I never, however, sat under a better ministry than that of Mr. B.; for, becoming engaged in the London City Mission, I had to search out truth for myself, and the process lasted about twelve years before I fully enjoyed the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

II. My duty now is to give a concise account of my call to the Christian ministry. When the star of hope first dawned in my soul, I felt a strong desire to communicate my feelings to others; and in the north of England held forth a few times ignorantly enough. But coming to London put a stop to that. Ultimately I sought and obtained employment as a city missionary, and got in the habit of speaking from the duty of having to hold meetings in my district, and ultimately gave up missionary work with the idea that I had gifts for the ministry. But very soon discovering the step to be a mistake, I returned to my old employ of visiting the poor, and holding cottage meetings amongst them, and entirely gave up the idea of ever being a pastor. But my lot being cast in a village near Brighton, I became associated with brethren there who took me by the hand, and seemed to recognize me as a preacher, and ultimately Mr. Atkinson recommended me as a supply to the friends at Bethesda, and the result was a call to the pastorate, which led me to believe it was the Lord's will I should accept it. Thus, brethren, your humble servant was brought into the ministry, and without the deep exercises concerning it that many have had. As to my coming here, I shall say little. My mind was deeply exercised concerning removal from St. Luke's, and at length I came to the conclusion to remove if the Lord opened the door, and made known to a friend now present my feeling. He at once communicated with friend Kennard, and this is the result; and I believe it to be of God. May time prove it to be so in the building up of many in the faith and gathering of others.

III. The doctrines I mean to preach. On this subject I wish it to be particularly understood that my aim is rather to give a clear statement of the matter wherein we differ from others than a full confession of faith. There are many doctrines held in common by all professing Christians into which it is unnecessary to enter:—such as the being of God, the Trinity, the inspiration of Scripture, &c. &c. Passing those by let me say in a word, that in doctrine, I am a HIGH CALVINIST—what is commonly called a *hyper*. My high Calvinism consists,—

I. In the belief of God's everlasting love to, and choice of, the church, from before the foundation of the world; in which love the sacred Trinity entered into covenant to deliver the elect, and the elect only, from all the consequences of the fall. In this co-

venant Christ stood as the head of the church, and engaged on her behalf to meet all the demands of law and justice.

2. I believe that Christ loved the church, and gave Himself for her, and for her only. Therefore redemption is particular and effectual.

3. I believe that the Holy Ghost entered into covenant to quicken all the elect, and the elect only, and bring them to Jesus, to work faith, and love, and every grace in their hearts.

4. With regard to the Sonship of Christ, my belief is that it stands in the complexity of His Person, and not in His Godhead alone, and His Sonship is the basis of ours. Hence it will be seen that I am no believer in eternal generation—have no sympathy with duty-faith, or the popular yea and nay gospel of the day.

I make these statements for distinction's sake, and wish it clearly understood that I hold the principles firmly, and mean to make them the basis of my public ministry in this place, without uncharitableness towards those who differ from me.

IV. A few words on church government, and, for the sake of distinction, let me say in a word that I am a STRICT BAPTIST, and am so from conviction. Believing that the right subject for baptism is the believer in Christ, the right mode is by immersion of the body under water, and this is the proper door of entrance into the visible church. Baptism, to me, is a solemn and beautiful ordinance, shewing Christ's sufferings, death, and resurrection for us, and our death unto sin and new life in Him. If others cannot see it, I can't help that, only do not let them try to put out my eyes because they are blind.

Such, brethren, are the chief points on which I differ from the bulk of professors, and the views named are held from deep conviction of their truth and importance, and not from mere theory. I am not likely to change; the principles have been burnt into my soul, and are clearer than life; but no man knows what he may come to; therefore, should I ever depart from the views advanced to-day, I hereby pledge myself to resign my office, and not to alter the constitution of the church, or alienate the property from those for whom it was built.

The afternoon service was brought to a close by an address from Mr. Wyard, the former pastor, on the "Design of the Ministry." Certainly the afternoon services were edifying and well conducted. We should anticipate many years of increasing usefulness for Mr. Anderson, if the Lord spare him.

Nature and Grace together join—
To aid him in this work divine;
Should other powers as well conspire,
He'll there behold his heart's desire.
Of Christ's sore cross he'll fully tell,
When Zion was redeemed from hell,
And thus shall all things work quite well,
Until the great reward.

A large number of friends then took tea; after which a public meeting was held, and addresses given by the brethren Milner, Dickerson, Alderson, Moores, Bland, and others.

DEBORAH'S LOFTY ANTHEM,

AND EARNEST APPEAL IN THE ESSEX PLAINS.
 COME and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare (as the blessed Spirit shall help me) some of the great things the Lord hath done, and is doing, for His own little cause at Jireh chapel, East Bergholt. We read that when the Lord had delivered Israel out of the hand of Sisera and his chariots of iron, "Then sang Deborah and Barak, praise ye the Lord. I, even I, will sing unto the Lord; I will sing praise to the Lord God of Israel." The Lord knoweth that I feel myself a very little dwarf compared with Deborah; but this I do know, and am enabled to rejoice in it daily, that the Lord God of Israel, Deborah's God, is my God and Father, and He hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer; and blessed be God which hath not turned away my prayer nor His mercy from me: and now my soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. I have told my dear friends, in former numbers of the *VESSEL*, how the Lord had put it into my heart to cry unto Him day and night that He would send His own pure Gospel into this place: humanly speaking, it looked like an impossibility; but faith laughs at impossibilities, and says it shall be done. The word of the Lord was mighty to the overthrowing of all the artillery that Satan and all his agents could bring to bear against us. Truly have I found it that He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. For the space of two and a half years, I cried unto Him, and there seemed to be nothing. Still the spark was kept alive, and the cry continued until the little cloud appeared, and although no bigger than a man's hand, faith recognized it and pleaded. What I now allude to is, when the Lord sent our beloved brother Churchyard (our present beloved and much-esteemed pastor) into this village to preach the Gospel in a cottage, as it hath already been shewn by our brother Poock in the March number of the *VESSEL*. And now, step by step, the Lord hath led us, blessing His own Word, first to one and then to another, and in His own God-like way removing one by one the seeming great mountains that stood in our way, and now we have a beautiful little sanctuary to worship our God in. We are formed into a church upon New Testament principles, and we have good reason to believe there are many waiting at the posts of his doors until they shall hear their Master's sweet voice, saying unto them, "GO FORWARD." As the crowning blessing from our Father's hand, He hath sent us a pastor after His own heart, whom He hath filled with His love, and made him willing to come cheerfully every Sabbath without any fee or reward from us—that is, temporally; but he has our hearts, our warmest love, our united and earnest prayers; and, best of all, his Master's smile of approbation; and, by and by, he will reap a rich reward in that glory world where pastor and people shall all in one harmonious strain for ever

join to bless and praise redeeming love. Now, my dear brethren and sisters, you who love our Lord Jesus Christ, and have felt the power and preciousness of His Gospel, He calls upon you to prove your love by feeding His sheep, feeding His lambs, helping His poor and needy ones where He has not given them the power to help themselves. He knows we are doing all we can, and our eyes are up unto Him; for He laid the foundation, and brought up the top stone, and He will carry it on; for He will never forsake the work of His own hands. For the particulars of our position, I refer our readers to the March number of the *VESSEL*. We have the promise of collections from some of our churches around us, and our dear friends at Ipswich are doing all they can for us, and some are making up articles for a bazaar. If any kind friend could send us anything in that way, it will be thankfully received, and also any donation, however small, by Mr. John Lambert, hardwareman, St. Matthew's, Ipswich; Mr. G. G. Whorlow, Sudbury; Mr. T. Poock, Baptist minister, Ipswich, and by your humble sister and favoured servant of the church of the living God, E. BALDWIN, East Bergholt, Colchester.

[We were honoured to labour among these people when they first began. We have witnessed Mrs. Baldwin's faith and fervent zeal. We rejoice in the real success the Lord has granted her and His people around her, and had we the power to help further, we should esteem it a favour indeed.—C. W. B.]

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**MR. GAD SOUTHALL IN
 SOUTHWARK.**

DEAR SIR,—Southwark stands pre-eminent for the preaching of the Gospel. We can get it in or out of the Church: by Baptist, by Independent, by Churchman, and, if that won't please, you can hear the Gospel preached by those who reject in having no denominational name at all. Here is Hugh Allen in the Church; James Wells, the Baptist; Mr. Jay, the Independent; and Mr. Lincoln, of no name or denomination; all preaching the Gospel in our district. But beyond these we have Mr. Spurgeon and his great tabernacle, Mr. Gunner and his little place, Mr. Chivers, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Meeres, Mr. Alderson, and— but stop; or I should take half your space to enumerate all the places we have "this side of the water." And still they come! We are not jealous; oh, no. There is room enough, and "all the land is before them." We are, therefore, glad to hail another "champion for truth" to our borders in the person of Mr. Gad Southall—a name not altogether unknown to your readers—who has opened the hall at Taylor's Repository, nearly next door to Mr. Spurgeon. The place is a large handsome room, or hall, capable of holding, I should think, 500 persons. It is light, clean, airy, and comfortable, chairs being substituted for the old forms. At the end of the room there is a large green covered platform, from which the minister and clerk officiate. The first Sunday morning in April, then, Gad Southall opened this place, and it was announced that there he would continue preaching Sunday mornings and evenings. On the opening morning there was a comfortable congregation, and every kindness was shewn to all who came. Mr. Southall is not a young man now, and, as a preacher, he has had some experience. His lan-

guage is refined and choice, his manner is lively and active, his appearance commanding, his voice clear and distinct, and he preaches a free grace Gospel with much originality, thought, and experience. I hope to hear him again; and then, if this note finds a place, you may again hear from
A WANDERING LAD.

PLUMSTEAD.—Third anniversary of formation of church meeting at Plumstead Tabernacle took place on Good Friday. In the afternoon, Mr. Box, of Woolwich, read and engaged in prayer; Mr. W. Leach (late of Northampton) preached. Tea for 200 was provided by the ladies gratuitously. After tea, of which nearly 240 partook, Mr. Gibson, one of the deacons, invoked the Lord's blessing; when Mr. Leach, who occupied the chair, referred to the practice of the Easterns, who in travelling were accustomed to set up stones at certain stages as a memento of mercies received on their way. Thus it was with Christians, who had their Ebenezers, and with the churches it was the same. That meeting was to partake of this character—to memorialize the loving-kindness of God towards the church since it had been established. Mr. Cowell, the senior deacon, made some statements relative to the past which were very encouraging, and expressed his faith and hope in God for the future. Mr. Chivers delivered an address on the pastoral character of Christ. After expressing his pleasure at meeting with the chairman, Mr. Chivers commenced by observing that the personal excellencies of the Lord Jesus gave a sufficiency to every office He sustained, threw a sympathy into every relation He bore, and stamped every act with infinity and eternity, which stood out in great brilliancy as compared with the acts of man. The sympathy of Christ, His substitutionary work, and the endurance of His love, were points dwelt upon and illustrated from Scripture. Mr. Parsons, of Brentford, gave an address on the priesthood of Christ, contrasting it with other orders of priesthood, and dwelling upon its being after the order of Melchisedec. He then showed that Jesus was a great, holy, merciful, and able High Priest—no sinner being too fallen or too black for Him. He concluded by giving a few thoughts upon the passage, "A minister of the sanctuary and of the tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man." (Heb. viii. 2.) Mr. Alderson, of Walworth, followed with an address upon the royal character of Christ. Having expressed his pleasure in meeting with Mr. Leach on that occasion, Mr. Alderson proceeded to remark that Christ was emphatically declared to be Wonderful; but all the names by which He was known were only descriptive forms of the grandeur of His person. Under the Law, the three distinctive offices required three different persons to fill them; but Christ undertook them all, and was Teacher, Priest, and King. Kings had a right to reign over their people; but Jesus reigned by a blood-bought right in His people. Christ knew all His subjects, which was more than could be said of their most excellent Queen Victoria. His subjects were all loved by Him, and had an equal share in the dignity and treasure of His Kingdom, and as He was an everlasting King, so His subjects must be everlasting too. The Chairman closed by saying—Now, of the things which have been spoken this is the sum: we have a Good Shepherd, a Great High Priest, and a Glorious King, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence. After thanking the brethren for their addresses, the proceedings were concluded by singing and the benediction.

BAUNDS.—Our pastor baptized on April 17th, in the presence of a crowded audience. We rejoice to see the Truth effectual in many victories.

MR. THOMAS STRINGER, OF BRIGHTON.

MR. EDITOR.—The enclosed verses I thought would be read with pleasure by some of the Lord's people. We do not see Mr. Stringer's name in *THE VESSEL* but seldom. I think the churches hardly know there is such a man of truth in all its departments. When I visit Brighton I hear him, and it does seem a pity (I was going to say a sin) to all-w a minister of Christ like him to be, as it were, buried in a proud fashionable town that is crammed with ministers, and some good ones. Surely he would shine more bright at Bury St. Edmunds, where you say they want a Boanerges. I am sure he is the exact likeness of what you have drawn.

A CONSTANT READER.

SOLILOQUY.

"Where I am there also shall my servants be."

And can it be, dear Lord, that I—

So vile and so unholy,

Shall dwell with thee beyond the sky—

To swell Thy praise in glory?

Had not Thy precious blood been shed

For one throughout depraved,

I must have gone to hell, instead

Of ever being saved.

No hope for me but through Thy grace,

Which qualifies for heaven,

No sinner can behold Thy face,

Except his sins forgiven.

This is Thy own prerogative.

To pardon vile transgressors,

For such the Lord, Himself did give;—

Of Him they are possessors.

Come, then, my soul, hope for the best;

Thy Saviour will not leave thee,

One smile from Him will give thee rest,

However things may grieve thee.

He knows Thy longing—hears Thy sighs—

Thou art His new creation.

He's fixed on thee His loving eyes;

And he is thy salvation.

Though sin may vex, and Satan roar,

And threaten to destroy thee—

You soon shall reach that peaceful shore,

Where these will not annoy thee.

Till then cheer up—on Christ rely,

Thy triumph is before thee;

Thy mansion, crown, and harp's on high,

In everlasting glory.

Brighton.

T. STRINGER.

[We give insertion to the note and verses, with but one object—the advancement of the Gospel. We have known Mr. Thomas Stringer nearly 30 years as a bold defender of the faith, and when we reflect upon the multitude of men who now stand in a mixed and contradictory ministry, we think Mr. Stringer's position in Brighton is an important one. In decision for real Gospel Truth, he stands there, head and shoulders above many of his compeers. He has found some warm friends there, he has been very useful there, and if our ministers and churches would co-operate in concert for the establishment of their own principles, they might have built Thomas Stringer a chapel, to which the thousands of metropolitan visitors might resort, when for sea-air to Brighton they go. The first text we heard Thomas Stringer preach from was, "A man in whom the Spirit of God is." We hope he is still that man; and that in Brighton he may yet see many years of happy prosperity.—ED.]

BAPTIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

AT the tea and public meeting in Exeter Hall, (lower room), on the 10th of May, to be presided over by H. Cooper, Esq., the resolutions will be spoken to much in the following order (Mr. Foreman having to preach at Jirch Anniversary,

will have to leave after tea for that service):—Messrs. W. Palmer, S. Milner, and J. Bloomfield; by W. Hawkins, J. Pells, W. Stokes, and J. Thwaites, Esq.; by J. Glaskin, J. Hazelton, J. Williamson, and W. Wall; by W. Alderson, J. C. Anderson, W. Moyle, J. Meeres, &c. The tea by free tickets, a collection in the evening (see Wrapper of this month.—E. V.)

It was resolved to commence the Preparation Classes the week following the public meeting, if possible, at the expense of the Union. The West district to meet in Mount Zion school-room, Dorset-square; the Central in Particular Baptist Library, Took's-court, Castle-street, Holborn; the Northern in Providence Chapel school-room, Upper-road, Islington; the Southern in Trinity Chapel school-room, Trinity-street, Borough. On this work, so precious to those concerned, may God's blessing rest to the welfare of the teachers, and through them to their charge.

The school of the Baptist Chapel, Johnson-street, Notting-hill, Brother Williamson's, was received into the Union, also the school of Salem-street, Richmond, per Mr. Jeffs.

A notice of motion was received for next monthly meeting, that a committee be formed to correspond with all schools belonging to the Particular Baptists, whether of this Union or not, asking them to give their "Children's Annual Treat" on the same day, and at the same place, and to invite each of such schools to send one or more of their number to arrange details for the occasion. Should this invitation be generally accepted, we should hope to see some fifty ministers of London and neighbourhood, with as many superintendents—some 700 or 800 teachers, and 6,000 scholars, all met one fine summer's day, at the Crystal Palace grounds, Kew-green, Richmond-park or some other beautiful spot mutually agreed upon, and thereby present such a testimony to our principles and practice they are so worthy of.

A feeling almost of impatience was expressed because as yet we have no depository whence to supply Sunday-school requisites, with magazines, and approved books for rewards and libraries. This was a good sign, as this was felt by some who at the first pressed their cautions against expenses, risks, &c. This we hope will stimulate our sub-committee, who are doing what they can toward this desideratum. And as at the public meeting our principles, motives, means, and objects will be laid before our fellow-labourers of London, and through the press before the devoted followers of our Lord in all our churches and schools throughout the kingdom, we hope from that date a great number will join the Union with their counsel and support, and a greater progress in all that is useful will be apparent.

May the blessing of God teach all in this labour of love, and rest upon the work that has been, and shall be done, to the furtherance of His glory and the spread of His truth, in the blessing of the youthful race. W. H.

MILE-END-GATE.—HEPHZIBAH CHAPEL, DARLING-PLACE.—The first anniversary services of the re-opening of this place were held on Lord's day, 17th April; Mr. T. Ladd, of Jewry-street, preached in the morning, and Mr. Gordelier, pastor of the church, in the evening. On Wednesday, the 20th, Mr. P. Dickerson, of Little Aisle-street, also preached. It was stated that three months since a church had been formed of twelve members, and that others were about being united. It appeared also they had commenced a mission in the neighbourhood, and besides carrying the Gospel to the uninstructed, about £16 had been expended in relieving the sick poor. Mr. G. Hazlerigg, of Leicester, very kindly preached a sermon on behalf of this object, on the 25th March, and obtained a very good collection.

E. V.

VAUXHALL.—Your readers will be glad to hear our gracious God is prospering us in Goding Street Chapel, Vauxhall Gardens. I do not think we were mistaken in thinking there was a good opening for a Baptist chapel here. I have now been preaching three times a week for the last three months; our God has been with us in love, blood, and power. Our chapel has gradually filled with attentive listeners to the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God." Many warm-hearted lovers of and workers for our precious Jesus have come amongst us, who cheerfully and gratefully bid us God-speed. The tear of penitence, and the holy smile of pleasure and hearty greeting is as familiar as encouraging. Many sheep profess to find a green pasture, and we are unitedly and earnestly praying for the salvation of many precious souls. One Christian man has offered (and commenced) to lead our singing without fee or reward; another has commenced a singing class on Mr. Curweu's Tonic Sol-fa system; the class already numbers over 20, nearly all Christians; six others regularly attend to instruct the children in the Sabbath school. The box placed at the end of the room with "For rent and expenses" on it, increases in its receipts. Last Sunday's half-quarterly special collection produced twenty-six shillings: the £50 or more, which I spent in fitting up the place has been reduced by about half that amount. Our Sabbath morning congregation has greatly increased. Bless the Lord, O my soul. May many souls be born of God in this place. Oh! may the good Lord

Convince of sin,
And lead to Jesus' blood?
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

Oh! how I long for this; and bless his dear name, I know—

His purposes shall ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.

May He keep us earnestly working, prayerfully contending, and humbly walking to the glory of His grace, and when we get home—

Lowest of the throng we'll sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace,
For who of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

Oh! *what a salvation!* from sin, death, and Hell. There is therefore no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. Oh! what a mercy that *He* is the end of the Law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Reader, dost thou believe on the Son of God?

Yours, for Jesus' sake,
GEORGE HEARSON.

IPSWICH.—On Lord's-day, April 3, 1864, four persons were baptized in Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, by T. Poock; the Divine presence was mercifully granted, both to the administrator and candidates. The congregation, as usual, was large; many rejoiced, and some appeared ashamed at their known and acknowledged neglect, and others declared they could see it no more, except they themselves went through that blessed ordinance. What various feelings there are on such occasions! I never hear anything like it when infants or adults are sprinkled; and I wonder what feelings arrest the minds of those brethren who once Scripturally obeyed Zion's holy King; but, from some cause, now disobey. May the Great Lord keep His church from these departures from the good old way, and send men of fixed principles, rich, and sound in the knowledge of His majesty and mercy; then with a warm heart, ready mind, and willing soul, cheerfully shall we follow Him who rewards in the work.

T. POOCK.

PLAISTOW.—On the left-hand side as you walk from Barking road station toward Plaistow, you may see written on the back of a building, "ZION CHAPEL," near to which is the residence of JOHN STAMMERS, a well known friend to Gospel men and Gospel truth, of many years standing. In this Zion chapel, some few years since, J. E. Cracknell (now of Cheltenham), was first ordained as the pastor of a Particular Baptist church, and some happy days in His Master's service did he there realize. Let him not forget this little one: that he may never forsake the principles he there avowed himself the friend of, is our fervent prayer. From Plaistow Mr Cracknell soon removed to Dacre Park, and there he laboured for some five years. During this time Plaistow church has undergone many changes; but on Tuesday, April 19th, 1864, a good company assembled in the same Zion chapel to celebrate the first anniversary of brother William Palmer's settlement as pastor over that people. A large company of friends from London went down to encourage the good brother and his friends—and, certainly, upon the whole, it was a noble and happy gathering. The Lord was with his people, and most precious did their communications appear to be. In the afternoon C. W. Banks preached a sermon, after brother Dixou had read the word and prayed to God. After tea, brother Palmer gave us a pleasing account of how the Lord had helped and honoured them. He is an original, plain, but decidedly godly and truthful man; and as he grows in the work, will, we are certain, be useful to many souls. For all such men of God it becomes us to be thankful indeed. Addresses were delivered, and the evening's services were assisted by the brethren, John Brunt, George Webb, J. Inwards, H. Myerson, C. W. Banks, S. Cozens, J. Debnam, and others. Father Wallace, of Bexley heath, was present, and if John and Priscilla, the Sunday school teachers, and the pastor and people at Plaistow, were happy in Gospel things, we believe they were that day. Hallelujah. Praise the Lord!

BROCKENHURST, NEAR LYMINGTON.
—At Brockenhurst, Lord's-day, March 27th, five persons (two brethren and three sisters) publicly professed their faith in Christ, being "buried with Him in baptism." It was a festive season to the disciples of Jesus in the above village; and the promised presence of the Saviour was graciously realised by us. Previous to the celebration of the ordinance, an appropriate address was delivered by the pastor, from Acts ix. 6, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The marvellous change in the mind and character of Saul from a malignant persecutor to such entire submission when Jesus revealed himself, the docility and simplicity of his disposition, and his anxiety to know and do his Lord's will, was the subject of remark; presenting a model, into conformity with which Christ would bring all His followers. It was then shown what is plainly and urgently the disciple's duty with respect to Baptism, i.e., to observe His command, and follow His example, professing Him before men, trusting in His promised aid; encouraged by the assurance that such as confess Him, He also will confess before His Father and the holy angels. A large proportion of the villagers are still living "without God in the world;" while many others content themselves with a form of godliness; but thanks be to the God of all grace, He has a chosen few even here, whom He has called into the fellowship of His dear Son. The instances of His saving power over which we now rejoice are, we believe, an earnest of future and still greater blessing. The Lord is working by His own gracious methods in the hearts of some who have long contemned Him; and we have good hope that the refreshing season just experienced will speedily be renewed. All glory be to Him who makes "His people willing in the day of His power."

STEPNEY.—CAVE ADULLAM, OLD ROAD.
The second anniversary tea and public meeting of the Chapel and School Building Society connected with this place, was held on Wednesday evening, April 6th. Mr. Webster, the pastor, presided. The report shewed that owing to its funds not progressing in such a manner as the committee regard as absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of the object sought to be obtained, it was decided at a committee meeting recently held, that individual weekly subscriptions be adopted, varying in amount as persons can afford, from sixpence or more, down to one penny. Several of the committee have practically carried out this plan since the first Lord's-day in this year, and in the course of a few weeks the sum of one guinea was realized by such weekly offerings alone. The meeting was appealed to, to co-operate in this plan. Twenty-seven persons, including the secretary, readily responded to such appeal, each of whom was furnished with thirteen small envelopes, having on them "Cave Adullam Building Fund," weekly subscription, with a space left for the name and date enclosed in a larger envelope. Others we fully expect will also act upon this plan, who we believe, on account of business were unavoidably absent on this occasion. The adoption of the report was moved by brother Bloomfield, of Soho, and seconded by brother Alderson, of Walworth, each of whom with the brethren who afterwards addressed the meeting, Chivers of Hermondsey, Blake, of Artillery-street, and Cozens, late of Shadwell, in appropriate speeches enforced the claims of this society upon the meeting. During the evening a liberal collection was made. We also wish to state, that at this meeting we commemorated the second anniversary of Mr. Webster's pastorate amongst us. Upon the generally acknowledged principle that all right-minded persons who have it in their power, are always willing to assist those who do their utmost to assist themselves in the attainment of a noble object, we most earnestly and respectfully beg to solicit the contributions of those who can assist us in such way. Donations and subscriptions, however small, in postage stamps, post-office order, or cash, will be most thankfully received by Mr. John Webster, 9, Wilson-street, Stepney, E.; Mr. O. C. Abbot, treasurer, 82, Grafton-street, Mile-end, N.E.; or of the honorary secretary, Thomas Culyer, 243, Mile End-Road, E.; who will duly acknowledge the same.

ENFIELD HIGHWAY.—The special services held in the Congregational chapel here on Good Friday on behalf of this little cause were productive of much pleasure and encouragement. Mr. J. Hazelton, of London, preached in the afternoon and evening two excellent sermons, full of original and weighty ideas. A happy tea meeting was held between the services. The attendance was very encouraging, many friends from London and the country round came, and the collections were liberal. On Sunday, April 10th, the reopening services of the Baptist Chapel were held, the place having been closed for enlargement. Sermons were preached morning and afternoon by C. W. Banks, of London, and in the evening by Mr. H. Strickett, late of Dartford, who has engaged to preach here for six months, commencing May 1st, with encouraging prospects of success. The friends here have had an arduous struggle amid many discouragements to establish a Strict Baptist cause. At length their labours seem crowned with a degree of success; they have now a little chapel capable of accommodating about 120 persons, and would affectionately appeal to all true friends of the Church of Christ, to assist them in paying the debt incurred by the enlargement. The smallest donation thankfully received by Mr. Minton, secretary, 26, Grove Road, Enfield Highway, N.
H. C. S.

CLAPHAM.—BETHEDA, GRANBERG COURT.—On Monday, April 13th, Special Services were held to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the laying the foundation stone of the above place of worship. In the afternoon, at three o'clock Mr. Joseph Winfield ascended the pulpit, and commenced the service by reading and prayer, after which Mr. Samuel Cozens preached a very impressive and instructive sermon, from Is. xxvi. 1, "In that day shall this song be sung." A goodly company sat down to tea; at half-past-six the public meeting commenced. J. C. Kemp, Esq., occupied the chair, who gave a very nice and concise address. The chairman then called upon Mr. Joseph Winfield, who in a powerful manner, and for a considerable time, dwelt upon the subject of a foundation stone. Mr. Winfield said the Church—the Spiritual building rested upon the following six things:—1. The love of God; 2. Divinity of the Christ of God; 3. The blood of Christ; 4. The righteousness of Christ; 5. The immutability of Christ; 6. The teaching of the Holy Ghost. He said he considered these things lay at the bottom of the Spiritual edifice. Mr. J. Webster, of Cave Adullam, Steppny, next addressed the meeting, and was followed by Mr. George Webb, of Camden-town, and Mr. W. Cowdry, of Mile-end-road; all of them spoke well of retrospective and prospective blessings. Mr. W. Hawkins, of Trinity-street, Borough, was obliged to leave at an early hour, having a meeting at his own chapel. Thus ended one of the happiest meetings that has been known at Betheda for a very long time.

RIPLEY.—BAPTIST CHURCH.—I wish to make known the goodness of our God in bringing poor sinners out of the world, and giving them a desire to honour Him. Our beloved pastor, C. Z. Turner, baptized four believers, after speaking from John xiv. 6. Showing Christ the only true way, and the life and truth of that way. One of the candidates was aged 73; he has known the Lord many years; and his worthy dame, 74; both brought together by the good hand of God to walk in the order of his House. The Lord grant them much of his presence the few remaining years they travel here below; the other two were seals to our pastor's ministry. The ordinance was administered in Mr. Merritt's Chapel, which he very kindly lends. The candidates were received into Church fellowship the following Lord's-day, the first in April; it was a happy time with pastor and people, may we enjoy many more such occasions. We have had 13 added to our little number in 13 months; there are several more standing round.

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH.

CHELTENHAM.—CAMBRAY CHAPEL.—On Monday evening April 4th, a large and interesting meeting was held, when a public welcome was given to the recently chosen pastor, Mr. Craeknell. Rev. Thomas Harris occupied the chair, and spoke in a feeling and appropriate manner of the late James Smith, for many years pastor of the church. He then gave the right hand of welcome to his successor, and expressed his belief that Mr. Craeknell was well suited for the position the church had called him to occupy. The following ministers then addressed the meeting. Revs. Maipherson, B. Smith, Dr. Brown, W. G. Lewis, and W. G. Sergeant, each speaking upon the words that appeared in large and ornamental letters hung across the gallery, "Welcome our Pastor." Representing each denomination in the town, the speakers gave Mr. Craeknell a most cordial and hearty welcome. Mr. Craeknell acknowledged the kindness shown him in an appropriate speech, thanking the friends for their company and good wishes, and moved a vote of thanks to the chairman and ministers, for their help to the cause, which was seconded by the deacons. The meeting closed with praise to God.

BATH.—RENEWER CHAPEL, WIDCOMBE.—The fifteenth anniversary of Sunday school was held, March 13th, two sermons were preached by Mr. J. Huntley, the pastor. In the afternoon an address was delivered to the children and congregation, by T. Thompson, Esq.; the children were then rewarded with buns and books, many of them received very nice Bibles and Testaments. They sang some hymns on the occasion, the last being—

"Blest is the tie that binds,
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds,
 Is like to that above.
 There will be no more sorrow there,
 In Heaven above,
 Where all is love,
 There'll be no more sorrow there."

On Monday, March 14th, we had a tea meeting; upwards of two hundred sat down. There were present—the Rev. D. Wassel, of Somerset-street, Bath; Mr. W. Huntley, of Stoke; Mr. Rogers, of Frome; Mr. Clarke, of Twerton; Mr. Newel, of Bradford; Mr. Vincent and Mr. Clark, of Bath. The school consists of Mr. J. Huntley, our esteemed pastor, as president; Mr. Wheatley, superintendent; a librarian, an absentee visitor, 24 teachers, 60 boys and 80 girls. After paying off all debts, we are happy to say we have a balance in hand of £5 7s. 3d. Truly we have great room to feel very thankful to our heavenly Father for his goodness towards us. The teachers had a tea meeting March 31st, when we presented our esteemed pastor, Mr. J. Huntley, with a nice inkstand, with letter scales and weights attached to it; as a mark of our love and esteem towards him as our pastor and president of the school. May his blessing rest upon us and keep us together in the bonds of love and peace, is the earnest prayer of their superintendent,

W. W. WHEATLEY.

BETHNAL GREEN ROAD.—Special services were held in Squirrels-street chapel on the 17th and 18th of April. Mr. F. Collins, the honoured and useful minister of Howe-street chapel, Plymouth, preached two Gospel sermons on the 17th; and again on the 18th, in the afternoon, he gave us a discourse and experimental exposition of Hosa's prophecy respecting the Valley of Achor. C. W. Banks preached in afternoon of the 17th from Paul's remarkable words, "Therefore judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God." On the 18th, a happy company of kind friends took tea. Soon after six, the public meeting was opened by Mr. W. Flack seeking a blessing on the cause and ministers of our Lord. C. W. Banks then said the meeting was convened for the purpose of acknowledging the Lord's goodness, and to seek for some help toward the repaying debt. Mr. W. Palmer, of Plaistow, Mr. Thomas Chivers, Mr. J. Inward, Mr. Dixon, Mr. J. Flory, Mr. Collins, and other ministers came and cheered us greatly. Mr. Messer's address was unusually interesting. All spoke well for the uprisings of this long-standing cause of Gospel truth.

BORO' GREEN.—On Good Friday, Mr. Wall, of Gravesend, preached an excellent sermon in the Baptist chapel, Boro' Green; after which about 300 took tea; and in the evening a very large meeting was convened. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Avery, of Hadlow, and the pastor. The choir favoured us with some select pieces, which were well performed and well sustained by the efficiency of the lady who played the harmonium. Friends from Sevenoaks, Hadlow, Gravesend, Meeplam, and Malling, favoured us with their presence.

MANCHESTER.—Thanks to Mr. John Hudson for his letter. We cannot think or speak too highly of "The Irish Lad and the Squire;" we have given it entire in **CHEERING WORDS** for May. A truthful tale more sound and sweet we have never read: it carries its own witness. We would say to our friends—read yourselves, and circulate around you, this simple but striking exposition of God's grace in the heart of a poor Irish boy. Oh! for tens of thousands like him. The work by Mr. W. Birch, jun., of Hulme, is, we hope of the Lord. Of course we speak no altogether without the Book; but we have seen that if anything is to be done to gather the masses of ignorant and low suken myriads of our fellows, it must be done by those who can go right into their midst; and simply tell them of their spiritual destitution and danger, and instrumentally point them to JESUS, the One great SAVIOUR heaven has given to man; and if God Almighty is pleased thus to employ any man—be he what he may—if the Lord give to such a messenger, life in his own soul—a revelation of Jesus Christ in his own heart—a love to the TRUTH, and a love to the souls of perishing sinners; with these essential qualifications a man, be he captain, or lord, or plough-boy; be he literate or illiterate, he will be successful as a pioneer; he will be like the net cast into the sea, gathering fish of all kinds; among them some of God's elect, and they shall come step by step, to KNOW THE TRUTH, and the TRUTH shall make them free. If it be JEROME's blessed will, may we pray for—and be favoured to see many such pioneers in every part. W. Birch's letters we hope to receive more of, and to notice them.

GREAT WILBRAHAM, CAMBS.—Lord's-Day, March 27th, four were baptized by Mr. A. Peet. The Lord has been good to this part of Zion. The chapel was more than crowded, pews and aisles so full it was impossible to sit down; the double doors in front of chapel and front windows were opened, thus many could hear outside, but many returned home because they could not be admitted. The service was particularly solemn, and every one tried to take care of those around them, thus this large congregation remained packed for one hour and a half, quiet and orderly. Our brother, Mr. A. Peet, has baptized ten while he has been supplying, and others are seeking. Mr. Peet, (after supplying near twelve months,) has been invited to become the pastor, but declines. His last Sunday is May 1st. He is open to supply churches requiring a pastor. Address 36, St. Loyes, Bedford.

BLACKHEATH.—TESTIMONIAL TO MR. CRACKNELL.—Before leaving Blackheath, Mr. Cracknell received a practical proof of the love and affection of his friends there, by the presentation of a purse of sovereigns, accompanied with a copy of the holy Scriptures, while many sincere and hearty wishes were expressed for his future usefulness in the important field in which he was about to labour. At the same time Mrs. Cracknell was presented by the ladies with a handsome tea-pot, shewing that the pastor's wife also dwelt in the affections of the people.

GRAFTY GREEN.—This little hill of Zion, where that loving and tender saint of God, Edward Sedgewick, has laboured so many years, to the real good of multitudes of people, is not so prosperous and peaceful this spring as all good Christians must desire. But the clouds will soon disperse; and brighter still the sun will shine. God has wonderfully helped and honoured Edward Sedgewick in his work, and still he stands in bonds of everlasting love. We should rejoice to see and hear him in London; so would thousands of the right sort.

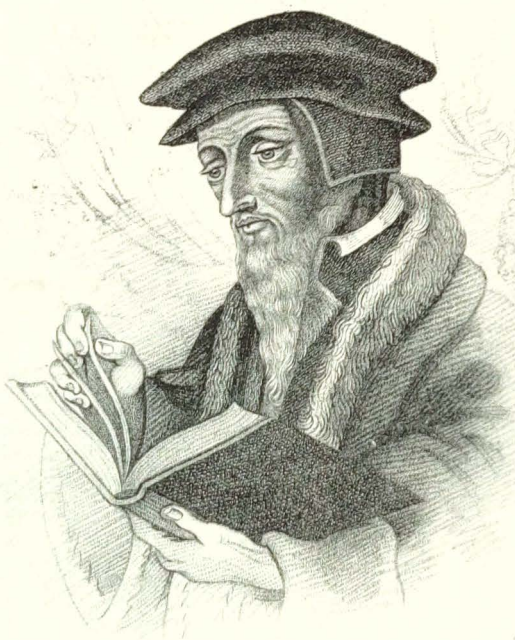
HOXNE, SUFFOLK.—Wednesday, April 20th, a meeting was held in connection with the small cause in this place for the purpose of completing the purchase of a site for the proposed new chapel, and to buy the shell of the old one in which the friends now worship. In the afternoon, brother Bird preached an excellent Gospel sermon. Tea was provided by the friends, of which a very goodly number partook. In the evening, service was commenced by brother Sheppard (a deacon at the Stoke Ash cause) engaging in prayer. Brother Hill (Stoke Ash) being in the chair, stated the object of the meeting, and the progress they had made towards the accomplishment of that object, and called upon the friends to come forward to do all they could; after which upwards of £23 was collected. The purchase money by this and former efforts being thus obtained, nothing now remains but to begin to build a new chapel, for which arrangements will soon be made. Brothers Wroots (Kells), Taylor (Pulham), Harris (Bishangles), and Pegg (Fressingfield), then made some few encouraging remarks; after which, and singing a hymn, the friends dispersed, it being past ten o'clock. This is a grand proof of what united effort will accomplish, even among a few of the poorest.

SCOTLAND.—Our brother T. J. Messer, in a note (March 30) from Carlisle, says—"I preached in the Free Church, Wigton, last Sunday evening, on the 'Security of the Church in her ever living, loving Head,' to a crowd. Truth has been heard from my poor lips by thousands in this glorious country. Wigton is where young Margaret Wilson and the old woman, McLaughlan, were tied to stakes and left on the shore for the rising tide to overwhelm them, for adhering to truth, in the days of the Stuarts. I could almost see the spot from the pulpit of the Free Church last Sunday.

[We hope to give some interesting papers from the pen of our brother Messer, descriptive of his tour through Scotland this last winter.]

KEPPEL-STREET, RUSSELL-SQUARE.—The ninth anniversary of Mr. Milner's pastorate was held on Tuesday, April 5th. The drenching and incessant rain prevented many from attending. After an excellent tea, Mr. Milner took the chair, and gave a good opening address, speaking of the goodness of the Lord in preserving them in peace throughout another year. Then excellent speeches were made by brethren Bloomfield, Austin, Higham, Anderson, Hazelton, and Alderson. Brethren Pells and Green were to have followed, but the time was too far gone. Brother G. Webb opened the meeting by prayer, and brother Green closed. It was a spiritually profitable meeting; speakers seemed at home with their subjects, taken from 1 Peter ii. 1-6, and the hearers were made glad.

NEW YORK.—We have a letter from James Hooper, the young Baptist minister, who, by heavy affliction, has been laid down nearly nineteen months. We have full report of the trial of the party through whose malice his injury was sustained. His case is certainly one demanding the most earnest and active sympathy the churches in England can exercise toward him; and it is distressing to learn that from those quarters from whence Christian charity ought first to flow, no bowels of compassion are found. The continued cruel conduct of some great ones toward the oppressed and afflicted, is sufficient to justify the ugly epithets cast upon them. Were we to publish James Hooper's letter and the attested trials he has endured, what would Englishmen say? We may do so yet. His address is 246, West, 32nd Street, New York, U.S.



JOHN CALVIN.

*This celebrated Reformer expired at Geneva MAY 27th 1564.
He was born at Noyon . July 10th 1509*

Robinson & Co. Engravers

CALVIN TERCENTENARY NUMBER

OF

"The Earthen Vessel."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS SUPPLEMENT BY THE REV. T. J. MESSER.

"Full of faith he lived and died,
And victorious in the race;
Won the crown for which he vied,
Not of merit, but of grace."

Amongst the truly illustrious men raised up by the good providence of Almighty God to bring about the reformation from Popery, none perhaps stand out more prominently than the extraordinary individual a brief account of whose stirring and interesting life we are about to submit to the attention of our readers.

We have lately witnessed the earnest efforts of many men to celebrate the tercentenary of the "poet of all time," the gifted bard of Avon; a man, some of whose "warbling wood-notes wild" we have listened to with pleasure in days gone by, and we have not therefore felt inclined to censure them for what they have done. We have now, however, to honor the memory of a greater man than Shakespeare, one to whom the admirers of truth owe a debt of gratitude, veneration, and love they never can discharge. Three hundred and fifty-six years have rolled into eternity since the great Geneva reformer first saw the light, and on May 27th, 1864, it will be three hundred years since he left this land of sins and sorrows to become an inhabitant of that peerless city where

Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow;
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so:

and where, throughout vast eternity, he will magnify the sovereignty of that grace which plucked him from the darkness which enshrouded him whilst in the Romish Church, and prepared him for great usefulness

on earth and for the enjoyments of an abiding home in Heaven.

CALVIN'S TERCENTENARY.

We are fully aware that the task we have undertaken, at a very brief notice, is a difficult one to perform, but love to the truths the great reformer promulgated, and a desire to glorify that Being whose plastic hands made him what he was, would not permit us to refuse making a humble effort to honor the tercentenary of the death of the grand old man. Perhaps no one amongst that splendid galaxy of men who pushed on the reformation to its glorious issue, has been more bitterly vituperated than him of whom I am about to write. His every weakness has been exaggerated by Arminianized scribes to a most reprehensible extent, and that too in very many instances simply because his theological opinions were not in harmony with their own. Many men who have justly lauded Luther to the skies, have ungenerously disparaged Calvin. Whilst we do not subscribe to all the theological views Calvin entertained, and have no desire whatever to be called after his name, we do fearlessly assert that he was a splendid man—a great and good disciple of Jesus—and we regret that men from whom we expected better things, should have already, since intimation was given that some of the churches of the present day wished to honor the tercentenary of his death, written and uttered such disgracefully disparaging things about him. Despite, however, of all their efforts to lower him in the estimation of the church and the world, his name will be spoken of with reverence when those of his little-souled detractors will be forgotten.

CALVIN'S BIRTH & PARENTAGE.

John Calvin, or *Calvin*, entered upon "this teeming stage of strife" on July 10th, 1509, in the city of Noyon, in Picardy, situated about sixty miles north-east of Paris. His predecessors were persons who had to get their bread by the sweat of their brow; his grandfather followed the trade of a cooper in a small town called Pont l' Evêque, whence the family sprang. The father of Calvin appears to have soared higher in the temporal scale than the grandfather, for we are informed that he filled the offices of apostolic notary, fiscal attorney of the county, proctor of the chapter, and secretary of the bishop, offices which were honourable in their nature, but not very lucrative.

The mother of Calvin appears to have been very anxious about her son becoming a priest, and she did her best to implant in his young heart a love for everything connected with the Romish religion. The father, hoping perhaps that some day his son might wear the red hat and red stockings of the cardinal, was willing to do all he could to secure for his boy the necessary amount of education. In very early life young Calvin exhibited a remarkable precociousness, and thus awakened very fond hopes in the hearts of his admiring parents.

YOUNG CALVIN AT COLLEGE.

Desmay, a doctor of the Sorbonne, tells us that young Calvin, during the time he was a student in the college of the *Capettes*, vied the possession of "good talents, natural quickness of perception, and a genius for the study of literature."

Though perhaps some in days gone by, as well as many in our own day, have attached too much importance to book learning, we may just add here *en passant* that learning is greatly to be desired on the part of all those who wish to be employed in the work of the ministry, and had we to live over again, where we have spent one hour in close study we would spend a hundred. At the same time we may remark that however learned, however eloquent, however oratorical a man who is engaged in the work of the Christian ministry may be, if he is not sent of God, if he knows nothing of the anointings of the Holy One of Israel, he is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and had better be anything than what he is.

We are not amongst the number of those who think that no man is qualified for the important and solemn work of the Christian ministry unless he has passed through his curriculum at a college, nor is it absolutely necessary that he should understand the radices of Hebrew or Greek words, or the

arcana connected with mathematics—metaphysics, physiology, geology, &c., &c., to render him capable of making known salvation to the lost, though we do think a knowledge of these things would greatly aid him in his work, still we must enter our protest against men jumping into the pulpit who murder the Queen's English every time they speak, and we would most lovingly and earnestly exhort all our young and rising ministers to "give attention to reading," to increase every day their stock of genuine useful knowledge, that when they come before the people they may afford them commanding evidence that the work and the workman are both of God. For every young man who feels it his duty to become a teacher of truth, a laborer in the gospel field, our prayer on his behalf is—

Learning's redundant part and vain,
Be here cut off, and cast aside,
But let him, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide:
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego
The knowledge fit for him to know.

CALVIN AT M. DE MOMMOR'S.

Well, Calvin's father seems to have thought that his son ought to have a more aristocratical literary training than could be found for him at the college of the *Capettes*, and as he was very favourably regarded by the nobility and the clergy generally, he managed to get his son to study with the sons of a very aristocratic gentleman called M. de Mommor. Young Calvin himself was so grateful for the benefits he received through the kindness of this nobleman, that he dedicated his first work to one of his sons. In fact, all through life he cherished pleasing reminiscences of the time he had spent in study under the auspices of his noble friend. It is right, however, to say that Calvin's father paid the expenses connected with this period of his son's eventful life.

CALVIN MADE A CHAPLAIN.

His father feeling the expenses of his son's education and board pressing rather too heavily upon his purse, interceded with the bishop, Charles de Hangest, to make him a *chaplain*, and this, to the disgrace of the parties concerned, was brought about.

At the time he was inducted into this office he was just *twelve* years of age! It is only right to add here, that several Councils ineffectually protested against placing mere boys in such positions. In the sixteenth century this absurd course of procedure was very common. We are informed by ecclesiastical and other historians, that there was a cardinal of *sixteen* years of age

in France, in Portugal one only *twelve* years of age, and that Leo X, who nominated the boy of twelve years of age for a cardinal, was himself created an archbishop at *five* years of age. What a state the church must have been in that could allow such things as these to transpire!

We rank with those old labourers who feel interested in the rising ministry, and would at all times do our best to encourage unpretentious young men to persevere in the glorious work they are engaged in, but we think it is much to be regretted that mere boys, children in fact, should be thrust into the pulpit to teach the people truths which require talents of no ordinary character effectively to unfold and promulge.

In reference to preachers as well as others the old adage holds good:—

Soon ripe—soon rotten.

Doubtless it would have been at least physically advantageous to young Calvin, had he not been thrust into active ministerial life so soon. Perhaps a great deal of his sufferings through the days of his manhood might by that mode of procedure which we have hinted at, have been prevented.

Calvin, however, certainly developed very early in his life the possession of extraordinary mental vigour. His intellectuality was of a very noble calibre, and as high expectations were entertained in the minds of many who stood in lofty positions in the Roman Catholic church respecting him, we are not very much surprised that the bishop should have favorably received his father's request that his young son might be made a chaplain. Many of the enemies of Calvin have bitterly reflected on what they call his ingratitude in leaving a church, the hierarchy of which had conferred honors so early upon him. They say it was something like barbing a dagger and thrusting it into the heart of the "mother who had nurtured him." How absurd these charges are will appear clear to all who are capable of sober thought on the matter. Whatever light fell from heaven into his mind during his future years, however high the hand of mercy might loop up the dark curtain hanging betwixt him and the spirit world; whatever truth's rich-toned voice might utter in his spiritual ears: all, all was to be utterly disregarded, simply because an ecclesiastical favor had been conferred upon him when a lad of twelve years of age. Surely the force of impertinence "could not much farther go!" And be it remembered that when Calvin severed himself from the unholy embrace of the mother of harlots, he honorably gave up all that he had received at her hands. It would be well if certain ministers in our day had

honesty enough about them to emulate such an illustrious example.

Nominated for the office of chaplain, only a few days elapsed ere he received the tonsure, and for two years after he studied hard, and gradually and rapidly rose in the scale of intellectual dignity, so that his fond father began to indulge longings after a sufficient amount of money to enable him to send his son to some university, that he might receive instruction from men equal to the task of dealing with such a remarkable intellect.

CALVIN'S STRONG ATTACHMENT TO ROMANISM.

Calvin in his juvenile days appears to have been very strongly attached to popish superstitions, but at a comparatively early period of his life he was led to discover that there was much connected with the creed of the Roman Catholic Church, and with the practices of many of her priests, that was awfully wrong, so that he determined to get away from her as quickly as possible. It will be utterly impossible for us to enter into minutiae, and to lay before our readers all the events connected with the life of this singular man. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to the most important and interesting matters connected with his earthly pilgrimage.

CALVIN AT PARIS.

When the subject of our sketch departed from Noyon, for the city of Paris, he had all the graveness of his father, and much of his mother's excellence stamped upon him.

On reaching the Parisian city of frivolity and sin, he domiciled himself with an uncle for awhile, and then entered within the precincts of the college of La Marche. There he became acquainted with one of the regents, or teachers, to whom he became strongly attached, and it is a remarkable fact that that teacher was years after called to Geneva by his pupil to occupy the place of director of the college there.

Cordier, the man above named, had a large development of philoprogenitiveness, or love of children, and as our young chaplain was but a child in years, though in intellect a man, he took a liking to Calvin, and did all he could to secure his ascent on the intellectual and ecclesiastical ladder, and his efforts were greatly successful. Cordier was himself a favored individual. He possessed a large intellect, and a large loving heart. Those are the kind of teachers we want in our day; men with hearts redolent with love, and sound in the faith: of these men it cannot but be admitted there

are too few. We admired a remark made in our hearing by that eloquent Welshman, the Rev. Thomas Jones, at the annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society, held a few days ago at Dr. Spence's Chapel in the Poultry, "Intellect without love is Greenland: love without intellect is Africa, but when both are combined we are in the temperate zone," and that in many respects is the best.

Were the budding strength and beauty of the future army of Christian warriors and teachers placed under the warming, cheering influences of such men as we have briefly noticed, the result would be glorious indeed. Well, there are some such men, occupants of the theological chairs of our seats of learning, and our prayer is that the number may be greatly increased.

We cannot reflect upon the malignity exhibited towards Calvin at this early period, but with unmingled loathing and abhorrence, and it has been said that if the Bishop had not covered the youngling with his friendly wing, he would, could his enemies have had their way, have been burnt at the stake. God, however, had chosen him for the performance of a great work, and he it was who delivered his young servant from the paws of those tiger-like wretches who thirsted for his blood. We have only to add here that the charges brought against the persecuted youth were not published till after his death. Why were they kept in close secrecy till then? Echo answers—why? The reason, however, is obvious. These lying charges were bruited abroad to overthrow and cover with confusion that work which the great man had mainly caused to be brought about.

Whilst Calvin was at La Marche he did not forget his Bible, but on the contrary studied its contents so closely that many persons applied to him for instruction in the doctrines of the reformed religion, and were filled with admiration at his erudition, piety, and zeal. One writer says that he was at twenty-one years of age such a diligent student that he so far injured his physical powers as to bring upon himself diseases which tormented him through life, and helped to hurry him to the grave.

CALVIN'S SLANDERERS.

We may remark here that before he left Noyon for Paris, the viprous tongue of slander assailed him, and though only a boy of fourteen years of age he was attacked with a malignity on the part of his opponents that was perfectly demoniacal. Their unmitigated lies, however, failed to effect his ruin, and all their base allegations fell to the ground. It was during his location in the city of Paris, and before he went to Orleans, that he appears to have fallen in

with some zealous friends of the reformed religion, one of whom, after manifesting towards young Calvin great affection, sealed the truths he was made to love with his vital blood. In those days it was not so easy to be a professed lover of the truth as it is now.

We often think that we are not as part and parcel of the professing church, half thankful enough for the irreplaceable blessings secured for us by the unflagging industry, the burning zeal, and undying love of those noble men who laid the foundation stone of that great and glorious work. In doing that they had to suffer to an extent which those of us who live in these days of ease know hardly anything of. And amongst the glorious band who thus toiled and suffered, who dares deny that Calvin was one of the most honoured and successful instruments? and though no monumental pile covers the spot where his dust reposes, though no heraldic blazonry irradiates his name, though many even now try to rob him of that purity of character which gave to him all his attractive loveliness and beauty, we unhesitatingly assert that he contributed more than most of his compeers to accomplish that work for which millions of men will have to be grateful to Almighty God for ever.

That he sowed broadcast the seeds of imperishable truth is patent to all who know anything rightly about his character. Three hundred years ago the fetters of error were broken from the limbs of thousands of manacled spirits. Three hundred years ago, by the joint efforts of Calvin, Luther, Melancthon, Farel, and a host of others, a great work was commenced amidst slander, bitterness, reproach and cursing on the part of Romish emissaries, the fruit of which we are enjoying but too ungratefully in the present day.

EFFECT OF CALVIN'S ORATORY.

During his residence in Paris Calvin delivered an oration which roused the ire of the doctors of the Sorbonne, and he was obliged to fly. They, however, proceeded to his lodgings and took possession of his papers and letters, by which act they became enraged against many persons by whom the letters they seized had been written to Calvin, and the writers of them were subjected to great personal annoyance and suffering. How deadly have been in every age the influences exercised by the myrmidons of the Romish Church. Are we thankful enough for the Reformation?

Subsequent to the attack made on him by the proud doctors of the Sorbonne, we find our hero, resting awhile in comparative safety beneath the protecting wing of the Queen of Navarre, a woman who was

learned and pious, and an unflinching friend to the Protestant cause.

By and by we find him at Saintonge, forming an acquaintance with Louis de Tillett, who induced him to write out short discourses, many of which were read by clergymen to their flocks. About this period he became acquainted with that remarkable man James le Ferre, a man who greatly helped him on towards the right pathway, that pathway which is flooded with heavenly sunlight, skirted with beauteous flowers, marked by purity, peace and love, and which leads right up to the everlasting city—the “saints’ secure abode, whose founder is the living God.”

The remarkable person just referred to, though he never separated himself from the embrace of the “mother of harlots,” offered so much opposition to some of the doctrines taught by her devotees as to bring down upon himself the ire of the vile Romish inquisitors, and he narrowly escaped their polluted hands. This man, though evidently favorable to the Reformation, was greatly deficient in courage. He never openly avowed his opinions. Many had to writhe in the flames who believed and avowed the doctrines he had taught them, but Le Ferre fled from persecution, for which, ere he passed into the presence of his Maker, he reproached himself severely. How thankful those persons ought to be who are honored with an investiture of power openly and manfully to defend what they believe to be true. Verily, all such have sooner or later an abundant reward.

SERVETUS AND OTHERS.

In 1534, Calvin again visited Paris, where he found the notorious Servetus promulgating his peculiar opinions. Calvin challenged him to discussion, but on entering the arena of polemic strife, Servetus was wanting; not having courage enough then to shiver a lance with the reformer.

About this time some astonishing and repulsive exhibitions of zeal for Popery were made on the part of the reigning king, in Paris, who walked before the host through the public streets, bearing in his hand a flaming torch, beneath a gorgeous canopy, which was held over his head by his sons, who were followed by a long train of nobles. In the presence of the gaping crowd, the French king expressed his abhorrence of heresy, and said if one of his hands was infected with that disease, he would cut it off; and if he thought his children were unfaithful to the Church of Rome, he would not spare even them. On the day that abominable outburst of zeal for the Church of Rome took place, eight noble confessors of saving truth writhed amidst

the flames of martyrdom in different parts of the city. Happy men!

Sufferers in a righteous cause;
Dying champions for your God,

it will be your's to smile when kings shall be bound with chains, and nobles with fetters of iron. Your record is in Heaven, and now perhaps from some sun-lit spot you are looking down upon the result of the seed sown amidst oppression, cruelty, and death. How many men in days gone by have worn galling fetters, and have gladly suffered death for the truth's sake. Such fetters, to use the language of another, “are prouder distinctions than the garland of the victor or the insignia of kings.” Are those men to be pitied, who fell confessing Jesus? We think of them with admiration, and pray that we may in some measure resemble them. From the courage displayed by such martyrs, we may learn glorious lessons. With unshrinking courage, unflagging zeal, and unabating love, may we go on our way. We have a commission from Him who came to send fire upon earth. We may, humble though we be, spread abroad the truth, and fan the flame, and though not destined to wear a martyr's crown, we shall ere long hear the bliss creating words, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter now into the joy of thy Lord.”

What horrible cruelties have been inflicted by kings in days gone by upon the bodies of the self-abnegating followers of the meek and lowly Man of Nazareth; not only in lands far away, but also in the bosom of our own favored sea-girt isle. As we wandered lately through Scotland, that land of the mountain, the forest, the torrent, the islet, the tempest, and the flood over parts which had been stained in days gone by with the life's blood of many a follower of the Lamb, we felt thankful, indescribably thankful, for the blessed reformation from popery, and we prayed that the glorious results of that magnificent work might be still more clearly seen, and be more gratefully enjoyed.

We visited during our ramblings many graveyards in which the dust of those noble men who stood firm and bled for the truth's sake is sleeping, and whilst we were delighted when we gazed upon the snow-capped mountains glistening in the sun light, the wild cataracts falling foamingly from the mountain heights, the majestic rivers rolling on to the deep blue sea, and with a thousand other attractive and spirit stirring objects, nothing interested us more than the graves of the martyred band. We thought of that beautiful sentence in the *Te deum laudamus* as we gazed upon those graves, “the noble army of martyrs praise thee,” and we left the land where God so greatly honoured

our labors, feeling as a certain great and good Christian poet did when he sung—

Land of my fathers, hail ;
I roam thy lincal child—
Where'er thy hill-mists sail,
Or leap the cataracts wild :
My fathers fought beside
Thy noblest chivalry,
Nor fails the patriot tide,
Nor shall, till fails the sea.

But dearest to my heart
That firm heroic band,
Of truth, who took the part,
For conscience made the stand.
Your mouldering tombs I seek
Where the bleak thistle nods,
Ye being dead yet speak
And prove your cause was God's.

And oh, my fatherland,
Dear as thy soil to me—
As freedom's hallowed strand
In blood, in spirit free :
Compel the hand that weaves
The garland of thy fame,
Among its proudest leaves,
To twine the *Martyr's* name.

CALVIN GOES TO SWITZERLAND.

Calvin, through the violence of persecution, and ruthless indeed were the persecutors of his times, resolved to quit his native land for Switzerland, and it was here that he wrote his valuable "Institutes," in the preface to which priceless work he boldly addressed that vile persecuting Francis the 1st of France, to whose diabolical exploits in causing the burning of Protestants, we have already referred.

Francis, needing the help of the German princes, tried afterwards to curry favor with them by hypocritically asserting that he never caused any to be put to death but a few thoroughly rebellious *fanatics*, to which lying statement the glorious reformer boldly and ably replied.

The parties he confessed to have put to death were only *Anabaptists*, persons, by the way, who have had to endure in every age no small amount of obloquy for the truth's sake, but persons belonging to a confraternity which persecution and obloquy have not yet crushed out of existence, and we believe, never will.

This said Francis, like too many of the monarchs who have reigned over Great Britain, was a notorious liar, the proof of which is to be found in his audacious utterance that, "he punished the men whom he sent to the stake not for their *religious opinions* but for their *social doctrines*, their revolt against all order and authority," and this statement was published all through France by the priests of that church, whose history is a long black catalogue of cruelties and lies.

Calvin was equal to this emergency, and

as we have already intimated, he buckled on the armour and met with a boldness that did him eternal honour, the mendacious statements of the ermined monarch.

To borrow a paragraph from one of the most learned of his many biographers, "a great cause had to be pleaded before Europe, and Calvin felt himself called of God to undertake it."

"There were two ways of doing this,—by a simple apology for the Protestants of France, or by an exposition of their doctrines. * * * Calvin chose the second task, and it is from that moment that the Calvin of history, the reformer, stands out well defined before us.

"The man of genius, in fact, is not always the man who begins the work ; it is sometimes he who continues and methodises it. It might even be said it is always the latter ; for, in fact, if you examine well, you will find out predecessors even of those who seem to have first discovered and entered upon the way. Luther, with his vigorous power to imitate, was, nevertheless, but the continuator of the obscure labour which had long been carried on in men's minds and consciences. His genius seized it as a whole, and it is his glory to have given it shape. The glory of Calvin is not, therefore, so different as even his friends have sometimes thought ; the difference lies at the bottom, but in the diverse nature of the two movements they personified—the German movement in Luther, and the French movement in Calvin. For the rest, whether we be friends or foes of these two men, we all recognise it by always connecting their two names. Even those Romanists of our own day, who in order to depreciate the French reformer, go so far as (hypocritically) to pretend affection for the German reformer, do not and will not any the less continue to speak with the multitude, and to say Luther and Calvin—Calvin and Luther."

Thus far one of his biographers has spoken out on this point.

The Christian Institutes were, it appears, published first at Basle, and contain much that will be prized by good men and true to the end of time, though they contain much about that "tremendous doctrine which falls like a veil, and in the eyes of many in the present day like a shroud upon the whole Calvinistic theology—predestination."

That God has in the fulness of His sovereignty, by His "eternal and immutable counsel decreed some to eternal life—a multitude which no man or angel can number," appears to be written as with sunbeams on the pages of revelation ; and the more a man reads carefully, thoughtfully, and lovingly those pages, the more he will lean towards divine sovereignty. But as I am

not called upon to write in defence of this doctrine now, I will dismiss the subject by simply remarking that all that seems perplexing and dark about these sublime matters will by and bye be made plain. Our business now is to proclaim salvation with our tongues and our pens to all inclined to listen or to read, through the perfected work of Him who bled to redeem, always taking care to have written upon the banner we uplift, "Speaking the truth in love."

After he had completed his "Institutes," Calvin passed on to Italy, there his labours were greatly blest, and there he received the kindest treatment from persons highest in the scale of aristocratic dignity.

FAREL'S HARSHNESS.

In the year 1536 we find Farel manifesting an anxiety for Calvin to locate himself at Geneva, in order that he might have his powerful aid in spreading abroad the truth of that mighty gospel which he had been enabled to embrace. This desire of the impetuous Farel he was not willing to comply with, on receiving intelligence of which, Farel addressed to him the following intemperate letter:—"You have not any other pretext to refuse me than the attachment which you profess for your studies; but I denounce to you, in the name of Almighty God, that if you do not share with me the holy work in which I am engaged, His *curse* will rest upon you for seeking your own, and not the things of Jesus Christ." How the old filthy persecuting spirit crops out in this note. This massive affrighted Calvin not a little, and as the result he placed himself under the direction of the Presbytery, who, with the magistrates, appointed him Professor of Divinity, and not long after, in accordance with the wish of the people, he became pastor of one of the churches in Geneva. About this time Calvin and his colleagues had a public discussion with the Anabaptists, and the council denounced banishment for life against all who should teach their doctrines at Geneva. Here we see another manifestation of the old hateful persecuting spirit. We must, however, when we contemplate these much to be regretted exhibitions of a spirit of persecution on the part of the reformers, call to recollection their surroundings, and the fact of their recent exodus from the land of spiritual whoredom, tyranny and death. But to persecute any man for religious opinions is a course of action we look upon with unmitigated loathing and abhorrence. That hateful spirit has not yet left the ranks of the professed disciples of Christ. There are those now who are too ready to ban every one who does not see eye to eye with themselves. How different was the spirit of that illustrious eloquent

teacher of the Gentiles, St. Paul. When some preached Christ in his day out of envy, no vituperative words ever fell from his lips, no anathematizing sentence from his pen. The reformers had very much to learn on emerging from the bosom of the stronghold of iniquity and lies, and so also have some of the preachers of the present day.

After popery in its darkest form was expelled from Geneva, the voice of contention in its loudest and most unmusical tones was often heard, and the grossest vices were practised by many of its inhabitants. Calvin entered his solemn and repeated protests against these things, and tried with a zeal becoming an apostle to bring about a better state of things. The libertines were forbidden by him to approach the table of the Lord, and because of his fidelity to the truth in this matter, the authorities banished him and others from amongst them. This did not move him from his steadfastness,

Calm on tumult's wheels he sat,
Midst raging multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at Christ's feet
"Till all his will was done.

Submitting to the unjust decree of the syndics and magistrates, he departed from them, simply saying, "Had I been in the service of men, this would have been a bad reward; but it is well that I have served Him who never fails to pay his servants what he has promised." From this unholy ebullition of rancorous feeling he retired to a place where he found congenial spirits, and was soon working there with an ample remuneration as a divinity professor.

About this time, on account of the contentions going on among the Genevese, a hope was indulged that they might be persuaded to return to their old nest, this hope, however, was rendered groundless by the earnest eloquence of Calvin. When the Bishop of Carpentres, with apparent love, wrote a very cunning letter to the "dourly beloved citizens of Geneva, begging them to return to the bosom of the only true ecclesia," Calvin grasped the pen, and published a response which scattered the project to the winds.

Subsequently he published in an enlarged form his "Institutes," and a beautiful treatise on the Eucharist, and also his masterly commentary on the matchless epistle to the Romans.

CALVIN'S MARRIAGE.

To shew their conversion from Popery, the reformers repudiated celibacy, and hence Calvin took to himself a wife. The good old book says he that "findeth a wife findeth a good thing," but it is a lamentable fact that ministers have often made egregious blunders in this important business. Calvin, however, appears to have been a successful searcher after the treasure spoken of above.

It seems from the testimony of many writers that Calvin was not loaded with so many invectives as his contemporary Luther when he obeyed the law of God respecting marriage. He did not, however, altogether escape blame. Some animadverted upon him on account of the absence of passions for the possession of which they had been wont to condemn others. "He needs no manifestation of affection," they said, "for his heart is in his head."

Busy in his Master's service, he left his friends to select a help-meet for him, and they found him just such an one as he desired. Speaking on the subject of marriage to Farel, he once said, "The only woman that can please my heart is one that is gentle, chaste, modest, economical, patient, and finally, careful of her husband's health." Rare qualifications these; would that every minister's wife possessed them!

When Calvin wrote the above words to Farel, he was about thirty years of age, but even then his health had begun to fail. A wife therefore that would be careful of his health was to him a *sine qua non*, and such a wife he happily found.

The wife he found was the widow of an Anabaptist called John Storder. She was a woman of an excellent spirit. She brought him as a dower, deep piety, an unmixed tenderness, and a heart ready to make any sacrifice to promote his welfare.

At the time of his marriage his brain gave signs of being overworked. Racking pains in that beautifully complicated piece of mechanism was his daily plague.

And who can wonder that he thus suffered who is acquainted with the manner in which he prosecuted his studies, which were generally carried on in bed. Every morning at five or six o'clock, he had his books, manuscripts, and papers carried to him there, and he worked on and on for hours together. Had he understood the laws of health as well as he understood most points in theology, he would have adopted a widely different mode of action. If he was called from home during his morning studies, on his return he would throw off his habiliments and recommence his studies in the bed, the enervating effects of which procedure must have been very great. Calvin understood the laws of health about as much as some men understand the value of God's bright beautiful life-giving water, hence they foolishly take for their daily beverage those alcoholic compounds which produce an amazing amount of mischief in the brain, and which have cast down many a mighty intellectual giant into the dust and dirt of degradation and debasement. If ministers studied more closely those laws of health, which Calvin too frequently neglected, they would find themselves much better quali-

fied both physically and mentally for the performance of the onerous duties connected with the high position they occupy.

CALVIN AT HOME.

In order to form something like a definite idea of the good man's life after he became a husband, we will now visit his home. That the home he occupied was a very humble one, is evident from the testimony of more than one of his biographers. In the inventory of the furniture his house contained, we meet with the following entry: "A cupboard without a lock, a dozen stools good as well as bad; a high back chair of joiner's work, &c."

In this humble home the great reformer lived and loved, and here he penned some of those works which are thought to be famous and priceless by those who know how to appreciate pure, saving, God-honouring truth.

Of the home we have thus briefly noticed, Idelette de Bure was the centre, and to it she gave beauty and brightness.

Calvin, unlike his contemporary, Martin Luther, is comparatively silent respecting the elustering joys and hallowed associations of his peaceful home.

CALVIN'S WIFE.

The wife of our hero, however, deserves to be spoken of with the profoundest respect. She was one who delighted to visit the poor and needy, to pour the oil of consolation into the wounded heart, and to relieve the strangers who applied at her husband's door for his assistance. To Calvin she was like an angel of mercy through long days of sickness and pain. Taking her place by his bed-side, she listened to his every groan with pitying tenderness, wiped away the tear-drop that often trembled on his eyelids, and tried to hush the sigh as it welled up from the depths of his breast. And this she did when the discordant shouts of "Down with the ministers!" raised by the infuriated mob gathered in the streets, fell upon her ears.

As a mother, Idelette was indeed a model for all Christian mothers to imitate. Whilst her children lived she loved them intensely, and strove to bring them up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord;" as some of them passed one after another from her sight, she bowed submissively to the stroke, and in the language of the Idumean patriarch, said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." To the loss of his offspring, the great reformer himself also bowed submissively. When his third child was torn from his embrace, he said in a letter to his friend

Baudoin, "The Lord gave me a son, the Lord hath taken him away. Let my enemies see obloquy for me in this trial. Have I not tens of thousands of children in the Christian world?"

Had Calvin, like Luther, been oftener more of the man, and as one of his biographers observes, "and even weaker as man at certain times, he would have been like Luther, all the stronger in many others."

Calvin was a living embodiment of gravity. Luther, who was not less so at times, and on all important occasions, no less pious in his demeanour, often laughed most joyously. Perhaps, had Calvin been of a similar temperament with his fellow-labourer, he might have contributed more than he did to the happiness of his fellow-men; but the temperaments of the men were widely dissimilar.

Whatever were his sorrows, he appears to have been comparatively reticent respecting them. That which entirely filled his mind day after day was the great work he was called on to perform, and that work he nobly prosecuted until his mighty heart ceased its pulsations, and his happy spirit rose to bathe itself in the gorgeous sunlight of heaven for ever.

It will not, we think, be out of place here just to warn young ministers against allowing their passions to have too much to do in connection with the choice of a partner for life. The prospects of many men have been greatly beclouded by a want of due care and caution in respect to this important business. It is possible for a man to tie himself to a woman who will thwart to a great extent his endeavours to be useful. What we would say to one and all of our matrimonially unfettered brethren is—"Beware!"

CALVIN IN HARNESS.

Having penned a few remarks upon Calvin at home, we must now follow him abroad, and notice his unflinching efforts to cause the reformation to take deeper and deeper root in the hearts of the people. Sent again to the Genevese, we find him toiling day after day both with his tongue and his pen to lead them into the depths of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Passing by what he said and did respecting baptism, our views touching that ordinance not harmonizing with those he held, we find him making vigorous efforts to have everything connected with public worship rightly conducted, and by the exercise of a godly discipline, driving from the church "men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith."

To superfluous forms in connection with public worship, he appears to have been

determinately opposed, but he did not go so far as to reject them says one, "indiscriminately; regularity, though at the risk of formalism, appeared indispensable to him in order that the public services might be worthy of God and of Christ."

In examining the directions given by him for the manner in which the services of the sanctuary were to be conducted, I have been struck with the faithful adhesion to his rules on the part of the Presbyterians in Scotland. Whether all the Ministers in connection with the Scotch Presbyterian Churches adhere as faithfully to the doctrines he taught I cannot say.

Day after day his voice was heard proclaiming the great truth as it is in Jesus. The themes on which he delighted to dwell were the unchangeable love of God—the glory and excellence of the God-man Christ Jesus—the necessity of the direct influences of the Eternal Spirit—the perfection of the believer in Christ—the safety of the church—and the certainty of good works following faith in the atoning blood of the Redeemer—the beauty and glory of Heaven, and the deep dark degradation and debasement to be realised in hell: and on these God-honouring, Christ-exalting, creature-debasing, bliss-creating, purity-inducing themes, he loved in his own peculiar manner to expatiate:—

Happy if with his latest breath,
He might but gasp Christ's name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold—behold the Lamb!

CALVIN AND THE PLAGUE.

The courage displayed by Calvin during the period when that terrible affliction the plague visited Geneva is interesting to contemplate, and his demeanour towards the stricken ones proves that he possessed a large loving heart. We will now give *in extenso* the remarks of one of his biographers respecting this beautiful trait in his character, because on this point he has been greatly belied.

"In 1542 the terrible scourge first appeared, and the Company of Pastors were requested by the Council, to appoint a chaplain for the "plague hospital." The Pastor Blanchet offered his services and was accepted. Shortly after in a letter to Viret, Calvin writes—"The plague rages so violently that few persons who are stricken by it escape from death. One of us having to be chosen to attend to the sick Blanchet has offered himself. If woe befall him I must be his substitute, for as thou sayest, we are all members one of another, and we cannot fail those who are in need of our ministry."

Thus we find Calvin willing, should death grasp the man who had volunteered to at-

tend upon the dying, to take his place, and good Samaritan like, to minister to the comfort of the sufferers through the dark hours of sorrow, pain and death.

CALVIN'S LITERARY LABOURS.

To name the works published by Calvin would occupy far more space than can be afforded us. Every work he published dealt a deadly blow at popery in all its withering and diversified ramifications. More than fifty volumes were sent forth by him from the press, and after his demise hundreds of his sermons were published.

Subsequently to the sorrows caused by the plague, and for several years after Calvin was called to suffer great mental anxiety through the improper conduct of the sect of the Libertines who were like so many thorns in his side, and who constantly tried to counteract his efforts to promote purity of life and conversation amongst all those who professed to be the disciples of the divine Saviour.

We regret, however, to add that many of the men referred to became so wild in their opposition to truth, that they were laid hold of by the strong hand of the law, and hurried to the scaffold.

IDLETTE'S LAST ILLNESS.

After the terrible events just hinted at Calvin was called to weep bitter tears of sorrow on account of the illness of his estimable partner in sorrow and joy, Idlette.

Writing to a friend in 1549 he said, "Salute thy wife for me, mine is her sad companion in the languors of sickness. I dread a fatal termination. But have we not enough with the many evils that menace us at present? The Lord will perhaps show us a more favourable countenance."

Idlette however daily grew worse in body and the angel of death drew nearer every day. Poor Idlette when she saw that the "haven was near" very naturally felt anxious about the children she had had by her first husband, but on Calvin voluntarily promising her to treat them as his own, this feeling of anxiety subsided, and,

"All was calm, and joy, and peace."

All through her intense sufferings the wife of the Reformer was graciously upheld by the hand of God, so that,

"Submission's sacred hymn arose,
Warbling from every trembling string."

Few have suffered more, but through all her physical sufferings, her faith continually mounted upwards, and every look even

when her tongue was silent indicated the deep peace she enjoyed.

On the 6th of April a minister named Bourgoin kindly addressed her. She showed her faith in what he uttered by grateful ejaculations; and during the time he occupied in speaking to her she gave unmistakable evidence that she was

Ready dress for her flight,
"To the mansions of light,
The palace of angels and God."

Such exclamations as "O glorious resurrection! O God of Abraham and of our fathers," fell repeatedly from her lips, and

* * * when the word was given
Sweetly did Christ the waves divide,
And she found rest in heaven."

After her departure from earth, Calvin says to Viret in a letter he wrote to him, "I have lost the excellent companion of my life, who would never have quitted me in exile, in misery or in death! She was a precious help to me, and never occupied with self. I repress my grief as much as I can; my friends do their duty; they and I, however, make but little way. Thou knowest the tenderness of my heart, not to say its weakness. I should succumb if I did not make great efforts to conquer my affliction."

The letter he wrote to his old and faithful friend Farel is so exceedingly touching, that we cannot forbear inserting a portion of its interesting contents here:

"Adieu, then, dear and well beloved brother: may God guide thee by His Spirit, and help me in my trial. I should not have resisted this blow, had He not stretched out His hand to me from heaven. It is He who raiseth up the downcast heart, and who confirmeth the feeble knees."

Thus spoke Calvin of the wife he had lost.

"When such friends part, 'tis the survivor dice."

To the very end of his pilgrim journey he thought much of her. Though he was still young, he never formed an union with another daughter of Eve His marriage was in every sense a *real* one. He never pronounced her name but with the deepest regret, and he often like the patriarch Jacob wept over her grave.

Whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous procession, mustered up
The fond endearments of their softer hours
Tenuous of its theme.

Never was regret more deep, never was homage to the memory of a departed one more legitimate.

And now leaving the grave of the good, the virtuous, the loving and lovable Idlette du Bure, we will track the steps of the stricken one on and on to his tomb.

CALVIN AND BOLSEC.

From 1544 to 1551, strange and in some respects much to be regretted events transpired; and it would shew a want of courage and faithfulness to leave these events unnotified in this brief sketch of the Reformer's life.

During the period named above Bolsec was banished and Servetus burnt at the stake!

Jerome Bolsec had been a Carmelite Friar in France. Having preached in Paris some sermons which appeared to favour the Reformation, he was obliged to quit the soil of France and locate himself at Ferrara. In the character of a physician he at length arrived at Geneva, where he soon began to meddle with theology, and utter opinions unfavourable to the doctrine of predestination, and other views held by Calvin and his fellow helpers. He was warned to desist from attacking the Geneva doctrines, and for awhile he was silent. One day, however, when some preacher had been setting forth that doctrine which he so thoroughly hated, Bolsec uttered censures upon the man and his doctrine, and Calvin rushed to the rescue. A conference with Bolsec was held, and Calvin had to defend himself and compeers against the charge brought against the doctrine of predestination by Bolsec, viz—"that it made God the author of all evil." The result was the banishment of Bolsec from Geneva, never more to return. After Bolsec's expatriation, some persons not friendly to Calvin set to work to defame him, and whosoever they went, they reported that he had desired a heavier punishment to be inflicted on Bolsec. As Calvin however denied the charge, we may safely infer that it was *false*, for Calvin whatever faults he may have had, was no *dissembler*. Again and again has Bolsec been proclaimed a martyr, but the simple truth is, he was merely expelled from Geneva. For that expulsion we may be tempted to censure Calvin, but ere we do so, it would be best to travel back mentally into the dim distant past, and gaze upon the state of things as they then existed in Geneva. Had says one—"the gates of Geneva been thrown open to all the variations and daring flights of thought on religious subjects common in those days, the Reformation had without a fulcrum lifted the world."

No one can think seriously about Bolsec's conduct in publishing that abominable libel, in which, thirteen years after Calvin's death, he gave the history of his life to the world, without feeling disposed to look upon the man's conduct with unmixed loathing and abhorrence.

THE BURNING OF SERVETUS.

Reluctantly now we refer to the burning of Servetus.

When we noticed that arch-heretic a few columns back he was in the city of Paris, demanding of the great reformer a conference which never took place, simply because Servetus never made his appearance.

Servetus, as is well known by many of our readers, was born in Spain. He was a diligent student of law, physics, and divinity in the days of his juvenility. He toiled exceedingly hard to acquire knowledge, with which he meddled in all its varied forms.

The manner in which the blood circulates through the arteries and veins of the human body appears to have been pretty clearly understood by him, far more clearly than many of the great truths revealed in the book of inspired truth.

Because some of those truths soared high above his reasoning powers, he cast them to the winds, and zealously promulgated doctrines which were diametrically opposed to those which were dearer to Calvin than life itself. The views entertained by Servetus Calvin thoroughly hated, and considered them in every sense hostile to our common Christianity. That Calvin should have had a hand in bringing about the death of Servetus we deeply regret; but we must assert, that much that has been written in reference to that painful affair has upon it the stamp of falsehood.

Whoever carefully reads the trial of Servetus must feel inclined to come to the conclusion that there was an unholy alliance betwixt him and the Libertines, and a very close union between their cause and his.

Had Calvin never demanded his arrest it would have saved him from much odium, not only from Roman Catholics, but Arminianised Protestants also.

The conduct of Roman Catholics in so loudly condemning Calvin for the part he took in the trial and death of Servetus is singular, and the attempts made by them to traduce the reformer come before us with an exceedingly ill grace; the church they belong to having condemned to death in its most horrible forms thousands of men and women they deemed heretics. That Calvin was averse to the infliction of capital punishment in the case of Servetus is to me pretty evident.

In one of his letters to Farel, he says "I hope there will be no capital punishment," but added he "I desire that the horrible part of the sentence may be remitted. Calvin evidently wished for the sword to be employed, and not the fire. Well, both the sword and the fire we utterly condemn, and regret deeply that the heretical Servetus

was brought to feel the scorings of the latter instrument of destruction.

It was, however, outside of Geneva, Servetus was at length condemned to die. Berne and Basle, which had been indulgent towards Bolsoec, had no pity for Servetus, but on the contrary, looked upon him as a pestilent heretic, trying to uproot the very foundations of their faith. "We pray the Lord," said the pastors of Berne, "that He may grant you a spirit of prudence, of counsel, and of strength, in order that you may shelter your church and others from the pestilence." Similar feelings were also entertained by the Zurich pastors. In fact the whole of the Protestant church of Switzerland seemed to form themselves into a jury, and with one voice they condemned the accused, whose heresies, like a gangrene, had eaten out of the church much that was vital and holy.

Perrin tried hard to save Servetus, and it would have been a matter of thankfulness had he succeeded in his attempt. The die, however, was cast, and Servetus was doomed to the stake, but the horrors of the burning pile, Calvin did not demand, he wished that the disturber of the faith of the churches might be saved from it, and the sword substituted in its place.

Farel accompanied Servetus to the place of execution, and certainly demeaned himself towards the condemned one in a manner which one cannot think of but with the deepest regret and sorrow.

It was a dark day in the life of the reformer when the body of Servetus was reduced to ashes, and we dismiss this painful subject by just observing that the "best of men are but men at the best," and that there are dark spots on the face of the beautiful solar orb. Those who have tried to magnify the horrors of the fatal day on which Servetus, hugging his heresies to his heart, expired, have not acted altogether wisely or well. That day "will never equal those," says one who has closely investigated the terrible affair, "so many of which had before been witnessed, and which are yet to be witnessed,—we will not say by Spain, whose soil is made up of human ashes,—but by the Netherlands, by Austria, by England, under her bloody Mary, and by France, under her devout and dissolute kings." Romanists at any rate ought to be quiet respecting an event which all genuine Protestants have and will regret long as time continues. One modern and very clever writer of Calvin's life, who certainly does not believe all the doctrines which the reformer taught, after reviewing this painful affair, observes, "His errors were not so much those of the man as of the age, nor is it fair to trace them to his peculiar system or to his doctrines. It was certainly

his opinion that the corrupters of divine truth deserved the severest punishment but however censurable and anti-scriptural such an opinion undoubtedly is, it was entertained by all parties. Bullinger, Feral, Viret, Peter Martyr, Beza, and even the gentle Melancthon, all looked approvingly upon the condemnation of the erring unfortunate physician. If papists therefore take occasion from the case of Servetus to reproach Calvin they do it without reason." The intolerance of the reformers had been imbibed in the bosom of the church of Rome, and she is to a great extent answerable for the death of Servetus.

CALVIN'S FRIENDS PERSECUTED.

Subsequent to that event upon which we have perhaps dwelt too long, truth appeared to operate powerfully upon many hearts, and the darkness which had for ages been thrown by the Popish church over the minds of the people, gradually withdrew itself. The ruthless hand of persecution was, however, very busy, and many who embraced the doctrines taught by Calvin, had to suffer the pains of martyrdom for so doing. To two men who were burnt for what the church of Rome called heresy, Calvin wrote thus:—"Though it has been a sad message according to the flesh,—even according to the just love we bear to you in God,—yet we must submit to that good Father and Lord, meditate on the glory and heavenly immortality to which we are invited, and are certain to attain by the cross, the shame and death. . . . It is a strange thing to human sense that the slaves of Satan should keep us with their feet upon our throats; but we have wherewith to comfort us in all our tribulation, awaiting the happy issue which is promised us,—that God himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes." In the hour of their trial, when the tongues of flame entwined themselves around their bodies, many of the sufferers for truth's sake were greatly cheered and consoled by recollections of the rich things Calvin had said to them in letters he contrived to forward to them when in prison; especially the five prisoners of Lyons, whose heroism when at the stake filled the lookers on with amazement, and greatly tended to recommend those truths for embracing which they were called to suffer.

THE BEGINNING OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

Whilst martyrs and confessors abroad were triumphant in the fires ignited by their godless enemies, the light of truth began to operate upon many minds throughout our island home.

That bloated monster of iniquity, Henry the VIII, having been summoned to his account in 1547, his son Edward ascended the throne, and to this young prince, who evidently was favoured with heavenly appointments, Calvin dedicated his valuable *Commentary on the First Epistle to Timothy*. How much Calvin helped on the reformation in England will never be fully known by any of us, until we get into the sunlight of the Father's house above. As we are not called on to write the history of the reformation at home, we reluctantly pass away from that matter, to notice the proceedings of our reformer abroad.

CALVIN AND CASTALIO.

Calvin continued, through the medium of his active pen and by the living voice, to make known the truth to the people, and whosoever his valuable writings were circulated they were instrumental in chasing away those rosy slimy mists which had been generated for ages, and which had well nigh obscured the fair face of truth altogether. Among the numerous productions of his fertile pen, the "Treatise on Predestination" appeared. This valuable treatise the "busy-body" Castalio attacked bitterly; which attack called forth a somewhat harsh reply from its author, and the harshness of that reply we unhesitatingly condemn.

Truth needs no *harsh* defender. The doctrines taught by Calvin, and certes they were the same doctrines as were taught by the glorious teacher of the Gentiles, St. Paul, have too often been proclaimed by those who have professed to love them, in a very repulsive manner. Intolerance is alway unlovely, but intolerance on the part of a man who teaches that we are *nothing*, and that Christ is *Alpha and Omega* in the great work of salvation, is hateful indeed.

CALVIN'S LAST ILLNESS.

All the time Calvin was wielding the polemic lance, his bodily powers were failing rapidly. How much his physical inability had to do with those occasional exhibitions of asperity which rob his writings of much of their beauty, is a question worth pondering. On this point we could write much, but as our work is nearly done, we must hasten on to that time when his active herculean toil was brought to a close by sickness and death.

Despite of the giving way of his bodily powers, this laborious man still grasped his pen, and day after day employed it in guarding that beautiful superstructure of truth he had been mainly instrumental in erecting, and his unremitting labours were not in vain.

Calvin, in the year 1539, suffered severely from a quartan ague, from which he never entirely recovered. Through long years he was subjected to violent headache, pains in his legs, pains in his stomach, spitting of blood, difficulty of breathing, the gout, and the stone; in fact few men have suffered such agony as he was called to pass through, and nothing less than the power which cometh from above, could have held him up, and enabled him to labour on whilst so tortured by a complication of diseases.

His brethren besought him again and again to work less, but he heeded them not, and despite of their kindly remonstrances, he continued to preach and write, often forgetting whilst so engaged the sufferings he endured. On the 6th of February, 1564, he was seized whilst in the pulpit with a violent fit of coughing, and a sudden gush of blood from his lungs, which forced him to leave the place where he had so often stood to proclaim the unchangeable love of God to sinners, and as he descended the steps of the rostrum his flock felt convinced that he had preached to them the last sermon they would ever hear from his lips.

During the remainder of his short stay upon earth, the sufferings he was called to endure were terrible. Day after day he was unable to take any thing but a little of that priceless gift of God, to man, *cold water*; but as the shadows lengthened, his faith increased, and his hope brightened, so that

Standing in his temple lot,
With his censor burning,

he calmly waited for his dismissal from "the suffering church below, to the reigning church above."

During his last severe illness, he translated from the French his *Harmony of Moses*, wrote much on the book of *Joshua*, and finally corrected his notes on the New Testament. In addition to this he bestowed great attention to church business, and when remonstrated with for working so hard, he always replied, "What I do is as nothing, I hope God will find me watching and working till my latest breath."

CALVIN'S LAST APPROACH TO THE LORD'S TABLE.

On Easter Sunday, April 2nd, 1564, he wished to be carried into the sanctuary, that might once more publicly partake of the symbols of the love of the Elder Brother of the church. The effect produced by the appearance of Calvin at the Lord's table, all shattered by disease as he was, produced an extraordinary effect on the brethren, and it was with difficulty that the administrator of the symbols of the dying love of the Crucified One, placed the bread and wine in

the trembling hands of his beloved coadjutor and friend. Calvin was gazed on by all present with unmixt affection, for they all considered him to be the father of the church of Geneva.

Subsequently he had an interview in his own dwelling with the twenty-five lords of the city, who visited him, associated with all the ceremony of civic pomp, and to these men in authority he spoke burning words of truth and love.

The day following that on which he had a farewell interview with the city lords, he expressed a desire to see his brethren, the pastors, and they too visited him in a body to say to him, "Brother, farewell." The sweet kind words he uttered in their hearing they did not forget. That dying charge was the most impressive one he ever delivered; and when he gave his attenuated hand to each, reminding them as he did so, that the fever of his life would soon terminate, the room became a Bochim, a place of tears.

Whilst they were present he reminded them in tremulous tones of the days of his expatriation, and of his return again to the bosom of his church. He spoke also of the struggles of every kind which he had had to sustain, and of the manner in which the great Head of the church had condescended to own his labours of love. He then candidly confessed that "disease had often made him appear morose, hard to please, and even irascible; and that he asked pardon of God in the first place, and of his brethren also."

A short time previous to the above-mentioned touching interview with the ministers, he made his will, in which he blesses the triune Jehovah for calling him out of darkness into marvellous light, and then disposes of his little property, which amounted in all to about *two hundred and twenty-five crowns* which he adds "is all the property God has given to me." Ten crowns he left to the college, and ten to the fund established for the relief of poor strangers at Geneva. Let those ministers of religion who roll in wealth, ponder the lesson taught by Calvin's will.

FAREL'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH CALVIN.

Shortly before the fetters which bound him to mortality were broken, Farel, then nearly eighty years of age, came all the way from Neuchâtel to take leave of his beloved friend; and though Calvin when he received from Farel a letter expressing his intention to see him again, begged the old man not to subject himself to the fatigue of the journey; the faithful old friend, however, managed to perform it, and indescribably

affecting was the last interview they had with each other.

Throughout the remainder of his days, he was "instant in prayer." Again and again he was heard to say, "O Lord, I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it. I did mourn as a dove."

Eight days before the everlasting gates of the city of many mansions expanded to receive his purified spirit, he begged that his brethren would eat with him for the last time in his own habitation. They consented to do so, and he was carried from his bed to an adjoining room, where the valedictory meal was to be eaten. "I am come," said the good man, "to see you, my brethren, for the last time, never more to sit with you at table." With some difficulty he offered a short prayer, after which he requested to be taken back to his dying couch, meekly saying as they carried him there, "A partition between us need not prevent my union of spirit with you."

CALVIN'S LAST DAY.

When the morning of the last day he was permitted to see on earth opened its eyelids, he appeared stronger, and articulated more plainly, but that was the mere leaping up of the flame of life's lamp, ere it went out for ever. When the shadows of the evening began to gather, the cold hand of the last enemy gripped him suddenly, and he quietly glided from earth to enjoy the purity and the rest of heaven. Just as the central orb dipped on the evening of that day beneath the western horizon, the great soul of the greatest light that shone in connection with the Reformation, rose up to be enfolded for ever in the embrace of Him who bled to redeem it.

When the news of his demise was made known to the citizens, great sorrow was exhibited by all classes. Multitudes came to his late residence to gaze upon his body sleeping in death. Devout men carried him to his last resting place, and many tears of affection were shed over his grave.

No monument has been placed over the spot where his body was laid, but angels have doubtless hovered over it, and when the Redeemer shall return "triumphant in the skies," to claim our down-trodden earth for his own inheritance, then amongst those who shall rise first, shall be seen the glorified body of the great reformer, who long as eternal ages roll, will enjoy the smile, and bask in the gorgeous light of that kingdom which will never have an end.

Having thus hastily followed along the pathway of life this great and truly good man, having beheld him with our mental eye stretched on the bed of death, having heard with our mental ear the "sob of his

parting breath," having marked the last ray of his expressive eye, having watched him till "life sweetly ceased to be—lapsed into immortality," all we have to add to what we have written is a few brief sentences respecting his peculiar mental characteristics, and a word respecting his personal appearance.

BEZA'S DESCRIPTION OF CALVIN.

The celebrated Beza, who knew him well, informs us that "his stature was of the middle size, that his complexion was dark and pallid, and his eyes peculiarly brilliant." Gravity, sharpness, and firmness are all indicated by the portraits of him which we have seen. He dressed himself plainly but neatly, and he was abstemious in eating and drinking.

His intellect was massive, but having only a small development of ideality, there are no particular indications of the imaginative, the beautiful, and the sublime, in his literary productions. His reasoning faculties were largely developed, and his logical acumen was remarkably great. He was fond of the abstract, the subtle, the abstruse, and he aided to a vast extent the glorious work of the Reformation by his pen as well as his tongue.

We are told by several of his biographers that his memory was remarkably strong, and that persons he had seen but once he could recognise years afterwards. Looking at him from whatever stand point we please, we cannot but discover much to admire, and comparatively little, taking into consideration the period in which he lived and his peculiar surroundings, to condemn.

The worst feature in his character was his irascibility, and doubtless his ill health and his close attention to his studies, tended greatly to increase the natural quickness of his temper.

His language is often marked by bitterness, and epithets are often found in his writings which we wish he had never penned, and which we are thankful to say would not be tolerated in the present day.

On these and other salient points in his conduct we might write a volume, but the figure on the top of the page of our manuscript reminds us that we have already exceeded the number of pages we promised to write. Abruptly and reluctantly therefore do we commence the last paragraph of the brief notice we have written.

CONCLUSION.

Though there were many things uttered and written by Calvin of which we do not cordially approve, still, despite of all that, we look upon him as one of the greatest, if

not the greatest, man of the day in which he lived. To him we owe a debt of deepest gratitude, and in conclusion we would just say that it would be well if God would raise up in our day a host of men as thoroughly attached to truth, and as able as he was to proclaim it; for it is by the promulgation of the truths he taught that the long expected day will be ushered in, when "the wilderness and the solitary places will be made glad," and when every sin-scathed desert will blossom like the rose; and when angels and men will unite together in raising that glorious jubilant anthem, the burden of which will be, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Amen.

And now our promised task is nearly completed. We are quite aware that we have not done anything like justice to the man whose illustrious career we have hastily attempted to sketch. Our readers, however, must bear in mind that we had only a few hours to devote to the work we have performed, and that time we could ill spare, so many other things just now claiming our attention. We have, however, done what we could, and if the small effort we have made to celebrate the tercentenary of the death of the great reformer, John Calvin, should be the means of awakening in our readers' hearts grateful emotions to God for raising up such an instrument for the accomplishment of that glorious work, the Reformation, and the deliverance of millions from the prostrating, withering influences of Romanism, we shall not have written this hasty sketch altogether in vain.

And now, commending all our Heaven-quickened readers to the care of that great and glorious God, whose "love is older than the everlasting hills," we, for the present, bid them all farewell; and would just say to each and all of them, in conclusion, be faithful, be vigilant—battle with your inward and outward enemies vigorously and relyingly, and ere long victory, eternal victory, will be yours.

Blacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Strait for the bescon steer,
Strait to the highland.
Crowd all your canvases on,
Cut through the foam,
Christian, cast anchor there,
Heaven is your home.

CALVINISM LOVED BY THE HEART.

It is well known by the readers of Burns' correspondence, that he had a bitter antipathy to the Calvinistic clergy of Scotland, though his active mind paid an instinctive reverence to the great truths of the Calvinistic system. Hugh Miller, in his "Recollections of Robert Burns," recently published, gives an imaginary conversation of the poet, in which this inward conflict of his nature is well brought out. His landlady, Mrs. Lindsay, was a Calvinist by Christian experience.

"I have been engaged in argument, for the last twenty minutes, with our parish school-master," said Robert Burns. "A shrewd, sensible man, and a prime scholar but one of the most determined Calvinists I ever knew. Now, there is something, Mrs. Lindsay, in abstract Calvinism that dissatisfies and distresses me; and yet, I must confess, there is so much of good in the working of the system, that I would ill like to see it supplanted by any other. I am convinced, for instance, there is nothing so efficient in teaching the bulk of the people to think, as a Calvinistic church."

"You are acquainted," he added, "with the scriptural doctrine of predestination, and in thinking over it, in connection with the destitutes of man, it must have struck you that, however much it may interfere with our fixed notions of the goodness of Deity, it is thoroughly in accordance with the actual condition of our race. As far as we can know of ourselves and the things around us, there seems, through the will of the Deity—for to what else can we refer it?—a fixed, invariable connection between what we term cause and effect. Nor do we demand of any class of mere effects, in the inanimate or irrational world, that they should regulate themselves otherwise than the causes which produce them have determined. The roe and the tiger pursue, unquestioned, the instincts of their several natures; the cork rises, and the stone sinks; and no one thinks of calling either to account for movements so opposite. But it is not so with the family of man; and yet our minds, our bodies, our circumstances, are but combinations of effects, over the causes of which we have no control. We did not choose a country for ourselves, nor yet a condition in life—nor did we determine our modicum of intellect, or our amount of passion—we did not impart its gravity to the weightier part of our nature, or give expansion to the higher—nor are our instincts of our own planting. How, then, being thus as much the creatures of necessity as the denizens of the wild and forest—as thoroughly under the agency of fix-

ed, unalterable causes, as the dead matter around us—why are we yet the subjects of a retributive system, and accountable for all our actions?"

"You quarrel with Calvinism," I said, "and seem one of the most thorough going necessitarians I ever knew."

"Not so," he replied; "though my judgment cannot disprove these conclusions, my heart cannot acquiesce in them—though I see that I am as certainly the subject of laws that exist and operate independent of my will as the dead matter around me, I feel, with a certainty quite as great, that I am a free, accountable creature. It is according to the constitution of my whole nature, that I should feel myself free. And in this consists the great, the fearful problem—a problem which both reason and revelation propound; but the truths which can alone solve it, seem to lie beyond the horizon of darkness, and we vex ourselves in vain. 'Tis a sort of moral asymptotes; but its lines, instead of approaching through all space without meeting, seem receding through all space, and yet meet."

"Robert, my bairn," said my aunt; "I fear you are wasting your strength on these mysteries to your ain hurt. Did ye no see, in the last storm, when ye staid out among the caves till cock-crow, that the bigger and stronger the wave, the mair was it broken against the rocks?—it's just thus wi' the pride o' man's understanding, when he measures it against the dark things o' God. An' yet it's sae ordered that the same wonderful truths which perplex and cast down the proud reason, should delight and comfort the humble heart. I am a lone, puir woman, Robert. Bairns an' husband have gone down to the grave one by one; an' now, for twenty weary years, I have been childless an' a widow. But trow ye that the puir lone woman wanted a guard, an' a comforter, an' a provider, through a' the land the murk nights, and a' the cauld winters of these twenty years? No, my bairn, I kent that Himsel' was wi' me. I kent it by the provision he made, an' the care He took, an' the joy He gave. An' how, think you, did He comfort me maist? Just by the blessed assurance that a' my trials, an' a' my sorrows were na hasty chance matters, but dispensations for my guid, an' the guid o' those He took to Himsel', that in the perfect wisdom o' His nature, He had ordain'd the beginning."

"Ah, mother," said my friend, after a pause, "you understand the doctrine far better than I do! There are, I find, no contradictions in the Calvinism of the heart."

Self-Dedication.

BY JOHN BROWN, A. M., CONLIG, NEWTOWNARDS, IRELAND.

I BESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. Rom. xii. 1, 2.

The apostle having finished the doctrinal part of this epistle, now proceeds to make a practical application of it. Having laid the foundation deep in God's everlasting love, he now proceeds to erect a superstructure of holiness on that foundation. The dedication of the believer to God, in the entire man—soul, body, and spirit—is the grand moral result of his whole doctrine; and the motives by which this dedication is urged, are “the mercies of God,” in the election, redemption, calling, justification, adoption, sanctification, final perseverance, and everlasting happiness of the redeemed. “I beseech you therefore, brethren,” says he, “by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.” Let us consider these exhortations in their order.

I. HE BESEECHES US TO PRESENT OUR BODIES A LIVING SACRIFICE TO GOD. The bodies, as well as the minds, of the unregenerate, are represented in Scripture as being actively employed in the service of sin. Sin reigns in their mortal body, and they yield its members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin. Its various members are described by the apostle as each performing its part in this vile service. “Their *throat* is an open sepulchre; with their *tongues* they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their *lips*; whose *mouth* is full of cursing and bitterness: their *feet* are swift to shed blood.” But when a sinner believes the gospel of the grace of God, he is taught by the Word, and disposed by the Spirit, to mortify the deeds of the body, that he may live. The body which had hitherto been devoted to the service of sin, is now devoted to the service of God. Its members, which had been formerly yielded as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, are now yielded as instruments of righteousness unto holiness. And this is what the apostle means, when he exhorts us to present our bodies a living sacrifice to God. His allusion is to the eucharistical

sacrifice under the former dispensation. It was a gift devoted to God, as an expression of gratitude. Believers are not required to offer propitiatory sacrifice, for the atoning death of Jesus has rendered that not only unnecessary but improper. But they are required to present their living bodies, and not slain animals, as a thank-offering—an expression of gratitude for a full and free salvation, through the blood and righteousness of Christ. As the Jewish sacrifice was entirely devoted to God, so the bodies of believers, in all their faculties, ought to be devoted to Him; and as it required to be free from all natural blemishes, so they should be pure from all moral defilement, “holy and acceptable unto God.” This is a “reasonable service.” The sacrificial worship under the law, though an important typical appointment of God, was not a dictate of nature, or agreeable to reason. But to serve God with our bodies is as reasonable as to serve Him with our minds. The believer is under the most sacred obligations to serve God with his body. First, because the body was made for the Lord, and the Lord for the body. It was created to be employed in the Lord's service, and is His property by creation. Secondly, because the bodies of believers are members of the mystical body of Christ and this lofty connection between Christ and them requires that they should possess their bodies in sanctification and in honour. Thirdly, because the body of the believer is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and a holy residence ought to be kept for an inhabitant so holy. Fourthly, because believers are not their own, but bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ, and therefore they are under the most sacred obligations to glorify God with their bodies and spirits which are His.

II. HE BESEECHES US NOT TO BE CONFORMED TO THIS WORLD. By *this world*, he means worldly men and worldly courses. We read of the men of the world, who have their portion in this life, and Paul reminds the Ephesians, that when they were in their natural state, they “walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that

now worketh in the children of disobedience." This is the course according to which we all walk by nature, and from which we are delivered by the gospel. We are expressly informed that the Lord Jesus "gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world." To be "of the world" is a characteristic of the wicked and to be "not of the world" is a characteristic of the righteous. "Ye are of this world," says Christ to the Jews, "I am not of this world." And again He declares that His disciples are not of the world, even as *He* is not of the world: John viii. 23, xvii. 16. The apostle, therefore, exhorts us to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, as strangers and pilgrims in *this world* of sin and sorrow, but as having our citizenship in *that world* where sin and sorrow are unknown. The precept requires that we should keep ourselves unspotted from *worldly pollutions*. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this,—that a man "keep himself unspotted from the world." We are commanded to "hate even the garment spotted by the flesh." The precept requires us also to withdraw our affections from *worldly things*. John not only inculcates this as a duty, but he gives it as a criterion by which we may judge of our state in the sight of God. "Love not the world," says he, "neither the things that are in the world. *If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*" The precept too condemns inordinate *worldly cares*, which "choke the word, and render it unfruitful." "Be not over-anxious," says Jesus to His disciples, "saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles," *i. e.*, the people of the world, "seek" as their portion.) "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The apostle also forbids *caral policy* or *worldly maxims*. "Let no man deceive himself," says Paul to the Corinthians. "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." In one word we must have no friendship with the world. "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God." Nor is it sufficient that we do not take part with worldly men in their wicked practices, we must lift up a testimony against their evil ways. And in doing this, we shall not only have to forego their friendship, but incur their displeasure. "The world *hateth me,*" says the Redeemer, "because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil."

And again, "Because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, *therefore* the world *hateth you.*" Thus as "the friendship of the world is enmity with God," so the friendship of God is enmity with the world. The apostolic injunction, therefore, involves much self-denial. We do well, therefore, to count the cost and follow Christ: at all hazards; for it is only on these terms that He will acknowledge us as His disciples.

III. He beseeches us to BE TRANSFORMED BY THE RENEWING OF OUR MIND. Having instructed us how to walk, as it respects our exterior deportment, he next shews that that deportment must take its form and complexion from a renewed heart. This renewal has its commencement in regeneration. For "if any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature." But as the Christian always carries about with him a portion of corruption, called an old man, the exhortation of the text is adapted to every stage of Christian experience. Hence we find David praying for a new heart and a right spirit, long after his heart had been renewed. Psal. li. 10. Hence also the Roman Christians, who are designated *saints*, chap. i, 7, are exhorted in the text to be transformed by the renewing of their mind. The Ephesians also, who are acknowledged to be *saints and faithful brethren in Christ Jesus*, are admonished in similar terms;—"That ye put off concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Eph. iv, 22—24.

This transformation of mind and character is both the duty and privilege of the people of God. It is their privilege inasmuch as it is produced by the agency of the Holy Spirit, (Ezek. xxxvi. 26); and their duty, inasmuch as it is accomplished by their own instrumentality (Ezek. xviii. 31). They work out their own salvation with fear and trembling, while they believe it is God that worketh in them both to will and to do. It is represented in the light of *duty* in the text, and is consequently enjoined upon us. "*Be ye transformed, &c.*" And this transformation is accomplished by means of looking to Jesus. Beholding in His unveiled face, the glory of Jehovah, the believer is changed into the same image. The original word, which is translated *transformed* in the text, and *changed* in 2 Cor. iii. 18, is employed in heathen mythology to signify the changing of animals into trees, or of men into other animals. Its application here, therefore, teaches us that the subject of regeneration differs as much from his former self, as the lamb differs

from the lion, or the dove from the tiger. There is naturally a resemblance between him and the devil; now there is a resemblance between him and Christ. He is transformed *out of* the image of the devil *into* the image of Christ. Thus we see there is a beautiful and inseparable connexion between faith and holiness. "The more frequently the believer beholds the Redeemer," says the late venerable Abraham Booth, "the more fully he knows His perfections of which His holiness is the ornament. The more he knows of them, the more ardently he loves them; for love aspires after a likeness to the beloved. The more he loves the transcendently amiable Jesus, the more frequently, attentively, and delightfully will he behold Him. And thus he obtains by every fresh view a new feature of his Lord's most glorious image. Hence it appears that our advances in true holiness

will always keep pace with our views of the glory of Christ; or, in other words, that a life of holiness to the honour of Christ, as our King and our God, will always bear an exact proportion to a life of faith upon Him, as our Surety and Saviour."

The text teaches us, moreover, that this renewal of the mind is necessary to our knowing what the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God is. Carnal men cannot understand spiritual things, just as blind men cannot distinguish between colours or deaf men between sounds. "The natural man cannot receive the things of the Spirit of God; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." But "If any man will do His will," says our Saviour, "he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

MY WAY FROM THE PLOUGH-TAIL TO THE PULPIT.

By A LONDON BAPTIST PASTOR.

No. 1.

MAN has been designated "*a religious animal*," nearly, if not all, tribes of savages discovered by travellers have had some object of worship. But man's natural religiousness is no disproof of his depravity and alienation from God, but rather a confirmation of it, for nowhere does that alienation more manifest itself than in the *religious inventions* of the carnal mind. The devil cares not how religious a man may be so long as he can keep him ignorant of the plague of his own heart and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. It has ever been his policy to set up false gods, or counterfeit the worship of the true. Thus it is he "*blinds the minds of them which believe not, lest the glorious gospel of Christ should shine unto them.*" Such are doubly blind, "twice dead," "plucked up by the roots," their sight is not only put out by sin, but their very eye-balls are daubed over with the mud of a counterfeit gospel. Such characters have ever been amongst the bitterest enemies of the Lord's people. Such was Cain who slew his brother: such the Scribes and Pharisees who with wicked hands slew the Lord of life. The same class of persons knocked out the brains of Stephen, but in him they aimed at the life of the gospel he preached. Since then holy men have rotted in prison, burnt at the stake, taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods, suffered banishment to foreign lands, and many other cruelties committed against them in the sacred name of religion. So blind were the

persecutors that they thought they were doing the Lord service. Thank God, an open Bible, a free press, pulpit, and platform, have, by His blessing, secured to us in this country liberty of conscience. But do not let us suppose that the enemy is dead, asleep, or any more friendly to Christ—his truth or people. We mistake, too, if we think that education—"the march of intellect"—or any mere human agency, has produced a radical change in our nature, and thereby made men *really* more friendly to "*the truth as it is in Jesus.*" That people appear more christianised, we frankly admit. Churches, chapels, societies, ministers, missionaries, and other agencies have been multiplied, and many are the men who are working with a zeal to be admired and commended. But—ah! *that ugly "but"*—yet we must ask, "But are all things in the *Christian world* going on in harmony with the *scriptures of truth*?" How accords the theology of the day generally with that of the Apostles of Christ? Is everything pleasing and flattering to the flesh excluded, and the soul-humbling, and Christ-glorifying doctrines of sovereign grace made prominent? Are men who hold and preach these doctrines, encouraged and helped in making their sentiments known? No; they are frowned upon, called ugly names, which names are set up as scarecrows to frighten people from going to hear them, and one of their dreadful crimes is the fact that "*they have not been to*

college," they are not *gentlemen* in the *aristocratic sense of the word*, and are not only guilty of a "*lapsus lingue*" occasionally, but positively do not understand the rules of grammar at all.

Now God forbid that we should cry down education, or even apologise for some who utterly neglect the improvement of their minds; every man who feels that he is called to the Christian ministry should feel that he is also called to obtain such an acquaintance with his mother tongue as will enable him to convey his ideas clearly and intelligibly to others: we cannot give what we do not possess. Learning is good so long as it is not put in the place of the Holy Ghost, and *He*, to shew his independence of human agencies, and to glorify sovereign grace, has ever been wont to make ministers of just such men as carnal wisdom would despise, and in not a few instances persons have been called from the most humble ranks of society and menial occupations to occupy positions of honor and usefulness in the church which could not be reached by the best scholars.

And after all, it is not *what* the man is, or the *position he occupies*, by which we must either measure him or the grace of God in him; a right estimate can only be formed by considering *where he started*, the difficulties he had to contend with, and the amount of help afforded him in the struggle with them. The writer of these papers does not stand high either with regard to ministerial position or abilities, but he began very low, and to obtain the sphere of usefulness he now occupies, had to contend with ignorance, excessive manual labour, want of books, and of the knowledge which to purchase when able to get one, or how to use it when possessed, and above all with sin—*indwelling sin*. He cannot, therefore, consider all the way in which the Lord has led him these many years in the wilderness without standing amazed at His grace, and it struck him that some account of the matter might be both pleasing and profitable to the readers of *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, for whose special use these papers are

written and commended to the blessing of the Eternal Spirit.

THE FIRST STEP.

How momentous, oft-times, has been "*the first step*;" it is like the launching of a ship: if the voyage be prosperous, well; but winds, waves, rocks, pirates, and many a "false light," may give rise to the thought, "O that I had never left the shore!" Especially if "*neither sun nor stars appear for many days*." Should this meet the eye of any enterprising young man we would say with all earnestness and affection, "Be careful how you take the first step."

However, my first step "from the plough tail to the pulpit" was one that all must take who get to Heaven, and yet it is one that none ever take of themselves. It was a step out of death into life—out of darkness into light; in other words, *Regeneration*—a new creation, and therefore the sovereign act of God in fulfilment of his eternal purpose, by the exercise of His creative power.

The Christian minister must be a Christian man. Some may preach the gospel from hearsay, but Christ sends none to preach it who have not been *themselves* saved by it, and the first part of experimental salvation is the discovery that we are lost. This discovery was made to me more than twenty years ago in a somewhat singular way. It was not when reading a book, or hearing a sermon, or even when thinking on religious matters at all; but late at night, when quite alone, the thought was shot into the mind by the arm of the Eternal Spirit, "Were I to die I should go to hell." The arrow struck—the wound was deep—sin appeared in its damnable character—the claims of law and justice thundered—the poor soul trembling owned every claim just, and being ignorant of Christ and his truth, there seemed no way of escape but by *works*, and these were set about in real earnest; but how the matter ended, if the reader cannot guess, he will kindly wait the issue of the July number of *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, having been detained too long already in this introductory chapter by his humble servant
GIDEON.

THE UNKNOWN PATH.

By LIZZIE STEMBRIDGE.

It was New Year's Eve. We were preparing to enjoy ourselves, according to the established custom on such occasions, when our dear Arthur—the pride of our home—was taken suddenly ill. Symptoms of fever manifested themselves and the doctor was sent for. He came immediately. He

was a kind sympathizing old gentleman, and very fond of Arthur, and needed not that we should urge him to do his utmost to save our dear one's life. We watched over our darling with unceasing care, but still he wasted away, and soon it became painfully evident that the seal of death was

on his brow; still we could not realize the mournful fact that ere long the darling son and brother would leave us to wander on *alone*, with the light of our eyes taken away; and all of us but my poor invalid brother hoped even against hope that he would be soon restored to his wonted health.

The doctor said nothing to alarm us, but we could perceive that he had but very little hope of the sufferer's recovery. One evening towards the end of January, Arthur called me to him:—

"Katie, dear," he said, "I want you to sit with me a little. I shall not be with you long, dear."

"Oh Arthur, dear, dear Arthur, do not speak so!" I cried. "You *will*, you *must* get better soon; I *cannot* let you go."

But even as I spoke the mournful echo of his words sank into my heart, and a voice seemed, to my nervous fancy, to say, "It is even so." My best and dearest one—my darling brother was going—whither? The sound of his voice roused me from my reverie.

"Katie, I am going to Heaven—to my Saviour. All my life long I have been walking blindly—trusting in *my own* merits for salvation. But since I have been ill I have read the Bible more attentively, and it has shown me that there is salvation in none other save in Jesus only. He has drawn me to Himself; He has washed my sins away in His own blood. He is *so good*. Oh Katie, I wish you knew Him, and loved Him too."

Then exhausted by the effort of talking, he fell asleep.

When the doctor came the next day, his troubled anxious look even more than his words told the tale we so dreaded to hear. Our beloved Arthur must die. The cold grave must be *his* portion. And ours? Life would be bereft of bliss, deprived of him; for we then thought not of a happy re-union with our loved one in Heaven. A few hours more, and we all stood around his bedside to hear the dying words of him we loved so well. He was weak and faint. The cold waters of the river were surrounding him, and we were powerless to help. But there was *One* with him who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," and His everlasting arms were underneath my brother. It was with difficulty that he could speak, but after a few moments we heard him faintly whisper:—

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for *Thou* art with me."

One sigh and the immortal spirit was before its Maker's throne.

We laid him to rest in the little country church-yard, and a weeping willow now droops its branches over the cold sod

which covers all that is left of him whose presence once filled our hearts with joy. It was the first breach in our family circle, and as we heard the clouds fall with a dull heavy sound upon the coffin, we felt as if all that was bright and beautiful was taken away, and nought remained but a cold and dreary waste, and our hearts rose in rebellion against Him who dealt the stroke.

Three years rolled on. My father's hair was silvered now. My mother's eye was less bright than in former times, and her step was slower and more feeble than when she stood by the side of her dying boy. And of late I had seen an expression of quiet peace upon her countenance usually so wan and pale. Time had indeed wrought changes in our once happy household.

One morning as we were seated at breakfast, my father said, "Katie, my child, you have not had any holiday for a long while, and both your mother and myself think that a change of air would do you good. Would you not like to spend a few weeks at your Aunt Selwin's?"

"I should like it very much, papa," I replied. And so it was settled; and a week afterwards I was on my way to Arley-dale, as my aunt's residence was called. My uncle and aunt were very glad to see me, and my cousins, Marion and Emma, were kindness itself, and for the first few days I was very happy, or rather I enjoyed a great deal of so-called pleasure. True, lasting happiness was far as ever from my grasp—there was still an "aching void" within my breast, and there were times when life appeared a blank—myself without one hope or aim, and when it seemed to me it would have been bliss to lie down and die, but for the thought of meeting an offended Judge. I thought not of Jesus the Saviour as having suffered for the sins of the people; but of the *King* whose laws I had broken, whose commands I had defied—and it made me tremble. And when I thought of my lost brother, the companion of my girlish years, and of his calm trustfulness, I wondered at the strange composure with which he met the last enemy. But a time was coming when the bright rays of the Sun of righteousness would break upon my benighted mind and disperse the gloom and darkness which enveloped me like a sable pall. I had been a visitor at Arley-dale nearly a fortnight, when one morning I received a letter from home. It said that my mother had had an attack of fever, that Dr. Welsford hoped that with care and good nursing she might recover, but they thought it would be advisable for me to return as soon as possible. When I had finished reading my letter, I sought my aunt, and told her that I must leave immediately. It was too late for me to do so on that day, but early on the

following morning I was being rapidly whirled along towards my home. It was nearly dark when the train stopped at the nearest station to our village, which was seventeen or eighteen miles distant; too late for me to think of travelling so far that night, and even had I wished to do so, I knew not where to procure a conveyance, for the last bus had left more than an hour before: so I was obliged to make the best of it and wait until the following morning to pursue my journey. Just before I retired for the night, I took up my letter to peruse it once more, and as my eye fell upon the postmark I saw what I had not before noticed, that, owing I suppose to my father's agitation, the address was written rather illegibly, and had in consequence been mis-sent, so that it reached me a day later than it ought to have done. I felt very nervous, and anxious to see my mother, and I lay awake for hours listening to the wailing of the wind and the sound of the mighty waters of the deep as the waves beat upon the rocky shore. And as I listened in the still midnight, I thought how inexpressibly dreary even my short life had been. How was it? Why was I never happy? Peace! What was it? To me it seemed a phantom rather than a reality. Then the thought arose, that if my brother had but lived—he whom we all loved so fondly—it might have been different; but it was not to be. And now was my mother also to be taken away? As I listened once more to the mournful song of the winds and waves, their voices seemed to rebuke my rebellious thoughts, and to call me to the Saviour's arms, but my heart was hard, and I turned from the kind inviting voice, determined to pursue my own way and to work out my own devices. I lay thus for some hours, but at length wearied by contending emotions, I slept.

When I awoke, the sun was shining brightly, and I sprang up, fearful lest I might have slept past the hour when the bus left, but happily I had not done so, and after a hasty breakfast I was once more "homeward bound." The horses were fleet, and it was not long before the remaining eighteen miles of my journey were accomplished, and I was standing at the gate of my own dear home. My father met me at the door, and in answer to my inquiries, said, "Your mother is not any better, my child, perhaps now you are come home she will rally, but she seems very ill at present." And he spoke with an air of such utter dejection, that I was quite alarmed, and begged him to go and tell my mother I was come, whilst I took off my bonnet and cloak, and then I would go to her at once. When I entered my mother's room I was startled by the change a few short weeks had wrought.

Her face was thin and colourless, her eyes sunken and heavy, and her whole form emaciated by disease. She said she was glad I had come home, she had wanted to see me very much. And then she added in a faint voice, so unlike my mother's former musical tones:—

"And if I should die, Katie, I shall have the satisfaction of having my only child near me in my last hours."

"Oh, mother dear, you must not speak of dying; you will soon be well and strong again; you must not think of such gloomy things."

"It is not a gloomy subject, Katie; I used to think so till Jesus revealed himself to me as the Saviour from sin and its consequences—the conqueror of death; but now it is delightful to me to anticipate the time when I shall enter into the joy of my Lord."

Here then was the secret of that mysterious peace which seemed to flow from no earthly source, to be disturbed by no earthly circumstances. How I longed to share in that blissful hope, but I was too proud to acknowledge that I was unhappy, that worldly pleasures had lost their charms, and I resolved to try for a little longer the broad and downward road, in the delusive hope that I might yet find happiness in other paths and pursuits than those I had tried.

For a few days after my return home, my mother rallied a little, and we fondly believed she would soon be as well as ever. Vain hope! the symptoms of returning health soon fled—the last faint beam of light disappeared from the horizon, and left our home in darkness.

One evening, after the usual visit of Dr. Welsford, he requested to speak to me alone. Mechanically I led the way to the drawing room and waited to hear what he had to say. He was silent for a few moments, as though he had a trying duty to perform and needed all his strength of mind to enable him to do so. At length he said:—

"My dear Miss Elwood, are you aware that your mother's illness is more dangerous than was at first imagined?"

"She is very ill, I know, but oh, Doctor Welsford, she will get well again, will she not?"

Then as I thought on the possibility of her death, the tears would not be repressed, and I burst into a fit of uncontrollable crying. The good doctor did all he could to comfort me, and when I was calmer, he said very kindly:—

"I wish it had been in my power to ward off this blow. I have done everything that is possible, but all is useless. Human aid is vain. Trust in God, my dear young lady, He will not fail you in this hour of trial."

I cannot tell half the wild thoughts which

crowded themselves into my brain on that night when first I learned the bitter truth. In what was I worse than others that I should be always so unutterably wretched? That those I loved the best should be snatched from me by a single touch of the relentless icy hand of the stern destroyer? All night I lay tossing sleeplessly upon my pillow, thinking of the time so near at hand when I should be motherless, and my father left to mourn the loss of the wife of his youth, whom he had loved so tenderly, and for whose life he would have given his own, could the sacrifice have been of any avail. I was very, very miserable, the language of my heart was, "Woe is me, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death!" But I could not answer "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I rose early the next morning and casually opened my Bible, if perchance I might there find something to console me. As I turned its pages, my eye fell upon these words, "Come unto me *all ye that are weary and heavy laden*, and I will give you rest." It seemed as if the words were written expressly for me. Was I not weary, heart-sick of the road I had hitherto been walking in? And was I not also heavy laden? The burden upon my heart was very weighty,

and I could not go and lay it at the feet of Jesus, for I had no living faith in Him as *my Saviour, my Redeemer*. Rest was what I wanted, for what I was craving, and here was the promise that if I would but go to Jesus I should have it given me. In that hour all my pride and my unholy resolves melted away, and I determined to throw myself into the arms of Jesus, assured from his own word that he would receive me, and when my earthly toils were ended, take me to his everlasting rest. But little remains for me to add; my mother died, but before she left us she was rejoicing in the thought of one day welcoming her beloved husband and her only remaining child to the realms of bliss to which she was fast hastening.

And now my father and myself are left alone. The many joyous hours we once spent are gone, but instead we have that peace which passeth knowledge; and as we tread the path of life it is not drear or desolate, though some would call it so, for we have the light of our heavenly Father's love shining upon us; and when our work for Him on earth is done, He will come and carry us to His own bright home. Truly did He lead us by a way which we knew not, but it was to the "city of habitation."

The Surrey Tabernacle Expositor.

EXPOSITION OF 1. JOHN II. 1, 2.

BY MR. JAMES WELLS, MINISTER OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD.

"My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

It is a self-evident truth that in all ages mere professors of religion have been holier in their own eyes than were or are the truths of the Gospel. Their language always has been, and it is so to the present day, to every free grace, positive truth of the new covenant, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou." The Lord saith of such, "They are a smoke in my nose; a fire that burneth all the day." Hence in ancient times they forsook God's covenant, considering it dangerous, and not holy enough; they throw down God's altars, put an end to the simplicity of his order of things, and set up as many altars as there were weeks or days in the year; they slew the Lord's prophets, and would have prophets of their own making. And just so it is now. How many professors there are that say, election ought

to be preached moderately, for it is dangerous to preach it much; that the perfection that is in Christ ought to be preached now and then only, for it is dangerous to preach it very much, and that the certainty of the work of the Holy Spirit ought to be preached now and then, but not very much, because of the danger of it, for, say they, these doctrines, if preached too prominently, will lead to sin.

Now then, it does appear here that among the persons to whom John was writing—for some of them had already gone out from the truth; "They went out from us because they were not of us;"—it does appear that there were some trying to persuade the people of God that the doctrines of grace led to sin, that the doctrines of grace tolerated and sanctioned sin; and that it matters not in what profligate way you live, so that you hold these doctrines. This is evidently what some of them were trying to persuade the people of God.

And therefore the Apostle says, "And not

(as we be slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say,) Let us do evil that good may come;" a thing that no child of God under heaven ever did, or ever will do, or ever can do. The real Christian knows that holy ends must be obtained by holy means, and that righteous ends must be obtained by righteous means, and that godly ends must be obtained by godly means. Therefore, saith John, not so much from any fear of the people of God going wrong as to repel this general accusation against them, "My little children," listen not unto them that charge these doctrines with leading to sin, listen not unto them that are holier in their own eyes than the truths of the gospel. I do not write unto you to make you careless; I do not write unto you to drive you on to ungodliness; I write unto you just the reverse, "that ye sin not." Thus he would not only exhort the people of God kindly, but he repudiates the general charge brought against the truth. And if ever the truth of God was badly off it is in the day in which we live. There are conversions now by scores, moral, mental conversions; men who, if they go on straightforward in the world, honest and upright men, revere the Sabbath, revere the Bible, and fear their Maker, as moral and responsible agents, and make no profession of religion, they might be honourable men. But what do these new converts do? They take that upon them which Saul of Tarsus took upon himself, that is as far as they can. If a minister of truth be coming into a country town, these are all at work just before his coming to prejudice everybody against him. Don't go to hear him; he is an awfully dangerous man; he preaches most awfully dangerous doctrines. Duty faith men are one in just the same kind of union that there was between Samson's foxes; only with this difference, Samson's foxes were not so bad as they are, for Samson's foxes burnt down the corn of the Philistines, but these try to burn down the corn of the Israelites. Therefore do these professors appear to me to be twofold more the children of hell than when they made no profession at all. Thus, then John in this exhortation to sin not evidently alludes to that cast of professor who is holier in his own eyes than is the truth. Why was the Saviour crucified? Oh, he's such a wine bibber, he's such a gluttonous man, he's such a friend of publicans and harlots, that for the moral interests of society we must crucify him. And why were the Apostles treated as they were? Why, for the moral interests of society, of course; of course it was. And this has been the pretension, and is the pretension now. Oh what a solemn scripture is that, that "Satan is transformed as an angel of light!" But those of you that know your

own hearts, and that know the truth, will not be moved by these devices of Satan, for "wisdom is justified of all her children." And the people of God will never blame one of their faults upon the truths they profess, they will blame their faults upon themselves, they will confess them before the Lord. And this scripture I have just read shews how the Lord will deal with those that love his truth, that do not forsake his covenant. Abide by his covenant, and then you have a remedy for your faults; abide by his altar, that is, by the sacrifice and intercession of Christ, then you have a remedy for your woes, abide by his prophets, and then you have a word suited to you as the matter shall require. Now see the fourfold remedy. First, here is the person of Jesus Christ. "We have," we who abide by the covenant, we who abide by the true altar of God, we who abide by the prophets of God, the ministers of the Gospel,—"we have an advocate, Christ Jesus." Second, we have him in his intercession, he is an advocate with the Father. Third, we have him in his righteousness, he is Jesus Christ the righteous. Fourth, we have him in his propitiation. So then give me the person of Christ, my sins are gone, give me the intercession of Christ, though my mouth be stopped, and I whisper out of the dust, and feel unable to pray, my Heavenly Aaron can speak well and will bring me off more than conqueror. Give me the righteousness of Christ, and I am free from condemnation, give me the propitiation and the atonement he hath made, and I am eternally free, in spite of all the adversary can say or do.

"He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." This is a form of speech standing in contrast to mere nationality. We see in the case of Peter going down to Cornelius, and preaching to the Gentiles, that which throws a great deal of light upon Jewish notions, and Jewish prejudices, and a great many scriptures. The Jewish Christians considered that Peter had done wrong; they considered that this Messiah came to save the literal Israel. They were not yet enlightened to see that there was a new covenant Israel, a spiritual Israel, an eternally chosen Israel, independent of all nationality. Therefore John, to sweep away their narrow notion that Christ died for a nation merely, to sweep that away, he uses the term, "whole world," to denote that Jesus Christ died for a people in all nations; as explained in the 7th chapter of the Revelation, a people out of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues. So that the words, "whole world," here, do not mean all the human race, but only some out of every nation, a number that no man can number. That is the way I take it. So that the "whole

world" is limited by the fact that none are saved but those for whom Christ died. However, we will take it the other way, we will take the words, "whole world," to mean the whole human race; we will take them so, and then let us see the difficulties in which we shall be involved. First, if Jesus Christ be the propitiation, the atonement, for the sins of the whole world, then it follows not one man ever was, is, or ever can be lost. Now it is clear some are lost. But if Jesus Christ took away their sins, how can they be lost? If Jesus Christ redeemed them, how can they be lost? If Jesus Christ justify them, how can they be lost? If Jesus Christ became their surety, how can they be lost? And therefore, in order to prove that it means the whole world literally, all the individuals of the world, you must prove that none are lost. And then if you admit some are lost notwithstanding Christ's dying for them, that does not lessen your difficulty; you then come to this declaration, So if you admit that some are lost for whom Christ died, then in order to maintain your ground you will have to prove that your Maker is a liar, you will have to give the lie to the Eternal Spirit of God, you will have to give the lie to the Lord Jesus Christ. The Holy Ghost declares that "The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." The Saviour declares that the persons for whom he died, called his sheep, shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of his hand. And the Father declares, "As for thee, by the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water."

Thus John evidently not only exhorts the people of God, and repudiates the insinuation of professors that the doctrines of grace are dangerous, but secondly shews the expansion of the Gospel, that it is to be preached to every creature, and that Jesus Christ died for a people in all nations, here called the "whole world." But if you take it to mean the whole world literally then I say it follows none can be lost, consequently those scriptures cannot be true that shew some are lost; and that the scriptures cannot be true that shew that those for whom the Saviour died cannot be lost.

Duty faith has a very singular invention upon this. We are told in the printed duty faith sermons that Jesus Christ did not die for the non-elect to save them, that he did not die for them to bring them to heaven, that he did not die for them that he may present them at the last day as the consequence of his own offering; but that he died for them in order that he may lay or form a

ground upon which he may invite them all to come, and then blamethem for not coming. So that here is Jesus Christ inviting a sinner to what he never designed that sinner to have; inviting a sinner to receive that life that was never designed for him, to receive that salvation that was never provided for him, and to come to that heaven in which there is no place prepared for him, for "it shall be given unto them for whom it is prepared;" and then blame the man for not coming. Now this is the invitation of duty faith. And they say, It's true we do hold two opposite or contradictory truths—namely, that Christ died only for the elect, and the rest are invited; but, they say, we don't mind about this. Well, all I mind about it is that God cannot contradict himself, that God cannot deny himself, and if it be a small matter with you to wrest the scriptures, so to wrest the scriptures is not a small matter with me. But that system of universal invitation, what doth it do? It sets thousands down for Christians that are not Christians, it beclouds the truths of the Gospel. It suits the purposes of these men. Take away this element of universality, and down goes their popularity directly, the world would forsake them directly. It is this element of universality that pleases the world, feeds the pride of man, degrades the truths of the Gospel, and degrades the people of God.

May it be our happy lot while we live, to stand out as iron pillars, defenced cities, and brazen walls, for God's truth, and never move an inch therefrom.

"FEAR NOT."

By J. BOWLER.

As trembles on a broken bough
The fading leaf, so we do now;
Poor anxious mortals at the best,
Until we gain our heavenly rest.

Our doubts and fears are all well known
To Him who sits upon the throne;
Where hosts of shining angels stand
Submissive to his wide command.

'Tis He, the kind and gracious Lord,
Whose promise shines all through His Word,
To cheer us in the way of Life,
To help us in each painful strife.

Though weak as worms, yet He withal,
Deigns much to pity lest we fall,
In accents gentle hear him speak
'Tis "Not in vain My face ye seek."

Fear not, Behold "I am thy God."
And ye are mine, redeemed by blood,
"My grace sufficient," ye shall prove
"I'll never leave," the souls I love.

Fear not when fierce temptations roll
Their heavy shadows on thy soul,
His countenance supremely bright,
Shall chase away thy darkest night.

Fear not to tread the thorny road,
The pilgrim way, to thine abode,
Where kindred spirits wait to greet
And lead thee, to the Master's feet.

CALVINISM AND HYPER-CALVINISM:

MR. J. E. CRACKNELL'S REPLY TO MR. WALE'S
LETTER ON

"MINISTERIAL APPEALS TO THE UNCONVERTED."

DEAR BROTHER WALE,—Few readers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL will need to be informed who the "Minister of the Gospel" is, to whom your letter, which appeared in last month's issue, was originally addressed, should doubts exist in the minds of any, they will be removed by the reply which now appears, bearing the signature of the writer.

You had not informed me of your intention to send the letter for publication. I considered it a private correspondence, and treated it accordingly, replying to you in the regular way. It was not my wish to publish anything upon the subject, having no love for controversy, and believing with my esteemed predecessor that it generally "draws the heart from God, feeds pride, starves humility, and renders the soul barren." But since your letter appears in the pages of a magazine, I give equal publicity to my reply, hoping that it may not be without advantage at the present moment.

Passing by the introductory parts of your letter, I come at once to the point, which appears to be this, you consider that the way in which I feel led to preach the gospel to the unconverted is inconsistent with a full belief in the pure doctrines of grace; that in exhorting sinners I "depart from the truth," preach "not the gospel, but another gospel."

Now I am fully aware that we must ever appeal to the word and to the testimony, and that the opinions and practices of uninspired men are not to be taken as our authority. Yet it is pleasing to find one's-self in good company, and part of my reply will go to prove that in this matter about which you write, I am not alone, but in company with those whom I have often heard extolled as champions for the truth.

I ask do you consider Dr. Owen, Calvin, Goodwin, Charnock, Sibbs, and Abraham Booth, men of truth? Did they preach Christ's gospel, "or that other gospel" to which you refer? I know you to be an admirer of John Owen, and presume you consider he was a sound theologian, what then do you say to the following extract:—

"Wherever there is a declaration of the excellencies of Christ, in his person, grace, or offices, it should be accompanied with an invitation and exhortation unto sinners to come unto Him. This method Christ himself first made use of (Matthew xi. 27, 30. John vii. 37, 38.), and consecrated it unto

our use also. Besides, it is necessary from the nature of the things themselves; for who can dwell on the consideration of the glory of Christ, being called therewith to the declaration of it, but his own mind will engage him to invite lost sinners unto a participation of him?"

In the following we have his method of dealing with the unconverted sinner:—

"Jesus Christ yet stands before sinners, calling, inviting, encouraging them to come unto Him. This is somewhat of the word which He now speaks unto you,—Why will ye die?—Why will ye perish?—Why will ye not have compassion on your own souls? Can your hearts endure or your hands be strong in the day of wrath that is approaching? It is but a little while before all your hopes, your reliefs, your presumptions, will forsake you and leave you eternally miserable! Look unto me and be ye saved. Come unto me and I will ease you of all your sins, sorrows, fears, burdens, and give rest unto your souls. Come I entreat you, lay aside all procrastinations, all delays, put me off no longer, eternity lies at the door. Cast off all cursed self-deceiving reserves, do not so hate me, as that you will rather perish than accept of deliverance from me. These, and the like things doth the Lord Christ continually declare, proclaim, plead, and urge on the souls of sinners as it is fully declared (Prov. i, 20, 34). He doth it in the preaching of the word as if He were present with you, stood amongst you, and spake personally to every one of you. And because this world does not suit His present state of glory, He hath appointed the ministers of the gospel to appear before you, and to deal with you in His stead, avowing as His own the invitations that are given you in His name (2 Corinthians, v. 19, 20)."—Owen's *Glory of Christ*, page 535.

Such were the views of one of your favorite divines. Is it not then a marvellous thing that with a book in your library containing such sentiments (and which you once specially recommended me to read) you should now be "alarmed, pained, and surprised" at finding the sentence, "appeals to the unconverted," in my letter. If that sentence be "pregnant with error," as you say it is, how much error must there be in that which I have quoted from the pen of one of the best of theologians, and if I stand upon a precipice from which the "slope is

easy, the descent certain, and the end disastrous," what position could he have occupied who in such a way "appealed to the unconverted?"

But to proceed, I see by THE EARTHEN VESSEL that the *Tri-centenary of John Calvin's death* will be commemorated on the 27th May, and in June the industrious editor announces that he will publish "Calvin's Tri-centenary Supplement," with a portrait of that great reformer. I think myself most happy to have the opportunity you have afforded me at such a time of giving you, and the readers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, with "all who profess and call themselves Calvinists," the following extract from his writings Calvin says:—

"Christ began His sermons thus, the kingdom of God is at hand, repent and believe the gospel. First of all he declareth that the treasures of mercy are set open in Him. Secondly, He requireth acceptance. Lastly, confidence in God's promises. 'To what end,' some will ask, 'do exhortations tend? Why are not men rather left to the conduct of the Holy Spirit? Why are they solicited by exhortations, since they can only comply with them so far as the Holy Spirit enables them?' This briefly is our answer: The sinner cannot impute the hardness of his heart to any one besides himself, and oh man, who art thou that wouldst impose laws on God? If he choose to prepare us by means of exhortations to receive that very grace to obey those exhortations which are addressed to us, what hast thou to object to this conduct of the Lord, and what is there in it which thou canst justly condemn?"

Such is *Calvin's Calvinism*, and I am bold to affirm myself a *Calvinist according to Calvin*; a "*Hyper*" must be what the term signifies "above and beyond" Calvin.

It will be well if those who bear his name and join in these commemorative services, will resolve in future to imitate his method of preaching the gospel, or at any rate let them cease to designate as "unsound" and untruthful those who do.

I could give extracts from all whose names I have mentioned and many others, to shew that the great bulk of the Puritans held the sentiments you condemn as "modern theology," but I fear to make this letter too lengthy, and thus intrude upon the kindness of the editor, and therefore have only to add, give up calling these "men of truth," ere you charge me with "departing from the truth."

I now come to the sure word of prophecy. You are very decided in your statement that faith (saving faith) is not a *duty*. Allow me to ask *is unbelief a sin*? If you reply no, then I ask you to explain the following passages: "When He (the

Holy Spirit) is come He will reprove the world of sin . . . because they believe not on me." (John xvi. 8, 9.) "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Thes. i. 7, 9.) "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." (John iii. 19.) "He that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi. 16.) I know the meaning some would give to these passages in order to make them square (according to human reasoning) with other portions of the truth, but the plain teaching appears to be, that unbelief is a sin, the damning sin. If you admit this, what becomes of your statement that faith is not a duty? If it is a sin to reject Christ, is it not a duty to receive Him? If unbelief be a sin, then must not faith be a duty?

You ask do I believe that faith and repentance are the gifts of God? Answer, yes, most decidedly, and that no creature has power apart from Him to exercise them, and therefore to your explanation of Acts ii, 3, that they were convinced of sin, whom Peter bid repent, I reply granted, and could they in that state any more repent and believe without God bestowing those gifts on them than they could before? No, then what becomes of your point, the inconsistency of bidding men do what they have no power to do?

"This is God's commandment that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ" (1 John iii. 23.) "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent" (John vi. 29.) True, man has no power, but seeing that his inability arises from the corruption of his nature, the enmity and wickedness of his heart, his lack of power is sin, and for this he is justly condemned.

Dr. Gill is generally quoted as being sound in the faith by those who hold the same views as yourself, but he distinctly states man's guilt is the greater for *rejecting* and despising the gospel. I quote the following from his writings:—

"Though such is the condition of man by the fall, that he cannot believe in Christ without the powerful influence of that divine grace which God is not obliged to communicate, yet it is not the withholding of that influence, or denying of that grace, which lays him under the necessity of not believing, but it is the corruption of his nature that lays and holds him in the chains of unbelief, and therefore his unbelief is not to be imputed to the want of this powerful influence, which God is not obliged to give, but to the enmity and wickedness of

his heart, on which account he is justly blame-worthy."

My opinions have not changed in the least with regard to the great doctrines of the gospel, the *truth I have preached, I preach now*. Salvation by the free and sovereign grace of God is still the great theme of my ministry, and my continued aim to exalt Christ in the glories of His person, the riches of His grace, and the infinite merit of His blood. I feel more dependent than ever on the power of the Holy Ghost to make the word effectual to the conversion of the sinner and comfort of the saint, and believe that the church will be saved to the praise and glory of the great Sacred Three.

Upon these points I am unchanged, but I trust that we all grow wiser as we grow older; no man should be ashamed to say (humbling though it may be) I have seen reason to alter my opinion, "he must be miserable who is constantly watching to see that the opinion he holds to-day dove-tails exactly with that he held years ago." Dr. Owen, when taunted with having changed his views on one point, replied, "He that can glory that in fourteen years he has not altered in his conception of some things, shall not have me for a rival." It is about a year and a half since my mind began to be exercised on the subject "how should the gospel be preached to the unconverted?" I asked some well known ministers of truth what they understood by 2 Corinthians v. 20, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." *I asked in vain*, no answer was given, because to have admitted the plain meaning, would have involved a difficulty, and not squared with that system to which, alas, many are still so wedded that they continually *bring it to God's word* and reject or seek to explain away that which does not harmonize therewith. It is clear that Paul was not then addressing himself to the Corinthian believers, for they were already reconciled, but he is giving an

account of what he preached and how he preached it, in a word, of what his own ministry was. Let us more carefully study the preaching of our Master, attend to His commands, lay our reason at His feet, and seek to imitate the bright examples of His apostles, in going forth to preach the gospel in all its simplicity, remembering that what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

I have said I do not love controversy, and it is not my intention to take up time with it, wishing to live in peace with all men, and prosecute my work without interruption, and in the words of a living writer, I say, "Let us look back on that battle field where much wiser men than we have fought in vain . . . and learn the lesson it teaches, and be contented to say the short cord of my plummet does not quite go down to the bottom of the bottomless, and I do not profess either to understand God or to understand man, both of which I should want to do before I understood the mysteries of their conjoint action."

I cannot close without noticing your remarks on the ministry of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. If it lead you to "feel like the poor Israelite did when he was set hard to work to make the full tail of brick without straw," remember you are *but one*, and don't forget that there are *many thousands* who have felt under it, rather like the Israelite when, emancipated from Egyptian thralldom, and brought safely across the Red Sea, he "sang unto the Lord who had triumphed gloriously." That which has been to you but a "dry breast," has been the means of conveying rich consolations to thousands of distressed souls.

And now my prayer for you, and all those ministers with whom I have long associated, is that you may be *faithful to your convictions*, and not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, and may His blessing ever attend you.

With Christian love, yours faithfully,

JOHN EDMUND CRACKNELL.

Rose Villa, Leckhampton, Cheltenham.

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER AND THE GOSPEL MINISTER.

A *Libing Narratibe*.

CHAPTER IV.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I presume my poor scribble will be too late for insertion in the May number of your *Vessel*, but since my last my soul has been much exercised as to whether I should give your readers any further relation of the rough and thorny

way in which the Lord hath been pleased to lead me towards that city of habitation whose builder and maker is God, inasmuch as I find in so doing it is no easy matter for flesh and blood to follow on through evil as well as good report, more especially

when Satan disputes every inch of ground we tread. But as I am only moving as the cloud appears to go before me, and have recently received some letters of encouragement from persons whom I know comparatively little of, I again proceed with my narrative, hoping if it is the Lord's will that many may be led to see both His preserving care as well as His special providence in watching over an unworthy sinner like myself while I wandered in the wilderness where there is no way, and the mysterious path that some of His chosen are led in before they are brought manifestly to receive the things of the Spirit of God, and thus become partakers of eternal life.

I commence then by saying that after reaching the Cape of Good Hope the Lord was pleased to keep me on the west coast of Africa for a period of four years, during which time His covenant faithfulness was signally displayed in preserving my worthless life while others of my shipmates were suddenly cut off before my eyes to stand in the solemn presence of Him who is "Judge of all the earth," so much so that out of a ship's company numbering 145 men when we left Portsmouth, only twenty-six survived to be paid off on the ship's arrival home. Why was I spared? Because Thou hadst a favor unto me, and Thine own eternal mind had designed to make me see the good of thy chosen, and to visit me with Thy salvation; and thus while my meditation of Him has, and shall be, sweet at times, I would affectionately say "Consider this, ye that forget God, lest He tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver."

After being about four or five months on our new cruising ground, the "God of my mercies" was again pleased to appear in a special manner on my behalf, and again to mercifully preserve my life, *not* from the yawning billows, but from the hand of the deliberate and cold-blooded murderer—by what some persons would call a mere accidental circumstance, but which I shall ever believe was eternally written in the book of God's decrees to be manifested in due time, for "Not so much as a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father's knowledge," and which in my poor way I will try to make plain to the reader. There was a Spanish schooner on the coast, waiting a favorable opportunity to take in her slaves, and after which we had given chase no less than nine different times, and being well manned and armed, also a much faster sailer than our own ship, very little hope was entertained of succeeding in her capture. At length she was sighted one morning just at daybreak at not more than a league distant, but being a dead calm, the sea itself like a sea of glass, and not a breath of wind to be felt, the two

ships lay motionless on the vast expanse of ocean, the only chance of capture being to send the small boats in chase; the three boats were accordingly manned, armed, and sent away, myself forming one of the cutter's crew. On getting within gun-shot of the slaver she opened fire upon us, the bullets falling in showers around us; two of my boat mates were mortally wounded, while the boat's oar was shot away out of my hand, and another shot took license to pass through the sleeve of my serge shirt, but kindly left me uninjured. Thus was I made to realize—

Tho' plagues and deaths around me fly
Till He bids I cannot die,
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

But to return: the vessel was captured and brought alongside for formal examination, after which, being, as I aforesaid, a fast sailer, she was sent in chase of a brigantine just hove in sight, and which we knew was full of slaves. Myself with seventeen seamen and two officers were put on board, with orders that should the second vessel be captured we were to be divided, leaving nine men and an officer on board each, and were to shape our course for Sierra Leone, the port of condemnation. The vessel was taken, and finding there were 430 slaves on board it was deemed advisable to take the Spaniards forming her crew and put them on board the empty vessel, making thirty-two Spaniards and only ten Englishmen on board. These Spaniards determined to mutineer, and accordingly murdered in the most deliberate and diabolical manner every Englishman on board. An omniscient eye was resting upon the track of the murderer, and three days subsequent she was again captured by Captain Dunlop, of H.M.S. Star. The crime was discovered, they were sent to England and tried at Exeter, but what their doom was I do not know. Well, says my reader, what was the circumstance by which you were preserved? My answer is, truly it is marvellous in our eyes, but the dear Lord had so ordered it that at the capture of the full vessel my musket was to be lost, thus I simply formed one of the ten left on board, instead of one of the ten put on board the ill-fated Felicadada, which otherwise I should have been. Oh how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out. How great the mercy manifested in leading his chosen in paths they have not known—in rebuking the devourer for their sakes and making all his goodness to pass before them in the way.

After taking the prize to Sierra Leone, I was conveyed back to my own ship by H.M.S. Hydra, and while on board that vessel the fever, so prevalent on the African

coast, broke out with so much violence that in a few days no less than eighty of my shipmates were laid in their hammocks—some dying and buried every day; those of us that were well not being permitted to go on the lower deck for near a fortnight, except to perform a kind act to the sick and dying around. And here again the dear Lord was round about me as a wall of fire to protect and gird with strength, though I knew it not, for although I was frequently employed in attending the sick, at other times sewing up the dead for interment in the mighty deep till the resurrection morn, when the sea shall give up her dead and they both small and great shall stand before God, yet such was the abundant mercy of my God that not one hour's sickness was I the subject of, although I was given up to many pernicious habits, which, in the estimation of poor mortals must assuredly

have brought it on. And oh, with what pleasure am I at times led to look back at these circumstances in my eventful life, and with gratitude behold the faithfulness and wonder-working arm of God therein, ascribing all the glory of that providence unto Him with whom no unforeseen circumstance can arise, but all is one eternal now, and who maketh "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to His purpose." And in conclusion, at that time the words of Job would aptly apply to myself, wherein he saith that "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not." Reader, is it so with thee, or hast thou through rich mercy been led to hear that sweet voice which says "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God!"—I am yours in Christ Jesus,

NEMO.

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

HIGH WYCOMBE, WOOBURN GREEN, & PRESTWOOD COMMON.

MAY 5, 1864.

SOME years have passed away since I first preached in this delightful little county of Bucks; it is nearly twenty years since the good pastor of Penn Beacon (brother Miller) met me at the Taplow station. My mind had been filled with thoughts upon those beautiful words of Paul, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," &c., and so absorbed was I, that I left bag, books, &c., all in the carriage, and never saw them since. We rode through Wooburn Green. For the first time that morning I saw my dear old friend, Mr. Richard Howard, and our Christian fellowship has continued from that day until now. At first he thought certainly there could be no good thing in me. Nature never gave me a prepossessing front; first acquaintance always went against me, consequently there are many pulpits I never entered a second time. Natural endowments have done more for many than ever grace did for them; but if the Lord in me had not overcome all that has been against me, I had long since been in the silent darkness of death, without usefulness and without hope. The ancient exclamation suits me, "If it had not been the Lord who was on my side, now may Israel say," &c., but glory to God on high, neither my insignificance nor my utter helplessness, nor all the Job-like hurricanes which across my path, and through my possessions have been hurled, have yet totally hindered my usefulness in the little corners of Zion. The glory of the Gospel has continued to fill my soul, and in unfolding some of its beauties has to me been more precious than all the treasures of earth. Oh that in every sense my Lord Jesus would honorably and righteously redeem me from all evil, from all reproach, and give to all the utmost satisfaction: then, in His name, I think I should rejoice as I have never done yet.

Let me say a word or two touching the churches I have this week travelled through. The cause at Wooburn Green is not so happily united as I think it should be. I preached in a room, crowded up, but the Lord gave us a happy time; I have reason to believe good was done. Still, all

the dear children of God at Wooburn Green should be together; they have a good chapel, yet some of the family meet in that nice new sanctuary and some meet in a room. I wish they would all agree to meet together for prayer, and in the spirit of our holy Master, pray as He tells them, "When ye pray, say—Our Father," &c., not omitting, either in the spirit or in the practice of it, that one sentence, FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FORGIVE THEM THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US. I am bold to tell the dear saints of God at Wooburn Green, the Howards, the Dwellys, the Francisces, the Thompsons, and all the rest of them, if they will thus meet, and pray to their heavenly Father, and let some good honest, right-hearted brother give them a sermon on the "seventy-times seven" subject—a subject so largely developed in God's book, but so little practised by His children here,—nevertheless, if to this course of godly conduct they would surrender themselves, I firmly believe the outsiders at Wooburn Green would soon be saying, "See how these Christians love one another." Tell me nothing about your zeal for doctrines, if your deeds deny the very spirit of that Gospel by which ye have been called. Let no man deceive himself. I am so deeply interested in this Wooburn Green church, that I must plead for her healthy and happy re-union. The Lord grant it. Amen.

After preaching on the Green, Richard Howard and his excellent wife, sheltered and sustained, comforted and cheered me; and then next morning I joined brother Steven Evans, brother Stemberge, and others, in the anniversary services at Prestwood Common.

The ministry of Steven Evans among the Prestwood people has been very useful; and although they cannot keep him, they can most highly recommend him; and I think he would be a devoted and happy minister to any people who desired to have THE TRUTH in its experimental simplicity.

OUR JOURNEY TO PRESTWOOD COMMON.

Prestwood anniversary was a most splendid

day. Of our journey to that anniversary I wrote the following note on the Saturday evening following, and I hope it will be found pleasant and profitable to many of my readers:—

"FROM ME IS THY FRUIT FOUND."—May 7, 1864. Last Tuesday I was travelling on to Prestwood Common, to preach two anniversary sermons. Two ministers were with me. We had to walk up a hill; as we did so, Mr. Stenbridge, of High Wycombe, called my attention to the reading of the 8th verse of Hosea xiv. He said, "Read it without the italic words." The Lord is speaking to Ephraim. He says "Ephraim! what have I to do any more with idols? I have heard and observed him. I like a green fir tree. From me is thy fruit found."

Thus read, the verse is very expressive. First, the Lord tells Ephraim He, the Lord, can have nothing to do with idols. Secondly, the Lord tells Ephraim He has heard all his mournings and observed all his ways. Thirdly, the Lord tells Ephraim what it is He will have His people to be: that is GREEN FIR TREES. Lastly, lest Ephraim should despair, and say "I am not, and I fear I never shall be a green fir tree," the Lord tells poor Ephraim that from Himself, that is from the Lord alone, is all his fruit to be found. "From me," saith Jesus to Ephraim, "is thy fruit found."

Then last evening I had a letter from brother Wells, rather a long letter, and at the end of that letter he refers to the 9th verse of this chapter, and expounds one or two words in that ninth verse. For instance, that ninth verse declares four very weighty matters. First, that God's people are a wise and prudent people, and that they shall know and understand these things expressed in this prophecy. Secondly, that ninth verse declares that all the ways of the Lord are right, deeply mysterious as they may be unto us in our frail and finite condition. Thirdly, that there are many who get into these ways without being called of God or sanctified by Him, and they are called "transgressors," or "intruders." They climb over the wall: they are not brought into Zion by the Lord, nor by His people, nor by His servants, nor by His Spirit, nor by His truth being made precious and powerful in them, consequently they are intruders, they get into the profession of things of which they have no heart-felt possession, consequently the verse says two things. I. The just, those who are of full weight, those who have life in their souls, they shall WALK ON IN the ways of the Lord. Satan may tempt them, sin may dreadfully annoy them very great trials and sorrows may overwhelm them, but still wait a little and you will yet see them walking on in the good old Gospel ways of the Lord. That is a great mercy, but the verse declares a fourth thing: that these transgressors, or intruders, shall "FALL SHORT THEREIN," that is, there are some things essential to their soul's salvation they will never attain unto. "Yet, lackest thou one thing," he fell short. "Friend, how earnest thou in hither, not having on a wedding garment?" He fell short, you see. Balaam had visions, Saul had a kingdom, Judas had a discipleship, but they all fell short. How important then are the three questions the text suggests:—1. Who are really spiritual Ephraims? 2. What fruit is this? 3. HAVE WE FOUND IT?

The anniversary day at Prestwood Common was one of joy and gladness to some; we may hope the name of the Lord was glorified. Mr. Stenbridge, of High Wycombe; Mr. Free, of Speen; and Mr. S. Evans, assisted in the services, which resulted in a clearance of the debt, and we left with a degree of cheerful pleasure.

At Aylesbury I visited the juvenile establishment of Mr. and Mrs. Plaw, at White Hill Cottage. It is a sweet home for children. The school-rooms, the gardens, the orchard, all seem exactly suited for plain little people to get the first elements. There are two or three Baptist causes in and

around Aylesbury; but they are not like a green fir tree. We heard some things in Aylesbury which require searching out. We expect to be in Aylesbury in June, if our faithful and merciful Lord permit, and after that we may make some effort to show why it is the Baptists have had no lasting prosperity for many years. Aylesbury is a growing town, it is becoming an important centre: there are some thousands of precious souls there. Why should THE TRUTH be trodden down? Why should tyranny triumph? Let us look all evils fully in the face, and fear no man, if it be man's pride and power which hinders the peace and unity of Zion.

At one of our May meetings the other morning, a popular London minister was exhorting the audience to have faith in God, and in doing so, he said:—

If you have faith in God you will have no need to have faith in men. I do not mean by that that I would have every man distrustful, but really the more I live the more I am inclined to think that this world is a world of humbug. From the first thing in the morning almost to the last thing at night I see some one or other trying either to cadge, to beg, to cheat, to lie, or to deceive. The other day I met with an amusing instance of the folly of mankind. A man called to see me, and as he could not do that, he sent up a note which he had prepared, telling me that he was the father of two "noble infants"—and that he intended taking a pan of charcoal into his room that night, and destroying himself, his wife, and the two "noble infants" unless I sent him down some money to relieve their wants. I asked my secretary what I should do about it, and he advised me to take no notice of it; but I said, "Well, but if the fellow does charcoal himself, I shall feel very queer over the thing." So I sent the man down ten shillings. When my secretary gave it to him, he looked at it and said, "What a trifle! Do you think I am going to save the lives of my wife and my two 'noble infants' for ten shillings? Take it back to Mr. — and tell him I resent the insult!"

We can believe this. We could furnish instances of the daring folly and sin of not a few who greatly injure the churches and impose upon Christian ministers.

At High Wycombe, in that most beautiful Zion where Mr. Stenbridge ministers, we spent one evening, enjoying much the blessing of the Lord, and then returned home. We found the good old Wycombe friends gratefully praising God for having sent to them a minister so devoted and useful.

STRICT BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

AGGREGATE MEETING AT EXETER HALL.

An Aggregate Meeting of the teachers and friends of Particular Baptist Sunday-schools was held at Exeter Hall (Lower Room.) on Tuesday, May 10, 1864. Tea and coffee were provided at half-past five, in a manner highly creditable to the officials. The hall was well filled at the tea meeting, and afterwards was crowded to excess. The attendance of a large number of ministers manifested their earnest sympathy with the movement.

The Public Meeting commenced at half-past six. Henry Cooper, Esq., the President, occupied the chair.

Mr. GRIFFITH, of Woolwich, gave out the first hymn, commencing—

"Here, gracious God, beneath thy feet."

Mr. MEERES, of Bermondsey, asked the Divine blessing.

The CHAIRMAN, in his opening address, stated that several letters had been received from ministers unable to be present, and referred especially

to one from Mr. Stokes, of Manchester, whose absence had been occasioned by an accident, from the effects of which, however, he was recovering. The Chairman briefly explained the objects of the meeting, respecting which he regretted that much misunderstanding prevailed. In commencing a society of this description, it required great wisdom. He took a lively interest in the young, and had an attachment to the old "Union," notwithstanding he differed from it on many points. He was not born a Dissenter, but was one upon principle, and thought that *Baptists* especially should disseminate their sentiments among the rising generation. He had long been associated with Sunday-schools, and considered it very important that every church should have a school connected with it. The Sunday-school Union had been the means of great good, but many of its books contain sentiments entirely opposed to our views (hear, hear) and the Baptists were awaking to a sense of their duty to the rising generation. (Cheers.) In many cases, the teaching of the Sunday-school had not been in accordance with the teachings of the pulpit. Hence the great necessity for the establishment of the Baptist Sunday-school Union. Glancing at the present condition of the various denominations, he referred especially to the zeal of the Roman Catholic Church. "Give us the rising generation," said they: the old folks might then go on in their own way. He had lately met with an instance in which the Romanists had offered to educate, clothe, and maintain a boy for five years, free of expense, and his parents, regardless of religion, agreed to let him go, thinking it a very good chance. They, as promoters of the Baptist Sunday-school Union, wished the children to be taught the same solid truths in which they themselves believed, in their purity and simplicity. He thought that every Christian in the denomination should be interested in this matter, and trusted the Society would so expand that, at the end, we should say, "What hath God wrought!" He hoped that this day would long be remembered. (Loud cheers.)

The first resolution was moved by Mr. PALMER, of Homerton, and was as follows:

"That believing the doctrines held by Particular Baptists to be identical with the irrevocable teachings of Christ and his apostles, and deploring the prevailing errors of the times, and the natural susceptibility of the human mind to receive them,—this Meeting deems it to be the incumbent duty of Particular Baptists to unite for mutual assistance in the instruction of the young."

He congratulated the meeting in the name of our honoured Lord, who himself patronized, and to some extent educated little children. The meeting was a very important one. The course now adopted should have been taken half-a-century ago. (Hear, hear.) The Sunday-school Union had done great good, and the Baptist Sunday-school Union was not antagonistic to it. (Hear, hear.) The Sunday-school Union did not represent any denomination, and we wanted a *denominational* material. In his opinion, no efficient action could be taken but in a *denominational* form. It had been said that *facts* might be believed without *doctrines*; but a fact without its doctrinal teaching was an inoperative fact. They must have doctrines, and some system as the means of salvation; for what springs are to streams—causes to effects—or the soul to the body,—so doctrine was to the believer. Hence the importance of *sound* doctrine. The idea of a man believing without doctrine was absurd. He believed "the doctrines held by Particular Baptists to be identical with the irrevocable teachings of Christ and his apostles." God's method of salvation, and the constitution of a Christian church would never change. (Cheers.) The Particular Baptists, whose views he maintained were in accordance with the New Testament, believed

three things with regard to salvation;—first, the sovereignty of Divine grace; secondly, the satisfactory merits of Christ's substitutionary work; and thirdly, the efficiency of the Holy Spirit's operations; and they desired that these truths should be taught in their Sabbath schools, in contradistinction from the fashionable theology of the day. He thought we had arrived at a very important period. He had long pleaded for a new society in connection with Sunday-schools. He believed that, in many cases, the influence of the Sunday school upon the church had been the means of their departure from the truth. He had witnessed the unhappy effects of contrary doctrines at Anniversary gatherings. He believed that this society would prosper; for although it might have great difficulties to contend with, yet the resources of the Particular Baptists were very great. He had much pleasure in being present at so full a meeting, and hoped that when they next met, they should require the Upper Hall (applause); for the next meeting would not be confined to metropolitan teachers and ministers, but country churches and schools would be represented. They had friends enough and interest enough, they had only to get close enough together and warm one another. (Laughter and applause.) They had not been sufficiently united—had not looked kindly enough into each other's faces, nor shaken hands as cordially as they should. The Meeting had his best wishes, and he desired God's blessing upon it.

Mr. S. MILNER, of Keppel-street Chapel, briefly seconded the resolution. He liked short speeches, especially when so many had to follow him. He was not very fond of *general* ideas. All the money in the Bank of England was of no use to him, unless he had a *particular interest* in it. He had seen what was termed "The Happy Family"—a collection of animals of opposite natures, and viewed in a similar light the popular endeavour to blend all sections of the Christian church in one denomination. He had no objection to the broad platform of Christian philanthropy. It afforded him much pleasure to meet a Churchman on the platform of the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society; but he met him there as a man and as a Christian. (Applause.) He liked free expression of opinion, and rejoiced that they were all in union. Union must be maintained on principle; for without principle it was a rope of sand. If our principles were worth anything, they were worth everything. They should beware of false doctrine; for "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Many did not sufficiently understand "the five points." These should not be lost sight of, but firmly maintained. There should be no misunderstanding of terms. The term—*Particular Baptist* had a different meaning now—a-days from what it formerly had. He insisted the Norwich Case, and stated that owing to the part which the Baptist Missionary Society took in reference thereto, the church over which he presided had been induced to withdraw its support from that Society. They had now a missionary of their own. Many held the doctrine of *election*; but it was *their* election of God, and not *God's* election of them. They held with calling, yet implied that you must call yourselves. He believed that many Wesleyans preached sounder principles than some Baptist ministers. Some persons objected that the doctrines of grace were above the capacities of children, but he believed that what was committed to memory in youth would be remembered in after life. He admired the old Sunday-school Union for some things, and this Union was not started in opposition to it. (Hear, hear.) The literature of the Sunday-school Union did not, however, meet the requirements of the Particular Baptist denomination. He strongly repudiated the prevailing thirst for novels in the religious world, and especially the erroneous doctrines which many of them contained. He desired that the blessing of God might

rest upon the new society, and that it might prove very useful to the rising generation.

Mr. JOHN BLOOMFIELD, of Salem Chapel, Meard's-court, supported the resolution. He had scarcely ever attended a public meeting at which he had been more gratified than on the present occasion. He regarded the formation of such a society with great solemnity. The importance of right principles was manifest in the life of every man. A man could not live without principles, and his life would be in accordance with them. Their's was an important work, for they had to do with souls, which were deathless as the great God whom they served. He did not believe either in a religion which stood entirely in a creed, or in a religion that ignored one. He had been a member of many societies professing neutrality on certain points, but had discovered that, while he was bound to silence upon points on which he differed from them, they maintained their right to introduce the points on which they differed from him as boldly and as frequently as possible. He had therefore resolved not to unite with any society in which he could not advocate the principles he loved. (Cheers.) He rejoiced in the present movement, and trusted it would prosper beyond their most sanguine expectations. (Cheers.) Their principles would never die, because they were in accordance with the teachings of our blessed Lord and Saviour. The children should be taught the pure truth of God; and this matter should be taken up in the fear of God, for without his Spirit we can do nothing. The apostles were feeble in themselves; but the Holy Spirit gave them success; and if ever we became mighty, the same Spirit must be with us. He knew of no reason on earth or in heaven why this Society should not be great and successful. The resolution was carried unanimously.

The collection was then made, which amounted to upwards of £20.

Mr. J. S. ANDERSON, of Deptford, gave out the second hymn, commencing—

"God of eternal truth and love."

The second Resolution was moved by J. THWAITES, ESQ., which was as follows:—
"That the numerous and important advantages of such a Union of Particular Baptists, suggest the necessity of individual exertion by the Teachers of our Schools, with a view of urging the claims and extending the influence of the Baptist Sunday School Union."

Like the preceding speaker, he felt the solemnity of the present meeting. Several of those who had addressed the meeting had demonstrated the necessity for this institution. The publications circulated in their schools had not been in accordance with their denominational views—hence their desire to establish a society for the publication of the truths they profess to love. There was everything to encourage the society which had been formed; and he trusted that the Executive Committee would consist of earnest, business men.

Their teachings must be in accordance with the truth;—they must be "instant in season and out of season;" and leave with God the result. Having put their hand to the plough, they should look forward; and holding the truth of God by the teachings of his Spirit, they should try to spread it by every possible means. (Applause.)

Mr. W. HAWKINS, of Trinity Chapel, seconded the resolution. He hoped that this society would be one of the best societies upon the face of the globe; for he believed that Particular Baptists were the only persons upon the face of the globe who held the doctrines and ordinances of the Gospel in their purity and simplicity. They had a good committee of men who loved the truth, and were anxious to teach it to the rising generation—of men who had business in their heads, and Divine grace in their hearts. Taking a cursory glance at the statistics of the Particular Bap-

tists, he proceeded to show the advantages of such a Union as that which they had met to advocate. The advantages of co-operation were great, for they could accomplish by union, what could not be done by individuals. The advantages of consistency were paramount. They believed in the irrevocable teachings of Christ and his apostles, and were bound to show it by their actions. The importance of this undertaking lay near his heart. In his first endeavours to establish this Society, some had attempted to discourage him; but he had proved them to be false prophets. He was still a Sunday-school teacher, although his class met on Friday as well as Sunday. (Laughter.) Loving, as a Particular Baptist, the Bible, it was inconsistent to use an erroneous hymn-book, or an Arminian magazine. They would shortly have a depository. Brother Milner was preparing a juvenile catechism; a half-penny magazine—"Pearls from the Golden Stream," conducted by one of their friends, had been in circulation for some time; and it was intended to commence with the new year a penny magazine for the elder scholars. He concluded by exhorting each to do his best to promote the object they had in view; and expressed his firm belief that God would crown the Union with his blessing. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. PELL, of Soho Chapel, supported the resolution. He expressed great pleasure in being present, and in seeing so goodly a number of teachers and superintendents there. It had been well said that Sabbath-schools were the backbone of Old England; for he believed that she would not have stood so firmly but for them. Philosophy, arts, and sciences, were very useful in their way, but the Sabbath-school was not the place for them. The Bible was the book for the Sabbath-school. The resolution expressed the importance of individual exertion on the part of Particular Baptists. He referred to the frequent perversion of the term *Particular*, and was glad to find that the Baptist Sunday School Union consisted only of Particular *Strict Communion* Baptists. He referred to the Norwich and Ramsgate Chapel Cases, as illustrating the distinction which was now made between these terms. This Union was not antagonistic to the Sunday School Union; yet while they were greatly indebted to that institution, there was an urgent necessity for a Strict Baptist Sunday School Union. All sects were now strenuously maintaining their denominational distinctions, yet the Stricts Baptists were styled bigots for doing the same thing! He hoped that every strict Baptist would use his utmost endeavours to support the Baptist Sunday School Union, and with God's help he would do his part (Loud cheers.)

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. GLASKIN, of Providence Chapel, Islington, moved the third Resolution, viz:—

"That this Meeting desires to impress upon the churches and Sabbath-schools of the denomination, the importance of prayer for the blessing of the Holy Spirit, "that they may all be one" in this endeavour to preserve the primitive simplicity of "the faith once delivered to the saints."

He deeply sympathized with the sentiments of the previous speakers. He was neither afraid nor ashamed of the principles upon which this Union was based, and was proud to have had his name upon the first circulars it had issued. He hoped this society would have the support of their ministerial brethren. The sentiments of the resolution were of vital importance to the character, the motives, and the success of the society. He would have been happy to have offered a few remarks upon the necessity of prayer to the Holy Spirit, and the means which should be used to lead the young in the paths of truth and virtue; but time admonished him to forbear. They must endeavour to teach the children the importance of prayer. He concluded by wishing the society much success. (Cheers.)

Mr. G. WYARD, of Bethesda Chapel, St. Luke's, thought that the resolution must commend itself to every Christian present. He was not a member of the society, although he had been present at its first meeting; but he wished it every success; and now that he had accepted a pastorate in London, where he hoped to remain comfortably, he had no doubt he would soon become a member of the society; for as the superintendent and some of the teachers of his school were present, he thought he should have no difficulty in persuading them to join it. He considered the society in every way consistent with their views and practice. He had been placed in a similar position to that to which brother Bloomfield referred; but he desired to have the truth, and nothing but the truth. He had been pleased with brother Hawkins's labours for many years, and was glad that he had been the means of starting the society. He had great pleasure in seconding the resolution, which was put by the Chairman, and carried unanimously.

Mr. WOODARD moved, and Mr. HAWKINS seconded the fourth Resolution, viz.,

"That the cordial thanks of this Meeting be hereby presented to the President, Henry Cooper, Esq., for his efficient services as Chairman."

The resolution was carried unanimously; and briefly acknowledged by the Chairman.

After singing the well-known doxology—

"May the grace of Christ our Saviour,"

the meeting separated.

SCOTLAND.

I was much interested in passing by the Ellan-gowan estate, where Meg Merrilees is said, by the late Sir Walter Scott, to have frightened the good Domine Sampson, and where so many other still more singular events than that I have referred to transpired "long, long ago." We halted a little to give our horses rest at a locality which afforded me the opportunity of gazing over the surging waves of the sea towards Wigtown, on the sands of which town, in the days of the blood-stained malignant Claverhouse, ruthless persecutors bound to a stake driven deep in the sands the body of that courageous disciple of Jesus, the lovely young Margaret Wilson, and left her there till she was submerged by the rising tide. With her an old leopold similarly treated, mounted up to the lead land of purity and peace. After dropping a sympathizing tear over the sufferings of those heroic ones, who in those dark times so "firmly stood and sealed Christ's doctrines with their vital blood," we passed on to Creetown, and in addition to the rich enjoyment we realized at the meeting, we greatly enjoyed the company of the Rev. J. Brown, who entertained us in first class style at his comfortable manse.

In order to reach our next engagement we had to pass through

THE CITY OF GLASGOW,

which city reminded me more of London than any city I have yet seen. Here we spent a Sabbath day; here we closed the year 1863. As I wandered through the streets of this city I beheld scenes of squalid misery, eye even in the shadow of the magnificent old cathedral, surpassing anything I have witnessed in the metropolitan city of my native land.

The Cathedral Church, one service of which I attended, is certainly one of the most singularly beautiful ecclesiastical structures I have as yet visited. Every window is indeed "most richly dight," and the rich colors reflected by the winter's sun on the massive pillars made the interior of this sanctuary look indescribably beautiful. We descended into the Crypts beneath the choir, if it be right to apply such a term to any part of a Presbyterian edifice, and found all the windows there as richly ornamented as

those in the choir and the nave above. Beneath a flat stone into which a small plate of brass has been inlaid, lies low in the ground the once stalwart body of that remarkable man the late Edward Irving, on whose noble head, which was covered with wavy raven locks, falling in ringlets upon his massive shoulders, I used to gaze in the days of my youth, whilst I listened to his gorgeous descriptions of Heaven, and his fearful denunciations of every kind of evil. Few ministers have more closely resembled in their teachings that intellectually stalwart teacher who went all round about from Jerusalem to Illyricum than did Edward Irving. It is true he had weaknesses, who has not? But notwithstanding all his mental wanderings, he sailed majestically into the port of peace at last, uttering just as the "port was gained," "Living or dying I am the Lord's." He was honored with, as one observes, "splendid rites of sepulture," all classes sorrowfully followed him to his last quiet resting place, and his old and honored co-pastor, the late Dr. Thomas Chalmers, delivered for him a funeral sermon, the effect of which is not yet forgotten. His sun of life set early. He only wandered forty-two years over the surface of this aeldama of sin, suffering and misery. He, however, lived long after all, and such a life marked by such "wealth of love and lofty endeavour," could not, as one has observed, "be wasted."

When I sat down to listen to all connected with a Sabbath morning service in the glorious old cathedral, I could hardly persuade myself I was within such a building. No organ peals forth its trumpet or its flute notes within its walls; here we find no surpliced priests, no cringing vergers, everything that is done is marked by a simplicity and plainness which excites surprise in the mind of a southerner. The singing was anything but agreeable to my ears, and the sermon, which was read by a plain-looking young sprig of divinity, though it contained some good things, was read in so drawing a tone, that I was really thankful when "all was over and done."

The Necropolis near by the Cathedral is indeed a city of magnificent tombs. The statue of that fiery old reformer who struck most roughly many a chord in the heart of the beautiful ill-used Queen Mary, towers above them all, and seems to emulate Heaven with its summit. At its base I saw the monumental tombs erected to commemorate the virtues of that profound philosopher, Dr. Dick; that in honour of Dr. Wardlaw, by whose instrumentality I was first led to think seriously about the religion of Jesus. We also saw the monumental bust of Dr. Mc'Nish, author of "The Philosophy of Sleep," in fact the place is crowded with sculpture of the most pleasing character.

On the Sabbath I spent in Glasgow I found out, after I had been at the Cathedral, the Chapel, in which an earnest young brother officiates, of the name of Medhurst; one of Mr. C. II. Spurgeon's first students,—the first I believe that studied under his auspices. The Chapel, or Church as they call it, is a very commodious and well fitted up sanctuary, and is situated in North Frederick street. On reaching the Chapel just at the close of the morning service, I found Mr. Medhurst had been immersing several believers. I had just time to shake hands with him and promise by his earnest request to preach to his people in the afternoon. On reaching the Chapel at two p.m. I found two bowls placed in the vestibule of the building for the reception of the voluntary offerings of the people on entering the sanctuary, a practice common throughout Scotland. I was pleased to see a five pound note lying in one of the bowls, and I was still more gratified to find a large congregation assembled in the Chapel. I spoke to the people on "Christ the strong habitation of the believer, and the safety of the election of grace in Him;" with something like the freedom of days gone by, and at the close of the ser-

mon I saw eight persons received into the church. In the evening I heard Mr. Medhurst preach a sermon characterised by all the earnestness of his late pastor, and on retiring from the house of prayer I think I had reason to hope that I was "a day's march nearer home."

— THE WANDERER.

ZION CHAPEL, DEPTFORD.

LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONES OF THE NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE ceremony of laying the memorial stones of the new school rooms connected with the church at Zion Chapel, Deptford, took place on Monday, May, 8th, 1864. In the afternoon, a number of friends assembled on the grounds behind the chapel. A hymn having been sung, George Thomas Congreve, Esq., of Peckham, proceeded to lay the stone of the boys' school. In the course of a very pointed and appropriate address, he said he wondered why they had not attended to this before,—seeing children meeting in chapels for school purposes was very bad in a variety of ways; one of which was the great injury of property. The "boys' stone" was then adjusted, and Mr. Congreve pronounced it "truly and properly laid." The inscription reads thus:—"That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth. This stone was laid by Geo. Tho. Congreve, Esq. May 9th, 1864." Another hymn was sung. The second stone was laid by Thomas Pillow, Esq., who was introduced by Mr. George Wyard. In a speech of intelligence, Mr. Pillow contrasted the present state of this country with the past; the present enlightenment in some measure might be traced, under the blessing of God, to Sabbath-school teaching. The speaker took a hasty glance at the immense good resulting from Sabbath-schools; and thought there was plenty of room for the building of such rooms as they had that day assembled to commence. Mr. Pillow then laid the stone, upon which was inscribed,—"That our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." Tea was provided in the chapel. In the evening, a public meeting was held: Mr. Anderson was in the chair. Mr. George Wyard implored the Divine blessing upon the proceedings of the evening.

Mr. Hawkins, of Trinity chapel, delivered an address upon the great importance of Sunday-school instruction: it was a great national blessing, illustrating it by several lively anecdotes. Young people should help in this glorious work. With reference to the movement attended to that day, they had laid those memorial stones; but who could tell the good that would result before they are taken down. He considered there was no system equal to it in the country: he believed more fully in the efficiency of this work than people generally did. To illustrate the point, Mr. Hawkins said, in a small school there was a little deformed girl whose father was an infidel. This girl became very ill; the father was exceedingly fond of his afflicted child. On one occasion, the father, on entering her chamber, saw she looked fast sinking. Seeing she had the Bible reading, he said, "I am afraid that is too much for you; it is too tiring." She said, "It was; would he read it for her?" Reluctantly he consented. That part was read where the Master says He goes to prepare a place for His people. The little girl spoke to her father of what her teacher had told her of the love of God, and then said, "Father, shall I pray Jesus to prepare a place for you?" Oh! His love, to come down and die for such unworthy wretched things as we are! Those little thin hands were then clasped together, and the feeble voice, almost gone (with the infidel father kneeling beside the bed), the little one pleaded at the throne of grace for her father—that father who had not

read the Bible for so many years—she pleaded that Jesus would prepare a place for him. That prayer was answered. The little deformed scholar went to heaven; and the teacher who had spoken to her of God's love, had, instead of the little one, the father, who came to the school. Instrumentally through the Sunday-school, this little girl, her father, and her mother were brought to know Divine things for themselves.

Mr. Anderson observed that the new school-rooms would accommodate 300 children; he felt with Mr. Congreve, that children meeting in the chapel not only injured the property, but had a tendency to lessen the esteem in the eyes of the children for the house of God. The cost would be about £430. They had received up to the present time £250 13s. 9d., inclusive of the moneys that were put on the stones in the afternoon.

Mr. Palmer delivered a speech with his usual ability. Mr. Meeres gave a pleasing address. Mr. Griffiths rejoiced with them in the movement, and was glad to see his brother Anderson there. Mr. Thomas Jones delivered a most excellent address. Mr. Bland and Mr. George Wyard also spoke. At the conclusion of the last-named gentleman's address, he read some very appropriate poetry composed by himself for the occasion. The benediction closed these happy proceedings.

— LITTLE STONHAM.—Wandering round and about, up and down the county of Suffolk, among people large and small, some truly religious in the best sense of the term, but many profane, it is the lot of the writer to observe the movements of men and the aspect of the times in which we live in this part of the world. Amongst men, many profess but evidently don't really possess the one thing needful to salvation. Amongst ministers, some feel very large and tall in their own esteem, while most other people see them very short and small. Some know their own littleness, and shine in the garment of humility, beloved, esteemed, and honoured by their fellow pilgrims. Some of the Baptist causes are happy and prosperous, being uncluttered and unfettered from the tyrannical rule and malignant influence of those who seem to think themselves the reservoirs of all that is good and useful, and without whose consent and word of command nobody else may move. It appears an undeniable fact that if one really wishes to spend a happy day with God's people, so as to enjoy the society of genuine Christianity, he must thread his way through this bustling world, and ferret out a few of the Lord's poor outcasts and hidden ones in some quiet and perhaps out of the way corner, where that praise which glorifies God is offered, and inward as well as visible prosperity is enjoyed in answer to fervent supplications continually uprising to the God of all grace, where the prayers of the people and the preaching of the minister are evidently going together. Such a people and minister in such a place were found on May 18th, at Little Stonham. On entering the very nicely improved, but rather badly ventilated chapel, we found ourselves amongst a numerous gathering of friends, the new gallery free from debt and fully occupied with people: Caleb Broom, the beloved and successful pastor, reading the hymns. James Dearing, of Crowfield, looked like many more, a very warm but satisfied listener. Mr. Hoddy, of Horham, occupied the pulpit, who in his afternoon sermon from Malachi iv. 2, seemed to revel and bask in the beauties and glories of the Sun of righteousness. About 300 partook of a comfortable tea. In the evening the place was again filled, while the same minister shewed forth the free, sovereign, softening, melting, fertilizing, goodness of the grace of God, from Psalm lxxiii. 6. Caleb Broom appears to be gathering many kind-hearted friends around him, but his pathway is not wholly covered with roses; his very neat good wife has been very ill, so as to cause

serious apprehensions; but now is a little rallying. May the Lord graciously restore her to her dear family's sake, if His righteous will. The newly-established Sunday school is working well, and the church increases in numbers. The voice of the turtle and the time for the singing of birds is come after many days of gloom and darkness; that such may be the like blessings to many sister churches, prays
A FEEBLE ONE.

STOWMARKET.—The first anniversary of Mr. Clark's pastorate was held on Whit-Tuesday, May 17. Unavoidable circumstances prevented its being held earlier. Mr. Wilkins, of Ipswich, preached a sermon in the afternoon, full of the glory of Jesus, as revealed in the Gospel from 2 Corinthians iii. and last verse, after which about 130 partook of tea provided in the chapel. The evening service began at a quarter to seven; a good company of friends were gathered together, and their countenance seemed to bespeak delight and pleasure. After some appropriate remarks by the pastor, Mr. Caleb Broom, of Little Stonham, delivered a weighty and solemn address. Mr. Clark rehearsed some of the Lord's goodness shewn since his first visit in September, 1862, his becoming the pastor in April, 1863, and to the present time. He said he felt at home with the friends at Stowmarket, and had enjoyed the presence of the Master in preaching the word; proofs also have been given of the sealing witnesses of the Holy Spirit. He boasted not, nor spake swelling words to mislead the public mind. Accessions as to numbers have not been very numerous; the church was formed in December, 1862, of fifty-four members, it now numbers seventy-three. One dear sister is gone home to glory, and one has left to join a church at a distance. Peace abides in the church, and heart-union evidently exists between pastor and people. Mr. Wilkins then came forward with a speech full of *anniversaries*, lively, appropriate, and interesting: birthday anniversaries, wedding anniversaries, also anniversaries of the death of friends near and beloved, anniversaries of events solemn and important, then came the present anniversary of the pastor's settlement here; he told an interesting tale of a pastor who "came to stop." Then in an eloquent, scriptural, and instructive address, in language noble in its simplicity and plainness, he dwelt upon the anniversary of what is called Whitsuntide, shewing forth the wave offering and harvest home of Israel in ancient days; then the beauty, glory, and success on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit descended with wondrous power, and large accessions were made to the church. He told his audience he should be free and easy, and he kept his word; his language was telling, plain, yet talented. Mr. Wilkins is favored with tact and manner in delivering an address above many of his brethren, and which cannot fail to win the affection as well as attention of his hearers. At the close of the meeting a collection was made, which, together with the profits of the tea, are to be presented to the esteemed pastor, as a token of the affectionate regard of the people of his charge. Other ministers would have been present, but being altogether an anniversary season, were prevented.

AN OBSERVER.

CHEVITSTONE, DEVON.—The anniversary services in connection with Ford Chapel Sunday School were held on Whit-Monday, when two sermons were preached by Mr. B. B. Walc, minister of Trinity Chapel, Plymouth. There was a good attendance, and the word seemed to be much enjoyed. A goodly number sat down to tea between the services. We regret to add that the esteemed and beloved pastor, Mr. Horton, whose labours the Lord has specially blessed, still continues too unwell to preach, though a hope is entertained that he will be able to resume his labours before long.

BRIGHTON.—*Why* the deacon was dismissed, we cannot publish. Many very deeply sympathize with him, and left with him; and "one voice" says they intend to strengthen the cause at Bond street. This chapel is said to be most unique, convenient, and even handsome. Mr. Glaskin's settlement there is anticipated with great pleasure by many. The effect of the great orator in Queen Square upon the good man who swims as far and as fast as possible, is not to be wondered at. It is only by sticking fast to that truth which God makes powerful in a man's soul, that any minister can honestly stand the tug and tear of the changing elements of this time-state. The man who was trained up in a place where truth was proclaimed but not practised, will soon see that the simple truth of the Gospel, in these days, will not do in a town like Brighton, unless he has a living spring in his soul, which will refresh and confirm, edify and comfort the Lord's people in the truth of their own salvation. If people ask us how it is Mr. Grace stands so well, our answer is, first, he came from two influential houses—Mr. Vinall's pulpit made him as a minister many friends, and secured to him a good connection; and his connection in business with that immense Brighton establishment, also gave him an extensive influence. Beside all this, secondly, he is a living minister of real Christian experience. He has no flowing eloquence; he has no capacious mental powers; but he has proof, and gives evidence of the truth of Solomon's words, "The words of wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools." In the experience of salvation, Mr. Grace's ministry stands: there he is useful. Many of the weak and trembling, who visit Brighton, go to West street, and they declare that the Lord meets with them there: they receive the testimony of the Holy Ghost in their consciences, and that is more to them than all the pompous swellings of men, whether they stand in the letter of truth or in systems of a mere evangelical philosophy. More and more are we convinced—

The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows WHEN and WHERE He please.

He is only limited by the enactments of the everlasting covenant of atonement; by the redemption which is in Christ Jesus; wherever there is a vessel of mercy, wherever there is a soul on whose lintel is placed the blood of atonement, the Spirit will act directly contrary to the destroying angel in the land of Egypt; for while that angel passed over those houses where that blood was seen, the Holy Spirit will enter in, and will so secretly and certainly bless the souls in those blood-besprinkled habitations, that they will rejoice in God, and love the instrument through whom the blessing came. We thank our correspondents for all favors. We will give the exact names, times, and places of all faithful men, if favorable.

SIBLE HEDINGHAM.—DR. BR. BANKS.

—I have been a reader of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and speaking in the name of the Lord for years, but have not been called upon before this to send a piece for your VESSEL. On Tuesday, 3rd May, we held a meeting at Sible Hedingham, for the laying foundation stone of a new chapel. Our God, who is the hearer and answerer of prayer, heard our cry, and gave us a most delightful afternoon. The service commenced by our young brother Cook, of Braintree, giving out a hymn, wherein Christ was made the sure foundation stone on which the church is built; after which brother Beacock offered solemn prayer. Brother Powell gave a good address to the people, and read a piece out of Mr. Motz's book, called "The new trust deed," in order that the people might know upon what principle the chapel was to be built, and put in trust for the Particular Baptists for ever. Our brother Whorlow, of Sudbury, was appointed to lay the foundation stone, on which

was engraved, "Particular Baptist Chapel, foundation stone laid May 3rd, 1864." Our brother Whorlow gave a very appropriate address: the Lord the Spirit made it a blessing to the people. The stone being laid, brother Whorlow placed a sovereign on it, which was followed by others putting on, until the sum reached £4 2s. 10d. A hymn being sung, brother Kemp, of Glensford, who was to speak upon the name of the chapel, "REHOBOTH," gave a good address, which was well received. Prayer being offered by myself, the service of laying the stone ended, we proceeded to a good tea, which was given gratis by the friends, and the proceeds of it went towards the building. Nearly two hundred sat down to tea; the net profit amounted to £2 2s. A hymn was sung and prayer offered by brother Whorlow. The evening meeting was addressed by brethren Cook, of Brantree, Huck, of Earl's Colne, Whorlow, of Sudbury, Beacock, Powell, &c.; all seemed at home. The Spirit of the Lord did send the word with divine power: many did testify that the word was blessed. The meeting broke up between nine and ten, and a collection making in all £13 2s. 4d., besides £31 15s. 10d. collected before, making a total of £44 13s. 2d.; thus ended one of the most blessed meetings that have been known in Hedingham for some time. Should this be read by any who are blessed with this world's goods, the Lord dispose them to help us poor at Hedingham, who much need a place where the truth may be preached. Donations will be thankfully received by Mr. A. E. Bowtell, grocer, Yeldham, Essex, or by myself, John Wheeler, of High street, Brantree.

SUDBOURN.—MR. EDITOR.—To the honor of our covenant, God and Father, I give outline of a meeting held on Whit Monday, at our new chapel, at Sudbourn. In afternoon brother Gooding preached a blessed discourse from the words "Jesus only." It was soul-cheering and God-honouring. The chapel was well filled. After tea our brother Baker (from Tunstall) preached from "Though I walk through the valley," &c. Many of the Tunstall friends, and their singers, lent us a helping hand. I can say my cup ran over, yea, we were favored to realise the language of Isaiah the prophet, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall bud and blossom as the rose." What service can be compared to the service of our God? In regard to money matters, we realised in the evening by collections, cards, money promised at the opening, &c., about £10. Yes, sir, and I must tell you that since I have been writing this to you, a gentleman far advanced in life, who has been known many years for his liberality to the cause of Christ, sent me the noble sum of *ten pounds*. I felt truly overcome, and wept for joy. Surely my old friend's prayer was soon answered that he put up on my behalf on Lord's day last. My wife heard the dear old man so earnestly praying the Lord to appear for his dear minister, and send him some help from some quarter, that I might be preserved from getting into difficulty in regard to the building, for I had told the people I wanted £20, £10 for the bricklayer and £10 for the deal merchant. On the Monday, through the goodness of God in disposing the hearts of friends to assist us, we realised £10, or nearly so, and the Lord sent £10 on the same day, which was brought to me on the Tuesday morning. Oh, how good is my God to me! In addition to this, I would say that we are about to make a baptistry; our friends have wrought well and collected the money for it before it is begun, so that no addition be made to the debt, and I hope soon to see some walking through that divine ordinance. We have realised towards the sum of £175, £78, and do sincerely thank God and take courage.—Yours in Jesus,

WM. LARGE.

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

DACRE PARK BAPTIST CHAPEL, on Whit Monday presented a most pleasing sight to the lovers of nature, standing as it does in an extensive shrubbery, with a rich variety of the lilacs, the May trees, the mountain-ash, and many other beautiful trees, evergreens, &c. The friends who assembled greatly enjoyed the treat. Anniversary sermons had been preached on the previous Sunday by Mr. Alderson, of East Lane, and much good in every way had been done. The meetings on Monday were only supplemental, and we fear, in temporals, were not so successful. A short discourse was delivered in the afternoon to a small audience, by C. W. Banks, on "The sympathy of Christ with His people." After tea had been served most efficiently and comfortably, Mr. Peplow opened the public meeting; Mr. Dixon prayed; and Mr. Cozens gave a preface to the meeting by making a few remarks on Whitsuntide. Mr. Anderson discoursed on the "White stone;" Mr. Leech on the "White raiment;" Mr. Wall on the "White Horse;" and C. W. Banks was announced to speak on the "Great white throne," but a mental fever strongly influenced his brain, and before he could close his review of the previous speakers, it was considered time to close the meeting. There were some excellent points advanced by the brethren, Cozens, Anderson, Leach, and Wall, in fact we had from each of them a little sermon; but the "Great white throne," was a theme of such deep solemnity, that in thinking and attempting to discourse thereon, the speaker felt awed and inwardly overwhelmed. He had purposed to open the three words, "throne," "white throne," "great white throne," but something hindered him, and the previous speakers, who had done so well, found plenty of room for comment on the failure. The readers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, however, shall have, ere long, (D.V.) the substance of the address which would have been delivered had not a most mysterious influence prevented. The church at Dacre Park now requires a pastor; the cause requires a preacher; a brother fully rich in mental and experimental powers, of high moral and intellectual attainments, might, under God, here raise up a large congregation. The Lord only knows where He is to be found.

TUNBRIDGE - WELLS. — REHOBOTH

BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Anniversary services were held in the above chapel, on Wednesday, May 11; three sermons were preached, morning and evening by Mr. John Warburton, afternoon by our esteemed minister, Mr. R. Bax. We had a good day, both spiritually and temporally. Many of the friends and admirers of the late Mr. J. Warburton came to hear his son, because they had heard he was very like his father in more respects than one. We were glad to hear they were not disappointed. Mr. Warburton was heard best in the morning, though he had much more liberty in speaking in the evening. We feel bound to add that Mr. Warburton manifested a most kindly and Christian spirit towards us, expressing his deep sympathy for the friends at Rehoboth, and declared it as his firm and solemn conviction that the man who lately acted so as to excite the profound contempt of every honest minded person would, ere long, come to the ground with shame and dishonor. Said he, "Don't tell me that a man is led by the Holy Ghost to deny the truth of God, and despise the ordinances of His house. No, no, that is the work of the devil." If we dare credit the half we hear, there is a long account to be settled at a future day. "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." (Eccles. xii. 14.) We cannot but believe the Lord will, in His own time, raise us up, and build us with living stones, whose names are written in Jerusalem. We are expecting to baptize shortly.

HENRY ASHBY, PHILLIP CARR, Deacons.

HOXNE, SUFFOLK.—On April 20th a public tea meeting was held in the above place by the few friends who have met for divine worship there for several years past. The object of the meeting was to make collection towards the erection of a new chapel, which is now had in contemplation, and will soon be commenced. The friends, though few in number, and very poor as to this world's goods, have certainly done wonders by God's grace and their own perseverance. They have paid for the ground upon which their little boarded chapel still stands, and which cost them over £70. Through their own exertions, with a little help from some Christian friends in the neighbourhood, this sum has been quickly obtained. On the evening of the above day over £20 was collected, and as the friends have now cleared the ground, the next object is a new chapel, which is much wanted where the inhabitants are numerous, and where there is a large sphere of labour. If any of the friends of Jesus feel it in their hearts to send these worthy people a nite towards their new place of worship, it will be most thankfully received. In the afternoon brother Bird, of Rattlesden, preached a faithful and powerful sermon from Eph. iv. 15. In the evening brother Hill, of Stoke Ash, occupied the chair, when addresses were given by brethren Roots, Taylor, Harris, Bird, Read and Pegg. The worthy chairman of the meeting, in his usual way of proceeding on such occasions, was enabled throughout the services to keep up a spirit of the highest animation among the large numbers that attended. Great gratitude is due to brethren Hill, Harris, and Roots, who have so cheerfully and liberally helped the Lord's little flock in Hoxne. It is well known that these servants of Christ are always ready to help those that help themselves. For the encouragement of our young brother Read, who labors stately among the Hoxne friends, we ought to say that his prospects are of a cheering character, while the acceptability of his ministrations may be judged of by the overflowing numbers that attend his ministry. After reading this we have no doubt but the churches of Christ will lend a helping hand; desiring to see the salvation of Israel go forth as a lamp that burneth. A FRIEND.

TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.—DEAR BR. BANKS.—The writer has great joy in informing you how blessedly the Lord is dwelling amongst us. Last ordinance day the Lord enabled our pastor, A. Baker, to immerse some redeemed vessels of mercy. One of these sisters has for many years been a partaker of the Lord's supper in the established church, but she never felt nor knew till within the past year, how unworthily she had been eating and drinking. In great mercy the Lord has brought her out and made her sing aloud for joy, and say "Give place, for I must dwell with thee." The other young sister the Lord has long since convinced of her state, by nature; he has drawn her on, by the cords of love, from step to step, and has constrained her by love divine to show to a gazing world around what a dear Saviour she has found. We have more desiring to put on Christ by public baptism next ordinance day. On Tuesday, May 17th, we had brother Pells, who preached in afternoon from Psalm lviii. 18, and brother Corbitt, of Norwich, preached in evening. They spoke of a full Christ, a free Christ, a crucified and risen Christ; they were enabled to speak of His worth, His greatness, His goodness, His sublime beauties, and His loving kindness most delightfully. We had a large audience to tea, about three hundred sitting down; we also had with us our brethren, W. Large, of Butley; Mr. Legate, of Crauford; the venerable old Christian and brother Runnacles, of Chasfield, who, in turn, took part in the services, by giving out the hymns. At the close of the meeting our beloved pastor, with a grateful heart, thanked one and all for their kindness to-

ward him. Our pastor is enabled to proclaim the loving kindness of the Lord; the Lord has prospered him thus far, made him an honoured instrument of convincing many poor sinners of their state, and in the setting at liberty and building up and blessing many who have believed. We have our morning and noon prayer meetings on the Sabbath, and they are refreshing seasons. We have some bitter things to cope with; but the Lord reigneth. Dear brother, may the Lord bless you while travelling through this vale of tears.

A LITTLE ONE.

POTTON, BEDS.—STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL, Royston street.—Dear Brother Banks,—We, as a church and congregation, feel delighted at the testimony delivered by you on our anniversary day; it did our hearts good, and we have great reason to rejoice; the Lord was in our midst. We, as a little church, have struggled hard to keep open the doors; so many to oppose us, still, we keep on believing the Lord is with us, though we have been sorely tried, yet mercifully blessed; our humble hope is God will increase us. We had 160 to tea. In the evening we were glad when brother Cozens came in; he preached well, his text was "From such turn away." We have some waiting to join us in church fellowship.

H. COOPER.

BROCKHAM.—Not far from Docking, in Surrey, lies the long favored Gospel valley, called Brockham: over whose little church, Mr. Henry Allnutt presides. On Wednesday, May 13, the Baptist Chapel presented a lively scene. It was anniversary day, and in proof of deep-rooted Christian affection, nearly forty of Mr. Allnutt's old Ripley friends travelled in mill waggons a distance of fifteen miles, up hill and through dales, in order practically to convince their old pastor, Mr. Allnutt, that in the Lord, they loved him still, although now for years he has been removed from them. And when he saw that long stream of loving hearts and cheerful faces, coming in on his anniversary day, his tears streamed again, and "Bless the Lord, O my soul" was the language of his inner man. The "Watchman on the walls," Mr. Garrard, of Leicester, preached morning and evening, and Mr. Allnutt afternoon. The Ripley friends were thankful to find the Brockham pastor quiet, patient, and still pressing on in the best work under heaven—preaching Christ's Gospel. They left him with a good hope, that if never here again they meet, around the glory-throne they'll stand to lift Immanuel's glories high. The Ripley friends, the next day (May 19) celebrated the return of their pastor's birth-day, Charles Turner being that day forty-five. Two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, and abundant evidence was given that in Ripley meeting the Lord is blessing His own word. Brother Stevens, of Mayford, read John xvii. and expounded with great clearness. Brockham and Ripley had two good days.

IPSWICH.—REHOBOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL, TACKET STREET.—On Wednesday afternoon, April 27th, 1864, a tea meeting was held in the aforesaid place, when about 80 persons gathered under the ministry of Mr. Wm. Felton, late of Zoar Chapel, were associated together in harmony, peace, and pleasure. In the evening, at seven o'clock, sixteen persons publicly volunteered to form themselves into a church society, on the basis of sovereign, free, and distinguishing grace, resolving to cleave to each other in the Lord, and to keep the ordinances as delivered by Christ, in New Testament order. Prayer was offered by Mr. S. Baker. After a short but solemn address by the presiding minister, on the nature of church government, the little band gave themselves to the Lord, and to each other, by the will of God, with uplifted hands and a hearty shaking of hands in

the name of Jesus. Addresses were then given by Mr. Samuel Baker, of Ohelmondiston, on the union of the church in and with Christ, its cause, its nature and design. Mr. W. Smith spoke of the living church in fellowship with Jesus and its blessings. Mr. John Stammers said some few things on a church state on earth, its use and end. Brother Oliver was to have spoken, but time being gone, the meeting was closed after a few appropriate verses, by solemn prayer from the president. WILLIAM FELTON, Minister presiding.

HACKNEY.—HOMERTON TERRACE.—On Sunday, May 15th, three sermons were preached, in the morning and evening by our excellent young brother Gill, and in the afternoon by our esteemed brother Banks. On Tuesday, 17th, a tea and public meeting was held, on which occasion the place was filled with very attentive hearers, the meeting being opened by brother Gill, who engaged in prayer, and after a short address, introduced brother Banister, who spoke with great freedom on Eph. iv. 23, 24. Then came brother Rayment, who spoke for some time on the blood, after which our excellent brother Brunt, of Shadwell, who spoke with much eloquence on Rev. xiv. 1, and then brother Holland treated his subject in his usual style on the good Samaritan, after which brother Witteridge, for a very short time, spoke on Christian course. At the close a vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. T. Gill (brother to our young pastor) to Mrs. Bayliss and the ladies who assisted in preparing tea, and seconded by Mr. Kemp, terminated one of the happiest meetings which it has been our privilege for some time to be present at. Our friends experienced a disappointment, as our dear brother Banks could not be present, but circumstances having so occurred which prevented him, we were obliged to put up with the disappointment.

ONE THAT WAS THERE.

STOKENEWINGTON.—SALEM CHAPEL, CHURCH STREET.—Mr. George Stevens having received a unanimous invitation from the church, has accepted the pastorate, and commenced his pastoral duties on Lord's day, May the first. This church, while under the pastoral care of Mr. W. Dovey, sen., commenced a building society, for the building a suitable place of worship, the one hitherto held by them being two rooms thrown into one, and in which there is no convenience for a vestry or school room, and no baptistry: they at that time issued cards, and collected from friends about £140, which they invested in the public funds and savings bank, but in consequence of Mr. Dovey retiring from the ministry, the society thought it desirable to suspend any further public effort until the church had obtained another pastor. This being now effected, they purpose at once to recommence their efforts, and to re-issue their collecting cards in the name of their new pastor, Mr. Stevens. The society have the promise of £50 if they can obtain five more fifties, and in which case they would feel themselves justified in at once commencing to build a chapel.

FRESSINGFIELD, SUFFOLK.—Anniversary of Baptist Chapel was held Thursday, May 19th. The gateway, entrance, and interior of the chapel was tastefully decorated with garlands of flowers, appropriate mottoes, &c. Afternoon service commenced by brother Hoddy, of Horham, reading and engaging in prayer. Br. Gooding, of Halesworth, preached a soul-cheering sermon on "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Br. Taylor, of Fulham, invoked the divine blessing. An excellent tea being provided, about 340 refreshed themselves. In evening Br. Wroots, of Keilsale, read and prayed. Br. Poock preached a lucid gospel sermon. For several years past we have not known such a generally satisfactory and large meeting.

We have much to bless God for: for success in our pastor's (Mr. Pegg's) ministerial labors, for an unbroken harmony and unanimity in the church, and for the untiring and united efforts of the friends in all measures for our welfare. "Surely Thy paths drop fatness."

TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.—We had a blessed day on Good Friday. The Lord was powerfully felt by many souls. Brother Hanger, of Colchester, preached in the afternoon to a large congregation. Nearly 300 persons took tea. Our brother Gooding, of Hailsforth, preached in the evening. We rejoice still to open our chapel for public meetings as often as we can; because our deacons with myself know that the Lord has crowned these meetings with His blessing. This last time one poor soul was brought into Gospel liberty under brother Hanger, one who had been some twenty years what is commonly called a strict churchwoman. All glory to our blessed God.

CHATTERIS, ISLE OF ELY.—Last Lord's day in March, Mr. E. J. Silvertown had the honor to lead into the water, five sisters and five brothers in Christ, and baptized them in the name of the ever glorious three-one God. The baptism took place in the afternoon, in a water about one mile from the town. When the minister and those who were to be baptized, arrived at the water, it was a grand sight to see the great number of people present; there must have been near 3000. God is doing great things for Zion at Chatteris, the word is made by the Holy Spirit to lay hold of the hearts of the people. "To God the glory does belong." S. S. G.

AVETON GIFFORD, DEVON.—The anniversary services of the Baptist church and congregation, under the pastorate of Mr. Sandover, were held on Whit-Tuesday. Mr. Wale, of Plymouth, preached afternoon and evening from Leviticus xxiii. 4, and a happy day we had. The dew and power of the Holy Ghost were most blessedly felt, accompanying the word spoken, and to nearly all present it was a time of special refreshing from on high. Many were seen to be in tears, their hearts melted and gladdened beneath the good and gracious presence of the Lord. A large number sat down to tea between the services.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.—Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., laid the foundation stone of a new chapel, April 16, 1864. A "highly respectable" company was present. Some ask why not answer the questions? They have been answered thousands of times. Some years since, a minister was asked at Aylesbury, if he was not veering toward open communion? He scorned the idea. But a little golden influence has turned many, and many more will go as gently as possible.

ENFIELD HIGHWAY.—This little cause is still realizing the manifest favor of God. On Monday evening, 18th May, three believers were baptized by Mr. H. Strickett, one of them being a seal to his ministry here, after a suitable sermon and address at Waltham Abbey Chapel, lent by our kind friends there for the service. We expect others shortly. God willing, on the second Tuesday in July, the church will be organized, of which due notice will be given. Brethren, pray for us. H. C. S.

ST. IVES.—Our anniversary, May 3rd, was a special day for Gospel truth. Mr. Wells' sermon on Heb. vii. 2, was luminous, profound, and exceedingly precious. Mr. Haynes, the minister, enjoys peace and good success.

STAFFORD.—The letters are received. Are there no godly men, of sufficient wisdom and power, to stand in the breach? Many hearts are grieved beyond measure. We pray that a more Christlike spirit might prevail, and holy peace be given, with a greater measure of prosperity than has been known for many years. We cannot say more now. "Truth's sake" and "the Deacon," and "the retiring members" should all strive to obtain a pure reconciliation.

HARWICH.—"They that honour me," saith the Lord, "I will honour." Truly, this is being verified to the joy and rejoicing of the hearts of the Lord's people here. Our dear brother, J. W. Dyer, whom the Lord in His wisdom has placed here, is doing a great but steady work. His ministry, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, is being made effectual in cementing hearts together in love, binding up broken spirits, strengthening the faint and fearful, to follow in the footsteps of their Lord and Master in all the commandments and ordinances of His house blameless. All glory to His name. We had a high day here on Lord's-day, May 22nd. God was in our midst of a truth. Our dear pastor preached a soul-encouraging discourse in the morning from John vi. 57, and in the evening from Acts ii. 42; after which our brother, in the joy and strength of God, led four believers down into the baptismal waters, and upon a faithful confession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he immersed them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. His dear wife being one of the number, a solemn awe pervaded through the place, exhibiting a sweet mixture of rejoicing and weeping. It is a day never to be forgotten. May God crown the opportunity with His Divine blessing, and send His angel to troubled waters again, prays
A PILGRIM.

ST. ALBAN'S.—In Strict Baptist Chapel on Good Friday, two sermons were delivered by Mr. A. Peet, of Great Wilbraham, to excellent congregations. About eighty sat down to tea, collections were made in support of the cause; the friends gave in a liberal spirit, many left the chapel saying the Lord had been gracious, and through His Spirit accompanying the Word delivered, had really caused it to be a "Good Friday."

BOROUGH GREEN.—On Lord's-day, May 1st, Mr. Frith baptized two believers, a man and his wife, in the name of the Holy Trinity. On Whit Tuesday, Mr. Palmer, of Homerton, and Mr. Alderson, of Walworth, preached the anniversary sermons at Borough Green chapel. The day was fine and the congregations good.

YELDHAM.—Mr. Beacock's ministry is useful in this village to hundreds; the chapel is crowded, and means are required to erect a larger place. At Castle Hedingham, we understand, Mr. Wheeler's ministry is honoured of the Lord. The new chapel is begun. Has not the gospel in these parts been like a ship at sea for years? We hope better days are coming.

WOOLWICH.—CARMEL CHAPEL. On Lord's-day, April 24th, three persons were baptized by our pastor, Mr. Griffith.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—ZION CHAPEL. On Lord's-day, May 1st, our pastor, Mr. H. W. Stembridge, baptized three believers, and received them into the church the same day.

CHELTENHAM.—CAMBRAY CHAPEL. On Sunday evening, March 20th, fourteen believers were baptized, after a sermon by Mr. Cracknell, the pastor, from Mark xvii. 16.

Death.

THE LATE

MR. SAMUEL BROCKLEHURST.

On Friday, April 15th, 1864, departed this life by a sweet sleep in Jesus, Mr. Samuel Brocklehurst, nearly thirty years the steady, faithful, and affectionate pastor of the Baptist church assembling in the Baptist chapel, St. John's green, Colchester. His mortal remains were deposited in blessed hope at the cemetery, Colchester, followed by a large body of mourning friends, several ministers, and a vast concourse of neighbours, amounting to some hundreds, whose solemn aspect powerfully but silently proclaimed we have lost a friend. The funeral services were conducted by his tried friend and brother in Jesus, Mr. William Felton, Baptist minister of Rehoboth meeting, Tacket street, Ipswich, by whom two solemn addresses were given, one in the chapel and the other over the open grave, in the audience of several hundreds of persons. It was truly a solemn scene. After singing some blessed hymns, the service was closed in prayer, many weeping disciples bidding a silent adieu to departed worth.

On Lord's day afternoon, April 24, 1864, this very solemn providence was improved at the chapel, St. John's green, by Mr. Felton, where our late brother had so long sounded forth the melodious notes of redeeming love. The meeting was filled with attentive hearers to a discourse founded on 2nd Timothy iv. 6, 7, 8, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," &c. [This discourse will appear in the next number of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.]—Affectionately yours,
WILLIAM FELTON.

On May 5th, suddenly, Mr. THOMAS POILE, aged forty-eight, a member of the church at Darling-place, Mile End Gate. By his death the church has lost one of its most useful members in the Sunday-school and district visiting. The event was improved by his pastor, Mr. Gordelier, from 1 Chron. xv. 13. "The Lord our God has made a breach upon us." His death, though sudden, was under circumstances so merciful that it could well be said,—

"Softly his fainting head he laid,
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest."

On Wednesday, May 18th, 1864, at Finchley, the beloved wife of Mr. WILLIAM COOPER, pastor of the Baptist church meeting in Ebenezer chapel, New End, Hampstead, aged sixty-nine. She lived the Christian. Her end was peace.

Mrs. THORNEY, the wife of the old Baptist minister in Stowmarket, died May 12th, and was buried on the 20th by Messrs. Collins and Cooper. Her age was sixty-four.

The Ministerial Warrior.

A SERMON OCCASIONED BY THE HAPPY AND PEACEFUL DEPARTURE OF
MR. SAMUEL BROCKLEHURST,

LATE BAPTIST MINISTER AT ST. JOHN'S GREEN MEETING HOUSE, COLCHESTER, ESSEX.
PREACHED ON LORD'S-DAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 24th, 1864.

BY WILLIAM FELTON,

Baptist Minister of Rehoboth Meeting, Tacket Street, Ipswich, Suffolk.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."—2 Timothy iv. 6, 7, 8.

WHILST I was musing over the somewhat sudden, but gentle, dismission of my late endeared brother Brocklehurst to his blissful home, the words of the great Apostle to Timothy, as quoted above, were suggested to my mind as truly illustrating the character of the departed, and strikingly expressive of him as a member in Christ, a minister of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, a steady sterling Christian brother and friend, and a glorious victor over sin, death, and hell.

We notice from these words, by way of distinction, *the ministerial warrior*, first, *in his complete readiness*; secondly, *his noble conflict*; thirdly, *his assured victory*; and fourthly and lastly, *his glorious coronation*.

I. I need scarcely remind my dear hearers, that these words were spoken by an eminent servant of Jesus under very peculiar trials and fearful prospects. Beloved, Paul was now about to suffer death for the Gospel's sake, under the government of that accomplished tyrant, Nero, of execrable memory. From the best sources, we learn that the martyrdom of Paul took place in the year 66. It has been wisely remarked, that so long as the ministry of Paul was making conquests at a distance, Nero was content to leave Paul in prison. But when the holy Gospel comes in power from a prison to a palace, and disturbs the false peace of its inmates, Nero is enraged, and Paul must die; so true it is, that wherever there is a spark of real spiritual life, there will be a devil to oppose it. See Philippians i. 13. It is easy enough to talk of these things in the letter when there is little or no opposition made to them; but to face the foe armed with all the fury of hell; and to meet martyrdom calmly and undismayed, is the work of triumphant grace in the vessel of mercy. Here is something more than theory; a servant of the living God putting off the harness, and going joyfully into the presence of the Judge of quick and dead, thus dying with the grasp of eternal truth in the

hand of faith. This is glorifying the Master to the last moment of existence. I will not, my dear friends, trouble you with a lengthened introduction, but proceed at once to consider the words of our text, in accordance with which our departed brother was a Christian hero, and a noble minister of the ancient faith.

II. We enquire into the Christian's complete readiness to depart, or to be offered. He only who is truly fit to live is really fit to die, he therefore who is ready to depart is therefore quite fitted to stay. There is in vital godliness, a ready clothing, a ready cleansing, and a ready girding; these our brother possessed in a large measure, he delighted to be found in heaven's best robe, the spotless righteousness of the Redeeming Lamb. He gloried in being washed whiter than snow in the fountain of innocency. As a saved sinner and a minister of grace he was girt about with sound doctrine, solid experience, and godly practice. Our brother was no loose man; his loins were girt, his light was burning, and his CHRIST was present, and precious. He was ready; the day previous to his departure he said, "I am all ready," although he did not think his end was so near. He who was truly ready to be offered was also ready to do his Master's work: and almost with his dying breath proclaim, "Behold the Lamb." He did so, for he preached most delightfully in the school room of his residence the very day previous to his demise. Now Christian brethren, in what does your readiness to live and die for God consist? I would address my dear friends in this large assembly (although sorrowful) but with kind faithfulness and affection; which of us here can say, I am now ready to be offered, I am ready to depart, and can call the language of the text your own? But to reply to the question. The readiness of the gospel is designed to fit for, and take its subjects to heaven; but we can enter glory only in new clothes, upon which no stain or spot can

appear: the inhabitants of that happy world are all made new, therefore they sing a new song. Remember, my fellow sinner, you may be deceived by a false ministry: beware of men-traps, there are various ways to the pit. Blessed be God, there is but one road to the heavenly city, and that is consecrated by blood. Saith our life-giving Lord, "I am the way," all others will mislead you. Oh, ye ministers of Zion, beware how you slide into a middle course. It is thus deceitfully handling of the word of God, by teaching a medium path between law and Gospel, which deceives the unwary, and makes hypocrites by hundreds. The Christian's readiness includes the whole Person of Christ; in every office he sustains, the entire worth and work of our Immanuel in all he did, in all he said, in all his sufferings and triumphs, as the redeemer of his bride, he is our entire righteousness to justify his whole church from all law, charge, curse, and condemnation; our entire sanctification to make us holy; he is our life, our peace, our all; found in him, dressed, cleansed, and pardoned, we are ready for all the storms of mortality, and shall hear him welcome us to the last, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, come and live with me for ever," this will make the dying pillow soft, and fit us to meet our Judge with pleasure and delight. Thus it was with our late dear brother, who calmly laid his head upon the bosom of his dear wife, and without a sigh or groan departed in the peace of the great Peacemaker,—thus in the language of Watts he could say,

"Now I can leave this world, he cries,
Behold thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes."

I had a strong desire to see him before he was taken home; but a very heavy domestic calamity prevented my doing so. But those who die in Jesus, and those who live in him, are still one. No man loved to extol the work of Christ more than Samuel Brocklehurst. Like Paul he gloried in preaching that new garment which the devil cannot rend in pieces, nor all the guilt of hell defile. Our Jesus makes all things new; the man of God is a new creature in a new suit, clothing that will neither spot, nor wear. Our precious Jesus wrought it out, and our loving Comforter puts it upon us. Oh my hearers, let us be followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises. Put on thy beautiful garments, O thou Jerusalem of the Lord; for the more Christ is worn by faith, the brighter will his image appear in the life, walk, and conversation.

"The time of my departure is at hand."
No man knoweth the exact time of dismis-

sion from this vile body; and this concealment is a mercy to us all. But Paul might gather from the gloom of surrounding events, that the hour of his death was not far distant. The concealment of the future is to us a great favour; nevertheless, the Lord sometimes gives his tried servants intimation of his solemn coming. Paul was now upon his trial before the court of Nero, the second time; and very shortly afterwards sealed with his blood those great truths he had so nobly preached to the church of the living God. It was the voice of a prisoner of hope, from a filthy dungeon at Rome, piercing through all the gloom of darkness and death, and thus following his Master from a cross to a crown. It has been most ignorantly observed by some persons, that individuals die before their time. This is not only absurd, but contrary to Bible truth. It may be before their estimated time, and that is I presume what is meant in those portions—Eccles. iii. 17; Psalm, lv. 23. But surely we are not allowed to interpret one part of God's word in direct opposition to the other, (see Job vii, 1, also Eccle. iii, 2.) Paul's life was secure until the appointed hour came. Nor could bloody Nero hurt a hair of his head until the set time arrived. A man once said to me many years since whilst I dwelt at March, Isle of Ely, with a sneer—"There is no appointed time to die." Then, I said, by way of reply, "mind you do not die too early." Such statements are a dishonour to the Bible.

Secondly, The Christian Warrior's Noble Conflicts.—"I have fought a good fight;" it is in the cause of a good master, for the obtaining of a good object, and with a good end in view. The Christian man and minister as new-born into a new state is designed to contend with the whole earth. See Jeremiah xv, 10. Our fight is with sinful self, and righteous self, the world, the flesh, and the devil. We are exhorted to contend earnestly for the faith. The spiritual minister in Zion has a legion to fight against; false systems in almost every grade. He has a peculiar sword to use, and it is a most blessed privilege to use it wisely; that we cut up error, but spare the transgressors. Our dear departed friend was eminently blessed in this particular. He knew how to combine solid firmness in the truth, with warm affection for the souls of men. He kept the faith because he was kept in the faith. He doubtless had his sore conflicts at Colchester, but he was honourably helped through all. Yes, he fought in faith; he fought for the faith; the ancient faith; not the jumble creed of duty-faith, that smooth way to perdition. His glory was to hoist the person of Immanuel very high, to preach the power of his blood;

above all, the defilements of sin and the glory of the grace of Christ as the solid stay, support, and comfort of a saved sinner; and these things will stand when every thing else will come to nothing; and through mercy our dear friend lived out his preaching, to the obtaining a good report from hundreds, who knew not the value of his ministry. He fought with "the sword of the Spirit" which oftentimes divides between the husband and the wife, the brother and sister. In *this*, grace is magnified and sin exposed. So fought our dear brother until his divine Master said, it is enough,—“well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” I have oftentimes felt surprised that our brother's ministry was so thinly attended. I once asked him how he could quietly preach to so few. His reply was, “My Lord is working.” It was a peculiar ministry by a peculiar man; peace was his darling theme, but never at the cost of truth. He never qualified his creed to persons of middle stature. He kept the faith, no trimming with Samuel Brocklehurst to seek love.

For nearly thirty years did he stand in Colchester, a witness for God, labouring soundly in honestly declaring the truth as it is in Jesus, with apparently small encouragement. I well know my temperament would not have endured such a trial. We have stood together in solid and undisturbed friendship for twenty years. I shall not soon forget the very kind solicitude he often shewed to his friend, especially at our first interview; we walked and worked together as one, his steady and abiding friendship was truly worthy of the name.

III. We notice, “The heavenly warrior's assured victory.” This is according to the covenant promise and power of our God. The triumph of truth is certain, we obtain many victories in our pathway whilst contending against earth and hell, and “wicked spirits in high places.”

It is a great favor to have self under control whilst employed in the noble service of the sanctuary. This our dear friend did possess in a large degree; he lived by faith, walked in the faith, and died in the faith. Grasping the standard with his almost expiring breath, on the afternoon previous to the day of his departure, he exclaimed, “I am going home; I am so full of Christ, I could not bear more.” There was no room for the creature, this was finishing his course with joy, and obtaining victory over the last enemy with holy triumph.

We have lived to see many who have begun well, and for a time maintained the cause of free, sovereign, and effectual grace, but where are they now? They tell us

candidly they have found it needful to choose a middle course; will they dare to assert that the Holy Ghost is the author of such changes, and if not, who but the devil is? I have long been censured for speaking out thus plainly, but I heeded not such rebuke. Were I now, after forty years standing on Zion's walls, to begin to qualify, I should go down to Jericho at once; oh the great mercy of keeping the faith!

But the Christian in death is more than conqueror, for he dies to live. Our brother fights no more; the warrior has left the walls below for the mansions above. Contention and strife can vex his spirit no more. His mortal remains sleep in Jesus to be brought with Him again, when the great trumpet shall sound. Zion in general has lost a truly faithful servant; you as a church have lost a kind and affectionate pastor, who always had your welfare at heart; you, my widowed sister, have parted with an endeared husband. But your union in Jesus is unbroken. Very many in Colchester have lost a real friend, who delighted in doing good to you in those many kind services which has given his name a warm place in your affectionate remembrance; and for which he was so well qualified. He had truly a good report of them that are without.

IV. We notice, “His coronation, a crown of righteousness laid up.” Shall we ask what this crown is, where laid up, and for whom is it reserved? This crown I take to set forth the whole glory of Christ in heaven; Jesus is the life of that vast assembly, His righteousness, blood, and grace, is the substance of their new song. It is a crown of righteousness, as it is the full enjoyment of the soul's bliss, until the resurrection morn, for the church of God will not be perfected in fulness until body and spirit, bought with the blood of the Lamb, be presented sound and whole before the throne. This was treasured up in the covenant council of Jehovah,—Father, Word, and Spirit, laid up in Jesus as the living Head of His body, and He the righteous Judge will give it to all his followers who war a good warfare even to the end. Many godly people are apt to say *yes*, this crown was laid up for Paul and others, who like him, labor much in the Lord, but surely it cannot be laid up for such a poor nothing creature as I am. Now observe how my text meets such humble souls, “And not for me only, but for all them also that love his appearing.” How encouraging for the weakest believer that hangs upon the arms of Jesus.

It would seem that Paul does not in these words include the idea of degrees of glory. Many good people think so; well, we need

not be displeased with them, I confess I do not believe the sentiment, and for this reason, because I cannot conceive how perfection can admit of degree: but be it so. If some minds are larger than others in glory, this is our crown: they will all be full, and he that is full of Christ will be perfectly happy, and who can be more. "For all them also that love his appearing." Here, my hearers, is a touchstone to try ourselves by. It is very plain but not less expressive, most persons can tell where their love is. Is the Christian man or woman the only person who cannot tell where their heart is? Do you love his appearing very clearly in the Gospel ministry? Do you love his appearance in prayer, in Providence, in the means of grace? Is everything quite emptiness to you without Him? Then you will love His appearing to take you home, to make your bed in death, and to prepare you for the place he has prepared for you. To conclude, we are gathered this afternoon to pay the last token of respect to the memory of one we loved, and in death we are not divided. Could our brother now speak he would say in those melting words of our great Christ on the cross, "Weep not for me, but for yourselves." This voice speaks solemnly to the church in this place, over whom he very affectionately watched for so many years. Be ye followers of your departed pastor as far as he followed Christ; the greatest honor you can do to his memory is to cleave close to those great truths which were the delight of his soul to preach. Let it be your constant care to guard this pulpit from error; we live in kidnapping days, beware of middle men in particular. Watch and pray against any strife amongst yourselves, be united, watchful, and prayerful.

To his dear widow, my bereaved sister, I would say, look upwards and press forward. Your heavenly husband is on the throne. Put on Jesus continually as thy wedding dress, wear it to his honor, for as Watts saith,—

The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

The Lord appear to befriend the widow in this hour of need.

To the dear children who were entrusted to his care as a schoolmaster; he was not only your teacher, but your foster father. He loved you and felt a deep concern for your good. I was much pleased with a relation of circumstances I heard a short time since of his affectionate care; he was often seen in the eve of the day with the boys around him, one on each knee, and others round his neck, all eagerly listening to the instructions he was imparting, and although his voice is now silent in death, I would hope that the God of all grace may bless those instructions to your youthful

minds, which shall bring forth fruit in an after day.

Neighbours and friends at Colchester, our departed brother has his testimony in your hearts as a real and valued friend. I have heard something said about a tablet, such things are very well in their place, but his best monument is in the affectionate remembrance of those who loved him for his works' sake. I have lost a valued friend and companion, always ready to every kind work; but our bereavement is his everlasting gain.

Accept, dear friends, these feeble remarks as a testimony of kind respect to the memory of one we all loved. Keep close to the truth as it is in Christ; and now that the servant is called home, ask yourselves how far you profited by his labors of love. I may never see you any more, but I shall not cease to cherish a hope that the dear Lord may raise you up a pastor after his own heart, who shall feed you with knowledge and understanding. Farewell for Christ's sake. To the Holy Three in one, Father, Word, and Spirit, be all the glory.

WILLIAM FELTON.

No. 6, Borough road, Ipswich.
May 18, 1864.

THE WORD OF GOD IN THE SOUL.

"My doctrine shall drop as the rain," &c.—
Deut. xxxii. 2.

Like as the field when bath'd in tears
Of glist'ning dew at early morn,
Or, as the earth around appears
When gentle showers are past and gone;
The mead with sparkling moisture shines
Or silvery pools adorn the plain,
So in the Christian's soul these signs
Attend each fall of heav'nly rain.

But ere the day has pass'd away
The fields their former look regain,
Refreshing dews no longer stay,
The silvery pools forsake the plain.
Yet when the parched and thirsty ground
Implores again the genial shower,
Soft cooling rains descend around,
Reviving ev'ry plant and flower.

Thus is it often with the soul,
And evidences fade from view,
But He who first the heart made whole,
His visits will again renew.
And, as the rain and snow fulfil
His gracious purposes of love,
So doth His word instruct the will,
Rejoice the heart, and fears remove.

A. W. P.

Christ as our surety, put away sin from before God, as if it had never been.—
Romaine.

Christ has the same love in his heart now, as he had when nailed to the cross: he has not changed his heart, though he has changed his state and place.—*Romaine.*

The Illness and Death of Mr. John Pells,

PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, MEETING IN SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

It appears but a few years since we first met our deceased brother Pells, at the Parsonage house, adjoining Mr. Pock's chapel, in Ipswich. John Pells was then just beginning to be useful in the Sunday school, and was highly esteemed. We remember well the impression upon our mind was that he would soon be in the ministry; there was all that cheerful aptness, warm zeal, and inward light and love, all those natural and spiritual qualifications which are almost certain—under favourable circumstances—to carry a man into fields of usefulness and acceptance.

Very soon after the period we have referred to, we heard that John Pells was preaching the Gospel in different places. Tunstall, Clare, and other parts of our Zion, soon heard his voice; and the good people at Clare speedily settled him as their pastor. For that cause our brother worked very hard; and we believe seals to his ministry were neither few nor uncertain. The Lord, we hope, did there honour his servant; and if ever a man flung heart, head, and hand into a work, we feel persuaded others with us will say, John Pells did without any reserve.

His removal from Clare to Soho, Oxford street, is generally known. His influence in Metropolitan and Provincial Churches as a pleasant preacher of Christ's Gospel, has been increasingly extensive. It is only the other day we had a long list from his secretary of his engagements for the coming month; but in one short week, he has been laid in illness, and in the sleep of death.

The following note we had written for our wrapper in the expectation that a few days would have seen him raised to his work again:—

"MR. JOHN PELL'S has had a severe illness; his medical attendants almost despaired of his life; but at the time we write, his beloved wife says in a note to us, dated June 21st, 'I am happy to say I hope there is a change for the better in my dear husband; he is in a very low state, unable to see any one, or to rise in the bed without assistance. Craving an interest in your prayers, I am, &c., C. S. PELL'S.' We trust he will speedily be restored to that large field of usefulness the Lord has given him.

But, alas! while a dear brother minister opposite us (Mr. Bowler) has been in the waters of death apparently for four years,—this young man, in the ascendancy toward his prime, is suddenly called away.

The following lines gave us the first mournful announcement that John Pells

was no more. A Correspondent writes for us in words as annexed.

"It is our painful duty to record the death of this esteemed and highly successful minister of Christ, whose labours are so suddenly brought to a close. It is almost needless to refer to the happy success which has attended his labours at Soho Chapel, Oxford-street. The Church has been, by this unlooked for stroke of divine providence deprived of their affectionate pastor; the happy wife and devoted mother, has been widowed, and several small children left, bereft of one of the most loving of fathers. We can only state at present, that our esteemed brother, moved into a new house on Thursday last, the 16th of June; on the next day he was unwell; and was unable to preach on Sunday last. The complaint, being stoppage of the bowels, seemed relieved on Monday; but a relapse came on and he sunk in the arms of death on Thursday, the 23rd June. Thus ended the earthly career of Mr. John Pells, but more in our next in relation to the life and death of this short lived but favoured saint.

Since the above was written, we have called on Mrs. Pells, anxious to express and manifest any sympathy within our power. Our dear sister was almost overwhelmed with sorrow, yet upheld and consoled with the double consolation that during the whole course of their union, the strongest and purest affection had bound them together, and in the closing hours of his earthly life he was enabled to commit wife, children, church, deacons, and all, into the hands of the Lord, and free from every fear, and happy in the prospect of an eternal world, to bow before his glorious Master, and say, "Thy will be done." Although the pains of death were severe, yet, until within ten minutes of his end, he was sensible and happy, he expressed no wish either to live or die; but, as it were, clasping a dear Redeemer in the arms of his faith and affection, and laying aside every other weight and burden, he entered Jordan's flood; and at half-past four on Thursday morning, June 23rd, 1864, nothing but a lifeless corpse was found—the ransomed spirit of John Pells was gone, after spending seven and thirty years in this lower world. In about four years Mrs. Pells will have buried three children and her husband. As we journeyed on, reflecting upon the sudden departure of the young pastor of Soho, many thoughts crossed the mind. "Man appoints; God disappoints." College place, Camden Town, has been the

resting place of brother Pells and his family for some few years. He had just contemplated and completed a removal. This removal, it may be, had unduly excited him. He had scarcely taken his family into No. 9. Tolman square, in the Hampstead road, than prostrate he lay on a bed of sickness, and in the arms of death. Our ministers—considering the immense amount of mental and physical labour some of them undergo—live a long time; our brother might have looked forward for thirty years of labour in his Master's service; but alas! suddenly he has left us. "Man that is born of a woman, is of few days," and they are days of trouble.

THE DEATH OF MR JOHN PELL'S.

MR. JOHN PELL'S, the late happy and useful minister of Soho Chapel, Oxford street, is no more. This disciple of Jesus has been called from his labours below to receive his reward, and to enter into rest. The Lord is a Sovereign, and who shall question his will and his wisdom, when He cometh into His vineyard and calleth away one of the most useful, and highly-blessed labourers, apparently in the very midst of his work?

Such appears, to mortal view, the case with our departed brother. In the 37th year of his age, and the 6th year of his ministry at Soho, where the church and congregation has been rapidly increasing: where, we believe, not one seat remained unlet and where the chapel has been crowded to inconvenience; and doubtless many souls have been born for heaven under his ministrations. But his work is done, and he is called home.

On Thursday, the 16th of June, our brother removed from his residence in College place, to a newhouse, nearer the Chapel, just out of Hampstead-road, built on the ground where the old reservoir stood. On the same evening, he complained of being unwell; and kept his bed the greater part of the next day. In the evening, by the solicitations of his dear wife, he got up, hoping by a little exertion to assist the action of the medical remedies employed. The disease now showed itself to be stoppage of the bowels; inflammation set in most rapidly; and the poor patient's sufferings became very great. It was deemed advisable to call in further medical aid. A physician was sent for; and consultation after consultation ensued: but alas, without avail, for on the Thursday following, our dear brother's soul took its flight to regions above.

We have been favoured with a few facts relating to his last days. It is felt by his dear wife, and now sorrowful widow, that he had a presentiment that his time was short. On the last Sunday, he went to

Soho, as his custom was to walk with Mr. Bloomfield, about six o'clock he aroused his wife, saying "my dear, don't let us be late this morning, for this will be my last Sabbath's walk with brother Bloomfield." In this he doubtless referred to his removing to the new house; but there were several other incidents tending to show his mind was deeply fixed on the changeableness of things below. He recently pleaded for the Birmingham Minister's Society, and the earnestness with which he pressed the claims of the widow on his hearers, struck the minds of many; and particularly of his deacons. On the Monday previous to his death, he seemed somewhat easy, and fell asleep; his wife left for a short time, and returned and laid by his side. Suddenly he sprang up in great agony, calling for one of his children. His ever vigilant companion, inquired, "are you frightened, dear?"

He replied, "yes, I was afraid you had all left me!"

Then in earnest prayer cried to his Lord and Saviour, to support him; for he had preached resignation to others, O might that grace support him now, that a murmur might not escape his lips.

A slight pause ensued; turning to his wife, he said, "my love, I am about to leave you; and, I feel I can commit you, and my dear children, my people and deacons to the keeping of the Lord."

From that time the care of his children seemed to be taken from him, as he never mentioned them after, although one of the most loving and affectionate fathers.

He now became much exhausted, could talk but little, and but few friends could be suffered to see him.

The same day, Mr. Peat, (a young minister taken by the hand very warmly by our departed brother) saw him, and engaged in prayer.

After Mr. Peat had gone, he exclaimed, "Bless that dear fellow; how his prayer has seemed to strengthen my soul to bear what I have to pass through."

The closing scene was now growing apace; strength rapidly failed; the body sunk while the spirit rose.

His faithful partner, seeing the shadows of death falling around, inquired most affectionately,

"My dear, are you happy?"

The dying saint replied, in lisping strains,

"HAPPY! HAPPY! HAPPY! CHRIST IS SO PRECIOUS WHILE I AM PASSING THROUGH THE WATERS OF JORDAN."

With such a blessed testimony on his lips, and supported in the arms, and leaning on the breast of his loving but sorrowing wife, John Pells' soul fled to be with his Lord and Master.

THE LOVE OF GOD TO HIS ELECT FAMILY.

BY GEORGE HOLLAND.

WHEN the all-blessed Spirit of the ever living and ever loving God hath given His testimony, and set His seal to the soul, which before sat quivering and trembling at the door of hope, that God doth own, accept, and pardon it, oh! what a calm there is in that soul; what halcyon days doth it then live in. It enjoys a jubilee every moment. Oh! the breathings and mutual interstreamings forth of love, that are between God and this soul. Time steals away and is not perceived; the soul is so busily employed in the contemplation of its blessed Redeemer; hours are not accounted for minutes, nor days for hours; it rather seems an eternity than time! The soul is ravished with the shining forth of the rays of light, and forgets itself in minding Him, and is ready to say, Am I in heaven, or is heaven in me? Is time gone up, or eternity come down? Methinks I hear my Beloved calling, "Arise, my love, my dove, and come away; let me see Thy face; for sweet is Thy voice, and Thy countenance is comely."—Canticles ii. 13, 14. Oh! how do the love-speaking words of Christ affect the heart and even transport the soul into admiration; all the pangs of the new birth, and all its sorrows are now forgotten and swallowed up in ravishment and raptures of joy; the soul is so surrounded with the glittering rays of joy; it is even sick of love, while healed by it. Now it begins to feast itself on loves, and to cheer itself with the Bridegroom's voice (Can. iv. 7). My Beloved hath pronounced me fair, and there is no spot in me; now the day of my espousals is come, wherein all the hidden treasures, all the precious jewels, all the vast possessions, all the sparkling beauty, all the glorious holiness, all the Divine wisdom, all the all-sufficient power, yea, all the all of Christ is made over to me, saith the soul. What shall I now fear who am more than conqueror? What shall I want who have all things richly to enjoy? Who shall lay anything to my charge? Who shall hurt me? Who shall daunt me, who have the love of Jesus, and the power of my dear Saviour to guard me? Nothing shall separate between my Beloved and me, for "He is mine, and I am His for ever."—Rom. viii. 35.

The law is so far from being a Boanerges to such a soul, that it speaks him fair, and him blessed. It comes not to him as of old from Sinai, with terrible thunderings, but it passeth by as a still small voice, being silenced by Jesus Christ, who hath stopped

its mouth, and sealed it up from cursing (Gal. v. 24). Jesus Christ hath fulfilled the law whereby the large bills of indictment, which it had to charge are all cancelled; the repenting, returning soul hath now an everlasting Counsellor, a Righteous Advocate at God's right hand, and God's discharge within His own breast for acquittance; free grace doth clasp Him within her arms, as her heart's delight; mercy embraceth and embosoms Him as her dearest darling, and for grace and mercies sake the very Judge and justice itself, is become his friend. So that though he be found a breaker of the law, yet upon his hearty sorrow and amendment, by the Spirit, a pardon makes up that breach; and though he cannot keep the law, his righteousness is not the less complete, for he is complete in Christ, who hath outlawed the law, and turned the curse into a blessing. And, though a Christian cannot be justified by the law, yet the law itself cannot but clear him, and give him the white stone of absolution. Romans viii. 2; Galatians v. 8, 23.

"The strength of sin, which is the law," being taken away, sin itself is the less dreadful. The Christian is already freed from the reigning power of sin, though he be not as yet free from sinning (Rom. v. 7). He can therefore rejoice in spirit, though sin, an ill neighbour, dwell in flesh; he would not willingly sin against God that loves him, and yet he doubts not but God loves him upon his sincere and hearty sorrow, though he sin against him. It makes much to his grief that his heart is false, but it makes more to his joy that God is true; though his sin reach unto the clouds, the mercies of his God are above the heavens; though his sin overflows him, yet the grace of his God overflows his sin; and though the ocean of sin be deep, yet the deep sea of God's mercies is boundless to the family of faith.

As for his wants and troubles, he is not troubled at them, but bids all welcome with this, "The will of the Lord be done." He hath more comfort in his Benonies, though they be sons of sorrow, than others have in their Benjamins, though they be sons of the right hand; though it be sometimes low water with him, and his comforts ebb, yet the high spring of his joy and consolation are not lost, but swallowed up in the ocean of love, where they are reserved for him to an appointed time. He would not be delighted in unless God will; 'tis the will of

God he looks after, and how it comes he cares not; whether clothed or naked, it is welcome; to have anything or nothing, to abound or to want, to rejoice or to be sorrowful, to be full or empty, to fast or to feast, to live or die—is all one to him who accounts nothing his joy but this, To be in all things as God would have him. He is one that would not be at his own choice, but quiets himself in God's determination; if God send him comforts, he accounts not them but God his comfort; and if God take them away, he is not displeased, for he is not comfortless in their absence. He knows he is always going to heaven; and whether his way be a paradise or a wilderness, whether strewed with roses or beset with thorns, it's all one to him. He loves nothing for its own sake, but anything as God's allowance. If God will take him to heaven he will go, if God will have him stay he will stay. If God move he moves; if God stand still, he pitcheth his tent and stirs not. He often wants livelihood, and yet lives; for though others may have the

thing, they want the comfort; and though he want the thing, yet he hath the comfort, and therefore he can part with his dearest employment, and trample upon his choicest comforts when God calls for them, as being more willing that God should be glorified in their absence than himself comforted in their presence. If his comfort cannot be wrapped up in the glory of God, he would have no comfort (2. Cor. i. 9, 10). He sees abundance in want, he sees enjoyments in disappointments, health in sickness, life in death, and therefore he is never solicitous what his condition may be; but with a holy carelessness and resignation, trusts himself to God's disposing. When he is at the highest, God is his triumph, and so God is when he is at the lowest. He is never happy but in God, and he never wants happiness whatever befall him if he have his God.—Psaln lxxiii. 25.

1, Windsor street,
Harrow road, Paddington.
(To be continued.)

HOW SHALL I COME TO MY GRAVE?

A FEW WORDS GATHERED OUT OF A SERMON PREACHED AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL,
OLD FORD, BOW.

BY CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Occasioned by the Death of the late Mr. Moses Miller.

JUNE 18TH, 1864.

LAST Thursday afternoon we carried to the grave the mortal remains of our aged brother, Mr. Moses Miller, whose age was 79, or nearly, whose faith was well founded in the covenant God of Israel, and whose end was peace—only interrupted by the pains and struggles of a strong nature not easily surrendering to the cold, stern hand of death.

I have known our departed friend rather closely for two years; but I have in that time known his history and experience for many years. He was a honest, devout, faithful, and truly God-fearing man; and I am constrained to ask you to unite with me in thanking the Lord, who so carefully and safely preserved him to the end.

I have no uncommon thing to speak of respecting him. During the time we have lived as neighbours together, we often walked home together, and always talked of the best things. I am thankful I was enabled to administer to his comfort a little in lending him some of my best books to read. He loved Huntington's, Gill's, Owen's, and men of that stamp, and sometimes enjoyed their testimonies much.

Two things he said to me in his last days I will mention. First, very decidedly, one morning he said to me, "I have one thing to say to you." I asked him what it was. He said, "It is that you continue to preach the same things as you have done." He looked unusually stern at me, and I almost feared he had discovered some little signs of declension in me. I said, "Do you at all suspect me?" He said, "No! not in the least." He told me that my ministry at times had been a great comfort to him. Secondly, he said, "The Lord has given me a word," I thought he meant to die with, "It is this, 'Ye have continued with me in my temptations, and I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me.'" It was a girdle to his heart, and raised him above all abiding fear. I could walk with him in that one thing, he had been accustomed to seek for—and to receive words from the Lord; these were his spiritual meat and drink. I think I may say, Moses Miller fully realized both parts of that Scripture, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." He would often tell me he had had a word from the Lord; THEN he seemed glad.

When I was thinking of the funeral—those words in Isaiah came to me, "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come." The margin says "taken from that which is evil." There is truth in that translation. An unbelieving heart is an evil; a world blighted by sickness, sin, and death, is an evil; and there may be evil days on the earth for Zion yet, but Moses Miller is taken from them all. When I thought to speak a few words this evening, the text came to me, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season." And, therefore, I shall try and speak a word or two,

I. To shew the meaning of the words.

II. To notice they are addressed positively to persons, some of whom may be present. I may look at some of you, and say, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age," &c.

The subject in the text is a **HAPPY DEATH**. It was said, "No man is to be accounted happy until he come to die." A man may live in good estate circumstantially, morally, and professedly, and yet not die in union to Christ, because all the time he lived he was dead. So, on the other hand, a man may live under great temptations all his life, yet God may favor him with solid peace and pardon in the end.

The words of the text we may divide into two parts.

1. The *Declarative*: "Thou shalt come to thy grave."

2. The *Illustrative* or *Descriptive*: how shall I come to my grave?

Ah! that is a question indeed. It would do a man no harm if, in connection with faith in Jesus Christ, he should every night lie down with this solemn declaration, "I must come to my grave;" and every morning rise up with this weighty question, "*How shall I come to my grave?*" Constant meditation on the things needful for a happy death might be useful.

Eliphaz is describing a good man, a man whom God hath saved, corrected, redeemed, delivered, and hidden; to such an one Eliphaz says, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn in his season."

Look at the Declaration, "Thou shalt come to thy grave." That is true of all, and how soon none can tell. But here is a pleasant meaning opposite to many; for can a man come willingly, cheerfully, gladly, and longingly unto his grave, if he can see nothing but death? Nay! Did not Elizabeth cry out to her physicians to save her? Did not a king once cry, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" Did not even David in that 39th Psalm cry out, "O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence, and be no more seen."

So there is a wide difference between despair and presumption dragging a soul down to destruction, and a blessed faith in Jesus, and love to God, drawing a living soul, so that that soul really says, "Lo! glad I come!"

Our brother did really come to his grave. Yes! I think he had some desires for heaven, ere the time did come. But now,

Secondly, how shall the truly godly man come to his grave?

(1.) "*In a full age.*" Ever since brother Moses Miller died, I have had Barzillia coming to my mind. He lived to a full age naturally; and if you would see a fair sample of an old Testament saint who came to his grave in a full age, just look at him. I know Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and others came to a good old age; but I am looking at a kind of representative man of the average character of the saints. 1. When David was in great distress Barzillia succoured him; when David was returning to Jerusalem, he pressed Barzillia to go with him, but Barzillia, in a humble, grateful, prudent spirit, begged to be allowed to return home; he said, "I am this day fourscore:" not qualified either to act as a counsellor, or to enjoy the court, so he begs to be permitted to return, and die in his own city, be buried beside his own father and mother; yet he would see David over Jordan, and then send his son Chimnam with the king. Here is a good old man; and David kissed and blessed him. Eliphaz might be an Arminian preacher, but he certainly laid out before Job some things which the Lord gives unto and works in His people in order to produce their ripeness for His kingdom.

The following note, written by our departed brother's only son, Mr. Aaron Miller, will briefly illustrate the truth of the text: "Thou shalt come to the grave in a full age." I read the following note at the close of the sermon:—

"MY DEAR PASTOR,—You wish me to give you a few lines respecting my dear departed father. It pleased God to call him in early life to a knowledge of himself, and a realization of an interest in Jesus. The Lord took him very gently in hand, giving him to consider his ways, and to turn to the Lord, which he first attempted by his own works, but finding this way fail, the Lord led him to see the plan of salvation, and being situated among servants who knew not the Lord, he often retired to outhouses and quiet places to pour out his soul to the Lord for the pardon of sin, and these words were applied one day after prayer, "I have blotted out thy transgression as a thick cloud, and as a cloud thy sins." Speaking of this he says, 'How soon did the old enemy rob me of my comfort;

he told me it was for the people of God in olden times, and not for such a bad sinner; that I was too great a sinner for so great a blessing; but I have proved him a liar many times; the Lord has been better to me than all my fears, He has given me to overcome Satan by the blood of the Lamb, and nothing but the blood of the Lamb can make this old enemy flee!

"My father sat under a legal ministry three or four years, where he was baptized. He was then led to hear amongst the despised of God's poor people those truths of sovereign saving grace. From what I have gathered at different times, he for some time walked in the enjoyment of those truths which were very scarce in those days, sometimes only to be had once a month, and a long distance to travel.

"After some few years there was an evident decline, a worldly spirit, followed by domestic affliction, the loss of my brother, and then my mother; but a constant meeting with the people of God whenever opportunity offered. I have heard him relate how the Lord mercifully delivered him. Being at Ramsden, an old friend said, "Moses, there is a boy preaches at Galeswood Common; go and hear him; I believe he is right." My father could not find the place in the morning; he then went to get some refreshment, when some whom he knew came in for their dinner; he secluded himself, and prepared to follow them, his mind being in distress, he did not wish to make himself known. When he got in, and Mr. Way, late of Cave Adullum, began prayer, the oil ran, and he gave out this text: 'For the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' This was a jubilee to his soul—never forgotten; and ever after

there was such a spirit of love between those two I think seldom seen. He was always a man of meditation, exercised with temporal difficulties, walking steadily in the ways of the Lord, living upon inward supplies of grace from day to day.

"For the last three years he has been with me; he found it an unspeakable mercy to sit constantly under the Word, which he highly prized; and I need not tell you how constant he was with the Lord's people. I believe he lived to pray for Zion. Lately he anticipated his end. He told me that one morning waiting for the children against the railway arch, these lines came,—

'No rising sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
The exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads.'

He said his soul had a longing to be there, and such joyful anticipation of bliss and blessedness. When he was taken ill, he said one morning, 'I feel such a pleasure in leaving myself in His hands.' On another occasion he said to me,

'They die in Jesus and are blest,
How kind their slumbers are.'

He expressed his confidence for the most part right through, although I believe there were at times sharp conflicts with the enemy, for he said to me once, 'The enemy has been very busy with me to-day.' At another time he said, 'My sin is before me.' He often tried to speak and did, but we could not understand his faltering voice; but this we know, he is safely landed on the happy shore of eternal glory. I have lost a praying father, the Church a praying member. Oh! that we may be prepared to follow him. So prays yours affectionately,
"A. MILLER."

The Surrey Tabernacle Expositor.

EXPOSITION OF ISAIAH, LII. 1—8.

By MR. JAMES WELLS, MINISTER OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD.

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city.

SEE what a beautiful line there is here of Christian experience and of Gospel truth. What is it to put on our strength? to put on strength is to put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to have all that confidence in him which his power to save authorizes us to have, to have all that confidence in him which his acceptance with God authorizes us to have. And thus by this confidence in Christ, God is on our side, and if God be on our side, then

we are relatively and eternally omnipotent. And what is it to put on the beautiful garments? The beautiful garments of holiness and of righteousness; the putting off of unholiness, and the putting on of Christ as our sanctification, the putting off of unrighteousness, and the putting on by faith of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then comes the safety:

"For henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean."

Heathen nations entered from time to

time into the literal Jerusalem, and ultimately destroyed it; but into the New Jerusalem, where the people are that thus believe in Christ, the enemy can never enter; there we are safe, in all other places we are in danger of losing everything we have, even our very life; but here, in this new Jerusalem, we are not in danger of losing anything, either our name, our life, our privileges, our property, or anything else, all is safe there. Then, after putting on this strength, and these beautiful garments, and being brought into this state of safety, then comes a change of position:

"Shake thyself from the dust, arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem."

Arise from earth, and sit down in places that are heavenly; arise from the law, and sit down upon the premises of the Gospel; arise from creature things, and sit down at the Saviour's feet, and listen to the eternal realities of the mercy of God. And then comes the liberty:

"Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck."

And Jesus Christ is our liberty; it is by him we are free from all heaven's threatenings, it is by him we are free in every respect in which he himself is free. And then comes the redemption:

"Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

Here is the eternal redemption of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then comes Divine interposition:

"He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law. Thus saith God the Lord, he that created the heavens and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people that are upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein."

If we are brought down into Egypt, for what is this world but a kind of Egypt, a scene of bondage, of affliction, and of tribulation, where the people of God are oppressed? Now here, in contrast to this, the Lord says that his people shall know his name,

"Therefore my people shall know my name;" that is, they shall know that name recorded in the 3rd of Exodus; "I am that I am;" they shall know that name that is recorded in the 34th of Exodus; "The Lord God, merciful and gracious;" and they shall know my name as recorded in the 1st of Matthew: "His name shall be called Jesus, and his name shall be called Emmanuel." Now my people shall know this. And "they shall know in that day that I am he that doth speak, behold, it is I;" that is, they shall know God's truth. "They shall know that I am he that doth speak;" that I speak of love eternal, that I speak of election sovereign, that I speak of eternal salvation certain. "Behold, it is I." So

the Lord puts his name before his truth, and he puts his name after his truth; the one to shew us he is the author of the Gospel, and the other to shew us that the Gospel will rest eternally upon the strength of his name. Now here are these seven things I have named to you; here is the strength, the beauty, and safety, the change of position, the liberty, the redemption, and the Lord's interposition.

Now then, if we are brought into this strength of the Gospel, we shall want something to keep us there; we shall want something to live upon when we are there. Hence the next words:

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

So that if we are brought to receive these good tidings, we shall continue to listen to them, to live upon them, to walk by them, to rejoice in them, to esteem them better than silver and gold, and that all things we can desire are not to be compared unto these delightful, these eternal truths, that bring us into these present and eternal advantages.

"That publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Thy Watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion."

Now what watchmen are these, but the apostles; the apostles lifted up the voice of truth together, and they sang together, there was entire harmony between them; and the apostles were the watchmen that saw eye to eye, and it was in their day that the Lord brought again Zion. Zion in the first Adam went away from God; but in the apostolic age God in an especial large manner brought again Zion unto himself. And these watchmen, the apostles, saw eye to eye. They read each other's writings, and when one read the writings of the other he found nothing in those writings that he could find fault with; he found nothing that he wished to be absent, hence saith the apostle Peter, "Our beloved brother Paul in all his epistles." But how could Peter know that if he had not read them? He had therefore read them; he read the revelations that were given to his brethren. So they read the revelations made to each other, the same as Christians should do now. And they not only read the revelations made to each other, but they also read each other; the same as Christians should do now. Christians are spoken of as epistles, in which are written the vitalities of eternity; and they read each other as well as each other's revelations, and they saw eye to eye. There never will be down to the end of time another such order of men as

were the apostles; there never will be while the world shall last another order of men that shall see eye to eye in that perfection as did the apostles. They, therefore, were the watchmen that saw eye to eye; and so, though they differed in manner, they did not differ in material. Their experience in kind was the same, their testimonies in kind were the same; the source of their apostleship was the same; the theme was the same; the end and object the same. Thus then they saw eye to eye. In our day people want to persuade us that we are to have another Bible by and by: that a class of ministers is to rise by and by that shall see eye to eye, and that we are going to have I don't know what. All these are the inventions of men. And as for finding another class of ministers, there is a curse attached to those that shall add anything to that which is given. Therefore it is we have all that ever will be given: we have the Holy Spirit, we have the Holy Scriptures, we have Christ, we have God, we have in those respects all that ever will be given. All we want now is the progress of what is given; is for the Lord to attend with power that Gospel that is given; for that Gospel that is capable of converting one soul is capable of converting all, and shall convert all that the Lord hath ordained unto eternal life.

"REJOICING NOVICES."

A LETTER FROM THE REV. WILLIAM PARKS,
RECTOR OF OPENSHAW.

MY DEAR SIR,—

Some one sent me a copy of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL" for May, the other evening, in which I perceive there is an attack made upon me, in connection with the part I have taken in the controversy upon the "Always Rejoicing" theory.

Of course, you, as an Editor of a periodical, are obliged to admit papers from all parties; and I cannot blame you for giving insertion to the lucubrations of "H. H.," or "A Constant Reader;" but one would think that you, as Editor, would have added a little comment upon those person's observations in accordance with your previously made remarks upon my tract upon the subject. However, you have put your *imprimatur* upon my views in this connection; and so has your able contemporary, Mr. Philpot; so that it does not matter much what the "theorists" say or write against me.

But will you allow me space to say, that I have had upwards of thirty *written* testimonies from Christian people, in many parts of England, in favour of my views

upon the subject; and that it matters not one jot what Romaine, or Toplady, or Owen, or Newton, or any number of eminent men, say upon the subject, if it can be *proved* that any Christians at any time have ceased for a moment to rejoice. The thing is settled; the controversy is at an end except with those characters called "wooden."

The question is not, *ought a Christian always rejoice? but has every Christian uninterruptedly rejoiced from the day of his new birth to the day of his death?*

I for one can produce a hundred instances to the contrary; you, my dear sir, must know of hundreds more, and so we come to the conclusion, as I have fairly stated it in my tract, that "they who have always rejoiced, and do always rejoice, must either be novices or hypocrites, or *extraordinarily favoured persons.*"

Let "H. H." and "A Constant Reader" take shelter under the last supposition if they choose: but for pity's sake let them not insult our understandings by their illogical and unjust conclusions.

"Logic admits of no compromise."

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM PARKS.

Openshaw.

June 10, 1864.

P. S. "H. H." evidently does not know that he has cut the ground from under himself in the following remarks. "I have read some of his violent remarks which have lately appeared in a monthly periodical, there he asks, as with an air of triumph, whether Paul could 'rejoice' when he cried 'O wretched man.' I think it is very evident that he *could* and *did*, for scarcely does the groan appear to have died away ere we find him breaking forth in 'thanksgivings to God.'"

"H. H." seems not to know that a time must have elapsed between Paul's *groan*, and his *thanksgiving*. It matters not how brief that time was. Grant that a single moment only elapsed, during that moment he did not rejoice, and *consequently Paul did not always or uninterruptedly rejoice.*

The man who can't see the force of this may be an eminent saint, but indeed he is no logician. W. P.

As a church, be you ever cautious against *that faith* that is so prevalent in the present day, which takes not into its open and declared belief all the plainly stated and fundamental sentiments God has revealed in his word. Ever consider, that the Bible contains no doctrinal sentiments but what are good, to be believed, to be held fast, to be contended for as the faith once delivered to the saints, to be openly professed, and not *concealed* any more than *denied*.—J. Foreman.

MY WAY FROM THE PLOUGH-TAIL TO THE PULPIT.

By A LONDON BAPTIST PASTOR.

No. 2.

THE CONFLICT.

No Papist believes more fully in the infallibility of the Pope than I did in my first Christian teachers,—the mind was plastic, and easily moulded into the first system of theology that came in its way. The Arminian view of the text, "*Work out your own salvation,*" was received in blind simplicity, and the labor commenced in real earnest. All went on well for a time, a Babel of self-righteousness arose, which was expected soon to reach the skies, and raise the builder thereof beyond the reach of every flood and flame of divine wrath. It was a dream most pleasing to the flesh, but alas! the material was not of the right sort, nor laid on the right foundation.

Bricks are of human construction. Stones God alone can make. Slime may answer in the place of well-tempered mortar for a time, and the sand seem to offer a firm foundation to an inexperienced builder, but the first flood and storm will sweep all away. It appears to me now that the Lord permitted this attempt to get to heaven by creature doings, that thereby the folly, weakness, and depravity of the heart might be discovered. Repeated failures in any enterprise will teach by painful lessons. Peter thought himself incapable of denying his Master, and bought the knowledge of his own weakness at a bitter price.

My Babel fell, and the builder with it, sadly mangled and besmeared with mud. Satan grinned, roared, taunted, and threatened, crying, "*Aha! so would we have it.*" Old habits and companions were again embraced, and an attempt made to drown the voice of conscience in sin. But a spark had been kindled in the soul from off the altar of burnt offering that no flood could quench, and a voice was raised within that no noise could drown. To be an infidel was impossible, and to be a Christian seemed equally so. There was too much religion to enjoy sin and its pleasures, but not enough to enjoy Christ. No words can utter, no pen describe, the misery of a soul in such a state, perhaps the word nearest expressing the utter loneliness and wretchedness of my case is "*outcast,*" a pelican of the wilderness, an owl of the desert, a sparrow alone upon the house top. My reader may now be in a similar state: be of good cheer, the pangs of guilt make way for the sweets of pardon, the darkness of the prison house, with its close confinement, make light and liberty

more precious. The depth into which the sinner has sunk in disease and debt makes him bless the skill that cured the one, and the love that forgave the other. And through all the varied scenes of the quickened soul's conflict, the hidden fire of grace burns, the secret spring bubbles up unto eternal life. The blood-bought *jewel* may be flung into the mud and trampled, for the time, out of sight, but He whose eyes are as a flame of fire never loses sight of it, and when He wants 'o make use of it, He only has to speak and it is done, to command and it stands fast. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring to pass." Bring what to pass? Why His own sovereign will, and thy PRAYER, presented in sighs, and groans, and tears. Thou mayest not think it, poor burdened soul, but He "*telleth thy wanderings and putteth thy tears into His bottle.*" "From heaven did the Lord behold the earth, to hear the groaning of the prisoner, to loose those that are appointed to death."

Up to the time above referred to I had never seen a live CALVINIST, to my knowledge. What a mercy that men's sentiments are not written in their foreheads; we pass them in the street, meet them at the mart, ride with them in the public conveyance, and converse with them on general topics, all as matters of course, but how a perfect knowledge of every man's "religious belief" would modify our conduct. Had a believer in the absolute sovereignty of God in matters of salvation, been distinguished in the street, I am sure he would have been regarded with a feeling of horror, such a person would have been treated much as people do a sweep or a miller in a crowd. The *caricatures* of Calvinists, given in a certain school, were to me so frightful that I regarded them as pests of society. O prejudice! thou child of the devil, I hate and abhor thee. By thee God is dishonored, his children libelled, and the soul robbed of much good; in the great name of Jesus Christ I abjure thee for ever to quit the residence thou hast had in my heart.

Early in the year 1844 a situation was offered me of a superior kind to that previously occupied. This was unsought for, and quite as unexpected, but thankfully accepted. And behold, to my dismay, a few days discovered that a constant work-fellow was nothing less than a Calvinist of the Calvinists—a very "HYPER!" He

could use the sword of the Spirit with admirable skill. every Arminian Goliath he could fell to the ground at a blow, and nothing pleased him better than to set his foot upon the neck of a Canaanitish king. He was a first class soldier, drilled by one of the sharpest swordsmen in London. This man had no mercy on my poor creed, but cut and slashed away till I was wounded, naked, and half dead. But he was a bad physician, not a drop of oil had he to heal or wine to cheer, yea, rather gloried in the pains he inflicted, and for a time he was most cordially hated, and the "class leader" was applied to for relief. He, poor man, did the best he could, and that was simply to make matters worse. Truth had wounded and error could never heal. Alas, the poor patient knew no means of relief, and must have lain and perished, had not One come by in a "time of love," who took up the helpless in the arms of a gracious Providence, and carried him to the place of

DELIVERANCE.

How sweet is the memory of that hour when first the free grace gospel of Christ sounded in my ear. It was not a dry, dull, doctrinal statement of the letter of truth, but a lively and energetic description of the sad state of the sinner, mixed with a sweet direction to the doctrine for relief. The good man seemed to have a key that fitted every ward of the soul. He turned one upside-down and inside-out, and exposed all the workings and windings of sin, and then how Christ met the case in his obedience, blood, resurrection, covenant, fullness, and mediatorial offices.

Yet that ministry was not what I should now approve, and perhaps the secret of so much enjoyment in it is to be found in the fact that I was more anxious to obtain evidence of an interest in Christ than to know on what that interest was founded. But after having a little time to think and look about, the mixture of free grace and free will was detected, the ministry left, and for about twelve years I had to grope my way out of the jumble, mumble, fumble, grumble, stumble stuff of duty faith, up to the glorious hills of God's eternal settlements and Christ's perfect fulfillments, and the Holy Ghost's precious revelations and applications. I have neither to thank ministers or books for my creed, but the Eternal Spirit, by whom the truth has been so burnt into the soul that the devil can never get it out. Blessed be the Lord: He shewed me, made me feel, and keeps me conscious of my utter ruin by sin and perfect helplessness in myself. Old Adam is just the same. In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing, but every evil. But in Christ I have perfect soundness, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

In Christ eternally beloved,
In Him accepted and approved
And made an heir of grace.
For me in heaven He now appears,
For me the crown of victory wears,
For me prepares a place!

The next month's Vessel must reveal how the second step from the plough-tail to the pulpit was taken by the reader's sincere well-wisher,
GIBBON.

OBITUARY OF MRS. ELIZA FLORY.

RELICT OF MR. BENJAMIN FLORY, OF SPALDING, LINCOLNSHIRE.

It is written of the righteous, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in his season." Job v. 26. Which is true of all the election in its grace relation to Christ and salvation of the soul; here the Saviour redeemed and finished transgression, and here in this world the soul enters into the freedom with which Christ makes his people free; for, said our Lord, "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John viii. 36. And although some may "all their life time be subject to bondage through fear of death," yet I doubt not in the waters of Jordan in time though passing out of time into eternity they realize their ripeness, preparedness by grace revelations

of the Holy Spirit to quit this mortal strife and languish into life.

Our dear parent was favored to realize the first length of days naturally, and we doubt not the latter spiritually. Hers was a long profession of "Jesus and the resurrection," more than sixty years having been baptized into the visible Church of Christ, although for more than forty-six years at times a great sufferer in her person from cough and internal weakness.

My mother was born at Housley, in Suffolk, in the year 1762, her parents were then Church of England people. She was brought up in the natural fear of God. When about seventeen years of age she went to reside with an uncle at Woodbridge, and

soon after there was a great awakening of souls under the preaching of Mr. Hurn, of Debenham, a clergyman of the Church of England, and I believe it was under his preaching her soul was awakened to the importance of eternal matters from the text and sermon from Matthew v. 25, 26, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, &c." And after considerable anxiety and soul trouble was set at rest by a precious view of Jesus being taken by law and justice, and delivering her by being "delivered for her offences and raised for her justification." And many sweet promises applied and power given to receive them for herself, such as, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." But as with many of Mr. Hurn's hearers, his "hurns turned ducks," which was a common saying in those parts of Suffolk at that time, and well remembered by many of your Suffolk readers and elsewhere, for Mr. J. Thompson, the father of most of the old Baptist causes in that county, either went to Woodbridge or Grundisburgh to preach; my mother heard him and her mind was opened to see baptism. She went before the church at G— and was immersed with many more at Culpe, about 1804, by Mr. Thompson. In a year or two she removed to Chatham, Kent, and became a member of the Baptist Church, Clover-street, under the pastorate of Mr. J. Knott, (from which church my dear father was sent out to preach the gospel) of which she was an active member. But her path was one of great change in this world, my dear father having been by providential dealings and in the ministry called to pass through great trials and changes, but through all our parent was enabled to hold out in the truth and ways of God, and for this period of fifty years her delight was in the blessed things of God; her early conversations about death, and her hymns she repeated and sang very much upon death and salvation by Christ alone, very early affected me, and I have reason to bless God for such a parent. She was one of the first to go with me more than twenty-five years ago when I went out in the open air to preach a free grace gospel. I think I can see her now when on that occasion I was trying to preach Christ's gospel at Trowse, near Norwich, from the words, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." How her soul appeared delighted; the gospel was her delight, free grace and nothing else. From many trials and constant weakness and inbred corruptions, her soul was often dark and low, but the "Lord was her stay," and often enjoyed as her portion, and she would say, let us sing—

Ah I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away,
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day,

or some such verse or hymn. For this last year or two she had evidently not only been getting weaker, but her mind more fixed on eternal things, the word of God more than ever her companion, and her conversation more on eternal things. She has had a deal of fear at times, that after all she should not be right, and often I have endeavoured to direct her to Christ, to look, to hang on him who gives his sheep eternal life, and says "they shall never perish," and that her covenant God would never leave her nor forsake her. The words by Mr. Warren, who preaches at Esher, especially the expositions, were very much blessed to her. Her Bible is full of marked precious portions, and her hymn book (Gadsby's) is full of precious hymns (turned down) made so to her soul; I will write a few verses which give an opening of her state of mind:—

O Lord how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean,
How can I dare to venture nigh
With such a load of sin?

Low at thy feet I bow,
O pity and forgive,
Here will I lie and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

Jesus is precious, says the word,
What comfort does this truth afford,
And those who in his name believe,
With joy this precious truth receive.

'Twas grace that called our souls at first,
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us through the worst
And lead us safely home.

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

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

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

But I must now stay transposing the sweet hymns, for they, with verses of Scripture marked, would make a book, therefore I draw to a brief close.

Our dear parent was out on the Friday week to tea with a Christian friend, only eight days before her death, to whom she expressed her confidence of soon being with the Lord and her dear husband and all the saved blood-washed throng. Our parent was stricken with death on the Thursday, February 4, about 12 o'clock p.m.: my dear sister (Mrs. Lemm) was called up, and found her very ill and full of pain. The surgeon was sent for, who sent a draught

to be taken immediately. Dear soul, she said, "I have been a deal of trouble to you, take the keys," and drinking the medicine, like nectar, said, "If it is the Lord's will it will do me good." In a few minutes she said, "Let me lie down, let me have a little sleep," and went off into apparently a nice sleep, but it was the sleep of death, never recovering. When I went down on the Friday I spoke to my dear mother, told her it was her Joseph, and quoted some sweet portions of Scripture, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." &c., &c. She opened her dear eyes and recognized me, and pressed my hand in sign she was happy in the Lord as also in the night. She so lay till about two o'clock on Saturday, February 6th, 1864, when she breathed her precious soul into the hands and keeping of Jesus, almost without a sigh or struggle, aged eighty-two years, to be for ever with Jesus in the glory world:—

Where light for ever swells
And darkness never dwells.

Her mortal remains were interred in the Woking Cemetery, on the 16th, in the same grave with her husband and a dear child of mine, waiting the resurrection of the just unto life eternal of body as well as soul, for blessed be God, our bodies are to be "raised and fashioned like unto Christ's glorified body."

On Lord's day evening following, knowing I could not fulfil her desire better, and at the kind desire of friends, I was enabled to improve, I trust, the event by preaching her funeral sermon at Esher, at the Friends' Meeting, to a good congregation, from Rev. vii. 14. The Lord crown the event with his blessing, that we who are called by grace to love, fear, and serve him, may feel that "now is our salvation nearer than when we first believed," and may the un-called, the purchase of a Saviour's precious blood, be brought by the power of the Spirit to feel that death is ever on its march to hurry mortals to the grave, and that without a knowledge of and love to the dear Redeemer, they must perish, be lost, not annihilated, from the presence and glory of God's grace for ever and ever, but "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Death! awful sound, the fruit of sin,
And terror of the human race;
Who except Jesus smiles within
Can look the monster in the face.

Yet, dearest Lord, when viewed in thee,
The monster loses all his dread:
There all his frightful horrors flee,
And joy surrounds a dying bed.

JOSEPH FLORY.

No. 4 Libra Road, Old Ford. E.

JEHOVAH TZEDKINU.

2. Cor. v. 21.

My God, Emmanuel, and my King:
My Saviour, Christ, my all:
His glories now my tongue rehearse:
And thus adoring fall.

He bore the load of all my sin,
And saved me from the fall,
He set my captive soul at large,
And is my "All in All."

He made my footsteps tread the way,
The glory way he trod,
Nor suffers me again to stray
From happiness, and God.

His blood, his righteousness I claim,
His work is all my plea,
It is the bleeding, dying Lamb,
Who rescues souls like me.

My sin near sunk me down to hell,
'Twas an o'erwhelming flood;
But thy rich grace around I'll tell
Which washed me in thy blood.

My soul no longer now condemned
Is fully justified,
And if the law condemns my sin,
I answer, "Christ has died."

And though my soul is prone to leave
The Jesus whom I love:
'Tis his obedience satisfied,
And seals my peace above.

Thy justice, Lord, is now engaged
To bring my soul to thee,
And where its thunders once have raged,
Thine's life, and liberty.

To thee, dear Saviour, I would bring
The tribute of my heart.
Great King of saints, here I would stay,
And never, never part.

My soul break forth in joyous lays,
In anthems sweet and long;
Thy Jesus well deserves thy praise,
And he shall be thy song.

Fressingfield.

I. PEGG.

THE GARMENTS OF SALVATION.

Clothed with garments dipped in blood,
Dance, ye saints before the Lord.
Sound the timbrel, strike the lyre,
Praise Him with seraphic fire,
He thy sackcloth puts aside,
Nothing can thy beauty hide.
Members of the blood-bought throng
Chant the new creation song.

Clothed with garments dipped in blood,
Garments of the Lamb of God!
Costly, chaste, and richly wrought,
Radiant with eternal thought,
Thine to wear this glorious dress,
Jesus' robe of righteousness!
His own halo on thy brow,
Dance, ye saints before Him now.

Clothed with garments dipped in blood,
Thine the precious fountain flood.
Thine the Lamb in sacrifice,
God's redeeming matchless price.
Ye from ruin called and bought,
He, Jehovah's sabbath thought.
Resting there in love to bless
All the heirs of righteousness.

Clothed with garments dipped in blood,
Kings and priests made nigh to God.
Christ the Lord your righteousness,
Girds you with his seamless dress.
Finest linen, ever new,
True and faithful saints, for you.
Dance and sing before the Lord,
Clothed with garments dipped in blood.

CHARLES F. CARWES.

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

WOODFORD SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

—A word to my dear brother Robert. It was a painful note you sent me informing me of the illness of our beloved brother Samuel; as he was appointed to preach for me it was a disappointment to my friends at Bow, who had with pleasure anticipated his visit. I pray the Lord to raise him, and give him yet a long day of useful labor in the Lord's vineyard; and I hope your ministry at Egerton will be still greatly blest to many souls. I write this note on my journey homeward from Woodford, in Northamptonshire, where, yesterday, anniversary sermons were held for their Sabbath schools. When I reached the Isham station on Saturday afternoon, a kind Christian brother (Mr. Thomas Green) met us to convey us to Woodford, and on the way he related to me the Lord's dealings with him in effectually calling him by His grace under the ministry of Mr. Silverton, in fact, the Lord did most powerfully use Mr. Silverton's ministry to the conversion of both Thomas Green and his beloved and devoted partner in life, and that the work is genuine and divinely wrought I had not the shadow of a doubt. I have had much opportunity of seeing and hearing the evidences of their salvation, and with holy pleasure I did rejoice with thankfulness. Mr. Silverton baptized them both in the baptistry at Woodford, and great joy has been realized in their union to the church. I am sure you will believe me when I assure you that my soul was refreshed in finding conversion work is still going on, and in beholding the faith and fellowship of the saints here in Woodford: I did receive great encouragement. On Lord's day, June 12, I was helped to preach three times to good congregations. The children and the choir sang delightfully, I must say I thought those parts of the worship excelled all I had ever heard. I wished they had sung much more than they did. The voices of the young ladies and the children uniting with the other parts conducted by the brethren, rendered it truly pleasant. They have a first-rate band of teachers: husbands, fathers, young men, and maidens, throw their whole hearts into the work, and a large number of pretty looking girls and boys receive great benefit. Mr. J. Mitchell, an earnest friend and a warm supporter, unites with the humblest Christian, in aiding this good work; and recently, through his benevolence, the debt on the new school-rooms has been entirely cleared off. The ancient father Wells is quite an old Abraham in their midst; he is a man strong in faith, giving glory to God, and encouraging the younger branches of the church in their untrifling labours of love. Mr. Cox, the pastor, is not so successful in his ministry as he deeply desires; but hopes of better days sometimes dawn upon them; and in patience they possess their souls. There are many churches around Woodford, such as Irthingborough, Willingborough, Round, Thrapstone, Attlebury (where good John Stevens was born) Oundle, and others, and in connection with the whole of them truth is maintained, and our distinctive principles are adhered to. I hope to give even better tidings from Northamptonshire yet. At Rusden, Mr. Charles Drawbridge has erected a new chapel; and it is expected Mr. James Wells will open it the latter part of July.

We have just lost our aged brother, Moses Miller, who at the age of nearly seventy-nine, left this country on Thursday, June 9, 1864, and in Nunhead I spoke a few words over his grave.

KEDDINGTON.—Next morning, after my return from Northamptonshire, I set off very early

for Haverhill, in Suffolk, in order to fulfil my engagement once more at Keddington anniversary, which took place on Wednesday, June 15th. Our run through the Colne valley was delightful; but I was nearly beat out with travelling and preaching. The Lord permitted me to reach Hav-rhill station in perfect safety, and there stood my noble-looking Christian brother, Mr. John Dillistone, waiting to receive me. I was precious glad to see him. For nearly fifteen years now we have met as brethren, and through all the adverse changes I have been plunged into, no man in England has stood closer by me, as a minister of Christ's Gospel, than has the proprietor of Woodland Green, John Dillistone, of the firm of Thomas and John Dillistone, whose splendid nursery grounds form one of the most beautiful spots in this part of our sweet little island. Toward the Keddington friends I ever desire to cherish the most sincere gratitude and the warmest Christian love. It is fifteen years next October that we opened that God-honoured house of prayer, called Rehoboth Baptist Chapel, standing in a quiet little nook, under wide-spreading trees, mid-way between Keddington and Sturmer, and within a short and sweetly rural walk from the town of Haverhill, reached by the Great Eastern and Colne Valley lines.

Fourteen anniversary days have I spent there since the opening day. On that day Henry Hanks, now of Woolwich, preached in the afternoon, myself morning and evening; and the morning and evening of every anniversary day has been allotted to me since that good commencement. I have gone down there many times with a heart overwhelmed with sorrow, and sometimes with such a sense of bodily weakness as though I must sink into the grave, but in that blessed Keddington pulpit I have always been most wonderfully helped and honoured too. Many of the beloved cloth, with their deacons and dames most devout, scorn me and my ministry, and in every part of the kingdom slander saws my soul almost in sunder; nevertheless, God Almighty holds me up as yet in great ministerial liberty, and like Jacob, I wait to see a full salvation. I think last Wednesday, June 15th, was as good an anniversary day as any we have ever had at Keddington. My brother, John Dillistone, in a note since received, says:—

"I believe it was a really good day at Keddington. I hear many say they were greatly blest under the preached word; so, by these lifts by the way, we pitch our tents nearer home; and do you think we shall get to heaven at last? It sometimes painfully revolves in my mind whether I am in the right path or not; but, when the Lord comes and blesses me with His glorious presence, then all is manifested well. We have had many changes since we first met, and some since we last parted. But through mercy our hope and expectation is the same in object and in purpose. I find all to be very dreary and comfortless without the Lord, and His presence makes a prison a palace, and I do hope and pray He will so bless us continually, and His cause here and elsewhere. The pure truth as it is in Jesus, made manifest to the soul by the Holy Spirit, is the only thing that will be of any use to *any man* in time or eternity. Our sands will soon be run out, if you live until you are ninety it will not be long, but I don't expect for myself such length of days; but long or short, if we are the Lord's, all will be well, and if not, nothing will be well. O the false hopes people do die on."

I may add, that our brother Wilson, of Clare, came and preached a choice sermon in the after-

noon, at Keddington. Mr. Murkin, the pastor, read and prayed in opening the evening service. The place was crowded; a large company took tea: Mrs. Murkin, the pastor's cheerful spouse, the two Mrs. Dillistones, the aged Miss Wallis, with the deacons and a host of the younger people, all did their very utmost to make the people happy. I will try and get the "Village Preacher" to give a little sketch of the services in CHEERING WORDS. God bless the dear friends at Keddington, and save them in His Son; so prays their devoted servant,
C. W. BANKS.

NEW BAPTIST CHURCH AT

BIRMINGHAM.—MR. EDITOR.—We cannot refrain from asking you for space on the point to which we have arrived, and the special favor God shewed us on the services of Lord's-day and Monday, May 22nd and 23rd. Brother Williamson, pastor of the Strict Baptist Notting hill church, and of ourselves also, (until now a part of them), was brought safely to us, and on Lord's day morning, at Charlotte street chapel, entered on services for our dismissal from Notting hill, forming our little band into a Strict Baptist church at Birmingham. A good morning congregation assembled; after reading first and second chapters of Ephesians, and prayer, our pastor read Ephesians ii. 18, 19, 20, and proceeded to state the nature of a Gospel church, in a sound, clear, and instructive manner. He shewed himself to be a free-grace Gospel, Strict Communion Baptist to the back-bone. In the afternoon Mr. P. W. Williamson proceeded to say he was about to do a painful thing, and yet one of pleasure: painful to read our dismissal, and to sever his pastoral relationship, hitherto so happily existing between us; "Yet there is," said he, "a pleasure in that. I trust it is of God. I trust it is proved your assembling here has been of God, and that now He has favored you with strength to stand, though but a child, upon your own feet." And then with many kind, touching, and consolatory words, he read our separation from the Notting hill church, and then asked us to join hands in sacred Gospel fellowship, that he might pronounce us one; and it was done. He then gave the right hand of fellowship to three sisters and one brother, who a few days since were baptized by Mr. A. Howard, and now with a few more admonitory words, joining in one at the supper of the Lord and prayer, this meeting closed. In the evening Mr. Williamson preached to the church from, "Now the Lord of peace Himself give you peace always, by all means: the God of peace be with you all." Prayer being once more made unto God, we went to our homes to think over the solemn things we had done. I am sorry to trouble you with so much, but I must make reference to Monday's services. Our chapel was nicely seated with pleasant Christian-looking people round the tea table; a sociable, cheerful tone of feeling evidently prevailed. Tea over, Mr. Williamson took the chair, and opened the meeting in the usual way, and said his brethren in the ministry would address the meeting from Psalm xlvii., selecting their own passages. The venerable old Christian, Mr. Hodgetts, spoke first on the Christian's only refuge, God in Christ. Mr. Lodge, of Bilston, gave a nice discourse on the river of mercy. Mr. Williamson followed, he said there was a debt for alterations and improvements of £26 15s. on that infant church. He was about to leave the church without his care, and he should like to leave it free. About £22 was wanted. He then took names, with donations, promises, &c., obtaining not quite half the amount. Mr. Howard then spoke: he made some remarks on Psalm xlvii. 5. After him Mr. Witts spoke pleasantly on standing still before the Lord. Mr. Williamson returned again to plead the necessity of getting off the burden, and though it was a seemingly impossible thing, it was done. The debt of £26 15s. was removed. The brethren, Mr. Thomas and Mr.

Henry Drew, two of the deacons, arose and thanked the friends, expressing their wonder at what had been done. We sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c., pronounced the benediction, and again returned to our homes.

The little church at Charlotte street, Birmingham, has chosen for its deacons, the brethren Thomas and Henry Drew, and Wallace, three men of first-rate business make, and in their hearts, under the Divine blessing. With an efficient ministry, there is every prospect of establishing a useful and extensive section of Christ's New Testament church. God grant it. Amen.

RYE LANE, PECKHAM.

On Tuesday, June 28th, a very interesting meeting was held in the new and beautiful chapel at Rye lane, to commemorate the Lord's goodness to the church, in continuing amongst them in peace and much Christian affection for sixteen years, their beloved pastor, Mr. George Moyle. Additional interest was also felt on this occasion, it being understood that a final statement of the position of the church respecting their new chapel would be given in the course of the proceedings. The chapel and schools are now complete, and a more compact, convenient, substantial, and really handsomely-good Baptist chapel, there is not in London; but as we give Mr. Congreve's statement on the occasion *in extenso*, and as it furnishes concise information on this point, we here leave that part of the subject. At five o'clock a good number of friends were served with tea in the commodious vestries and school rooms; after which a public meeting was held in the chapel, over which the pastor presided; and in his opening remarks took a retrospective view of the past, for which he had great cause for thankfulness, the Lord having maintained him in usefulness and peace with the church during the sixteen years he had been their pastor. Mr. Moyle then asked the secretary of the building committee to furnish the friends with the statement of their position; to which Mr. Congreve replied as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Once again it is my honor and privilege on behalf of myself and brother deacons, and the church, and the congregation assembling here, and may I not say of every kind friend from other churches, to wish you "Many happy returns of this day," and I think as a church and congregation we ought to wish one another many happy returns of this day. It is this time sixteen years ago that the marriage ceremony between pastor and people was entered into, and whom God has thus joined together in bands of holy concord and Christian love, let no man put asunder. And this is the first anniversary in the new building.

Sir, I congratulate you, and I think we may all congratulate ourselves, while we look up with thankfulness to that Divine Being to whom we owe all, on the difference between our present and our last year's circumstances. Driven from our home by the giant of modern days, to whom the mansion of the rich and the cottage of the poor, the temple of Satan or the sanctuary of God are all one, not to be spared, but swept alike from his pathway,—we had to meet a year ago in the large room of a tavern, thankful for that accommodation, believing that the presence of Jehovah is not confined to places, but wheresoever his people are called to dwell, there will He be in the midst, and we found it so. But since that time this beautiful chapel has arisen, replete with every convenience, with its commodious vestry, its substantial house for minister, and its neat well furnished school-room. If I were poetical this night I could dilate in glowing language on that pulpit, which does such credit to the taste of our architect, (though of course looking more complete and beautiful when our chairman fills it) then that gallery, that ceiling, the elegance but

neatness of every part of the building; but, sir, I am not poetical, besides, I do not wish to trespass on the time, so I will sum up all by venturing to call it (and I think our friends will all agree with me) one of the prettiest chapels of the size in London, and a model for many a chapel yet to be built. To Him who is the giver of all good be all the praise.

And now the time has come for placing this chapel in trust. The deed is ready, and I suppose within three weeks time the property will be duly vested in our new trustees.

The accounts have been all made up, and were passed to the satisfaction of the church at a special meeting last week, and will be duly audited. I cannot give them you in detail, nor would it be interesting at a meeting such as this, but I will give you a brief summary of the whole.

I regret to say our estimate of the probable deficiency, which you have heard on former occasions and probably seen in print, was below the mark, and I stand before you something like a boy who has done his sum wrong and is penitent for his error.

The fact is when you are engaged in works of this kind you cannot foresee all, nor form a perfect estimate until the works are done and paid for. One thing leads to another: you see a something needed for comfort and convenience you did not see before, and we have been anxious (I speak for the building committee) to leave nothing to be done hereafter, consequently our builder's account for extras lately brought in, including nearly £100 for concrete, amounted to over £300, and our balance sheet now shows a deficiency of £484. That sum we are about to borrow at five per cent, deducting whatever you may be pleased to give us to-night.

Let me now give you our total balance sheet in a condensed form, which you may readily follow.

Our total expenditure, in round numbers, has been £4000.

The land with payment of Sir Claude's agents has cost us £587.

The builder's account with extras has been £2964.

The architect's fees £106.

The solicitor's fees £83.

The expenses of conducting worship in the interval away from the chapel, £53.

And then every other expense: interest on some portion of the money advanced for carrying on the works, blinds, furniture, harmonium, laying out the ground, pavement in front, and all sundry expenses are included in the remaining £200, making a grand total of £4000.

On the other side we have received from the railway company compensation money and interest £3314, and we have also received by our subscription fund for new schools, £199, (not bad for twelve months exertion in a small congregation like this) and a small item of £2 for sale of some old forms and tables, making a grand total of £3516, and leaving the deficiency, £484, as before named.

You see then that by adding that £484 now due to the £199 subscribed before this, that we have exceeded the money received from the railway company in all £675. And if you ask "How is this?" I will try clearly to answer. We have now a property, take it altogether, that is worth £1700 more than the old place that we have quitted, and therefore taking off the excess of expenditure, I consider we have gained £1000 really by the exchange, and that £1000 that is gained is in the extra value of house and chapel. We have spent it all there—all that we got. We had but a chapel and house before, we had no school, nor land for a school, nor gallery for our children. But in purchasing the land we secured a larger piece in order to have room for a school and approach to school, and that extra land made quite a difference of £100. The building of the schools with extras £373, and the gallery for the school children with

its stone stair cases, and its fittings in accordance with the style of the place made £175. Thus you see you have a total of £645 for educational purposes, and if we had not done that we should not have exceeded the money received. We have therefore to ask this £484 which is deficient on behalf of our schools.

It is true that some schools have been built cheaper. It is the idea of some that children may be shovelled anywhere. You go into some schools down under ground below chapels, dark, close, ill-ventilated; others again you see bare brick walls whitened over like some respectable wash-house. I say let your schools be light, neat, cheerful, attractive places.

I feel thankful we have a school at last. The friends at Deptford are following us; I had the honor to lay the stone of their boys' school a fortnight since. I told them I wondered what they at Deptford and we at Peckham had been about so long that we had not done this before. There are serious objections to schools in chapels, and most of all is that the feeling of reverence for the house of God is almost entirely lost. I have proved from experience it is far easier to maintain order in a school-room, and the behaviour of our children in the gallery has been quite a contrast to what it was before we had a school. I hope that we shall be willing to do what we can by degrees to remove this £484, and that we shall get a little of it off to-night.

After Mr. Congreve's statement, several sums were paid in, (subscriptions and promises, about £50). Addresses were delivered by the brethren Wyard, Hawkins, Meeres, Anderson, Alderson, and others. Singing and prayer closed the interesting proceedings.

GLEMSFORD.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.—Anniversary sermons for Sabbath schools were preached by Mr. D. Wilson, of Clare, on Sunday, May 22nd. Our brother preached three very Christ-exalting and soul-comforting sermons. The chapel was crowded with attentive hearers. The collections and subscriptions from friends amounted to £9 2s. 6½d. On the following Monday afternoon the children of the schools (103 in number) met in the chapel to partake of an excellent tea provided for them. A public meeting in the evening: brother Pung earnestly implored a blessing on the meeting; brother Wilson was then proposed to the chair. The meeting was ably addressed by brethren Kerridge, Pung, Whorlow, and Kemp (the pastor). The speakers all harmonized in one delightful theme and object, viz., the exaltation of Christ and the furtherance of His cause. The school children sang some appropriate pieces selected for the occasion. The chapel was tastefully decorated with mottoes and flowers, indicating the great interest taken by the young friends to promote the Sabbath school. The benediction was pronounced, and the people separated greatly delighted, and we hope many profited on Sabbath day, June 5th. Mr. G. G. Whorlow had the honor to lead into the water four persons, and baptized them in the name of the ever glorious three-one God. In the afternoon Mr. Kemp received them into church-membership. We must say the Lord has done (and is still doing) great things for us whereof we are glad.

GREAT TORRINGTON, DEVON.—On Lord's day, June 19th, the Rev. W. Jeffery preached his farewell sermon. Mr. Jeffery having declined an unanimous invitation to continue his pastoral labours at Torrington, the church resolved on giving some expression of their esteem by presenting their pastor on June 15th, with a very elegant drawing room easy chair and ottoman. Fifty-seven members have been added to the church during the last year.

NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1864.—Mr. C. W. Banks, Editor of **THE EARTHEN VESSEL.**—My Dear Sir.—On the last page of the **VESSEL** for March, there appears an article under the head "America," which myself and a few others here have read with much pain, as we think it calculated to convey a very wrong impression to the minds of many, of the character of the little number of strict Baptists in this city. The article in question seems to call for a reply from some one on this side of the Atlantic, and as I feel interested as an individual, as well as being a member and deacon of the Beulah Particular Baptist Church in New York city, to whom James Hooper spoke for a short time, I take the liberty to send a few lines on the subject for publication in the **VESSEL**. I ask for its insertion also as an act of justice to the little church, now without a pastor, who is in a measure, by implication in the said article, charged with unchristian neglect of a "ministering brother in illness and an almost starving condition." [An account of the organization of this church under the pastorate of Mr. John Bennett, now of Chatham, was published in **THE EARTHEN VESSEL** for September, 1858, page 213.] In the article now under consideration you call Mr. James Hooper your "friend and ministering brother." If by this you mean he is a spirit-ought minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, we are sorry to say he has failed in his labors among us to convince us as a church of the circumstance. We are informed by one of the deacons of Mr. John Foreman's church in London, where he was baptized and became a member, that they knew nothing of his being a minister, farther than when inquiring of the cause of his absence from them at times, they were told he was out preaching, but where or to whom they did not know. Also Mr. Alexander, at Barnstable, where Mr. Hooper went afterwards, informs us that he knew nothing of his being a preacher, only that he spoke once or twice at their afternoon meeting on Lord's days. With this introduction I will come to the time of his first appearance among us in New York. Sometime about the month of June, 1862, a young man walked into my book store, 151, Fulton street, New York city, and the first words he uttered were, "I have found the right place at last." He was an entire stranger to me, but he soon informed me he was a strict Baptist, by the name of James Hooper, lately arrived from England, and having seen my name as agent here for **THE EARTHEN VESSEL**, he sought and was now glad he had found me. We entered into conversation, and in a short time he gave me to understand he had been in the habit of speaking in public to a number of churches in England, where he was providentially directed, naming some of the places. Somewhat liking his conversation, and knowing the good standing of some of the ministers he mentioned, with whom he said he was acquainted, including yourself, I cordially received him, and when he was about to leave, invited him to call on me again, and go to meeting with me. From that time I heard nothing of him for two or three weeks. When he called again he apologised for his long absence by saying he had been ill. I gave him directions where our place of worship was, to which he shortly after came. Mr. W. J. Erskine, the successor to Mr. Bennett, was then preaching for us, although he had previously resigned the office of pastor. My new made friend, Mr. Hooper, was of course introduced, and brother Erskine kindly invited him to take part in the services. He did so, and spoke to us in a measure acceptably several times while Mr. Erskine remained with us. When the period arrived for our late pastor to leave, Mr. Hooper was, by a vote of the church, (not unanimous) invited to "supply the pulpit for the time being." The church being small, and having to meet her expenses by collections after the services, could not give the preacher much for his labors. Still, I believe she did want she

could, and Mr. Hooper at that time expressed himself fully satisfied with what he received. And when the congregation began to fall off, which soon was the case, and the collections in consequence became less, he said he was willing to preach for nothing, rather than the little cause should suffer. At a subsequent church meeting, Mr. Hooper sent word that he wished to know whether his services were wanted by us any longer, as if not he intended to go to Canada. (Bear in mind Mr. Hooper was never a member in the Beulah church.) A vote was taken on the question, and it was decided in the negative. He supplied the pulpit for us the next Lord's day, which was the last Lord's day in January, 1863, and he has never met with us since. So much for Mr. Hooper's connection with the Beulah Baptist church, on the strength of which, I understand, he is calling on the Christian community for aid, by representing himself as her pastor, and that he was sorry to leave them, and they were sorry to be obliged to part with him. If he ever was, or is now, "settled over a little faithful band in New York," farther than as stated in the foregoing, I know nothing of it, and if it had been so, I believe I should have known it. I hope I may be pardoned for here writing a few words on personal matters. With much reluctance and very painful emotions, though not without careful and prayerful consideration, I make the following statement. So far as I am concerned as an individual, I would much rather be silent, and patiently bear the false accusations made against me, by one whom I received to my bosom, welcomed him and his wife to the hospitalities of my house, assisted to procure means for them to commence housekeeping with themselves, and in every way, as far as I could, treated as a brother in the Gospel; but the feelings of my family and friends seemed to demand that the same should be made. Soon after my first acquaintance with Mr. James Hooper, he asked as a privilege that I would allow him to have his letters addressed to my care. I told him (as I have many others, though without any such trouble heretofore) certainly he might, and I should feel a pleasure in receiving and forwarding any letters for him. One letter came to me for him, after the church had dispensed with his services. I received it, and sent it to him promptly at his residence, and his wife sent back the price of the postage (25 cents, an English shilling) which I had paid. So far, so good. Judge of my surprise then, when some months after, word was brought to me that he was circulating a report that letters from England had been sent to me for him, some with money enclosed, which I had refused to take in, and they had been sent back, while he was here in want of the money. I tried my utmost to get one who was still very friendly with him, to go with me to the letter carrier, and ascertain whether it was so or not, but in vain. In justice to myself I then procured the following affidavit on the subject, which I suppose will, to the satisfaction of any reasonable person, refute the charge he made against me.

City and County of New York, U. S.

Henry C. M'Lean, of said city, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that he is the letter carrier for the United States post office, in the city of New York, and that his district embraces No. 151, Fulton street, the book store of John Axford, Esq. That said Axford has never refused to receive from me any letter from England, or any other place, addressed to his care for Mr. James Hooper or any one else; and when the postage has been due on letters thus addressed, he has always paid the same without any hesitation:

HENRY C. M'LEAN,
Sworn to before me, January 29th, 1864, James
Ward Smyth, Notary Public, New York City.

Here permit me to say I have never, by word or deed, injured Mr. James Hooper, neither do I wish

to; though I very much fear he is only a "glossographer," [see *VESSEL* for March, 1864, page 58, "Editor's thoughts on men and things on the earth,") on the contrary, I beseech the Almighty, if it be His blessed and holy will, to give him to see the wrong he has done the Beulah church and the cause of Christ in this city by his deceptions, (I can think of no better word to use here) to say nothing about my own injury, and that he may be led to pray God, if perhaps the thought of his heart may be forgiven him, for Christ the dear Redeemer's sake.

Now, brother Banks, having occupied so much of your space with this unhappy subject, though I assure you I have stated nothing but what I believe to be strictly true in every particular in the case of Mr. Hooper, I hope you will bear with me, and not consider me egotistical, if I introduce a few words with reference to myself as agent for *THE EARTHEN VESSEL* in America. I have been acting agent here for the *GOSPEL STANDARD* and kindred publications, ever since the summer of 1844, when I was last in England, now nearly twenty years, and though not personally acquainted with any of you editors there, having effected an arrangement for my supply with the late Mr. James Paul, of St. Paul's Churchyard, in 1844, still I consider I am known to most all of you by reputation, as well as by the greater part of the lovers of a free grace Gospel of salvation by Christ alone, without the works of the creature, in this land. You say you "might circulate as many thousands in America as you do in England if you could only get the agents." Now, my dear sir, with all due deference to you, permit me to say that you are very much mistaken. The truth as it is in Jesus, is received in the love of it by a very few indeed here. Why, you can have no idea, unless you were to come here and see for yourself, (and by the way, I would be very glad indeed for you to do so, and should the Lord so direct your steps here, I have at present, through mercy, "a little chamber and a bed, and a table, and a chair, and a candlestick," to which you shall be heartily welcome) I say you can have no idea of the great repugnance there is manifested to the distinguishing doctrine of grace, as held by the strict Particular Baptists, separating them from the great bulk of religious professors.

One other point, and I will close. You farther say, "a correspondent informs us that the *STANDARD* party in America manifest a cruel unkindness to all *VESSEL* readers and friends." I know not who your informant may be, but I consider you have been misinformed. In my opinion there would have been nothing known here of "*STANDARD* and *VESSEL* parties," if the subject had not been first introduced by "friends and readers of the *VESSEL*." So far as I am concerned as an individual, I have, and do now, endeavour to circulate all the magazines which I am agent for, and whatever my own predilections may be, I have advertised to supply them all alike. I should be very much pleased to circulate one thousand of either of them where I do now a single copy. But I believe the thing utterly impossible, except by the power of God. I have been trying to procure a livelihood for myself and family in this city, by bookselling, &c., for the last quarter of a century, and without any boasting, except in God, and to the honor and glory of His grace, whose I am I humbly hope, and whom I wish to for ever serve, I have been enabled to do so in such a manner that the finger of scorn has not been pointed at me, as I have endeavoured, as far as in me lay, to "provide things honest in the sight of all men." I may have committed errors (and who has not?) I am very willing to admit, but whenever it has been so, they were those of the *head*, and not of the *heart*. Praise be to the Lord!

That you may be long preserved to writ and disseminate the truths of the Gospel of the ever-blessed God, is the prayer of (I trust) your brother and companion in tribulation, JOHN ANFORD.

DEVONSHIRE.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS, —In Devonshire most of the Baptist churches are wandering after the free-will beast: they are meagre in doctrine, shallow in experience, confused in judgment, and loose in practice. "Ye shall be as gods, if you will exercise your mighty powers," is the awful cry of the most popular, professed ministers of Jesus Christ. Blessed be the Lord for many faithful servants whom He hath called, taught, and sent forth into His vineyard, to root out hypocrites, to pull down creature loftiness, to destroy the lying vanities of free will, and to build the church on the sure foundation of electing love, on the precious blood of the Lord Jesus; to plant the church with real converts, and to plant every part of the truth in their hearts. I have taken an active part in many thanksgiving meetings, where sound, experimental, lively, energetic and spiritually-minded ministers have spoken the truth out of full hearts, to the edification and comfort of the Lord's living family. My heart rejoiced in the Lord and my spirit was abundantly cheered while I sat under his shadow with delight, listening to these servants of the most high God, who shewed unto the people the way of salvation. Many of the ministers who were on the open system are now strict, and will not admit any unbaptized person to the Lord's table, though to obey Christ's commands is uncharitable, and to follow his lovely example is a great sin in the sight of many, who regard themselves the most respectable and influential in the church. We have nothing to fear; God is working the great and glorious machinery of salvation according to his own eternal purpose, for the display of His glory, the exaltation of the Lord Jesus, and the good of His chosen people. And He is raising up some good workmen, who boldly declare the counsel of God, regardless of the consequences which were to follow. One of these devoted ministers resides at Tatness, Mr. Ash Huxham, and successfully labours at Harburtonford. He is determined to abide by God's word. At his place the church presented to brother Huxham and his wife valuable presents, tokens of their affection to their much beloved pastor, and his highly esteemed wife, for their unabating love, zeal, and kindness manifested in every possible way, for the good of their souls. I was requested by the church to make a few remarks on their presentation. It was soon visible that the dewy influence of the Eternal Spirit was moistening our souls, which blessing is often realized by the church in this place. During the observations made on the presentation, brother Huxham laboured hard to suppress the stirring emotions of his mind, which was not caused by the gift, but arose from a deep sense of the Lord's goodness to him, in calling, qualifying, and using him to gather in the outcast, feed the hungry, and build up many precious souls in their most holy faith. When our brother arose to respond to the church's kindness, he said, "What mean ye by this? To break my heart." As the godly sentence flowed out of his grateful heart it thrilled through ours, and such a strong feeling of love and sympathy overpowered our souls that we all wept together. Hard must be the heart that refused to yield a throb at such a demonstration of Christian affection. Every eye must lend a tear while beholding the sublime beauties of brotherly love which shone forth so brilliantly in the big tears of joy that flowed down our cheeks. Each believer telling to the other (in deathly silence) of love that waters cannot quench, nor floods drown. After the flood of love and joy had subsided, brother Huxham ably responded to the church. He said the debt was nothing to him apart from the motive by which they were influenced to give. He then traced the motive up to the great source of all good, and closed his remarks by ascribing all the glory to God; and the service closed with singing and prayer. Thus ended a day of thanksgiving at Harburtonford,

which will not be forgotten as long as we live. Praise the Lord for ever.

Z. TURNER.

[We are quite ashamed at the delay in giving this publicity. Unfortunately brother Turner's letter, amid a heap, was mislaid. It is as good as ever, and will make many cry for joy. We wish the pastor of Harburtonford abundant honor.—Ed.]

POTTON, BEDS.—New STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL, Royston street.—Dear brother Banks, as a little church, we wish to give honor to our Lord for his mercy towards us as a church. Some time since I saw in your VESSEL the Lord's goodness to Mr. Wells, in bringing his daughter to the knowledge of the truth; and also to our brother Foreman in bringing his daughter to a saving knowledge of the truth. In reading the goodness of God to my brethren in the Gospel, I, as a poor tried soul, lamented, and even seemed like Jonah, fretful. In the salvation of my family, I was rebellious; but the Lord was about to shew his great power. In the month of April the hand of the Lord was seen and felt in my family: my son was greatly afflicted; we tried all means, and our medical adviser thought he must go to an asylum. We had no hopes of recovery for near two months. After about six weeks he was a little composed, he said, "Father, what did you preach from when I heard you last." I said, "I do not know." He said, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after." I said, "Do you want Jesus?" He said, "Yes, I do want Him." As my dear partner and myself were walking out with him, "Oh," he says, "Father, what is this—why art thou cast down, O my soul." Then he said, "Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him." He was delivered, helped, comforted, and brought to the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind. We can truly say he was delivered from the lowest hell. Oh that many may exalt him for the great deliverance wrought. Oh my brother, it does me good to see the dear Saviour revealing Himself to such a poor rebellious worm. Further to shew the Lord's goodness, a young woman walked four months ago, to hear me testify the truths of the Gospel; she walked eleven miles to hear Jesus: He met with her soul; to hear the sweet testimony she delivered was cheering. She was under the Congregationalists, but could find no God for her soul, until she came to our little place, where she was delivered from bondage, and led to tell out the glorious truths of the Gospel. Again, a dear old man was brought out wonderfully to rejoice, as I was speaking from songs of Solomon, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." Oh, brother Banks, the hearing my son, the young woman, and the old man, stating before the church the Lord's great work on their souls, never can be forgotten; it was soul-refreshing, and the little church was delighted, we did weep for joy. The next thing was here to baptize. We appointed to go to the brook, in Potton town, on Lord's day, June 5th. We had over three hundred in the meeting, and after service at 11 a.m., we went out to the water to baptize. We read, sung, prayed, and walked up perhaps two hundred yards or more in the face of, I think, one thousand people; all was peace save one or two, but as a gentleman favored us with the police, they kindly made the way clear for us, and it was a solemn time. In the afternoon they were received into the church, our chapel was crowded. I never saw so many weeping. In the evening we again met with a crowded house. I spake upon, "My son was dead, and is alive again; was lost and is found." It was a day of much enjoyment to many. May the Lord be praised for so great a mercy to usward. We have baptized this year six, and we have others waiting. Our brother Tucker kindly lent us his baptizing dresses for the occasion. We have (as a church) had great work to keep on, still we have many enjoyments, and though we are poor, the Lord is on our side. May the Lord bless Zion.

HENRY COOPER, Pastor.

EPPING.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Good Friday, March 26th, the first anniversary of the opening of chapel took place. Two sermons were preached by Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, in the morning and afternoon, after which a public tea meeting, of which nearly 200 partook, in the National school room. A public meeting in the evening, Mr. Weeks in the chair. Several friends took part in the interesting meeting. A testimonial was presented to each of our kind friends (Messrs. Weeks and Brindle) who at great personal inconvenience had come from London, alternately supplying the pulpit every Sabbath, so that the cause on no occasion has ever been left destitute since it first commenced. The testimonial consisted of two handsome time pieces, subscribed by the friends attending, as a small token of their disinterested labors amongst us. Between each address the choir sang several pieces of sacred music suitable to the occasion. The services were well attended all day, especially in the afternoon and evening, when the chapel was crowded to excess. The collections and profits of the tea meeting amounted to about ten pounds. This cause was commenced in June, 1862, by a few friends who had long felt the want of a place where they could hear the glorious doctrines of salvation by a crucified Redeemer proclaimed. A friend with his family (in the wise arrangements of the Almighty) was settled in business in the town a short time since, he felt the destitution very keenly; made it a matter of prayer that if the Lord blessed him in his undertaking, he would endeavour to open a place where the doctrines of free and sovereign grace could be proclaimed to all those who felt they were undone and hell-deserving sinners. A cottage was obtained, and a room opened for prayer and preaching, and in the leadings of divine Providence, Mr. Weeks and Mr. Brindle, who were quite strangers to all the friends at Epping, came down to preach; their hearts were drawn out to the handful of people who first met them; they promised them that they would endeavour (God willing) to supply the pulpit, so that the people should not be left destitute. The Lord so blessed the labors of his two servants—such a spirit of hearing so manifested itself among the people, that the room soon became too strait for us. A chapel was built by a tradesman, capable of holding about 140 hearers, which was opened on Good Friday, 1863, and this has now become too small for the numbers who flock to hear the word of God proclaimed, and a great number are unable to obtain admission. Our prayer meetings are well attended, and the Lord has indeed made them a Bethel unto our souls. When we look back and review the way the Lord has led us, we are constrained to cry out, "What hath God wrought," so that our minds are led to look forward and trust that we shall yet see a larger place of worship erected to God's honor and glory.

ENGLISH & COLONIAL BOOK MISSION.

Paddington, Black River, Canada.

West America, 4th May, 1864.

To Mr. Banks, Baptist Minister, Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, London, England.

Respected Sir,—We, the subscribers, beg respectfully to call your attention to the claims of a district in this colony to the benevolent consideration of the "English and Colonial Book Mission" society. The place here referred to is eighty miles from Keenet, in the colony of Peterboro', and is entirely destitute of a PURE preached Gospel, although every two months or less *Arminian* Methodists visit them. During 1862 and 1863, the pastor of the reformed Presbyterian congregation in Alice village (forty-five miles from Paddington) preached during the spring and summer months, and in the fall, when the state

of the roads would allow of travelling, once a month, without fee or reward; but since the fall of 1863 they have not received the services of that devoted Christian and sound gospel preacher, he having to return to Scotland, by reason of ill health. The people of the district, whose claims on the generosity of the "English and Colonial Book Society" we respectfully urge, are principally Irish and English, with a few Scotch settlers, principally Protestants, occupied mostly in the lumber business on the Black River, some of them farmers, while others are engaged as raftsmen. 'Tis a difficult matter to bring them out to hear preaching of any kind when it comes their way. One hundred and sixty-nine small pamphlets, with some periodicals and small books, were during the year 1862 obtained free from a book and pamphlet society in the United States, which they readily took and read, but that society (the Pittsburg Gospel Pamphlet Society) having ceased operations, we have received no more. There are societies in the States who publish tracts, pamphlets, and small books, but they are not fit for our object, as they are full of Arminianism, &c., and other errors. Would you, respected sir, therefore have the kindness to send us a SMALL PARCEL of pamphlets and periodicals for the use of the place mentioned, which we will faithfully distribute and take care of for these people's use and spiritual good, a few EARTHEN VESSELS, and GOSPEL HERALDS for past years, being among them if you please. We are both Baptists of the Scotch Calvinistic denomination, and with six or eight Presbyterian families, the only professors in a widely scattered district. Will you send us the cost of the things sent, and whenever Providence enables us, we will perhaps some day send you money for your free grant.

JOHN LAUDER.
PETER COLLINS, JUN.
JAS. COLLINSON.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

Annual meeting was held 7th and 8th of June, at Friston, a village in Suffolk, between Saxmundham and Aldborough. The public meetings were held in the tent belonging to the society. Mr. Robert Bird, pastor of the church at Rattlesden, presided over the meetings, and made some very appropriate remarks. The letters from the churches were then read. The church at Carlton Road, Norfolk, is supposed to have left, as no letter was read either this year or last. The letters were generally of a cheerful character, indicative of sincere attachment to New Testament principles and practice. We hope this association will be enabled to hold firmly and unflinchingly its uncompromising features as long as it exists. There is some prosperity in most of the churches; eight more have been baptized than last year; in 1862 there were two hundred and three; last year one hundred and seventy-seven; this year one hundred and eighty-five. Fewer have been removed by death than in the two previous years. More have been separated, but this is accounted for by many having emigrated. The actual number of church members in the associated churches is about 3,000. At Waldringfield twenty-three have been baptized; at Fressingfield, eighteen; at Laxfield, fifteen; at Friston, fourteen; Beccles, thirteen; Tinstal, ten; others vary from nine to one. At five of the churches there appears to have been no baptising.

We were privileged to see the venerable and beloved pastor of Beccles church (the secretary of this association) present, whose presence always imparts a sacredness to the meeting, living, as he does, in the enjoyment of that liberty wherewith the Saviour makes his people free. His letters are always weighty and good. The church at Beccles are waiting their Lord's direction in the choice of a co-worker with their beloved minister. The church at Rattlesden writes encouragingly,

and their letter breathes forth strong desires to live more under the hallowed influences of vital religion, and the blessed prospect held out to the struggling saint. The letter from Laxfield sings of mercy and judgment; their faith, hope, and aims are one, their counsels and their cares. The heavenly Husbandman has been pruning some of the plants in his garden, but not one under his care has died away; some have ceased to live on earth, but are blossoming in purer regions. Two of their oldest members have crossed the river, man and wife, whose united ages amounted to 172 years. Their beloved pastor has been with them five years, and is labouring with success amidst a large congregation in the chapel, and also preaches in ten villages. Waldringfield letter says, "Former years have been sowing time, this has been a reaping year." The pastor, Mr. Last, has been honored to baptize the wife of a Church of England minister, who was so enraged at such unparadonable liberty taken by Mr. Last, that he has furnished him with a lawyer's letter, demanding an apology, &c. Mr. Last has not yet framed his apology. At Occold Mr. Shaw has left, and is gone to Over; Mr. Wm. Harris is supplying them.

Thus, Mr. Editor, you have a very impartial description of the character of the letters as read. One novel feature was introduced this year with reference to the preaching services in the afternoon and evening of the first day. It has generally been customary to obtain the assistance of some ministers present not belonging to the association; this year none but ministers inside the society were to preach, why, we cannot say. We missed Mr. J. E. Bloomfield, and others, on this occasion. The congregations were not so numerous, owing in a measure to the meeting being held on one edge of the county, at a long distance from many who love to meet at these annual gatherings. The services afterwards held can best be gathered from a verbatim copy of the notices given at the close of the reading the letters. "Brother Brand, of Bungay, to preach in the afternoon; brother Sears in the evening. Wednesday morning, six o'clock, a prayer meeting amongst the messengers of the churches; half-past nine o'clock, a prayer meeting by the ministers; half-past ten o'clock, brother Collins will give us an excellent sermon, no doubt, and in the afternoon brother Hosken, of Norwich, will preach." AN OBSERVER.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—**BETHEL CHAPEL**—The anniversary was held the first of June. We were favored to hear the precious fame of Jesus gloriously exalted, in the morning by Mr. J. Wells, in the afternoon by Mr. J. Flory, in the evening by Mr. S. Milner. The whole, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, tended to cheer, strengthen, and edify the friends. The friends were refreshed by a plentiful supply of temporal provisions, in a place kindly lent and decorated with evergreens and flowers by our very helpful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, and other good assistants. About 110 sat down to dinner, and 150 to tea. Several brethren in the ministry honoured us with their presence. O that the Lord would set his hand a second time to the work in our midst, and send us a man after his own heart, anointed to the office of a priest to go in and out among us, and lead us out into the green pastures and springs of waters.

DUNMOW, ESSEX.—Our honest-hearted friend and brother, J. Stockwell, baptized in the Baptist chapel, Dunmow, June 5, and same day the dear friends were added to the church. Large congregations were gathered together, and many hearts, with ours, earnestly hope that days of prosperity will again be enjoyed by the churches of Christ in this part of England, and especially in Dunmow, where the faith of the faithful has been so sharply tried.

HAPPY PASTOR AND PEOPLE AT

OTLEY.—Anniversary meeting for Sunday school at Otley was held on Wednesday, June 15. In the afternoon the children were examined and addressed in a highly appropriate manner, by Mr. Hoddy, of Horham, whose solemn and edifying manner made even the grown up children feel that they were yet but learners in the school of grace. At five a public tea was held, near 400 were present; the children also were provided for near the chapel. In the evening the following ministers were present at a very interesting meeting: Mr. Woodgate, pastor, brethren Brown, of Stonham; Runckles, of Charsfield; Cobb, of Framdsen; Catt, of Winesham; Roe, of Earl Soham; Leggett, of Cransford; Talbot, of Debenham; Morris, of Ipswich; Collins, of Grundisburgh. Mr. Hoddy, with great ability and earnestness, interested the friends in the evening, winning not only almost breathless attention, but also the true affections of God's people. Mr. Woodgate is labouring for the Lord with much success, and the cause at Otley is steadily prospering. The school is in a healthy state, and has a very efficient staff of teachers. Here it was the late Mr. Cole labored for many years; he has long since entered his rest; his name is embalmed in the memories of many who are still living. Otley is a nice chapel, holds nearly 700. The friends have built a substantial house for their minister, upon the site of the old one. At Otley we see the effects of Christian love and kindness between pastor and people reciprocated.

A WAYFARING MAN.

HAYES, MIDDLESEX.—Dear Brother, being greatly rejoiced at hearing of the prosperity of Zion in foreign lands, through the medium of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, having been personally acquainted with the brethren when in England, I feel pleasure in acknowledging the Lord hath again blessed the cause at Salem Chapel, Hayes, under the ministerial labours of our brother, Mr. James Curtis, who has been speaking here in the name of "a triune God," for the last twelvemonths occasionally, the last five months regularly. The baptistry was opened the last Lord's day in March, to immerse a believer in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The first Sabbath in April four were added to the church. The pool was again re-opened May 29th, to baptize one male and two females, all bearing testimony to the work of grace in their hearts, and their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; the Lord having made Mr. Curtis the instrument, with deep feeling of gratitude to our covenant-keeping God.

E. BARTON.

RECOGNITION OF MR. JOHN BRUNT, AT SHADWELL.

Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. Brunt, at Rehoboth chapel, Victoria street, Shadwell, were holden on Tuesday, June 21st, 1864. For some considerable time past the church has been declining: and lately, so we were informed, they thought they must close the doors. In the Providence of God, the present minister was sent amongst them; and from his first appearing amongst them, evident signs of success were seen. On the above-named day, Mr. Phillip Dickenson stated the nature of a Gospel church; after which a goodly company sat down to tea.

In the evening Mr. Box asked the questions, which were answered in a manner which gave great satisfaction. From our reporter's shorthand notes of the occasion we could give them *in extenso*, but being so late in the month, we can only notice it in passing.

Mr. S. Milner joined the pastor and church together, and gave the charge from the words, "A good minister of Jesus Christ."

Mr. George Wyard delivered an address to the church of a generally instructive character.

MOUNT ZION.—Mr. John Foreman baptized thirteen the last Lord's day in April. It was a happy time; proving that the Lord's work is still progressing; and the Lord is still rendering the ministry of his aged and honoured servant powerful in converting and comforting ransomed souls. These testimonies loudly proclaim the faithfulness of God in crowning the labours of his devoted servants with glorious triumphs. While such men as John Foreman are spared and prospered, and many like him raised up to preach the same gospel, England has a pledge that God will not forsake her.

To the Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

BARNET.—DEAR SIR,—I see a notice in the VESSEL of this month in relation to the lack of Gospel privileges at Barnet. Would you ask the friends to communicate with me; my Sundays have been very much disengaged since I left the Metropolitan Tabernacle, (Mr. Spurgeon's) of which church I was a deacon and preaching elder, but resigned through a change of views regarding the open communion practised there. My doctrinal views also agree more with those advocated by Mr. James Wells, the late Dr. Gill, John Stevens, &c.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

THOMAS MOOR.

Springfield road, Colney Hatch,
Middlesex, June 20, 1864.

[Our friends at Barnet will, no doubt, gladly correspond with Mr. Moor. Other ministers have written to us, expressing their willingness to help. A place in Barnet should be sought for, and obtained at once. Public meetings should be convened; ministers able to PREACH THE GOSPEL should be invited; the Lord would give His blessing. A cause might soon be raised. If love to Christ and His Gospel prevail, He will their every effort crown.—ED.]

OPEN AIR FRUITS.

ROTHERHITHE.—BETHLEHEM.—Baptized during the months of May and June, eight believers, by our beloved pastor, Mr. J. Butterfield, of whom are the fruits of the last summer's open air services, whose testimonies before the church, touching the work of grace in their hearts, put every doubt to the winds. We hold open air services three and four times a week, and once a month a special service is held at China Hall Gate. One of the last-named was held in May, when, instead of gathering inside the chapel, upwards of a thousand people were gathered to listen to the words of eternal life; and such was the attention that though the service was continued by some of the Bethlehemites until nine o'clock, at the conclusion thereof there were at least five hundred people. Brethren, would you succeed in your work, "go thou and do likewise," adhering strictly to two things—preach the first principles of the gospel and never answer a question. Thus doing, we never have any controversy, and never fail of marked attention.

KANNA.

AYLESBURY.—BAPTIST CHAPEL, WALTON ST.—Mr. Chas. Chipchase, who has been labouring here some time with much acceptance, baptized three believers in Jesus, on Sunday evening, May 29th, after preaching an appropriate sermon for the occasion. The place was well filled, and many of the Lord's people felt it to be a time of refreshing, and were thankful to witness the love and obedience of the three who were thus following in the steps of the Master.

Deaths.

DIED, on June 7, 1864, George Alexander Welch, son of Mr. Welch, Baptist Minister, of Tooting, aged five years and six months.

In Memoriam.

THE LATE MR. JOHN PELLIS,

MINISTER OF SOHO CHAPEL, LONDON.

In our last Number we briefly announced the painful intelligence that JOHN PELLIS had been suddenly called home to his reward; and his happy career in the Gospel ministry unexpectedly and abruptly terminated. This sorrowful event appeared to call for a fuller account than we could possibly give in any one number of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. We, therefore, published immediately a Supplementary Number, containing a variety of striking and solemnly edifying particulars—to which was added the affectionate and truly sympathetic discourse by Mr. Bloomfield, called *The Funeral Sermon*. That Supplement has been very widely circulated; and through its instrumentality we trust the fund now raising for the devoted and beloved widow, will be advanced, and rendered truly effec-

tive. The man that professes to mourn over the loss of a minister so promising and so much needed, yet does not practically come forward to aid the widow and the fatherless in their distress, gives but little proof of the genuineness of his Christianity. We are thankful that Mr. James Wells, Mr. Flack, Mr. Wall, of Gravesend, and other brethren, have already commenced to do their utmost; we ask every minister in the denomination—and every Church of the same faith and order—to do their utmost in a work of grateful charity so absolutely imperative upon them. In this direction we shall continue to aid the committee with an untiring zeal.

We now give a few more papers, which we are certain will be read with the deepest interest. The first is—

MR. GEORGE WYARD'S ADDRESS

IN SOHO CHAPEL, THE EVENING AFTER THE FUNERAL.

MR. WYARD said: MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—As you very well know, I have often occupied this post, and the one over my head, and I have sometimes stood in both places with a light heart, with a heart eased of its burdens, through communion with the God of grace and mercy, rejoicing in his love and salvation. But sometimes my heart has been heavy. It is a little heavy now, inasmuch as we are gathered together under no ordinary circumstances, rather under extraordinary circumstances, which do not take place every day within our own locality, within our own circle of acquaintances, within compass of our friendships and fellow-citizens, and fellow-heirs of the kingdom of the grace of our God through Jesus Christ. The few remarks that I now make to you, I expected to have made at the grave, but I had not an opportunity. There was a little different arrangement to that originally communicated to me, therefore I was prevented from then expressing my esteem and regard for, and love to our departed friend and brother, John Pellis. He is gone, gone for ever from us, for we shall see him no more as we have been in

the habit of seeing him. We shall talk to him no more as we have been in the habit of talking to him; and he shall see us no more, nor will he talk to us in the way and manner any more as he has been in the habit of talking to us. Still we hope to see him where he is, being redeemed through the same blood as he was, taught by the same Spirit as he was, having a knowledge of the same great facts, the same great Gospel facts, as he had. We hope then to see him again, to hear him, and that he will hear us, and see us, and then our song and theme will be one. Whatever degree of discordancy may mark our notes in this world, there will be no discordancy of notes by and by, when we shall sing with the saints for joy, in a joy that is higher, with a joy nobler, sweeter, and greater, with a joy which will be everlasting, uninterrupted, and more delightful than we have ever sung yet.

Our brother has finished his course, we have our's to finish; he has fought his battle, we have our's to fight; he has run his race, we have our's to run: he has arrived at home, we have still to travel in the

way, but it is our comfort, that we are sustained by the same grace, prompted by the same love, inspirited by the same hope, directed by the same power towards the same heavenly home. We did not all begin to run at the same time; we are not all called to run the same length of time. Some finish their race in a little time, while others are running and fighting standing on the very edge of the grave, we are looking and expecting for this one and the other to drop into the grave's jaws. The grave is opening in our imagination to receive this one and another: but when we look around, behold the one we little expected is gone, and others are left behind.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Though the storm may at times seem to ride over us, it is in the hands of Him who is our Lord and Father, unto whom we look with feelings of confidence, that He will do all things right through Jesus Christ.

This very solemn and mysterious circumstance which has just now taken place has created a great deal of excitement, but there is nothing wonderful in it more than the providence of God is mysterious. The providence of God is wonderful, it is a deep we cannot fathom. The Lord knows better than we do. We do not therefore suppose that a great, wise, jealous God has made any mistake. We make many mistakes, and if we live long enough we shall make many more. But we look to Him and trust in Him who is without mistake, who never said anything wrong, who never thought wrong, who never did wrong, promised, nor proposed wrong. Our God does nothing at haphazard, he is of one thought and of one mind, and it is our duty to trust Him where we cannot trace Him. The father knows much that the child does not know; then it is for us to submit to all the Lord's dispensations, for he is a wise God, a great God, a merciful friend and Almighty Saviour.

It is quite possible, seeing all this excitement which is called forth by this deep dispensation and solemn circumstance, some may say, who was John Pells? What was his particular relationship and circumstances in life, which he sustained the little time he lived among us? With regard to the first, if we are asked, who was John Pells? we say he was a sinful man like the rest of us. He was a sinner, but then he knew this great fact and he obtained mercy, through the Lord Jesus. This makes the difference. I would to God, there were no exceptions at all in regard to this fact; if the will of God. Sin is a fact; and though it be good, and though it be merciful, for us to

desire the conversion of all, for all to be saved from the effects of sin, if the fact could come to pass only according to the will of God, it would cease to be a good fact, cease to be good, cease to be for the glory of God, it not according to the will of God. Therefore our best wishes must be subject to the will of God. But our brother John Pells, being brought to experience for himself that he was a sinner, he felt his condition and lamented the fact, which shows another great fact, that not only was he a sinner, but he was a saint. He was by nature a sinner as others, and by the grace and mercy of God he was a real saint. The grace of God possessed his soul, he felt the enormity of sin, this made the difference between him and many others of his fellow men.

If therefore we are asked who was John Pells, about whom there is such a wonderful deal of excitement? we say he was one who was saved by God, according to His divine will. God did not allow him to come into the world without a mission; God did not allow death to come and take him out of the world contrary to his purpose. Hence we have the faithful and truthful record with regard to all saints, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." No terrible circumstance, nor however eventful the circumstance, can in any way at all interrupt or interfere with the end of God's saints: they are precious, their life is precious, their character is precious, their death, of which God Himself speaks, is precious, for no saint dieth unobserved by our precious God.

It may be asked where did brother Pells die, and seeing he is gone, was there anything in particular in the place, in the way, and the manner of his death? Oh yes, many things, but one which seems to absorb all others, is the fact of his dying in the Lord Jesus. It may be no particular interest to know that he died in his own house, further than it is a merciful recollection to us to say he died in the arms of his friends. It is a painful recollection with some thousands, who say, "My friend dropped down dead." The friends and relatives of our brother are spared this; he died in his own hired house, in the presence of his friends, who wept as they parted with him, as true friends do weep. But in this stroke there are reasons for rejoicing, when we contemplate our brother died in the Lord Jesus. This is a precious privilege. To die in Jesus is to be saved through his precious blood. To die in Christ is a great mercy. To die in Christ is to live where he lives. To die in Christ is to live where honor is. To die in Christ is to live where dignity is. To die in Christ is to live in the fulness of grace, mercy, and sweetness of Christ's presence for ever and ever. Precious is the

lot of such a one, the end is peace. However rough the road, rugged the pathway, and deep the waters of tribulation; whatever the pilgrimage of such a one may be, to die is to die in the Lord, and to die is to rest "from their labors, and their works shall follow them."

Our brother, John Pells, died in the Lord, and he died to honor, died to dignity, died to glory and excellence, infinitely above all the excellence this world contains. His pathway to heaven was through the blood of Christ. To die out of Christ is to have no interest in Him, which is to die in dishonor, to die in disgrace, to die an enemy to the God of love. Well may we say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." To die in Christ is to die in the knowledge of Christ. Our departed brother had a knowledge of Christ, of the names of Christ, of the person of Christ, and of the offices of Christ. Though I had but little opportunity of hearing him for myself, yet from what I have heard, and from what I have gathered from others, I have every proof that he was well grounded in the truth, he was blessed with the presence of Jesus, knew him in his titles and character, and more or less was favored with his smiles to sustain him in his ministrations of the word of love to others. What he preached to others supported his soul through life and in death. Then to die in Christ is not only to die in the knowledge of the Lord, but to die in His affections, rooted and grounded in His love. "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee." Oh, to die as our brother Pells died then, is to die in Christ, yes, it is to die that we may live, die to rejoice in and be with Him we love for ever and ever.

But another question might be proposed, not only where did our brother die, but what were his relationships as called by the Providence of God in this life. This life was short, yet long enough to taste some of the bitters of life, and some of the sweets. There is very little doubt but that they were equalized, nay, though we talk so much of our miseries, I am much inclined to think that we talk too much of our miseries and not enough of our mercies. In regard to the relationships then our brother sustained in this life, some of them were of course of a temporal character, and some of a spiritual kind. Those of a spiritual kind will last for ever. With regard to the first of a temporal kind, they are all gone, he is no more in the flesh; no more as the husband, the parent, nor the pastor, these are done with; our brother sleeps, he is dead to all kind of natural ties: these ties were snapped by death. The hand of death pays no respect to the entreaties of the wife, she may cry,

"Stay thy hand, leave him a little longer with me, I cannot give him up." Death pays no regard, but takes him away. The children may cry, "Spare my father," but it is useless, death pays no attention, but removes the object loved. The commission being given from the high court of heaven, the wife may cry "Stay thy destroying hand," the children may plead, without avail; the wife is deprived of her husband, the children of their father, and the people of their pastor. They are separated, but for a little while. These, his family relationships, seemed at one period, shortly before his death, to trouble him. It seemed to him hard, as the husband, the parent, and pastor, to leave all; there appeared a struggle going on in his breast, but the grace of God put all this right; the Lord appeared to say to his mind, "Don't let these disturb you, my grace is sufficient for you, and my will is best." The Lord's will cannot be altered, He is of one mind, and who can turn Him? Our brother then lived his allotted time, according to the infinite purpose of God, and performed the work allotted to him.

These natural relationships are now dissolved, there are others, though death has taken him away, which death cannot touch, which death cannot solve. We have nothing in this life which death cannot touch; but the life which is born of God cannot by death be cut short.

Our brother was not only called to be a saint, but he was called to be a preacher, a preacher for God. But this character he does not sustain now, oh no, there is no need of preachers where our friend is gone. It is here below, where sinners are; here where sinners are taught the way of salvation, here where wrong needs being put right, where darkness is exposed by light, and where ignorance is sought to be removed. Hence God ordained the preaching of the Gospel, for the express purpose of carrying out his mission of mercy. The honor of preaching the Gospel was conferred on brother Pells, in which work his heart delighted, and in seeking to save souls was the joy of his heart. This preaching is now all over, he has ceased to be a preacher among men, to be the companion of angels. He has ceased to be a Christian on earth, to be a saint in the courts above. He has ceased to be a labourer here, to possess the great, glorious, and precious treasures he preached to others.

Our brother's relationship, which is regarded with so much excitement, was sustained in the high, the holy, and honourable office of pastor; our friend in this particular, I may say, was not only a pastor, but a faithful pastor. He had the affections of his people, they had his affections, ther-

was a sympathy between them. John Pells was an industrious pastor, he lost no opportunity to prepare himself for his work. The spirit of industry with which he followed his duties you all know, and his endeavours to acquaint himself with the subjects he brought before you, and by which under the blessing of God, he proved himself useful to you, both to instruct and to comfort your souls. He discharged the office of pastor among you to your mutual benefit. You are aware he had to think, to pray, to read, and to study before he could come before you with that zeal and intelligence with which he cast the bread upon the waters, and which shall be seen after many days. Doubtless as time wears on, many circumstances will occur to your minds to remind you of him who is gone: "This is what our late dear pastor used to say." When you open the good old book, you will hardly fail to come across many passages you have heard him speak from, and which will recur with a freshness and a sweetness to your hearts. I am glad therefore to know not only was he a faithful, affectionate, and loving pastor, but I rejoice also to know that he had an affectionate people to hear him, that there was a reciprocity here. In fact, he loved you and you loved him. He was careful of you, and I may say, you were careful of him: as the common saying goes, "There was no love lost," for you loved each other as you should love each other. He loved you becoming the pastor, you loved him as a people should love their pastor.

I am thankful to have had this opportunity of expressing my love for him whose remains we have this day followed to the grave, and likewise to express my sympathy with the widow, and with you as a church in your present state. May you watch the hand of Providence, and pray that the Lord will go before you in His wisdom, and bring some one to stand before you, and that there may be a soft voice saying, "This is he." God bless you and keep you together united in heart, for his great name's sake. Amen.

MR. R. BOWLES ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER JOHN PELL'S.

DEAR EDITOR, — The sudden removal from this world of sin and sorrow to heaven's eternal rest, of our dear brother Pells, speaks to us in an unmistakable voice, "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." When I received the intelligence of his demise, in a note from brother Chivers, which reached me on Lord's day morning, June 26th, I was indeed pained, and surprised; and when I announced it

from my pulpit, the grief of the people was no less great, they having, but only a few days before, been favoured to listen to his testimony. On Tuesday, June 14th, I met him at the Hertford Railway Station, he being engaged to preach the anniversary sermon on the afternoon of that day; and brother Chivers in the evening. After dining in the Vestry, with myself, brother Chivers, brother Minton (deacon) at brother Hazelton's, and a few other friends, he retired into my little study, until the commencement of the afternoon service, when he preached a most excellent God-glorifying, soul-comforting sermon, founded upon Psalm xxxi. 19, his very soul seemed swallowed up in "The great goodness of the Lord." It was remarked at the time how particularly he enlarged upon its future realization, "As laid up for them that fear Him," speaking personally upon Jehovah's great goodness toward him in plucking him as a brand out of the fire, and of His continued goodness until the present moment, and that being an earnest of the future engagement "of the great goodness laid up;" in fact, both in prayer and in preaching the soul seemed alive, and a sweet savour accompanied the whole, so that the people gathered together that afternoon in Ebenezer chapel, Hertford, could and did say, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," &c. He took tea with the friends in the schoolroom, expressing himself delighted with the large company, also with the arrangement of the tables, and with the abundant display of flowers. So much did he admire one of the bouquets, that he begged it as a favour, which was readily granted. After reading to us at the table an extract from a religious paper, of the vital godliness of an old negro preacher, and the old man's anticipation of glory, he hastily folded the paper up, put it into his pocket, bade the friends adieu, and made his way for the railway station, and we saw him no more. In the course of conversation he referred to his anticipated removal from College place to the Hampstead road; one thing he said he should miss, was his usual walk with Mr. Bloomfield. But, dear happy saint now, "He dwells in light, and walks with Jesus clothed in white."

Praying the great Head of Zion to sanctify the event, to raise up for the bereaved church another truthful under shepherd, to be a husband to the sorrowing widow, and a father to the fatherless children,

Yours in the Gospel of the grace of Christ,
ROBERT BOWLES.

Chapel house, Hertford, Herts.
July 5, 1864.

LETTER FROM MR. PELL'S
BROTHER-IN-LAW.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—As relatives of the late Mr. John Pells, we feel deeply indebted for the kind and diligent manner you have laid before his many friends and the public, particulars of his life and sudden departure, yet we feel that many who knew him and his family connections, will wonder at no mention being made of any beyond our dear sister, his widow and tender offspring. It is now about five years since I became brother-in-law to the dear departed, by being married to his only living sister. At our first interview, there commenced a union which time has only strengthened; and since he has been so suddenly taken from us, while musing on the mysteriousness of the providence, I have been led to say, that perhaps we made too much of him; for God will not allow his people to have idols. If time and space would permit, I could state many things that made him dear to us, and much respected and loved by the church at Saxmundham, of which I am the unworthy Deacon.

When we were in a very low state, (as stated in the Supplement of VESSEL) he sent brother Frith (now at Borough Green), whom the Lord made useful in greatly reviving the cause, and since which time we have been steadily progressing. When providence removed brother Frith, we again sought his advice; and although we thought it strange at the time, he recommended us to hear our near friend and brother, Mr. John Baldwin, who was then leaving Cransford, about five miles from us. We did so; and our brother's messages were so blest, that we saw the hand of providence was in it. After hearing him profitably for some time, he became our pastor; and up to the present he has appeared as the right man in the right place. During the two years and about six months of his ministry among us, we have been blest with peacefulness and a good degree of prosperity in the ingathering of souls. I say thus much because I know you will be glad to hear of the welfare of our little cause, having been with us, and manifested a deep interest in our welfare at our commencement as a Baptist cause in Saxmundham; but never have we had a warmer friend than our dear departed brother. He generally preached for us at our anniversaries, and many of the friends from Tunstall and elsewhere would meet him here; and as his general deportment was a kind word and a smile for all, he was beloved for this as well as for the excellent God-glorifying sermons he has been helped to preach on such occasions.

Our pastor preached a funeral sermon for him on the Sabbath following his inter-

ment at which time much respect was manifested; as was also evinced by the many orders for the Supplement of VESSEL. The last time we saw our dear brother was at Whitsuntide, when he preached to a large congregation at Tunstall; he was then cheerful and well; and his being now consigned to the cold grave seems almost as if it could be but a dream; and when the reality comes home to our minds, our feelings are wounded with keen sensibility; yet we desire to bow submissive to the hand of mercy that deals out to us in infinite wisdom our portion of sorrow or joy; and say, shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right? Just at the time when our expectations were bright of seeing our brother with his beloved wife (for they had purposed to dine with us on the Friday following his death, being his birth-day) we received tidings of his being dangerously ill, but a slight change for the better was stated. Although this cast a gloom over our feelings, still we hoped and prayed that he might be spared. The two following days brought us no better account; these were days of painful emotions,—faint hopes, and many fears; still we little thought his end was so near. The intense grief of his aged mother (who resides with us) who is now in her 75th year, and to whom he was most tenderly attached and ever kind, her grief at the prospect of losing her dear and only son, in whom seemed concentrated all her earthly pleasure, may be imagined. Alas, our hopes, although very faint, were all swept away by our beloved sister informing us through a friend that death had done its work; the ransomed spirit had fled. No doubts hovered round our minds as to its safe arrival at that blest place

"Where not a wave of trouble rolls,
Across his peaceful breast."

The news was so painful and shocking that my dear wife (his most affectionate sister and to whom he was a loving brother), was so prostrate and ill as to be unable to attend the funeral. I visited the house of mourning, and mingled my prayers and sympathies with the many who came to condole with the bereaved widow and her fatherless children; but as the funeral of the dear departed was deferred till the Wednesday, I was unable (through pressing matters in my calling) to stay to be present, although I much desired to do so. This is to us indeed a painful loss; yet we do hope it has been sanctified, by leading us to feel more deeply our mortality; and as one end of the cord of love that united us is taken from earth to heaven, we pray our affections may be more drawn thither, not only to him as our glorified brother, but to our glorified and enthroned Redeemer, through whom alone we hope, ere long, with widow, parent, sister, the unworthy writer, and

many others dear to us, and the departed, to meet the ransomed that are gone before.

May we share an interest in the prayers of the many sympathizing friends.

Yours affectionately in Jesus,
JOHN CULLINGFORD.

S. Chantry Place, Saxmundham.
July, 11th, 1864.

LINES

Suggested by the sudden death of

MR. JOHN PELLIS,

Minister of Soho Chapel, Oxford street, who died
June 23rd, 1864.

He's gone! We cannot now behold
His ever smiling, happy face;
Nor hear again his voice unfold
The mysteries of redeeming grace.

We're thnnder-struck! 'tis like a dream;
'Tis hard to realize the truth,
That death has laid its hand on him,
Just in the vigour of his youth.

The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
The empty pulpit—bleating flock—
Suggest the solemn question, Why
This sudden, unexpected shock?

In vain we try to understand
The Great Jehovah's secret will,
Who gave to death the dread command,
The weak to spare, the strong to kill.

The hour had come, by heaven decreed,
Before the day star knew its place,
That he from sin and sorrow freed,
Should rise to rest in Christ's embrace.

Let fall the sympathetic tear.
For those whom he has left below;
Unite the widow's heart to cheer;
On helpless orphans, help bestow.

But he, brave soldier of the cross,
Has heard the Master say, "Well done!"
His gain is greater than our loss;
The battle's fought, the victory won.

Methinks I hear the music roll,
Throughout the vast celestial plain,—
That welcomed there his ransom'd soul,
From sin and suffering, toil and pain.

Methinks I see his great surprise.
Amazed such glories to behold,
Methinks I hear him as he cries,
"The half on earth had not been told."

He's gone! but we shall meet once more,
Though not as oft we have met here,
Our deep defflement to deplore,
Before the mercy-seat in prayer.

Together we have often sought
Direction how to preach the Word,
That many sinners might be brought
To find salvation in the Lord.

But then when we again shall meet,
My trials too will all be o'er;
I'll bow with him at Jesus' feet,
His boundless beauties to explore.

Till then, dear brother, fare thee well;
Enjoy the smiles of Jesus' face;
I'll fight by faith with sin and hell,
And conquer too through sovereign grace.

29, Rokeby road, J. S. ANDERSON.
New Cross, S.E.
July 5th, 1864.

JESUS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

By MR. J. BLOOMFIELD, MEARD'S COURT, DEAN STREET, SOHO.

THE subject of these remarks was Miss Foulsham, a member of Salem chapel, under the pastorate of Mr. Bloomfield. She was favored some years since to sit under the late lamented Bishop of Durham, when, and perhaps better known, as the Rev. Mr. Villiers, the rector of Bloomsbury. Under this good man's ministry she was brought to know her state as a sinner, but here under a sense of sin the Lord seemed to have left her till in His all-wise direction, she was guided to hear Mr. Bloomfield. He preached from the words, "He is mighty to save." Under this favored man of God, she experienced Jesus was mighty to save her, and she rejoiced that He had saved her and spoken peace and pardon to her soul. She soon after joined the church at Salem, and continued one of the most steady attendants and spiritual-minded worshippers. Being engaged in one of the large houses of business in Oxford street, (of which she was one of the proprietors,) her health soon showed signs of giving way, but with it her spiritual strength increased.

From her letters, some of which were read by Mr. Bloomfield, written at various times, from 1861 downwards, were marked indications of her resignation to the will of God. Her sufferings were peculiar, happily for mankind not such that many are called to suffer, yet not one murmur escaped her lips. Though her trials were peculiar, around her was cast that peculiar care, being supported by a peculiar power; even in her sufferings she could at times rejoice in the joyful anticipation of putting off mortality, and being clothed in immortality, and suffering sin nor sorrow no more.

Her death—which took place at Westleton, Suffolk, May 31st,—was alluded to in touching terms on Sunday evening, June 12th, from the words, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." Psalm xvii. 15. From our notes we select the following passages.

MR. BLOOMFIELD said:—

I have taken these words as the foundation of a few remarks in relation to our departed friend, Miss Foulsham. These were

the last words ever upon her lips, and if I am rightly informed, they were not fully uttered, as she could only say, "I shall be satisfied when I *awake*—" then the power of utterance failed her. These are beautiful words to have at any time resting on one's heart with power, but specially are they interesting in dying moments, when every worldly thing is failing before our eyes, when everything is passing from us, and we are passing into the solemnities of death. Then to have a holy confidence, to have these words resting on our hearts with an inspiring hope, will be prized far beyond all earthly treasure, far beyond all human greatness, far beyond all crowns, thrones, and monuments of earthly glory. In dying moments nothing can give us satisfaction, but real religion; property, however valuable, however to be desired, during life, when we come to the swellings of Jordan, when the waves are about to overflow us, that which in life procured us many blessings, cannot now stem back the waves of Jordan; nothing can avail to satisfy the cravings of a dying man, but the presence of Christ. To offer a man in dying circumstances wealth and worldly honor, would be but to mock him; he would say, "They cannot do me any good now, I am about to leave this tabernacle, this body is about to tumble down, and the spirit to take its flight to regions above;" now the only real satisfaction, and that which can inspire the heart, is the prospect of being with Jesus.

Let us then notice *first*, that death is represented by sleep; *secondly*, the prospects the godly have of falling asleep; and *lastly*, the satisfaction anticipated "when I awake in Thy likeness."

I. Death of believers is represented as falling asleep. Death is not extinction of our existence; it is a falling asleep. This falling asleep is common to all mankind, all must undergo a change tantamount to death. We are apt to forget this, we live in a crowd, we think in a crowd, we think all men mortal, but forget we too are as the weaver's shuttle.

II. Notice the prospects with which the godly fall asleep. When we lie down to sleep, it is with an expectation we shall

awake again, refreshed, invigorated, body and mind. So when the Christian falls asleep in death, it is that he may awake again: awake to higher relationships, nobler employments, and to holier companionship. All must sleep the sleep of death, all must be raised, but to what? some to everlasting life, and some to everlasting shame and contempt. Those that sleep in Jesus shall awake in Him. Those that fall in dishonor shall awake to their everlasting confusion and dishonor.

III. Then the satisfaction anticipated. Satisfaction is not found here. The stations men occupy, the wealth they own, the power they sway over their fellows, with it all there is not satisfaction, for like Alexander, having conquered the world, they sit down and weep, not having another to conquer.

Our dear young friend knew satisfaction was not to be found in the world. She valued the everlasting Gospel, she knew its blessedness, having often tasted its pleasures. She was favored, as many of you know, in hearing the word, and valued highly the privilege, yet her dying request was, "Give my love to the young friends at Salem, and tell them that I never felt more the value of a simple, plain, Gospel ministry." Let then, I say, her words have their proper place in your memory; you know she walked with you, and talked with you, you know her anxious care for the good of souls, and the welfare of this cause, and that the Gospel to her was a reality. She was not content to have a name to live, she was only satisfied when she enjoyed the sweetness of the Gospel in her own soul. Her last words were, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness." Yes, satisfied with the likeness of Jesus, when we see Him, we shall be like Him, conformed to His image, like Him, not *equal* to Him. We shall see Him as He is, not as He *was*, not the little babe, not with His body lacerated, not crowned with thorns, but we shall see Him and behold His glory. Then we shall be satisfied with His dealings, and satisfied with our employment, for we shall behold His glory, and be companions of the patriarchs, martyrs, prophets, and apostles.

MY WAY FROM THE PLOUGH-TAIL TO THE PULPIT.

BY A LONDON BAPTIST PASTOR.

No. 3.

THE SECOND STEP.

If regeneration be the first great qualification for the ministry of the word, it is not the only one. Spiritual life is not know-

ledge, but the *capacity to receive it*. That life has its infancy, youth, and manhood, in which there is great variety of development, according to the sovereign pleasure

of the Most High. There are certain helps and hindrances which come in the Christian's way that tend to make him a giant or a dwarf in divine attainments. And yet the "measure of the stature" of the spiritual man is as much fixed by the sovereign appointment of Jehovah as the fact of his salvation. And in every case there are conflicts with sin and Satan, the world and the flesh. We can hardly call the man a soldier who has seen no service beyond that of the parade ground, at best he is but a fighting man in *theory*. We do not consider the man a traveller whose knowledge of distant countries has all been obtained from books, and maps, and charts, and there is no getting to heaven but by fighting and journeying, except indeed in such cases as the thief on the cross, which are very rare.

Grace does not find the mind empty, but full, and as the supernatural enters, the natural is pressed out. As the spiritual prevails the carnal is subdued. Every grace of the Spirit has its work to do; faith contends with unbelief; hope with fear; the love of God with the love of sin; and the human soul is often a scene of strife on which angels gaze with wonder and delight. And we know too that all this may be going on under the outward appearance of great peace, but every heart knoweth its own bitterness; every man feels his own thorn in the flesh.

Now how can a man be an able minister of the New Testament who knows little or nothing of these things? An able scholar he may be, and perhaps an eloquent speaker, and he may speak many good things as learned from *hearsay*, but he cannot say, "That which I have tasted and handled of the word of life, that which I have seen and heard, declare I unto you."

And where shall the necessary knowledge be obtained for such a work? Why at college, many would say. The Bible furnishes all necessary tools for the work of the ministry, and where go to learn the use of them but to college? But what is college? Literally it is a place where people go to *collect*, and "*pious*" young men, who want to be ministers, go to an institution to collect ideas. If they be clever they tie these ideas up in nice bundles, duly labelled, and lay them by in their capacious brains for future use, and so after an apprenticeship of a few years, they come forth, beardless youths still, but with the astounding title of "*Reverend*" prefixed to their names.

I never had the advantage of such a training, if it really be an advantage; it was my lot to wander through the fields of observation, and pick up what little I know much as a gleaner gathers ears of wheat. Had it been designed that my bread should

have been obtained by reading elegantly composed essays instead of preaching Gospel sermons, Providence would have provided the means.

Yet the second step from the plough-tail to the pulpit was by going to college—that is to *collect* all the knowledge of men and things possible; but not in a stately hall, under the tuition of some celebrated double D, but in the garrets and cellars of the courts and narrow streets of St. Giles', and elsewhere in this vast metropolis.

Great consequences are often suspended upon little circumstances. A simple word, a gentle hint, sometimes turns the whole current of a man's life. How little did Andrew think when he brought Peter to Jesus (John i. 41, 42) what the result would be. And the publican of Jericho, who ascended the tree to gratify his curiosity, never dreamed that the Son of God would that day make him a new man, and honor him by becoming his guest. Truly,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

O that the thought, "Thou God seest me," might ever be with us, that our words and works might testify alike His truth.

In the far north of our island I was conversing with an old infidel surgeon on the enfeebled state of my health, who suggested a visit to some relatives in London during the winter, for the sake of a warmer climate; the hint was taken and the visit paid, which resulted in an entire change of occupation and habits.

Visiting one evening from door to door, with a view to induce the poor to purchase Bibles by small weekly subscriptions, a little shop was entered in the South of London, and orders to quit were at once given, which shewed a deep hatred of the Bible. Subsequent conversation on this incident gave rise to a desire for employment in the City Mission, which was sought and obtained, and thus secular employment abandoned through the agency of *two infidels*.

Poverty with all its attendants, as dirt, disease, ignorance, drunkenness, indifference, and immorality in every form, were under God my tutors. Amongst these "*I studied for the ministry*." The city missionary must not preach, or assume the title indicated by the three letters REV. Woe betide him if he do. His business is to visit from door to door, read and pray with the people where he can, and, if possible, persuade them to attend some existing place of worship. But he may hold "meetings for the exposition of scripture and prayer" on his district, and get as many poor old women as possible to come and hear him, generally speaking the men cannot be induced to do so. He must not

preach, mind that, or if he do he will be "sent to Coventry" by the committee, without a return-ticket into the ranks of missionaries. But at his meetings he may take a text of scripture and have an introduction, with firstly, secondly, and thirdly, and concluding remarks, sometimes called "the application." But that is not preaching, it is only "exposition." Need we therefore be surprised if many of the old Irish women on the district will persist in calling the missionary "His Riverence," in spite of the prohibition of the powers that be in Red Lion square, and the protestations at Exeter Hall, that the "agents of this society are all laymen," and do not interfere with the duties of the "clergy?" Many of these poor creatures have a great deal more reverence for the poor missionary than they have for "His Riverence" proper. If he be a godly earnest man, the people understand him better, and therefore love him more. And on some well worked districts the meeting room is frequented by the godly poor who worship God in spirit and in truth, and hear really good sermons; no wonder then if the missionaries "get it into their heads that they can preach," and begin to thirst for larger congregations, or if some of them should occasionally go out as "supplies." Any how it was the meeting room "for exposition and prayer," that got me into the habit of public speaking, and kindled the desire for the pulpit, hence it may be considered as the next step thereto after regeneration.

A PROFITABLE MISTAKE.

Most of the blunders of the Lord's peo-

ple, nay, may we not say all their mistakes are for their profit: "All things work together for good to them that love God." But the good is not seen till afterward—or perhaps not at all in this life; yet our gracious Father will make every painful event in our history yield some benefit to our souls; and it is amazing grace that works good out of our own follies.

One danger to which young aspirants to the pulpit are exposed is that of over estimating their own abilities; and so sure as this is the case with any whom God has designed for the work of the ministry, they will have to be cured of it. Another danger is of forming the notion that it is as easy to preach to a large congregation of strangers, as to a few well-known poor people in a room. I fell into both these snares, giving up the work of the missionary "with a view" to that of the ministry. But behold it was a mistake. The chapel was not like the little room; nor did the pulpit at all resemble the elevation at the end of that room. Then the people! Ah, the formidable faces with upturned eyes—enough to look one through. These were not denizens of St. Giles; there was not a "costor," "dusty," "chummy," or "cabby" among them. The silk dresses, gold chains, and white neckcloths—were enough to take all the preachment out of anybody, but the really learned and clever. Anyhow it took it all out of me, and glad was I to get back to the work of a missionary again, quite cured of the notion that "I had gifts for the ministry."

GIDEON.

HOW TO PREACH THE GOSPEL TO THE UNCONVERTED!

A REPLY TO MR. JOHN EDMUND CRACKNELL.

"Call no man master, for one is your Master, even Christ."
 "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

DEAR BROTHER CRACKNELL,—I have prefixed the above texts to my reply to your letter, for two reasons: first, because you say you prefer peace and would fain decline controversy. So do I: so would I, if that peace were consistent with an earnest maintenance of truth; otherwise I prefer a wholesome warfare, to a false, flattering, and delusive peace. Secondly, because a large portion of your letter is made up of the opinions of other men—opinions which you seem to make your ultimate standard of appeal.

It is perfectly true that I recommended you to read Dr. Owen's Works; and so I should recommend all young ministers to read not only his Works, but the Works of

all the other Divines whose names you mention, and many others. For myself, I read all I can lay my hand upon, that is worth perusal; but I never recommended you, or any other minister, to *adopt* all their opinions, and treat them as if they were all infallible. Here it becomes us to call no man master, seeing that one is our Master, even Christ. A thoughtful Christian mind will not only *read*, but it will *mark, learn,* and inwardly digest; it will "prove all things" by the standard of God's Word and its own experience, and will *only* hold fast that which is good; like the Gospel net, it will keep the good, and cast the bad away. But by your process of reasoning, my brother, you

take these men's *errors* in teaching, and adopt them as truths, *because they are theirs*. In the same way, Talkative, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," took the *moral failings* of God's people as his pattern of actions, simply because they were the failings of God's people.

I admire Dr. Owen, but I don't agree with him on infant sprinkling; I admire Calvin, but I do not admire his burning of Sorretus, nor his Church polity; I admire Adams, and Howe, and Charnock; but I do not admire Howe's Arminianism, nor Adams' episcopalianism. And these are just the points too, my brother, where you have to split off from them, and to call them master no longer. I seek to follow good men as far as I consider they follow Christ; when they diverge from the right line, I bid them good-bye, be they great men, or small men; their teachings, however plausible, must give way before the *facts of personal experience*. In passing by, then, this part of your letter, with all the writings you quote, and the names to which you refer, *as having no weight whatever* in the controversy between us, I would merely add that my recommending you to read their writings, no more implied a recommendation that you should adopt *all* their opinions, than my recommending you to read Bolingbroke's Letters on History, because of the beauty of their style, would be a recommendation to you to adopt his deistical principles.

I turn to the second part of your letter. You ask me, "Is unbelief a sin?" and you quote many passages to prove that it is. Answer, Yes! the unbelief named in the passages quoted, is and was unquestionably a great sin, for it is the *denial of the Messiahship of Christ*. The Jews were guilty of this sin, and crucified Him for claiming to be the only begotten Son of God; Pagan Rome was guilty of this sin in denying His Divinity, and persecuted those who believed it; the Mahomedans in our own day, and the Deists, Atheists, and Socinians in our own country, are all guilty of this great sin of unbelief in the *name* of the only begotten Son of God. But I presume that we have not many infidels of this class in our congregations.

Permit me to say that your confusion of thought here, and your mistaken conclusions on the subject under discussion—arise from your not recognising the distinction between an *historical* faith and a *saving* faith; the one is man's duty, the other is God's gift; *faith*, and that *not of ourselves*, it is the *gift of God*.—Ephes. ii. 8. Nor can I forbear saying here that your letter is *not* a reply to mine, for you leave the principal points in my letter unnoticed—*i. e.*, the distinction between the

two faiths. The Scripture abounds with passages clearly marking this distinction, which you so quietly pass by and ignore, and which is the pivot on which the whole controversy turns. The *devils believe* and tremble.—James ii. 19. There's a faith!—a faith followed by trembling, surely a very different faith to that which brings "*joy and peace* in believing." You and I, from childhood, always believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and the only Saviour; but were we, in the court of conscience, "*justified*" by that faith, or did we, by it, "*enter into rest*?"

Many believed on Jesus, to whom he refused to commit himself.—John ii. 24. Was that faith the Lord's gift, with which the Lord himself refused to have anything to do? Many of his disciples, who once believed on Him, turned back and walked no more with Him.—John vi. 66. Was that faith the gift of God, or the work of man? Clearly the work of man. It began in the flesh, and having lived a little while, it ended there, as all faith will, which a dead sinner can be exhorted to perform. Others for "*a while believe*"—(Luke vii. 13)—and then fall away. But I need not multiply quotations; every mind not biased by a preconceived theory, with a due reverence for the word of God, and a tolerable familiarity with it, must recognise this two-fold faith—one being clearly in man's power, the other being clearly the gift of God. If, therefore, you ask me if the non-possession of saving faith be a sin, I answer **CERTAINLY NOT**, for that faith the Holy Ghost declares is *not of ourselves* (*i. e.*, not in our power), but the gift of God. And had you, my brother, recognised this distinction, you would not have perpetrated the contradiction you have in the first and second paragraphs of this part of your letter. In the first you affirm that "*saving faith must be a duty*:" in the second you admit that "*faith is the gift of God*, and that no creature has the power to exercise it apart from Him."

Well did the late John Stevens call this the "*Jumble Creed*," which in one sentence admits that man has *no power*, and in the next calls upon him to exercise it; with one breath tells him that faith is the gift of God, and with the next that it is his *own* fault if he hasn't got it; pronounces him one moment dead in trespasses and in sins, and the next calls upon him to perform the acts of spiritual life. This is confusion indeed, but certainly the Holy Ghost is not the author of it. In any other department of thought, literature, or science, the propounder of such contradictions would be simply laughed at; but here the matter is too serious for a smile.

You say that it is about a year and a

half ago that your mind began to be exercised as to how the Gospel should be preached to the unconverted? The answer was at hand had you referred to the *preaching of the Apostles*. Read Peter's Pentecostal Sermon (Acts ii. 14—37), and make that your model. What is it but the declaration of the way of salvation, *not one exhortation* to the dead sinner to perform the acts of spiritual life. It was a simple declaration of God's way of salvation. See the description of Paul's preaching to the unconverted at Thessalonica.—Acts xvii. 1, 2, 3. Preaching Christ—no vain exhortations there. See also his sermon on Mars Hill; same chapter. See him again before Agrippa, when Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Hear his reply: "I would to God, King Agrippa, that not only thou, but all who hear me, were not only almost, but altogether such as I am, except these bonds." Why, had you been there, my brother, instead of Paul, preaching to a man so *nearly* converted, you would have urged him to come to Christ then and there. Paul, on the other hand, referred the matter to the *will of God*; he knew that Agrippa's conversion depended upon God. You, with your present views, would have told him that it depended upon himself. Who would have been right, you or the Apostle? *One must be wrong*. You seem to have found it difficult to understand 2 Cor. v. 20. "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." You say, "It is clear that Paul was not then addressing himself to the Corinthian believers, because they were already reconciled." A most groundless assumption, and utterly opposed to fact, and to the truth! *The verse is part of the Epistle*, and is of course addressed to the same persons to whom the whole is addressed; and who are they? Turn to the first verse, and look at the *direction on the Letter*: "*To the Church of God at Corinth, with all saints in Achaia.*" That is pretty explicit; and he must be a bold man, that in the face of Paul's declaration, that he is writing to the *saints*, contends that he is writing to the *world at large*. This is sad sporting with the word of God, to support a theory, and that cause must be a poor one which requires such a wretched crutch as this to lean upon.

It is perfectly true that the Corinthian believers were reconciled to God in Christ; and I suppose equally true that they were *not* reconciled to all the *crosses* and *trials* the Lord saw fit they should have. Job was reconciled to God in Christ, but was he reconciled to the will of God in his troubles, when he said, "Shew me wherefore thou contendest with me? Why dost Thou not leave me alone till I swallow down my spittle?"

Jonah knew that salvation was of the Lord, and was reconciled to God in Christ. But was he reconciled to the withering of his gourd? And who of us now, when we have seen *our* gourds wither, have been reconciled to the Divine dispensation that placed the worm at the root? This was the reconciliation that the Apostle urged upon the saints in Corinth—and the reconciliation which we all need more of to make us happy in this life.

In closing this letter, permit me to point out briefly the legitimate tendency of the teaching you advocate. In exhorting the dead sinner to believe in Christ, and to come to Christ, you dishonour the Holy Ghost, for you call upon the *creature* to perform that which the Holy Ghost alone has the power to work in the human heart—saving faith. You put the power of the unrenewed sinner, and the power of the Holy Spirit on the same level.

In calling upon the unconverted to come to Christ, and to believe in Christ, you can only do it upon the ground that Christ has died for them—in other words—that Christ hath died to redeem every member of the human race—in other words, you will be compelled to shift your ground from Particular to *Universal Redemption*, otherwise such invitation would be the very refinement of cruelty—inviting the unconverted sinner to a participation in a salvation in which, perchance, he had no part. So clear is it that universal exhortations must rest upon universal redemption, that Howard Hinton himself, a man with whose views I have no sympathy, points out the contradiction and the absurdity of that ministry which accepts the one and pretends to reject the other, in the following passage from his "Harmony of Religious Truth with Human Reason,"—

"How any persons who hold that *Christ did not die for all*, can ever enjoin or *invite all to come to Jesus*, except by a thoughtless inconsistency, I confess myself unable to conceive. If I thought the Bible was written on such a principle, it would fill me with the deepest melancholy."

And he is right. *The two must go together.*

One remark more, in allusion to Mr. S., and I close. I said nothing disparagingly of Mr. S., but only stated my *own* feelings in relation to his ministry; but your reference to my remarks reminds me of a letter which appeared in THE EARTHEN VESSEL some ten years ago, signed *Job* (it was attributed to Mr. W.). Every word in that letter has come true in relation to Mr. S., though at that time I and many others felt chagrined at its contents.

I remain, my dear brother, most cordially yours in Him we love,
Plymouth, June, 1864. B. B. WALE.

THE ARDENT LOVER.

BY MR. WILLIAM LEACH, OF PLUMSTEAD TABERNACLE.

"A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts."
Song of Solomon i. 13.

THERE is no book that treats more largely of the mutual affection between Christ and His church than this Song of Solomon. How great is the love of Jesus to His people! and how far beyond all other love is their love to Him! Surely we may say that the love of the church for Christ excels even the love of angels: they may love Him for creating them—yes, they love Him for that: for His preserving care over them, they love Him for that; but oh! the church has all this to love Him for, and something more than this, even His redeeming love, the gift of Himself.

There are four things to be observed in the text: namely first, *Compellation*; secondly, *Comparison*; thirdly, *Appropriation*; fourth, *Determination*.

I. *COMPELLATION*: OR, THE MODE OF ADDRESS—"My well beloved." Sometimes the bride in this song calls Jesus, "my love;" often "my beloved;" and here the term of affection is "my well-beloved." We will notice the powerful influence of Christ's love in the heart of the church as shown forth in this book. At the beginning of the first chapter we find her exclaiming, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine." "Better than wine!" and the Psalmist says it is better than life; "because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee." (Psalm lxxiii. 3.) Is not this love better than life to us? Have we not felt at times as though we would rather be annihilated than live without the love of Christ? This love influenced the church's ears; she says—"It is the voice of my beloved:" she knew His voice, and this is the case with all the Lord's people; they know His voice in the ministry: as Jesus said concerning His sheep—"They know His voice, and a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers." It is true in the East, and to some extent, no doubt, in this country, that sheep know the voice of their shepherds from the voice of others; it has been tried whether they do by strange persons putting on the shepherd's clothes and calling the sheep, going before them, but the experiment has proved unsuccessful, the sheep will not follow them, "for they know not the voice of strangers." Again, the love of Jesus influenced the Church's feet. If we turn to the third chapter, we find that she says, "By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul

loved; I sought Him but I found Him not." She could not find Him while on her bed, and she could not remain there. But she resolves to rise and look for Him: "I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek Him whom my soul loveth: I sought Him, but I found Him not." Then we are told that the watchmen found her; and we must remember that in the East it was not considered proper for any female to be abroad after dark; no woman of reputation would venture forth into the streets at that time; but the bride did not care for this; she must go forth at night after Jesus, enquiring, "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" What was it that caused her to rise from her bed, and go out to seek her Lord? Love! love! And what is it that influences many to come to the house of God to hear something about Jesus; that brings them out on the week-day, and in many cases causes them to journey four, six, seven, or even more miles on the Lord's-day, to attend the means of grace? It is love! love! The love of Christ influenced the Church's eyes; it influenced her hands also, for we read that when she found her Beloved, she embraced Him, as the wife embraces her husband on his return from a long journey: "I held Him, and would not let Him go." It influenced her tongue: she could not be silent concerning her Beloved; She enquired for Him, and she breaks forth into praises of Him, such as, "My Beloved is white and ruddy; the chiefest among ten thousand:" "His mouth is most sweet, yea, He is altogether lovely." So the love of Christ influences the tongues of His people now; depend upon it, if you have the love of Christ in your hearts, it will be sure to come out, you cannot keep it a secret. You may think, Well, I will be silent; I will not say anything about what I feel; but if the love is there, you will be compelled to speak, or it will in some way be shewn, so that others will take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus. What do you say to these things, friends? Do you know anything of this love of Christ? I can say that He is my well-beloved, and if He is your well-beloved, then I am sure we shall agree well together.

II. *COMPARISON*: "A bundle of myrrh is my Beloved unto me;" or as some read it, "a bag of myrrh." Myrrh was bitter, and may set forth the bitterness of the sufferings of Christ. Ah! sin is no trifle; it was no

trifling thing which caused our Lord to sweat as it were great drops of blood, which made Him to be in an agony, and to cry, "Oh! my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." As the poet says, "How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive," and the myrrh may be taken as a type of its bitterness. Jesus says, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountains of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense" (Cant. iv. 6). We may consider this as meaning that until the Lord came to earth, until the shadows of the Jewish dispensation were dispersed, and the Gospel day began to dawn,—His ancient people might meet with Him in their temple worship; the temple was built upon an eminence, and the sacrifices there offered prefigured the sufferings and death of Christ, while the incense typified His intercession. We read in the Revelation, concerning the angel, that "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," &c. (Rev. viii. 3). The fragrance of the myrrh may represent the fragrance of Christ's name, person, work, righteousness, &c. The spouse says, "Because of the savour of Thy good ointments, Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee." When our testimony of Christ is as a savour of life unto life, it is indeed fragrant as myrrh, and as "ointment poured forth." In the forty-fifth Psalm, David says concerning Jesus, "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made Thee glad." "All Thy garments;" whether Christ come as Teacher, Priest, King—in every office He is fragrant to His people. Myrrh has medicinal properties: so Christ is our Healer. Myrrh was used in embalming: Nicodemus, we read, brought for the embalming of Jesus "a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds weight." As the myrrh preserved the dead body, Christ preserves us from corruption; were it not for Him we should be entirely corrupt before God. And lastly, upon this point, myrrh appears to have been very valuable, and Christ is very precious to the souls of His people.

III. APPROPRIATION. "A bundle of myrrh is my well beloved unto me." Here the church speaks experimentally and exultingly. Oh, friends, can we join in this language? Can you each say—"Jesus is that unto me?" It is not knowing what He is to others merely, but knowing Him for ourselves, "unto me, unto me." This is the religion I want, one that will do through life and in the hour of death, that enables me to say what my well-beloved is "unto me." The church not only speaks experimentally, but seems to speak exultingly also, "a bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me."

Surely we may speak exultingly too of such a Saviour as Jesus is: oh! what poor creatures we are that we boast so little and seldom of Him, when we might boast of Him all our lives long.

IV. DETERMINATION. "He shall lie all night betwixt my breasts." Here is reservation; we place what we love most next our heart, so this the best place is reserved for Jesus; He will not be satisfied with anything short of this, friends: the best place He must have. This is the language of familiarity, and it also implies rest, the church rests in her Lord and He rests in her, as it is written, "The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation. This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have desired it." (Psalm cxxxiii. 13, 14.) Lastly, continuance is here implied, "all night." The church wants the presence of Jesus during the night of her stay upon earth, and do not we feel sometimes, when we, like John, have been leaning upon the bosom of our Beloved, and enjoying sweet and close communion with Him, that we cannot let Him go? If we could, we would always have our Lord with us, and like the disciples at Emmaus, we exclaim, "Abide with us." And now, friends, how is it with you? Is Jesus your well-beloved, and can you say, "He is as a bundle of myrrh unto me?" Do you make your boast in Him, reserve the best place for Him, and long for a holy familiarity with Him, and are you anxious that He should abide with you for ever?

The Lord add His own blessing for His name's sake. Amen.

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER AND THE GOSPEL MINISTER.

3 Bibing Narrative.

CHAPTER V.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In further relation of the Lord's goodness and mercy towards me, I commence by informing your readers that shortly after the remarkable deliverance referred to in my last, I was again made to experience those sweet words of the Psalmist,

(though in the day in which we live but little understood in the professing world,) "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." And which was as follows:— While lying at anchor in the river Congo, another slave ship hove in sight, and orders were immediately given from the quarter deck that the cutter (the boat to which I then belonged) should go in chase, and the slaver being but a short distance from us, say, some six or seven miles, it was not thought necessary to take with us more provisions than would suffice for the night. We went in chase, but the darkness of night setting in upon us, the slaver was lost sight of, and the wind at the same time freshening into a gale, which lasted for about forty-eight hours, we were driven in our little nutshell about 120 miles out into the offing, and altogether not less than 170 from our own ship: and thus, like the disciples of old, were we toiling in rowing, having forgotten to take bread with us, and no signs of help or deliverance being afforded in any way. For seven days and nights the Lord was pleased to keep me in this position; but what with exposure to the heat of an African sun by day, the heavy dews that fall by night, the sufferings produced by hunger and thirst (more especially the latter), the weakly state my body was brought into, and my hopes of deliverance being turned almost into despair, my state can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say that all my legal fears and dread hung heavy upon me, and gladly could I have wished that I had never been born. But as the dear Lord generally delivers at such a time when His omnipotent power and grace may appear most illustrious, so that all boasting may be stopped on the part of the creature, and no mortal have any pretence to claim a share in the glory of His divine Providence, even so was it then with me, His eye was watching those turbulent waves and billows, and His thoughts were good and not evil towards me, to give me an undeserved, and I may say (with me *then*) an unexpected end, for on the afternoon of the seventh day we were picked up by H.M. brig *Cygnets*, the commander of which treated us with great kindness, had all needful medical aid administered, and ultimately conveyed us back in safety to our own ship. Thus was I again preserved in Christ Jesus, while at the same time I was sensible that I deserved the lowest hell. And why was this but that they that are afar off might hear what God hath done? while they that are nigh, by redeeming love and blood, shall gladly acknowledge His might, by saying from a feeling sense thereof, "Not unto us, not unto thus, O Lord, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and Thy truth's sake."

A short time after this, such was my love for strong drink, and such the stupidity of my heart, that as I said at the commencement of my narrative, I was for my folly brought beneath the lash of the inexorable cat-o'-nine-tails, and received forty-eight lashes, being bound both hand and foot to the ship's grating, and some of the marks I then received I shall carry with me to the day of my death, as a kind of additional evidence that I was a stranger and bondman in the land of Egypt, and that Almighty grace delivered me therefrom. And here, while receiving my punishment, although my soul seems to sicken at the thought, my mouth was giving vent to the most fearful language towards those that had commanded me to be thus inhumanly and barbarously treated; for to my own mind of all the degrading scenes I have been called to pass through, I think that of deliberately binding a fellow creature hand and foot, and then flogging him till his very flesh is laid open, the blood streaming down his bare back, and every nerve and muscle within him made to tremble as it were, is the worst that can possibly be inflicted in a professedly Gospel land. Reader, whoever thou mayest be, that hast been called to tread in a smoother pathway than myself, my prayer for thee is that if the Lord will, thy heart may be drawn out in gratitude and affection to the God of all thy mercies, for that kind Providence and preventing grace bestowed, that thou mayest die daily to the flesh, the world, and sin, and thus be ever mindful of the Rock from whence those mercies flowed.

I may now take up the lines of Newton, which I do with a feeling sense thereof, and with solemn reverence for the name of Israel's God, and say,

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

As my reader will see from the following paragraph, the time arrived when we were ordered home from Africa, having been upwards of five years in commission; and on my arrival at Spithead I sent a letter to my parents, informing them that I was still alive, that we were going to be paid off at Sheerness in a few days, and requesting my aged father to come down and accompany me to London. He came, and truly the tear of joy and gratitude rolled down his cheek at the thought of the prodigal's safe return, in that way that one would have thought that a heart of adamant must have been dissolved thereby; but not so with me, it was a matter of perfect indifference, my eyes being blinded by the god of this world, my heart was callous and dead to every holy and kindly feeling, while my god was my belly, and that which I gloried in

(had grace not prevented) must have proved my eternal shame and degradation. But to return: I was paid off at Sheerness on Nov. 26th, 1846, and received as my due (wages and prize money together) the sum of eighty-four pounds, twelve shillings. Another youth, a companion of mine, received the same sum, and having no parents in London, it was agreed that he should come home with me, which he did; but such was our love of pleasure and the madness of our career, that although to my knowledge we never gave my parents a single sovereign for our support, yet in three weeks and four days from the time we were paid off, the whole of my money was spent by riotous living, and I was driven to the necessity of borrowing half-a-crown of my father to pay my passage to Sheerness, to join another ship, the Birkenhead. At that time my custom was to go out in the morning with some six or seven pounds in my pocket, wander from one scene to another throughout the day, finish either at the dance room or theatre at night, and frequently returning home the following morning with my watch left in pledge for the sum of ten or twelve shillings at the bar of some public house.

Should the reader of this be a thoughtless, careless young man or woman, that is infatuated with the vanities of this world, and desirous of throwing off all parental restraint, I would refer such an one to Ecclesiastes xi. 9, 10, while at the same time the writer would, from his very heart, beseech such one to "hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old," knowing from his own experience that none but the God-fearing parent knows either the cares and anxieties, the sighs and groans, put forth from time to time on the behalf of that son or daughter that is walking in that way which seemeth right unto them, but the end thereof is eternal banishment from the Divine presence, and from the everlasting glory of His power. Reader, is it so with thee, or art thou through grace brought to praise the God of eternal and electing love, and like the feeble instrument addressing thee, saying:—

Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let thy love, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering soul to thee?

I am, yours in covenant love,

NEMO.

PEACE BE STILL.

BY JOHN BRUNT, OF SHADWELL.

"With the word of a king there is power."—Solomon.

Nature's King, who oft,
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm.
Then straight, earth, sea and air are hushed at once.
THOMPSON.

STORMS do not occur by chance, they are subject to laws, which laws are of necessity known to and under the control of the Great Creator of all; in fact what we call natural laws are but the unwritten will of God.

The words at the head of this paper are the words of Jesus. They are not the words of anger but of authority. Jesus did not come into our world to hush storms, but to save men. I repeat, He came to save not simply souls, but man as he is made, having body and soul. In fact, the salvation of Jesus has this as its distinctive feature, to save the whole man. The salvation of Jesus does not prevent death of the body, nor decay of the body: but it provides for the resurrection of the body. The body has been the vehicular means of sin, it shall be the vehicular means of bliss, at least so Watts thought and sang—

Then shall I hear and see and know
All I desired or wished below,

And every power find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy.

The *Doctrine* of the words at the head of these remarks is that upon which we would dwell at this time. Until Jesus speaks confusion reigns; when Jesus commands order is restored. The word of Jesus maintains what his power calls into operation.

First,—*Until Jesus speaks confusion reigns.* Just as it was on the Sea of Galilee so was it in your case, my brother: law ran riot, sin was rampant, the prince of the power of the air ruled in your disobedience. Jehovah's will was set at defiance, his word was neglected, his salvation disregarded; you lived without God in the world. A more ruinous and destructive course could not have been, and the result would have been everlasting destruction if Jesus had not appeared upon the scene and said "Peace, be still."

Second,—*When Jesus commands, order is restored.* When the Lord Jesus Christ speaks by His Spirit to the heart of a poor sinner, sin is discovered and pardon is desired, sin is hated and holiness is sought, rebellion is felt and reconciliation is longed

after, in a word we taste the bitterness of sin and pray to taste the sweets of salvation. Nor is this all: salvation is more than desire, it is more than notion, something is known and felt—feeling becomes fact, desire fruition. Life given makes confusion felt. Grace given brings salvation nigh. The voice of Jesus spoken into the ear of faith, brings the sweet calm. It was not by commands to believe and obey that I found peace. But as I felt the majesty of the presence of Jesus when he spoke through the ministry of his word and told me that *salvation originated in love*, was accomplished by blood, was applied by God the Spirit, would be continued by grace,

and would finally be consummated in glory, truly there was a great calm.

Third,—*The word of Jesus maintains what his power calls into existence.* It is all right now; but will there be no more storms? His word, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee," provides for all such contingencies; but will there be no trials? The Lord will deliver out of them all. But shall I never fail? You may, yet he abideth faithful, *he cannot deny himself.* But may not I be deceived and destroyed at last? "They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Blessings for ever on the Lamb who bore the curse for wretched men; yea let His holy name be praised for ever.

The Surrey Tabernacle Expositor.

EXPOSITION OF PSALM II.

By MR. JAMES WELLS, MINISTER OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD.

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed."

You observe here that their opposition to God is not to God in the abstract, but unto God in that saving, new covenant order of things by which His mercy reacheth sinners, and by which they are saved and God is glorified. This is that that the enemy stirs up the minds of men against; hence observe here, they set themselves against the Lord, and against His anointed. The great offence that God has given to Satan is in sending his Son into the world to bruise the serpent's head, and to deliver us from the powers of darkness, and bring us to understand and to love that order of things which by the adversary is so hated, and by the carnal mind so despised.

"Saying, let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision."

What, break their bands asunder? Why they are united to God in His eternal love, and what can break that asunder? They are united to God by the sanctifying power of the Saviour's atoning blood, and by the everlasting righteousness of Jesus, and by the immutable oath of the blessed God; and what can break these bands in sunder, or what can cast away these cords that unite our souls to God? But then they reckoned after the appearance of things, they thought, surely a little handful of disciples like this may easily be brought to nought. They

thought, surely a solitary man like this Jesus of Nazareth, whom we have crucified, and that between two thieves, surely we may put an end to it all now. So much for judging after the appearance of things. It is a great mercy to be brought to judge then righteous judgment, to judge of things according to what the Lord is, and according to what the Lord saith. And you observe here that the most powerful persons, kings and rulers, not a few private powerless individuals, but kings and rulers, bring all their regal and legal power against the Lord Jesus Christ, against His people, and against His order of things. But "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." Well then, if He laugh at these kings, we ought, in the holy sense of the word, to laugh too; for I am sure of it that if we are kept close to Jesus Christ, and are favored to walk in fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ, and to feel that we are heart and soul on His side in this order of things, whatever, if this be our position, may stand against us, we may smile at the storm, we may laugh at our mightiest foes. The daughter of Zion of old was led into this secret, and so it is written, "The daughter of Zion hath shaken her head at thee, she hath laughed thee to scorn." Only we must make up our minds to suffer from men, we must make up our minds to suffer after the flesh; we must make up our minds to be cast out and to be hated; make up our minds to that on one side, so as to despise the shame, endure the cross that falls to our lot, and look to the joy that is set be-

fore us, and then it shall amidst it all be well with us.

"Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath."

Which he did to the Jewish nation, to whom this Psalm in the primary sense refers.

"And vex them in His sore displeasure. Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion."

As nothing could hinder the resurrection, ascension, and enthronement of the Saviour, so nothing can hinder His reaching the holy hill of Zion. Do not, friends, if you can help it, lose sight of the character of Zion. It is said to be a holy hill, and good men, and some who are questionable as to their being men of God, they speak very emphatically about Zion being a holy place; and so far, so good; but if we look at it in that form only, we lose one part of the excellency. This hill of Zion is called a holy hill, not only because Zion is a holy place, and that Christ is holy, and that the people as they are there in heaven are holy; but there is another reason, it is because by his mediatorial work he has put an end to sin; it is because by the reign of His grace, He reigns until all His enemies be made His footstool. Death, the last enemy to be destroyed, shall also become His footstool. Thus, then, view Zion as a holy place in this way, and then view the Saviour as the end of sin, and view grace reigning in us as well as for us, until we are brought into that perfection which ultimately shall be by faith in Christ Jesus. Take this view of it, then we may join with other parts of the Psalms, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness. I make these remarks because men talk of Zion as though we had to take some holiness with us. We can take no holiness with us but Christ Jesus. If you enter into the city it must be by the cleansing blood of Christ Jesus; if you enter into Zion it must be by the righteousness of Christ Jesus, it must be by the Spirit of Christ, and by the truth of Christ. And thus then Jesus hath conquered sin, set upon this holy hill of Zion, which can never be defiled, and consequently can never be moved; here it is where sin is ended, that God hath commanded the blessing, even life for evermore: a divine life, a happy life, a free life, a satisfying life, an endless life, a glorious life, a life in which all the hidden powers of the soul shall be developed in their perfection, and range in rapture indescribable, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life.

"I," saith the Saviour, "will declare the decree; the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee."

People tell us that "this day" means eternity, but the apostle Paul says that it means the day of Christ's resurrection. And so they tell us that this is a declaration

of Christ's eternal generation from the Father, and so this doctrine of eternal generation must be brought in by men to becloud the Scriptures. Let us be guided by the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost saith that Christ being begotten here means his resurrection from the dead. And this is the decree the Saviour means; the Saviour is the speaker here in this part, "I will declare the decree." And how often He did so; how often did He say to His disciples, "The Son of Man must be killed, and rise again the third day." He often said this to His disciples; He declared the decree, and that decree came to pass. Now then, when Jesus Christ rose from the dead and ascended to heaven, what was He to do when He got to heaven? Why He was to do that that God willed Him to do in heaven. He had done that on earth that God willed Him to do, and now He goes to heaven, to do that in heaven that God willed Him to do. And hence it goes on to describe here what He is to do in heaven.

"Ask of me."

After His resurrection, you see, after His ascension, when He reaches the right hand of God; ah, look at it, friends; if we understand it, it will draw out our affections to His dear name. He ascends to heaven, comforted on every side; He ascends to heaven, fulness of joy, pleasures for evermore. Would you not naturally think that on entering into this glory He would forget poor, despicable sinners; He would forget heathen, lost sinners; He would say, "I have had enough to do with them; I have suffered enough from them." But no, no, no, exaltation of position does not alter the love of His heart, that love is as great after He has left the earth as it was when He was on earth. Having done the will of God on earth, He ascended to heaven to do the same will there.

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

Which God did. Yes, in the apostolic age, east, west, north, and south, thousands and thousands of heathen, to the very uttermost part of the earth, were gathered in to know the Lord Jesus Christ. And bless the Lord, that work still goes on. And you observe here, the Saviour is not led to ask God for some of the best of the people; doesn't say that. Ask of me some whose case is not too bad, ask of me those who are entitled to a little favor; ask of me those who are not quite so vile as the rest. No, bless the Lord, no, they are viewed in that state that God knew they were all in; and so the Saviour asked the heathen for his inheritance, the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

"Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron: thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

So He did, so He did. He served every one just as He did Saul of Tarsus, only not in such a conspicuous way. He met Saul of Tarsus, ruled him with a rod of iron, broke him down, and dashed him all to pieces. Why, there was the religion now of Saul of Tarsus dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel. Why, I didn't think my religion such a brittle thing; I didn't think my hope was so easily destroyed as that. Well, Saul, where are you now? Why, I am broken all to pieces; why, I am a sinner, nothing but a sinner, haven't a particle of holiness nor a particle of righteousness. Well, but haven't you a good heart? Heart! in my heart there is all manner of concupiscency; I am broken all to pieces. So the Lord doth thus break down, overturn, root up, and destroy; after He has done that, then He plants and then He builds.

"Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings."

But they are fallen kings. Some think this an exhortation to all men. It is not an exhortation to all men. These after verses speak only to those who are broken down; only there are some that the word lays hold of and breaks them down, morally but not spiritually; breaks them down mentally, and brings about a reformation, but does not so break them down as to make them know their need of that order of things in which Christ appears. They are called here kings. "When thou wast younger thou girdedst thyself, and wentest whither thou wouldst."

"Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth."

And so we were, we were all kings and judges; we were reigning, having our own way, as far as we could, and judging for ourselves; but now we have given up both. Saul of Tarsus reigned like a king, but it was like one of the devil's kings; and Saul of Tarsus assumed the judgment seat, and did as all carnal men do that mount the judgment seat, he assigned the saints of God to hell, and the devil's children to heaven; that's what he did. But now he is a dethroned king, gives it up; now he is a dethroned judge; now he no longer judges others, he himself feels that he is judged, and appeals to the Judge of all.

"Serve the Lord with fear."

Here is the instruction unto such, what they are to do:

"And rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry."

You are a professedly converted man? Yes. You profess to hope in Jesus Christ? Yes. You profess to expect to get to heaven by Jesus Christ? Yes. You expect to see God's face by Jesus Christ? Yes.

Very well; it says here. "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry." That's a token of entire submission. But, saith such an one, though I expect to get to heaven by Jesus Christ. I will never believe in election, I will never believe in predestination, I will never believe that He laid down His life for the sheep, and the sheep only. Then He will be angry with you; He will not be pleased with you; He will be angry with you. What for? Why, for making a profession of His name, while at the same time in your soul there is no real submission to Him. But if, on the other hand, thou art brought really down to His feet, and to feel it is all of grace from first to last, then He will not be angry with thee, He will then be pleased with thee, and caress thee, and bless thee, pity thee, take care of thee, gather thee with His arms, carry thee in His bosom, never, never, no never part with thee.

"Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

Thus, then, here's the Saviour, here's the opposition, here's the ingathering of sinners, here is the instruction given to such, and here is the ultimate blessedness of all who are brought to rest their present hope and everlasting all upon the foundation God hath laid in Zion.

A LITTLE COMPANY OF POOR FISHERMEN.

[Brother W. Taffs,—“Our Poplar Poet”—is one of the very few who can speak well of the Lord's ministers. Brother Taffs loves the truth, because, by it, the Lord has set him free: and he smiles sweetly on all whose ministry stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. The foregoing lines may please,—and even be useful to some of the good-tempered children.]

LET Zion's sons lift up their heads,
And saints rejoice upon their beds.
Vainly may earth and hell assail,
For nought against her can prevail;
And tho' will worshippers abound,
Yet if you cast a glance around,
To see a few, (you cannot fail,
Of knees, that have not bow'd to Baal.
Men, who from God their strength obtain,
And well the cause of truth maintain.
Amongst the foremost Bishop WELLS,
Glad tidings of salvation tells;
Chaplain to Prince Emmanuel's forces,
Of Jesus sweetly he discourses;
Then girding on the warrior's sword,
Does valiant battle for his Lord
Near him, stands sturdy ANDREW JONES.
With massey club, upon the bones
Of bible-truth's insidious foes
Bestowing most tremendous blows.
Hard by is seen CHARLES WATERS BANKS.
A standard bearer in the ranks,
Wearing the scars of many a blow,
Received from friend as well as foe;

Yet bravely he maintains the fight,
 And keeps his gospel armour bright :
 Unfurled his banner to the breeze,
 Careless of whom he may displease.
 Next comes vehement ROBERT BOWLES,
 With fiery words, like burning coals,
 Indited by the Holy Spirit,
 Consuming quite all human merit.
 Here we behold good THOMAS CHIVERS,
 Who with his pow'ful weapon shivers
 Van Haarmin's shield, and pierces too
 His flimsy harness through and through,
 Youthful and bold JAMES BUTTERFIELD,
 Scorning an inch of ground to yield,
 Tho' not so far advanc'd in years,
 'Mongst hardy veterans appears.
 Then there is Brother WILLIAM FLACK,
 Concerning good things never slack ;
 But zealous for his Master's cause,
 His honour, glory and his laws ;
 Nor coveting the world's applause. }
 Here's cheerful, happy, smiling, PELLE,
 Of water from salvation's wells,
 Draws large supplies and in the name
 Of Israel's God pours forth the same
 To those whom grace has made to thirst,
 And feel themselves of sinners worst.
 Then earnest Webster calmly brave
 Dwelling like David, in a cave,
 And gathering around him there,
 Poor souls who discontented are
 With Satan's servitude, and now
 To David's Lord are brought to bow,
 Zealous freewill's high towers to raze,
 JOHN INWARD his artillery plays,
 And fiercely tow'rd the hated spot,
 Directs a shower of red hot shot.
 The Brothers WEBB and PALMER too,
 In their allegiance firm and true ;
 WYARD and ATTWOOD, CAUNT and WISE,
 BLOOMFIELD and many more arise,
 The walls of Zion to defend,
 'Gainst open foe or treach'rous friend. }
 And valiantly for truth contend,
 These ever at the trumpet's sound,
 Will steadfast at their posts be found ;
 By grace determin'd ne'er to yield,
 And but with life to quit the field ;
 Then fear not for the Church's state,
 Since e'en in Babylon the Great,
 God hath such men of truth uprais'd,
 (For which, His holy name be prais'd,)
 And have we not his word beside?—
 When Death on his pale horse shall ride,
 And earthly kingdoms shake and fall,
 Zion shall rise above them all.

Poplar, E.

W. TAFF.

NEW BOOKS & PAMPHLETS.

MR. JOHN CORBITT, Baptist minister of Orford hill chapel, has issued a neat eight-penny book, with this title, "Little Things for Little Folks; being an Allegorical Essay in Three Distinct characters on each Letter in the Alphabet." A Sunday school teacher from Mr. Corbitt's book might deliver to his children many instructing addresses.

Dissenters, one and all, should read a penny pamphlet, which is spreading rapidly, written by Mr. Thomas Oyler Beeman, of Cranbrook, in Kent, and is published by Waters and Son; and by Marlborough, in Ave Maria lane. Mr. Beeman has had his eyes open for some few years to

watch the growing spirit of tyranny which, in many members of the Church of England, is painfully manifested towards all who do not conform. We must again urge all men to read for themselves this pamphlet-headed, "Mr. Henry Hoare," &c., &c.

"The Bristol Tracts; or, Thoughts for the Tried and Tempted. By Rev. D. A. Doudney. London: Collingridge. Popery would meet with little success in this country if all the clergy laboured under God's blessing as Mr. Doudney is labouring. While he lives, neither the press nor the pulpit will be quiet; nor will there be any famine for lack of Gospel food.

The Living Word; being a Short Argument for the Inspiration of the Bible. A sermon preached at the annual meeting of the Huntingdonshire Association, June 1st, 1864. By James H. Millard, B.A. London: J. Heaton and Son, Paternoster row. Mr. Millard has given us a valuable document, in which, with much Christian valor, with no little mental power, and calling to his help the testimony of many of the greatest men God ever gave the world—he has grappled with "the controversy of the present age." Mr. Millard's book may well be laid beside the Rev. Edmund Garbett's Address on "Inspiration:" both authors have done well.

"The Remembrancer," edited by Rev. William Lush, is a monthly collection of good things from all the best authors. Published by Paul, London, (3d.)

Mr. William Stokes, of 71, Robert street. C.-on-M., Manchester, has issued a tract on "Duty-Faith," which may be read by any one in a few minutes, and it will be found useful in enabling many to discern between that which is formal and false, and that which is vital and efficient.

Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher. Published by J. Heaton and Son. We have heard and read much condemnatory of the profession and preaching of the Gospel in America, and we do fear that it is neither very spiritual nor savingly successful; nevertheless, there is in America an immense amount of mighty mentality, the minds of men there are not so Yankee-like as some think, and Mr. Beecher's sermons are well suited to feed and to edify the intellectual and the enquiring mind. How far Mr. Henry Ward Beecher is employed in the conversion of souls, and in building up the church in the most holy faith, we cannot say. He is a clever man, and many portions of his sermons lead us to hope he is no stranger to God's grace, but we fear to speak confidently.

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

THE LATE PASTOR AT SOHO.

GREAT EASTERN, JUNE 27, 1864.

This Monday evening I am packed in an express train for Isle of Ely, where I have a day's work announced, the kind friends at Southern having allotted me to preach three times in one day. If the Lord will give mental, physical, and spiritual power, I shall pass through it pleasantly, but if left to myself, it will be hard work. Yesterday I preached three times, and the death of poor John Pells did so press upon my spirit, that I could not get away from it. I was obliged to go up in the evening with no other text than that in Matthew xxiv. "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." My feelings were nearly too much for me, but I was permitted to get through. First of all I considered the character and work of a Gospel minister, as shewn in the context. Secondly, the danger implied. Thirdly, the weighty exhortations given by the Saviour, such as (1) "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." (2) "Therefore be ye also ready," &c. The character and work of the ministry may be said to be set out by Jesus under the following terms. 1. "The good man of the house." 2. "A faithful and wise servant." 3. One whom our Lord hath "made ruler over His household," and his work is "to give them their meat in due season." And then our Lord adds, "blessed is that servant whom when his Lord cometh, He shall find so doing." How much (in the case of John Pells' death) my mind was impressed with these words, "If the good man of the house had known what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to have been broken up." Death was, in this case, like a thief, it has come so suddenly, and, as it were, broken up the house. As far as the mortal tabernacle was concerned, it was a break up indeed; death to John Pells was no trifle. Like a vessel in a storm, when winds and waves tear and toss her, when all her timbers are shattered, and herself at last a total wreck: so with that dear young man; I fear some essential artery or vital string was burst or snapped in his exertions of removing; if so, it produced the violence and sudden dissolution which so fearfully set in, and soon left his darling children and beloved wife, only a lifeless corpse to be soon in corruption. But he died in harness.

Washington Wilks has been taken off suddenly too. The poet wrote a line or two which in some sense are true of him of whom I write:—

He died in harness. So to die
An honoured grave is nobly won,
We grieve, a high career full run,
He 'neath the sod shall peaceful lie.

'Tis well;—for what God wills is well:

The seed he sowed shall fruitful spring:

And they who harvest treasures bring.

Shall of his labors speak, and how he work-
ing fell.

The Master's blessing was on him in the deep waters. All the spring and summer he has been moving hither and thither preaching the Gospel with all his might; up to within a few days of his death, he was in the pulpit almost every day. He had much work before him, his heart was beating for more engagements; his soul was all on fire to go forth everywhere preaching Jesus and the resurrection; letters were coming in from all quarters inviting him, and he was accepting, and preparing for his loved employ; his wings were expanding, his hopes were buoyant, his powers of mind were gathering fruit; the sta-

mina of his ministry was increasing in a mental comprehensiveness. Almost everybody seemed to love and welcome him, and having been, by his beloved church at Soho, set fully in his ministerial course, the Lord having used him already for much good, he did doubtless, anticipate a loving and laborious career in an employment the most refined, the most noble and heavenly, a vocation in which God-sent men may more devotedly serve their Maker, and benefit their fellow-men, than in any other on the earth. Literally speaking, John Pells was giving out to each "their meat in due season, when suddenly the call to "come home" touched his heart, and with the significant shout "Happy! Happy!! Happy!!!" he entered the chariot of fire, and fled for the regions of bliss beyond the skies.

THOUGHTS AT THE FUNERAL.

Having been to my work at Southern and at Brand Creek, I am now returning to London, where, if the Lord will, I think of witnessing the interment of those mortal remains this afternoon.

Although wearied with my heavy work, I betook myself, in a solitary mood, to Highgate Cemetery. I walked alone: I like that. Mere talk, of which there is so much, doth only rob the soul, and oft ensnare the mind. Around the open grave, where did already lie the mouldering dust of brother Pells' babes, and into which his own fallen tenement was now to be lowered, around that open mouth of earth stood a host of mortals in black attire; on every face was paleness, grief, and very anxious fears. I quietly took my place beneath the trees, beside the grave, and soon we saw that well known herald, James Wells, followed by the now silvery-headed George Wyard, Samuel Milner, Alfred Peet, and a procession of ministers and friends most numerous. The heavy coffin was placed on black stands beside the grave: the widow, led on by two deacons of Soho, and followed by her bereaved children, came around the grave. I saw her pale face, deeply set in mental sorrow, but "PATIENT IN TRIBULATION." She silently listened, and quietly waited, until all was said and done connected with this solemn service, and then, after looking for the last time into the place where her beloved John's remains were laid, she was carefully borne away.

Merciful heaven!

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
break.

And break her poor heart will, I fear, in many a coming hour. Still, while, during the eleven years of her wedded life, she has had nothing but the tenderest kindness from the bridegroom of her heart on earth, she has had trouble on trouble, sorrow rolling after sorrow, domestic, commercial, and spiritual; but this one trouble absorbs them all. May the Great Head and Husband of the one church send her His own blessing, and be her very present help in trouble, and may our covenant God and Father guide, guard, and do good to the children, for His great name's sake. Amen.

Like our brother Webster, who, looking into the grave, said, so must I now say, "Good bye, dear brother Pells!" The resurrection soon will come, the morning without clouds.

BRAND CREEK.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1864.

In less than three hours after I left London on Monday night, the Great Eastern safely landed me in Littleport. My billet told me my lodging was at the house of Mr. John Porter, at Brand

Creek; I did not know where that was, so I looked round to see if anyone would know me. No. I enquired "How far to Brand Creek?" "Four miles, sir." Night was coming on. I walked into Littleport. The cottages by the road-side looked pretty; the peas and flowers, and gardens altogether, shewed plainly that the occupiers were a clean and industrious people. I felt miserably lonely. It is fourteen years since I last preached in Littleport, and I knew no one; so I engaged a bed at a very respectable inn, took possession of a comfortable room, and determined to have a quiet thinking night to myself, but it was neither "night nor day," so I took a little stroll first, saw a chapel, asked an old man where Baptist chapel was, "Oh, round back ways," said he. A neighbouring woman said she would shew me, for Mr. Muskitt was then preaching there. In another minute I was seated in Littleport Baptist chapel. Mr. Muskitt was in the pulpit; but I could hear little or next to nothing of his preaching, although I tried; the priestly office of Jesus was his theme, but he soon closed after I got in. As soon as I was out of the chapel I heard Mr. John Porter was in search of me; and in his trap he carried me to Brand Creek, where I found a kind entertainment, and I feel thankful to God that I made the acquaintance of good John Porter, his attached family, father, brother, and other Christian friends in that neighbourhood.

Littleport, in Cambridgeshire, is one of the spots where William Huntington laboured for the good of souls, and after him Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester. Mr. Martin, of Littleport, has built a chapel there: they call it "THE CALVINISTS," and Mr. Geo. Abrahams, of London, and Mr. Grace, of Brighton, are the favorite ministers who occasionally supply the pulpit. It was thought very inopportune that Mr. Grace and Mr. Muskitt were both preaching at Littleport when I was to be at Southery and Brand Creek. The Porters at Southery are decided Baptists, men of deep and tried experience, firm upholders of THE TRUTH, and thoroughly opposed to every deadly delusion and device to deceive souls, now so prevalent; but they meet with no sympathy from those good people who yet like to be considered the successors of "the sinner saved." I am glad that there are such men as Mr. Martin, of Littleport, who can build chapels for God's holy truth; and I am also thankful that such noble-minded citizens as Mr. Martin can find suitable and efficient ministers (worthy to enter the pulpit) in the persons of such men as the brethren Abrahams and Grace. Some friends almost wish Mr. Martin's son (who has entered the church at Portsea) could have devoted himself to such a cause as his honoured father maintains; but *why* that CANNOT be, will be declared in a clearer day than this. We had a good day at Southery and Brand Creek anniversary, but as I must not occupy more room here I will give a few words in CHEERING WORDS, if the Lord will.

THE

NEW SURREY TABERNAACLE. SITE FOR THE NEW CHAPEL.

A very interesting meeting took place in the Surrey Tabernaacle, Borough road, on Monday evening, July 4th, 1864, for the committee to lay before the friends the specifications of the proposed site for the new tabernaacle. Unusual interest prevailed. The minister of the church, Mr. James Wells, presided. After a hymn had been sung, and prayer offered,

The CHAIRMAN remarked that it was truly wonderful what had been done by them in so short a time; what had been done had been accomplished for the most part by the church and congregation there, and they would have to do what was to be done very nearly all themselves. He remarked that they laboured under some dis-

advantages which many other churches did not. Some churches where a part of the truth was preached, could adopt means for getting money which they could not; they could ask the world to aid them, but the church at the Surrey Tabernaacle could not. Yet in the short space of eleven months, £2700 had been given, and promises to the amount of nearly £1000: it was perfectly wonderful. The chairman then said that the committee would now lay before them what they had done in the matter so far. Freehold ground seemed out of the question, they could not get that, so they must do the best they could. An offer had been made them of a piece of freehold ground for £12,000, but they did not entertain that idea; still a very suitable piece had offered itself for a term of ninety-nine years' lease, which seemed to be the thing needful.

Mr. BUTT, on behalf of the committee, stated that they had now a plot of ground which they thought would in all respects answer their desires, save it was not freehold, and he thought they could no longer entertain the idea of a freehold. Their pastor, Mr. Wells, had told them of a liberal offer that had been made them of a freehold for £12,000, which was the site which the "Stone's End" public house now occupies, so that in his (Mr. Butt's) opinion they would not be able to get such a thing. The committee had tried, they had looked everywhere within the circle that would suit them, but they had come to the conclusion that if they could get a good site for a long lease, they had better embrace the opportunity, and in accordance with this the meeting had been called. Mr. Butt then enumerated the many pieces of ground the committee had looked at and considered, one in particular, which they thought seriously of, which was situate at the corner of Prospect place, Walworth road; but after many consultations it was thought that the noise from the great traffic which passes there, and that of the railway combined, would not be at all agreeable. The advice of an eminent builder was obtained; he stated that it would be necessary to build back from the road quite fifty feet. This for many reasons they could not well do. While negotiating about this ground, another presented itself, which was situate at the end of Albion place, Walworth road. This in all things seemed to the committee very desirable. It was an excellent position; there were three plots of the same dimensions, the one they looked at was the middle plot, and they would have plenty of room to build all they required, and therefore they thought it desirable to call this meeting, to ask whether the committee should at once take proceedings and make it their own. Mr. Butt then spoke of the goodness of Almighty God to them as a church, and the marvellous way in which they had been led in this matter. They had, with promises, which would be made good, nearly £4,000. Truly wonderful. He (Mr. Butt) might just say that upon money invested, they had already received an interest of £65.

A gentleman from the body of the chapel asked where the place was. He knew Albion place well, but he could not comprehend where this plot was. Mr. Wells, the architect, and others explained to him where it was, but he could not understand. Mr. Wells at last told him it was "out of doors." (Laughter.) The architect then shewed the plan of the ground, and gave every information respecting it.

THOMAS POCCOCK, Esq., then made some remarks.

A discussion took place here. Some thought that the original idea of freehold should be kept close to; while others were of opinion that it was almost impossible. Several proposals were made; in fact it was a slight confusion at one part of the proceedings.

Mr. CARR spoke of the great discomfort at the present place, and thought, on the whole, a more desirable plot could not be obtained. He felt an

amazing interest in the work, as he was sure all did. (Cheers.)

After some discussion, Mr. Wells put the original resolution to the meeting: whether or no the ground which had been deemed desirable by the committee, near Albion place, Walworth road, should be at once secured, and be the site for the new tabernacle?

A GENTLEMAN: What are the terms for the land? we have not yet heard.

Mr. WELLS: The lease is for ninety-nine years, and £115 per annum; this includes the three lots before explained; so we shall have plenty of room to build a large chapel, with so much space round, so as to keep us to ourselves, and quiet; and I don't know what we are not going to have, but we are going to have a splendid chapel and everything first-class: besides this we shall let the other part. (Cheers.)

The resolution was then moved by Mr. Hall; seconded by Mr. Peskett, and carried unanimously.

Mr. WELLS stated that the committee would now at once go to work. They would have a meeting in October, a good tea meeting, when further arrangements would be known. Mr. Wells said, "The two deacons who so kindly left us, thought you could not do all this *with* them, but you have done it all *without* them." (Tremendous cheers, repeated several times, and lasted several minutes.) Their motto was "ONWARD, ONWARD," and he hoped soon they would know when the foundation stone would be laid.

A hymn and the benediction closed this intensely interesting meeting.

TUNBRIDGE, WELLS. — REHOBOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL. — Mr. Editor, — With feelings of unmingled joy and thankfulness, we inform our Baptist friends, who are concerned to keep the ordinances of the Lord's house as delivered unto them by the great Head of the church, that on Lord's-day, June 26th, two believers were baptized in the name of the true God of Israel. This being the first time the baptistry has been used since Mr. Edward's ejection for violating the trust deeds of the chapel, the service acquired additional interest, and brought together a large number of people. The Lord was in our midst; great solemnity seemed to pervade every mind. If we might form a hopeful judgment of future prosperity from the many faces bedewed with tears, we may confidently expect the little one to become a thousand in the Lord's good time. Many old believers who were present, said they never before so thoroughly and solemnly enjoyed a service of this kind, nor beheld such marked and devout attention and order, as was observed throughout the whole service. The words selected for the occasion were those of Philip and the eunuch. The minister began by remarking that he was much more concerned to speak to the honor of the Lord, and the edification of his people, than to sermonize, or make a parade of Baptist principles and practice. He felt the Lord had conferred upon himself and the candidates for baptism, an especial honor; by entrusting to them the duty of vindicating His truth and ordinances from the foul aspersions cast upon them. O one thing he would assure them, wherever Christ's Gospel was faithfully preached, there the Lord would have a Baptist cause and people, for the ordinance of believer's baptism is coeval with the Gospel, and will continue as a part of it until the second coming of Christ. With these remarks the preacher introduced his subject by saying there were four leading truths to be observed in this narrative; first, the mysterious providence of God, whereby He "works all things after the counsel of His own will," and that it is none other than the executive of His own eternal purpose, for of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are ALL things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen. Secondly,

The divine mission and guidance of the Lord's own servants. Acts viii. 26. Here the preacher remarked that every man's work is appointed of God, and a sufficiency of divine wisdom and power is granted to every one for the labor they are called to perform, that in all things God may be glorified. And also that one minister cannot do another servant's work, neither can earth nor hell prevent the accomplishment of God's purposes by that servant. Thirdly, the efficiency and infallibility of the Holy Spirit's teaching. The same blessed Spirit who commanded and directed the footsteps of Philip, gave him wisdom how and what to speak, and accompanied His own truth with a quickening and illuminating power to the heart and understanding of the eunuch. Fourthly, and lastly, the fruits and effects of the Spirit's work upon the eunuch's heart, prompt and joyful obedience to the Lord's commands. "And the eunuch said, See, here is water: what doth hinder me to be baptized?" Philip answered by desiring a confession of faith; and when the eunuch had satisfied him upon this point, "they went down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch: and he baptized him." But was Philip authorized to command this ordinance, or rather to require it, and perform it upon the eunuch? Did the Lord influence him thus to speak and act? Let the words of unerring truth—the test and standard of all evangelical obedience—testify: "And when they were come up out of the water, THE SPIRIT of the Lord caught away Philip that the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing." Now let me ask whether it seems reason for the Spirit to sanction and bless what He had not commanded? The fiercest enemy of baptism cannot contravert this scripture, but wrest it they may, as they do also other scriptures, unto their own destruction. We are expecting to baptize again this month. O why is it that even Baptists have become so lukewarm and sluggish in their defence of this divine ordinance? Must we answer the question? It is then, because we are carnal and walk as men. May the Lord yet appear in His glory, and build up the waste places in Zion. And when believers recognize their personal obligations to Jesus, as King in Zion, and practically fulfil their high and heavenly calling, they shall no longer cry, "My leanness, my leanness," but rather "Give place, where I may dwell." The dear Lord hasten it, for His name's sake. R. B.

CLAPHAM. — The anniversary of Ebenezer chapel, on Tuesday, July 5th, was through the Lord's mercy in all respects a good one. The friends met for prayer at seven and at ten o'clock. Mr. Hazelton preached in the morning from Romans xiv. 8, "Whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's." A good number of friends sat down to dinner, and at three o'clock Mr. Alderson preached upon 1 Peter ii. 3, "If so be that ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." The attendance on both occasions was good, and the blessing of the Lord evidently attended the word preached. A large number of friends took tea, some in the chapel and some out; at the close of the tea Mr. Bloomfield requested the friends to assemble within the chapel, when a very interesting service was witnessed, for Mr. Bloomfield had been deputed by the church and congregation to present Mr. and Mrs. Hall with a handsome time piece and a pair of lamps, which he did, accompanying it with an affectionate and very appropriate speech, and remarked that although he could not in all respects agree with the course his brother had pursued, yet as a man of God and minister of Christ, he held him in much esteem, as he did also his wife. The present of which he had the pleasure to ask their acceptance, was intended to convey to them both an expression of the high regard in which they were held by the church and congregation, and while it must be exceedingly gratifying to have such a token of

their friends' esteem, it was very honourable to those who had presented it. Mr. Hazelton responded to Mr. Bloomfield's call to speak, very cordially, most heartily agreeing with his brother Bloomfield's remarks, for he had known his brother Hall and his wife for some years, and he fully believed they were deserving of the confidence and esteem of the friends; as also did Mr. Alderson, in a very appropriate speech, thoroughly endorsing the remarks of both his brethren who had preceded him. Mr. Hall rose to reply on behalf of Mrs. Hall and himself, but the unexpectedness of the event, his total ignorance of the friends' intention, and the very kind manner in which the present had been presented, perfectly overcame him, which rendered it very difficult for him to speak. He thanked the ministers for their kind remarks, and the friends most heartily for their expression of good feeling, and assured them that both himself and his wife would ever appreciate their kindness. On the part of his wife, he could say that although she still retained her membership at Mount Zion, yet she took a very lively interest in the welfare of the cause at Ebenezer. She was a great admirer of consistency both in minister and people, and watched over both with much anxiety, even to a fault. As for himself, all he could say was to express his regret that he had served the cause so imperfectly, and to beg an interest in their prayers that he might serve them better. The friends assembled gave expression of their satisfaction at what they had witnessed, and passed immediately and unanimously a vote of thanks to the ministers for their friendship towards both pastor and people. Mr. Bloomfield preached a powerful sermon in the evening to a full house, which was listened to with deep attention, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The collections amounted to £22. "Bless the Lord, O our souls, and forget not all his benefits." In March last a public meeting was held, over which Mr. James Mote presided, and was addressed by several ministers. To our friends far and near we say "Pray for us."

WINDSOR.—Mr. Lilycrop being compelled through ill-health to resign the pastorate, his successor opened the church, which occasioned many to leave, having a desire for the pure Gospel and the ordinances maintained as laid down in the New Testament. They met in a friend's house until they could obtain a room, which they now have. After prayer for Divine guidance and blessing, they were formed into a Gospel church on Lord's-day, July 3rd, by Thomas Drake, Staines. In the opening address, our brother told the friends very plainly and scripturally the doctrines they intended, by Divine aid, to promulgate. That nothing short of the good old-fashioned Gospel would satisfy them; that they should not only be strict in communion, but also in maintaining the doctrines of free and sovereign grace pure and undefiled. No mixture of linen and woollen. Our brother then gave the right hand of fellowship to fourteen believers, addressing each person solemnly and faithfully. The Lord's Supper was then administered, and the friends were cheered and encouraged by the presence of members of the same faith and order from Chelmsford, Colnbrook, and Dartford, who found it good to be there, and wish them success in the name of the Lord, that they may go on and prosper, waiting and watching the moving of the cloud, and that ere long they may be compelled to arise and build a house for God.

KEDINGTON.—In the year 1845, Mr. Powell left Bottisham Load, and came over to Kedington, and preached, sometimes in the open air, sometimes in a barn, at others in a cottage, until September, 1846, when a cottage was hired, and after it was fitted up, he commenced preaching there, and a church was formed. Additions were

made, until the cottage became too small for the people. After much trouble a piece of ground was purchased, and a chapel built thereon, and was put into trust. October 16th, 1850, it was publicly opened for worship. Since then it has been paid for. After fourteen years' residence here, Mr. Powell moved to Coggeshall. Since our present pastor (Mr. Murkin) has been a resident with us, who was ordained July, 1862, the church has greatly increased; a baptistry has been made, and many other things done, and all are paid for. Now we really want to raise the chapel, and erect a gallery, as we need room; also we wish to establish a Sunday school, (there are many very poor children in this *locality*) and by so doing try and show them the way of salvation. We believe it is greatly needed; but the next thing we want is the money. We have done well hitherto amongst ourselves; and with the help of friends, we have paid off all demands. What we now want is for the friends to the cause of God who sympathize with the rising generation, to send us what help they can, either to our pastor, Mr. T. Murkin; Mr. Walter Price, jun., Kedington, Suffolk; or Mr. Dillistone, Woodlands, Sturmer, Halstead, Essex. We think our esteemed brother Banks would gladly receive any contributions for us; he is well acquainted with our position, as he has visited us fifteen times, once at the opening, and fourteen successive anniversaries. All favors will be thankfully received, and duly acknowledged. Try, friends, try.

[We heartily commend this cause. To us it is the most blessed spot in all this world.—E.D.]

BATH.—**EBENEZER CHAPEL.** Lord's-day, July 3rd, we rejoiced in seeing the Lord's arm is not shortened that it cannot save. He has again blessed the labours of our beloved pastor in giving him six souls as the fruit of his labours amongst us, to come out before the eyes of many witnesses that surrounded the banks of the river, and to show their love and obedience to His most holy command. "If ye love Me, keep my commandments: they are buried with Christ in baptism." In the afternoon they were received into the church. On the following Monday, we had a member's tea-meeting to welcome them into the church, when nearly 200 sat down to a comfortable tea, and we spent a most happy evening together. God grant we may see many who profess to love the blessed Saviour come out boldly from the world, and show their love to Jesus.

W. W. WHEATLEY.

AYLESBURY.—At our last church meeting, we gladly invited our happy little brother Chipchase to preach to us regularly until the end of October. We hope, Mr. Editor, that dear Chipchase will be our settled pastor ere long, and that you and brother James Wells will come to his ordination. Of course, I dare not tell you why he is not settled at once; but our friends here are very careful—they do not approve of a union one year and a separation the next. Our devoted father in Christ, Mr. Marshall, guides us, under God, with much holy prudence, and we pray he may long be spared unto us, and that Mr. Chipchase may live and labour among us until his hairs are white with age—until his God shall call him home. I am,

A POOR MEMBER.

GLEMSFORD.—**PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.** Sunday morning, July 3rd, Mr. G. G. Worlow delivered a very appropriate address from Acts iii. 26, and following verses. After which he again descended the baptismal pool, and immersed three believers in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This is the third time we have been favoured to baptize since the settlement of Mr. Kemp, and each time a husband and wife have been privileged to follow the command of their Lord. Two of the candidates addressed

the audience before going down into the water. In the afternoon, Mr. Kemp, pastor, received the three friends into church fellowship, and it was truly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

BECLES.—In travelling I was told that S. K. Bland was certainly chosen as co-pastor with Mr. George Wright, the venerated Suffolk Baptist divine. It is the church's earnest prayer that their long-loved minister may long stand as a heavy shock of corn fully ripe, and drop around him blessed seeds of eternal truth, until gently and kindly his Lord shall take him up among the many who are already at home in glory. Mr. Bland is a very clever man, and the cause at Beccles seems likely to revive. May it be permanent, and full of precious fruit prays.

ONE WHO LOOKS ON AND LOVES ZION.

SLEAFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE.—The first Baptist church was organized by Mr. E. Samuel, the pastor, according to the New Testament order, strict communion. On June 29th, thirteen persons were baptized by Mr. Samuel, including the only four surviving members of the old Huntingtonian church. The age of some of the above are as follows: eighty-six years, blind, eighty-two, seventy-six, seventy-five, and two seventy. These, with twelve others, who had previously been baptized, met together on the following Lord's-day afternoon, and were formed into a church. In the evening Mr. Samuel administered the Lord's Supper to the church.

[What will Mr. Abrahams think of this? The remnant of dear William Huntington's followers literally buried in the Baptismal waters at last. We hope next to hear that Mr. Samuel has baptized his loving brother George, and that even at Sleaford the cause of Truth is permanently prospering.—Ed.]

ISLINGTON.—**PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, UPPER STREET.**—On Monday, July 11th, a meeting was held in the new school room, followed by a public meeting in the chapel, for calling in the cards, which have been issued for the purpose of removing the debt incurred by the recent erection of a very convenient and compact school room, together with the alterations and improvements in the chapel. Mr. Waite, the senior deacon, presided, and in a very appropriate speech explained the object of the meeting; after which he called upon the secretary to read the report, from which it appeared that something like £280 has been expended, towards which about £200 has been raised by cards and subscriptions. After the cards had been called in, the sum of £20 was added to the funds. The chairman thanked the friends for the efforts made, and for the cheering result, and called upon Messrs. Willey, Smith, Duncan, &c., to address the meeting, which was brought to a close by brother Willey reading some lines composed for the occasion.

PRESTWOOD COMMON.—Dear Friend, Since you were at our anniversary, we have five more added to our little number; three by baptism, one from Lee, and one that had been with us some years before: we hope there are others waiting. Our Sunday school increases. The Lord is blessing the labours of His servants amongst us. The God of all grace, mercy, and peace be with and bless you in all your labours of love for the benefit of His living family. G. MASON.

MILE END ROAD.—**BEULAH MEETING.** STEPNEY GREEN.—The anniversary of Mr. Cowdery, as pastor of the above place, was held Tuesday, June 28th. Many met to tea. Public meeting was presided over by Mr. Kemp. After supplicating the Divine blessing by Mr. Mose, brethren Blake, Palmer (of Plaistow), Myerson, Meeres,

Inwards, and Haiseinan addressed the meeting. From the earnest manner in which the meeting was addressed, the friends at Beulah see the necessity of establishing a Sabbath school. The meeting was well sustained: the collection was very good.

LEATHERHEAD.—In the VESSEL is a notice of the anniversary at Leatherhead, August 4th. As many cannot find it, permit me to say the whereabouts: it is near the engine-house, on which is a clock; before you is H. Moore, Woolstapler; next is A. Blaker, Whitesmith, &c. Between these is a gate leading to a garden, in which is the room, within as clean as a new pin. Those who, like me, want a Christ suited to the needy, may enjoy an hour here. Should any require the preacher's name, I will get it.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

As sure as ever we say one word in favour of a hopeful young man, we get a sound thrashing for it, which, with other hardships, we receive as patiently as possible. "A Strict Baptist" says,—“My opinion is, our leading men are responsible for the talents committed to them. As a body, we believe we hold views nearest to the truth; but, as is often remarked by members of other churches, we do not move ourselves to make truth more fully known by sending forth young men who have been under sound tuition for years. I do not approve of sending young men with so much wild gear; still, on the other hand, we may be over cautious. I think our pastors ought to be glad when the least signs of real usefulness appear. A word to the wise is enough.”

Notes and Queries.

SIR,—Will you oblige me by an answer to the following question:—I am a member of a Baptist church which practises open communion. I certainly am averse to anything of the kind; but there is no other place of worship to which I can go. Should I be justified by relinquishing all connection with the said church and stay at home on the Lord's day, as there is no present prospect of an alteration for the better, or what shall I do? AN INQUIRER.

Lynne Regis. June 14th, 1864.

Deaths.

On the 8th of July, at Spiggie, Shetland, in his 80th year, the venerable Sinclair Thomson was called away to his heavenly reward. Upwards of fifty years ago this laborious minister became a Baptist simply by reading the New Testament, and before he knew there was another Baptist in the whole world. He commenced the first Baptist church in the Shetland Isles, and one of the last acts of his public life was to originate a Baptist cause in the town of Lerwick. His labours through his long career were eminently blessed by his Divine Master, and his last words were, “He is faithful who hath promised.”—W.

Died at Haverhill, of consumption, June 23, 1864, Emily Hugo Lay, aged 17 years. We have inserted the little memorial and diary in CHEERING WORDS for August.

Good old John Bailey, of near 60 years standing in the truth of God in Hull, fell asleep in June last, of whom we hope to say more shortly.

Marriages.

On the 21st inst., at the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough road, by the minister (Mr. J. Wells), Frederick Bartlett, eldest son of Mr. Frederick Spong, of London, to Justina, fifth surviving daughter of Mr. Robert Hall, of Bath, Somersetshire.

At Salem chapel, Soho, by Mr. Bloomfield, on July 14th, Mr. Kealy, Danvers street, Chelsea, to Mrs. Sounes, widow of the late Mr. Sounes, Soho square.

"The Battle that was Against Me."

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few;
On him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer wo—
At once, betrayed, denied, or fled
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Yet he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tears away.

THE HOLY SPIRIT sometimes gives me sweet scriptures to draw out faith in exercise. There may be no real enjoyment of the blessing spoken of in the words given; but the words given produce a sacred anticipation that the mercies revealed in the word will be realized in the soul. On Sunday morning, August 14th, 1864, the eighteenth verse of the fifty-fifth Psalm rested kindly on my spirit, "He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me; for there were many with me." A gentle surprise awakened my soul when the words came, and I secretly wondered if ever that day would come when I might, in the assurance of a Divine realization, stand in the words, and say, "He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me," &c. That battle has been long, and sometimes dreadful to endure. The entire history of it is in my mind; and if memory, means, and God's mercy enable, some day it may appear.

But now let me invite the attention of my readers to some things contained in these words.

There is a most edifying analogy between the history to which these words refer and the experimental testimony in the text, which may, perhaps, appear as we try to work it out. I walked prayerfully and thoughtfully to what we call *our Bethel*. I felt very unwell, and on the way I saw my excellent friend and brother Thomas James Messer. I begged him to open the service. He read some beautiful scriptures, and offered fervent prayer. Then I read my text, and purposed to notice four things.

I. *The battle.* II. *The many who were with David.* III. *Their behaviour in the battle.* It is emphatically said (in 1 Chron.

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v. 20), "They cried to God in the battle, and He was entreated of them; because they put their trust in Him." And in this psalm David says, "As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me. Evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice." This was their behaviour in the battle. The last head of discourse was the honour God put upon them. "He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me."

I. In the first branch, I saw my way clear to notice THE BATTLE, *historically*, as related in Chronicles; then, *prophetically*, as applicable to CHRIST in His incarnate humiliation, in His Gospel dispensation, and in that great battle called Armageddon; and, also, *circumstantially*, in my own experience, and in the experience of many thousands of the Lord's people. But, first, historically, it is said, "In the days of Saul, they made war with the Hagarites, who fell by their hand." These Hagarites represent three classes of powers opposed to the liberty of the children of God. There are those who are in bondage under the law: these are Hagarites. There are those fleshly pious people who believe faith to be in the power of the creature, and whose whole course has a tendency to bring many of the pardoned saints into bondage again; these are Hagarites too; and how far they deceive the souls of thousands we cannot tell. Then there are all the fallen powers of the body, of the fallen humanity, of the first Adam: these are Hagarites as well; and are always entangling the souls of the people. There are three great deeps which are the principal sources of all the miseries, and of all the mercies, man is the subject of in this world.

The first great deep is man's innate propensity to learn, and look, and cleave to those things which ruin him. Satan's service is destructive; yet fallen man really loves it. Sin's dominion is dreadful in all its consequences; yet man is content to live under it. The old covenant can give neither life nor salvation; yet self-righteous persons cling to this law,—pretend to keep this law,—expect to put their partial obedience of its demands to the Saviour's work, and so reach heaven. This is a deep mystery of iniquity. The Church of Rome, the Puseyites, the Arminians, and free-will people, are all Hagarites in a certain sense, and fearfully hate and disclaim against the free mercies and perfect freedom of the new covenant, wherein the bride of Christ doth stand.

The second great deep is that of the freedom of the saints by virtue of their union to the LORD JESUS CHRIST. There is,—

I. *The Freedom of Friendship.* Man, by nature, is full of enmity against the pure Gospel of CHRIST. He does not acknowledge his enmity to be against the Gospel; he manifests his anger against the preachers who preach it, and the people who profess it. He calls them Antinomians, and hypocrites, and says of them many bad things. It is quite true that the ministers of JESUS CHRIST, or at least some of them, and the beloved saints of God, do give eagle-eyed opponents some dust to eat in this way; but the freedom of the true believer is in JESUS only, and not at all in his fallen nature. The man of God, and the real partaker of grace, is delivered from enmity against the Gospel of the grace of God. He is friendly toward it. He can, by faith, enter into it, and, sometimes, he doth rejoice in it. The scales have fallen from his eyes, the veil is taken from his heart, and holy love to God's holy truth gives him a freedom to range up and down among the valleys and the hills of grace's glorious mysteries. Oh! when first this Gospel was to me revealed, and when all its gates were wide open flung, how delightfully did my soul fly up and down, and bathe in the beauties of a full and finished salvation! I was in heart a real friend to the Gospel, and felt free to enjoy it, and to proclaim it to others. I studied it night and day; I wrote, and ran, and talked, and sang, and truly glad was I; but in preaching it, at first, I had terrible tremblings and fears. These were removed, and my freedom in the Gospel has been manifest in many places, and for many years. Alas! that I must add, the battle has been against me.

There is the *freedom of relationship.* The Spirit of adoption shot into the heart of Thomas when the Saviour shewed him His lauds and His side; and that prophesy is

verified in many of the very highly-favoured of the Lord, when to them He says, "*Thou shalt call me, MY FATHER; and thou shalt not turn away from me.*" Then is Paul's word powerfully realized, "Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." There is the freedom of the day of espousals, when the soul is married to the LORD; and faith to that soul declares, "All things are your's; for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." This perfect love casteth out fear, and a freedom in the covenant of grace is enjoyed, which neither head nor tongue of mortals can declare. I have read, and may give here a singular but appropriate line or two from Mr. James Wells's sermon, entitled, "*The Vision of Life.*" Speaking of the believer's freedom in Christ, he says, among many things, "It is all yours already. Why, you may look all around heaven, and say, That mansion is mine, and that field is mine; that mountain is mine, that valley is mine, that throne is mine; the Holy Spirit is mine, and Christ is mine, and God is mine, and that brother is my brother, and that brother is my brother, and that brother is my brother; heaven is mine, it is all mine. You cannot covet, you have got everything. Now to keep the law of faith, then, is to lay hold of Christ; He is the honourable end of the law; He is the end of the law, not to the spoliation of the law, not having taken away the majesty of the law; He is the end of the law for righteousness; the law is magnified, and the people stand free to all eternity. Thus, then, if you would stand square with God's law, it must be by faith in Christ Jesus the Lord." This freedom is a great deep, and only as we are baptized into CHRIST can we know anything really of it in our own souls.

The third deep is the conflict of the soul between the two,—the bondage of the law, and the freedom of the Gospel. How the soul is tossed to and fro between these is a mystery indeed. But it is so varied, and of degrees so different, I cannot venture on a field which hath so many paths—so many changing scenes—so many sorrows, and, in some cases, joys so very few.

II. Come and look at the CHARACTER OF THE "MANY THAT WERE WITH DAVID." They were "the sons of Reuben, and the Gadites, and half the tribe of Manasseh, of valiant men, able to bear buckler and sword, and to shoot with bow, and skilful in war, four-and-forty thousand, seven hundred and threescore, that went out to the war." Well might David say, "There were many with me." But, although many, their number was precisely known: a fine, noble, tremendous army it must have been!

There is an allegory in this history.

David's army typifies the good soldiers of JESUS CHRIST, and by analyzing a little, we shall find much real Gospel hidden in these historic lines,

"The sons of Reuben" were figurative characters of many who have been, and who still are, in the visible church of JESUS CHRIST. Reuben, in his name, has the essential germ of salvation; he has "the vision of the son;" he "sees a son;" it would indicate faith in the Son of God. And, indeed, if ever any tribe needed to see, and to seek for, and to find salvation in another, that tribe is Reuben; for Jacob, his father, pronounced a dreadful sentence over him. "Reuben, thou art my first-born; my might, and the beginning of my strength, the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power." What a splendid array of natural endowments! Did this represent the church in her new covenant standing, before she fell? Did this represent Adam in his first estate as God made him? Or doth this merely show how excellent and mighty, how powerful and noble a man may be in nature, and yet be altogether destitute of the saving grace of God? I decide not. Jacob adds, "*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.*" By Reuben's fall, he lost the birthright, the priesthood, and the kingdom; and, in Adam's fall, we have all lost all *right* to God's favour—all *qualification* for His service, and all possession of His kingdom. And, consequently, when Moses commanded the Levites to stand upon Mount Ebal to curse, Reuben was the first-named among them. And yet before Moses died, as the great prophet of the Lord, he blessed the children of Israel, and among them was Reuben named, and that, too, in a most emphatic manner. He said, "*Let Reuben LIVE, and not DIE; and let not his men be few.*"

This is the Gospel by Moses; as though he said, Although Reuben has forfeited all right to my blessing; although according to, and under, the old covenant he is cursed, *yet*, being of the tribes of Israel—having repentance and pardon granted unto him—having faith in the sacrifice made for sin in the person of another, I pronounce this blessing on him. "*Let*"—what a significant word is that! "Let Reuben live, and not die; and let not his men be few."

Before I pass on to the Gadites, and the half-tribe of Manasseh, I would desire to examine this character of Reuben, and his estate before God, more minutely, and dissect a little the three branches of Moses's blessing. "Let Reuben live,"—this is the first very significant note: "*and not die,*"—that is the second: "and let not his men be few,"—there is the third. But we pause

here for the present; for "the deep which coucheth beneath" is deep indeed.

Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate, his providence adore:
'Tis done! arise! he bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

ON SUNDAY TRAVELLING.

By MR. JOHN FOREMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."
DEAR SIR.—Having been much troubled relative to Sunday travelling for the purpose of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I wrote to our venerable brother, Mr. John Foreman, requesting him to favor me with a few lines expressive of his opinion on this point. He did so, and knowing that there are many who are troubled in like manner to myself, I have sent you his excellent reply for insertion in "THE EARTHEN VESSEL," feeling assured it will be read with pleasure by many young servants of the Lord.—Yours in the faith of God's elect,
39, St. Martin's lane, CRESSWICK NICHOLS.

DEAR FRIEND,—I was in Suffolk all last week, preaching in four different places, and did not return till Saturday, and after to-day I am out for this week, and therefore hasten to give you a brief reply to your enquiry.

The moment I read your letter, the words struck on my mind with great power, "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days?" Mark iii. 4, Luke vi. 9. Our Lord's meaning in those words is, that it is lawful, in opposition to the notions of the Scribes and Pharisees. Now preaching the Gospel of the grace of God is doing good, and therefore it is lawful to use the necessary means to get to the places where doors are opened for the preaching of the Gospel. However wicked Sunday traffic with the motive of getting money thereby, your availing yourself of those means with the motive of preaching the Gospel, is lawful; your motive does not justify them, nor does their motive condemn you.

If Sunday travelling to preach the Gospel was sinfully disallowable, and for that reason to be abandoned, there are very many places that would not have the Gospel at all, and many would have to stand silent, who now, through travelling by such means as they can obtain, preach the word of life with much godly profit to many little twos and threes of God's ransomed family. And be it remembered that the Lord we serve in the Gospel is Lord even of the Sabbath day.

The above will suffice to shew you my opinion, and perhaps to relieve your mind. And as I am in great haste to get about other work, my hands being full, I must beg you to excuse me from saying more.

Dear friend, yours in the grace of Christ
J. FOREMAN.

Paddington green, N., July 25, 1864.

THE SAINT'S SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE.

DEAR BROTHER,—The following are a few reflections at the close of a Lord's-day spent in this priest-ridden country.

Well knowing that I should be quite without the means of grace, my soul had been drawn out to the Lord that He would grant me His own dear presence as the sum and substance of all means, and before leaving my room in the morning, my mind had found a sweet field for meditation from Psalm cxxii. 1, 5. Having found a quiet walk, I think I may say that I spent a Sabbath morning in meditation upon the above portion. When about two o'clock in the afternoon, I heard sounds of approaching music, and soon saw the commencement of a soldier's funeral procession. At a respectful distance I followed it into the burial ground, and saw the whole ceremony. The music was played, the candles burned, the consecrated water sprinkled, the incense lit up, the prayers read, and the responses uttered by the surrounding crowd of Bohemians in their own tongue. The coffin lowered, the band marched out, playing strains as lively as they had been solemn, and all was over—at least, with the crowd, not so with me—my mind took a different turn. I returned to my hotel about four in the afternoon a wiser and more quiet man.

My first train of thoughts turned to the state of the country; wherever I turn there is the foot-print of the beast. This town has about one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, eleven thousand of which are Jews. It contains sixty-three churches, of which sixty are Roman Catholic, two German Protestant, one Bohemian Protestant: but these three Churches are not all open on the Lord's-day; they take it in turns. And is this the only result which Huss has for his labour in the Gospel? Does this poverty of the truth arise from the Gospel not being sufficiently powerful to accomplish its legitimate object, even the salvation of souls? No! we bless the Lord we can say, we know we have not followed cunningly devised fables, for it is still, and ever shall be, the power of God unto salvation. We are rather disposed to think that God vindicates his own honour by this display at times of retributive justice; and where the Gospel has been exterminated with fire and sword, there He also withdraws the enlightening influences of the Spirit according to Prov. i. 24 to 32. And from this cause we believe may be traced the revolutions and desolating wars which have at times dismembered the whole of Europe. In making these remarks I do not wish any to go away, and believe

that there is such a thing as God being disappointed as to the number to whom the Gospel shall prove the power of God unto salvation; for there is no more certain truth than this, that the foundation of God standeth sure, and that His counsel shall stand. But most certainly do I believe that there is such a thing as national repentance and a national reception of God's truth, as taught in the Word of the truth of the Gospel, which consists in the approving of things which are excellent, and very frequently brings down God's blessings in temporals, but does not take us one inch towards heaven. Evangelical repentance is evidenced by the reception of the truth as a broken-hearted guilty sinner, deserving nothing but hell, but still crying for mercy by and through Jesus Christ, which repentance is shed abroad by the Holy Ghost, being one of the spiritual gifts placed in the Saviour's hands, upon the completion of His mediatorial work, of which things the Holy Spirit takes and shews them to, and in the heart of every sensible sinner, through which it is made evident that the Gospel is for the accomplishment of God's purpose. The Spirit is proved faithful, Jesus' sacrifice is made manifest as perfect to the removing of sin, and the satisfying of Divine justice; and the Father's will is accomplished, even in the salvation of a number which no man can number, but known to Himself before time, and ordained unto good works before ever they had an existence. See Psalm cxxxix. 16; Ephesians i. 3—10.

Now, my dear reader, hast thou the inward witness that the truth has been thus received in thy heart? Then thou hast indeed a sure and certain hope, called a good hope through grace, and mayest with the fullest confidence go on in thy journey, believing that thou shalt never be left to embrace any soul-destroying, Christ-separating, heaven-loosing doctrines and practices—such as we have seen to-day at the soldier's grave; for the same Spirit which broke your heart, and made you sensible of your needs, abideth in you, and is the truth and no lie. Hence, you may follow me to my—

II. Second idea upon the saint's sure and certain hope, which is, first, that the day of one's death is better than the day of one's birth (Eccles. vii. 1).

We would never speak lightly of death: it is the most painful event to human nature; we have still unhealed wounds which at times break out again in streams of sorrow over dear departed ones whom death has taken from us for a season. The ties of

nature are very strong, and many of the Lord's dear children are kept in bondage through these things: wife, children, husband, parents, friends; all these things tend to tie us down to earth. Again, death is very revolting to human nature; the clay-cold corpse, the helpless, lifeless mass of fast corrupting matter, the dark, worm-tenanted grave, are all things from which nature turns and shudders.

And further, death is a very solemn thing. We have stood at the bed-side of dying saints, and watched, and waited till the last sigh has separated soul from body; and in our office as the minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, have had to visit sinners in dying circumstances, who, to all human appearances, were going down to the grave with a lie in their right hand.

"Oh, yes, sir," said a poor, wretched old woman, whose whole life had been spent in the most filthy profanity; "Oh, yes, sir, I have *always* known I have been a sinner."

Poor deluded thing to be trusting in such a knowledge, when unaccompanied with a turning from sin. In such cases truly death is awfully solemn! But though death is all this, and more than any human mind can conceive, if thou hast the repentance spoken of in the first part thou mayest then say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Again, the saint may die in the sure and certain hope that he will need no prayers to assist him into heaven; no consecrated water; no man-made incense; no funeral poms. The only meetness for heaven is to be found in the Spirit's work; the only garments which can be worn there a Saviour's righteousness; and the only key to open heaven's gate, a Saviour's blood; He has done it, and did it all and well—and now stands to welcome his dear ones home. Oh! my reader, you may sing indeed, "For me to die is gain," for it will be absent from the body, and present with the Lord.

But this hope is a very comprehensive one, and embraces body as well as soul. It is true that what is cherished now, will become revolting, and shall worms become my masters. How little we remember as the crawling insect is crushed beneath our feet, that we ourselves shall become subject to its power; nay, more, that the animal juices of my body shall be taken up in other forms of animated matter, but with this blessed hope we rise superior to everything; and while the sceptic is wrecked on the sandbank of his own finite powers, we say with good Job, "Though after my skin worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God;" for "this corruptible shall put on incorruption; this mortal, immortality: then shall be

brought to pass the saying, Death is swallowed up in victory."

Lastly, this sure hope is a wound-healing hope. Hast thou got it, soul? And hast thou lost those who through grace possessed it? Put this healing plaster on the wound. They are not lost! Wife, thou shalt again see thy husband; parent, again meet thy child; sisters meet brothers, and brothers, sisters; pastors their people, and teachers their scholars, to whom God has made them useful—meet them as glorified saints who have been dear to us here, but whose company shall be far dearer there. Sometimes we wish them back to sing with us, and talk with us; but there we shall talk with them, and for ever sing with them, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God: to Him be glory for ever." Amen.

Yours in the Gospel of Christ,

W. H. EVANS.

Prague,
June 5th, 1864.

L I N E S

Written after hearing a Sermon preached by

MR. J. S. ANDERSON,

*At Zion Chapel, New Cross Road, Deptford, on
Sunday, Aug. 7, 1864.*

"Restore unto me the joys of Thy salvation."—
Psalm li.

The joys of Thy salvation to us, O Lord, restore,
May we behold Thy glories, as we have oft before;
Oh! speak the word, and free us from Satan's
hateful chain,

Make us to feel the liberty of spirit once again.

Teach us to know the fulness of Thy salvation's
joy;

Then in glad songs of praises, shall we our
tongues employ—

To Thee, O blessed Jesus, who sits on heaven's
high throne,

For all Thy love and mercy to us poor sinners
shewn.

We long to feel Thy presence, Thy smiling face
to see,

For when, Thou, Lord, art near us, we've peace
and liberty;

Then sin dares not assail us, and Satan stinks
away;

Oh! that, Lord, ever with us Thou would'st be
pleased to stay.

But, no! t'would be like heaven, if Thou wert
always near,

And Thou hast said our portion while we are
journeying here,

Must e'en be care, and sorrow, our hearts from
earth to draw,

Till our redeemed spirits shall rise and heav'nward
soar.

Then when we shall behold Thee, and in Thy
glories share,

Our joys will be unbounded, without a shade of
care;

No trials there surround us, no enemy oppress,
For Thou, Lord, wilt be with us, our God and
righteousness.

Zion Chapel Sunday School, T. G. C. A.
Deptford.

THE GREAT SEARCH:

THE CONDITION OF THE SEARCHERS; THEIR OBJECT AND DESIRE.

BY DIDYMUS, OF MANCHESTER.

"With my whole heart have I sought Thee: O let me not wander from Thy Commandments."—Psalm cxix. 10.

How endearing to the souls of God's children are the breathings out of the desires and confessions of the tempted and tried ones, whose hallowed names appear on the page of inspiration.

The great and glorious Head of grace has well provided for His people's necessities. In His own blessed book He points out to us the way in which He led His people through "fire and water" to the city of habitation. From their own lips and hearts He counsels, encourages, and comforts us.

In the psalm before us we see exhibited the sunny and shady sides of a gracious experience. At one time the Psalmist's heart rejoices in the realization of Jehovah's presence and favour; at another it melteth for heaviness, and longs for the quickening and strengthening influence of His word.

The psalm opens with a description of the standing of the church before God in Christ. At the second verse he states that every individual believer "seeks Him with the whole heart." What an easy matter is it for preachers and teachers to prate away concerning what the Scriptures say about the state of the believer. How easy is it for letter preachers to describe to a nicety, how the sinner should approach God. As we pass on through the world, we may hear the silvery eloquence of gifted, but graceless preachers, telling out what God has done for the world or for the church, but never a word about what He has done for *their* souls.

How differently does the Psalmist appear in this 10th verse. Has he before stated in the 2nd verse that the "blessed seek Him with the whole heart?" Here he gives unmistakable evidence, that he, himself, is of the number whose state he was so particular in describing at the onset. "Blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, in Christ, according as the Father has chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world," we, now in time, are caused by the Father to approach unto Him, Psalm lxxv. 4, "and seek Him with the whole heart."

Notice first the object of the search: the Lord. Secondly, *the state and condition of the souls engaged in it.* Thirdly, *the nature of the search.*

I. God as he is revealed in the word of truth, and from it to the souls of the searchers, is THE OBJECT, AIM, AND DESIRE OF HIS PEOPLE'S HEART. How sweet and

how precious is Jehovah in His Trinity of persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to the soul which finds him. Sovereign, but full of love. Independent, but kind, pitiful, and forgiving. Just, but affectionate, and condescending. With a heart overflowing with tenderness, he devised the scheme for the salvation of a countless multitude of guilty, undeserving, and hell-deserving wretches. How unspeakably glorious does He appear in the person, and work of the Son of His love. It is here, in the discovery of Christ's suitability and adaptability to the weary, searching, sinner's need and necessity, that the enmity of nature is subdued, and he is made a willing and hearty recipient of sovereign mercy, through the grace and power of God, the ever-blessed, and eternal Spirit: the everlasting and immutable goodness of Jehovah is made to pass before the soul. The Father, in His love and affection; the Son, in His condescension and sympathy; the Holy Ghost, in grace and power; are eagerly sought after, and that with the whole heart of him who is the subject of the Spirit's sin-subduing, Christ-exalting work.

II. We now come to enquire what is THE STATE AND CONDITION OF THOSE WHO THUS SEEK HIM WITH THEIR WHOLE HEART? No man by nature can do this. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"—Jeremiah xvii. 9. "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart, is only evil continually." Genesis vi. 5. A host of other scriptures might be quoted to prove this terrible fact, but these are sufficient. Man, universal man, by nature has the whole bent of his affections estranged from God, "alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them—because of the blindness of their hearts." Ephesians iv. 18. The whole course and conduct of the ungenerate is earthly, sensual, devilish.

Here then is ample scope for the Spirit's work of grace and power. "He shall convince of sin." Believer! Convinced sinner! How dost thou bear up under this searching and distressing business? The law in its holiness, justice, perfection, and condemning power, brought to bear upon thy crooked and perverse heart, causes thee to tremble. With thy heart overwhelmed with a sense of God's wrath and indignation, and thy own vileness and baseness, the cry for mercy, help, and deliverance, goes forth

to the very heavens. The workings and evidences of the new heart, God's gift, are now seen and experienced. God has bestowed the "one heart," and the "one way." Now earth with all its fancied and short-lived pleasures has lost its charms; nothing but the revelation of Christ in His preciousness, and soul-ravishing charms, can satisfy thee. With the commencement of God's work in the soul, its conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil begins. The world allures, the flesh bows down the soul, and Satan with his bellish darts assaults the child of grace.

The Scriptures represent the believer in Jesus, in all the phases and features of his earthly pilgrimage.

Job, under trying dispensations, seeks God: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to his seat!" "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him. But he knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Job xxiii. 3, 8, 9, 10.

Here we have a soul assaulted by the devil, tormented by his friends, and harassed by the flesh, seeking comfort of the Lord. No assault of Satan, no infirmity of the flesh, no allurements from beneath, hindered Job from arriving at the sunny spot of Divine acceptance.

"With my soul have I desired thee in the night," says the church by Isaiah. In the night of affliction, desertion, and sorrow, the soul seeks. With what importunity is the church represented in the act of seeking him whom her soul loves, in Solomon's Song, Chap. iii. "By night on my bed," &c. Here is the soul deserted. It seeks: but where? Where he is not to be found. How often do we go into the murky streets of human ingenuity, and communicate our wants to those who are but legalists at heart, and who can never assist us. How often do we seek for that in God's ministers which can only be found in himself. It was when the church had passed away from the watchmen that she found him whom her soul loved. How blessed is the position of the believing soul when it rests in undisturbed security on the loving bosom of an affectionate Saviour.

III. THE NATURE OF THE SEARCH. It is with the whole heart. The search for God by the convinced, afflicted, or deserted soul, is no half-hearted work. Nothing in heaven or earth can satisfy the soul in such a state but Christ himself, a blessed and precious interest in His blood, love, and righteousness. Oh what importunity! Give me Christ, or I die! Poor anxious sinner, as assuredly as

thy cry goes forth in humble faith, and hope, and love, so assuredly shall thy cry be answered. Christ shall be given thee, and thou shalt receive him in thy heart's best affections, and the gift shall be thy death. "Dead to the law by the body of Christ." "*A sight of Christ kills the soul to the world.*"

What determination of purpose, "My soul followeth hard after thee." The Spirit strives within mightily. Hell and destruction behind; sin and death reigning here. Honour, glory, immortality, eternal life with Christ. Blessed Jesus, how the souls of thy saints anxiously seek for that time when in body and soul they shall be like thee, because they shall see thee as thou art.

"With my whole heart have I sought thee." Yes, dear Lord, oftentimes I have sought thee, at the mercy seat, in Thy word, and in Thy house; in solitude and in the company of the people; the silent watches of night, and at noon-day, and oftentimes has thy gracious presence gladdened my heart, raising my drooping affections, and setting them on things above where thou sittest at the right hand of the Father. May Thy presence cheer me to my journey's end, keeping me in sweet communion with thine own dear self and thy believing people.

Many a poor and afflicted disciple with his heart melting for heaviness, has written bitter things against himself in reading some parts of this psalm.

Have I sought Him as I ought? No, indeed, you have not; and a poor sign it would be if you could compliment yourself in having done so. Snares, besetments, trials, and sorrows attend the steps of Zion's pilgrim, and too often his heart wanders from the spring-head of grace, and becomes entangled in the brambles and thickets of the wilderness. The Psalmist knew this well, hence the prayer, "O let me not wander from thy commandments." Let my faith ever rest in Jesus, and my love always abound to thy saints.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Mark this. It is not, "I have always sought Thee with my whole heart," or "I am always seeking Thee so." Oh, no! A sense of failure day by day; a daily remembrance of the infirmities of our nature will send us to the throne, to seek for succour and sympathy from One "who can reasonably bear with the ignorant, and them that are out of the way."

MY WAY FROM THE PLOUGH-TAIL TO THE PULPIT.

By A LONDON BAPTIST PASTOR.

No. 4.

LESSONS BY THE WAY.

We gain by giving. This is a universal law. The vegetable kingdom gives back to the earth what was drawn from it; the decayed leaves, stalks, and weeds enrich the soil to produce a fresh supply. The well-tilled ground repays the labour of the husbandman by a plentiful crop. As in the physical world, so in the mental, moral, and religious. We cannot violate the Divine order of things with impunity. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." I have been reaping for some time the advantages of studying for the ministry amongst the poor. Many a lesson of unspeakable worth was learned in their miserable domiciles. It is no small mercy if we can say with truth as did the apostle to the Gentiles, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am to be content." Mark, not "therewith to be content," as the italics make it read. Paul's was not the stupid contentment that would drudge on without seeking to better his state; but a calm submission to the Divine allotments of Providence. Godliness, with this contentment, is indeed great gain; and the daily visitation of those who are a thousand times worse off than ourselves will greatly promote it. We are too apt to forget that our temporal mercies are all the gifts of Him who openeth His hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.

Such cases as the following are pregnant with instruction. I have often had patience and thankfulness awakened by reflection upon them, and have been helped to say more cheerfully, "*Thy will be done.*" W— T— lived at No. 1, — street; his home was a miserable, dark, and damp cellar, dignified with the name of front kitchen. It was entered by means of a ladder in the area, and contained a table, a cobbler's stool, three chairs with broken backs, a "stump" bed, and a "patent" mangle. My friend was a shoemaker by trade; but being near-sighted, and having a long nose, he was not able to follow his business. Perhaps the reader may ask what his olfactory member had to do with his trade. It hung in the way; he had to hold the boot so near his face in order to see, that when shaving the edges of the sole, he often slit the end of his proboscis, besides frequently cutting the "uppers." So he had to abandon shoemaking, and live by other means. The produce of the mangle was the chief support of the hus-

band, wife, and two children. Many a morning they rose without money, food, or credit, and had to wait breakfast "till something came in." Threepence often procured a meal for four, and sometimes that was the only meal during the day. He would say on such occasions, "We have had a hard pinch, sir; but a bit o' mangling came in, and we yarned threepence, so I have got twopen'orth o' bread, three farthing's worth o' tea, and a farthing's worth o' sugar, and we're just going to have it." Then he would give God thanks with tears of gratitude for the scanty supply, and ask a blessing with it with an earnestness that has brought many a tear to my eye. He would say, "You see, sir, the Lord is good; He has fulfilled the promise, 'Bread shall be given,' bless His dear name." That used to send me off to Portland-place or Harley-street, to lay his case before Sir W— B—, or the Earl of W—, or the Hon. Mrs. K—, and to their honour be it spoken, I never went in vain. And having witnessed the poverty, first, it saved me from discontent and envy of the wealth of the rich. Reader, visit such cases, and it will soften thy hard pillow and sweeten thy dry crust, if such be thy lot, and withal it may convince thee that there is a grand reality and power in grace.

Mrs. H— lived in a cellar in O— Mews. On my first visit, she had a party of friends, — two neighbouring "costers" and their wives. "We have just had a drop of gin, and could drink some more; will you drink with us?" "No, thank you." "Will you stand half-a-pint?" "No." "Well, what are you—a parson or an undertaker?" "Neither." "What then?" "A friend who wishes you well; here's a little book, and I will call again when you are sober, and talk to you about your souls." "Ha! ha! ha! he's a parson after all; we don't want your religion, master." Mrs. H— staggered across the room, took the tract, saying, "I'll read it when I'm sober, sir, and do you call, it may do me good; you're right and we are wrong." "Ha! ha! ha! she is going to turn Methodist— what next!" This woman was the daughter of a Baptist minister; had been well educated, and religiously and tenderly brought up; but married a "fast" young man, contrary to the wish of her parents. He took to drink, ill used, and then left her to live with another woman. She followed

the bad example, and became an habitual drunkard, and was now living with a man who begged about the West End under the guise of selling boot laces. My visits were blessed; she became a teetotaler, got some decent clothes, and regularly attended my meetings, and went by the name of the "saint" among the "costers" in the mews. Soon after our acquaintance, her cruel husband died, which she said was a blessing she owed entirely to my prayers. But I certainly never prayed for the man to die; anyhow, the event opened the way for her to be lawfully married to the man with whom she lived, which took place at All Soul's Church by the rector, now a bishop, who kindly consented to forego his fee, and my wife found the ring.

In this and many other cases I was furnished with a beacon of warning to the young. Here was a sad proof that "the way of transgressors is hard." My dear young reader, if thou hadst seen the scalding tears this woman shed at the remembrance of her once happy home, thou wouldst take warning, and be careful how associations are formed and affections placed. And yet the vilest sinner who feels the wickedness and folly of sin may take courage. What grace did for her it can do for any.

It is a mercy to feel fully persuaded that a kind Providence is working all things together for good to them that love God, and this we may trace not only in our own history, but in the case of others. Mrs. T— was a widow with three little children, whose husband I visited almost daily during his last illness, and was not without hope that he sought and found mercy through the blood of Christ. The funeral and the "mourning" swallowed up the little all, and not many days after, the widow sat solitary and sad in her humbly-furnished "two pair back," without money, food, or friend that she knew to help her. As she looked at her little ones, and thought of the "Union," the big tears

rolled down her grief-stricken face. She concealed her feelings as best she could from the children, and in the midst of her grief went off into a kind of day dream, from which she was startled by two gentle rings at her bell, which indicated a visitor to the second floor. On opening the door, there stood a most wretched-looking specimen of humanity with matches for sale. "No, my good man, no; I wish you had not brought me down two pair of stairs for nothing." He urged the plea, and kept her some moments at the door, when, at length, she replied to his entreaties, "My good man, if a halfpenny would save you, I really have not one; neither have I a mouthful to eat in the house for myself and children." The beggar walked away, and the widow returned to her miserable domicile; but a respectable servant maid heard her remark on passing the door. "Dear me," she said to herself, "not a halfpenny, not a mouthful of food, and a widow too. When I get home I'll tell missus." In less than an hour she returned with bread, "broken meat," &c., a basketful. "Another beggar," said Mrs. T—. "Jim, you go; I cannot drag up and down these stairs." "Mother, here's a lady," cried Jim. "I heard you tell the beggar, ma'am, that you had no money nor food, and told missus, and she's sent you this," handing her the basket. Mrs. T— stood for a while amazed, but, at length, all was explained, and on my leaving that district, a visit was paid daily by the widow to "the kind lady in Berners Street."

Reader, these are facts,—naked facts. Never shall I forget the brightness of Mrs. T—'s face as she related the simple but important story. And how the circumstance has helped me to trust God and also to preach, you may suppose. Yes, our God is the widow's God: the God of the poor. Believer, He telleth all thy wanderings, and putteth thy tears into His bottle. Blessed are all they that trust in Him. GIDEON.

Death of Mr. Tiptaft.

We have received the announcement that the soul of this good man left this world on the 17th of August, 1864, after a long affliction. Further particulars we shall give if they reach us before our sheet is printed off.

Mr. Tiptaft's ministry was peculiarly simple, experimental, and truthful. It was more from the heart than from the head; it was more from God than from man. It was a blessing to many.

A long and chequered life has William

Tiptaft's been. First, in the Church—then with that section of the Baptist body, wherein stood in great honour those blessed men, William Gadsby, John Warburton, Mackenzie, and many others—commonly called "the Standard party"—at whose head now stands Mr. Philpot, and for literary powers it may be said, he almost stands alone; but for a real, deep-taught, and savoury ministry, the greatly-beloved JOHN KERSHAW, and a host beside, are still given to

that section of our Gospel Zion—a section wherein we conscientiously believe there has been a large amount of the power and presence of the HOLY SPIRIT'S saving influence. We most sincerely esteem many of these God-sent, humble, and honest ministers of what may be termed the *fruits* (more than the *FACTS*) of the Gospel of the grace of God. From the earliest days of our profession of the truth, we have most sacredly sympathized with all those blessed men who, in their measure, have followed William Huntington's Scriptural and experimental ministerial course, only they have added to it the practical observance of the baptism of believers by immersion; and herein the blessing of a TRUE GOD has rested upon their labours; they have been instrumental in planting many Churches in all parts of this kingdom; and although they are instructed most rigidly to exclude us—and all connected with us—still we carry no enmity nor anger in our breasts toward them. We pray that our heavenly FATHER would give them very truly, very powerfully, and very practically to adopt and to carry out in ministerial and in all Christian conversation, the experience and language of good Hezekiah, simply transposing the words, and exclaiming, "Behold, for great bitterness," towards others of God's saints, "we have now peace" and good-will, for "Thou," the Lord God, "hast delivered our souls from the pit of corruption; Thou hast cast all our sins behind Thy back." Oh! that that happy day might come, when all the truly baptized saints of God—when all the truly anointed servants of God might unite in the bonds of sacred truth; and unite to strengthen each others hands!

Painful beyond all description is the thought that but very few of our own dear brethren can together meet—in harmony, in charity, in purity of motive, and in apostolic manner, bidding each other God-speed in their most holy work.

Brethren, beside all the beautiful words the Saviour spake of LOVE—do read the following from Hugh Binning, an old Scotch divine. He says:—

"The love of God is the fulfilling of the law, for it is a living law—the law written on the heart; it is the law of a spirit of life within—*quis legem del amantibus?* *Major eec amor sibi ipsi est.* You almost need not prescribe any rules, or set over the head of love the authority and power of a command for it is a greater law to itself; it has within its own bosom as deep an engagement and obligation to anything that may please God as you can put upon it; for it is in itself the very engagement and bond of the seal to Him. This it is indeed which will do Him service; and that is the service which He likes. It is

that only serves Him constantly and pleasantly; and constantly it cannot serve Him which doth it not pleasantly, for it is delight only that makes it constant. Violent motions may be swift, but not durable: they last not long. Fear and terror is a kind of external impulse, that may drive a soul swiftly to some duty; but because that is not one with the soul, it cannot endure long—it is not good company to the soul. But love, making a duty pleasant, becomes one with the soul; it incorporates with it, and becomes like its nature to it, that though it may not move so swiftly, yet it moves more constantly. And what is love but the very motion of the soul to God? And so, till it have attained that to be in Him, it can find no place of rest. Now this is the only service He is pleased with which comes from love, because He sees His own image in it; for love in us is nothing else but the impression and stamp that God's love to us makes on the heart; 'tis the very reflection of that sweet, warm beam. So then, when His love reflects back unto Himself, carrying our heart and duty with it, He knoweth His own superscription, He loves His own image in such a duty: "He that loveth me, and continueth in my love, I will love him, and I and my Father will come and make our abode with him." Here, now, is an evidence that He likes it: for He must needs like that place He chooses to dwell in; He who hath such a glorious mansion and palace above, He must needs love that soul dearly that He will prefer it to His high and holy place."

As death comes in so frequently taking our brethren home, do let us consider our ways, do let us "consider one another to love, and to provoke one another to works which are good."

No more, then, shall the Church at Abingdon see their affectionate pastor's face in the flesh; no more shall his voice be heard in Gower street, nor in Zoar, nor in the hundreds of the hamlets where William Tiptaft loved to meet the seeking saints of God. His warnings, and his words of consolation are all delivered; and now to give an account of his stewardship he goes in before the Great High Priest Himself.

The mortal remains of Mr. Tiptaft were laid in the grave at Abingdon, on Sunday, August 21st, 1864, Mr. Gorton and others taking part in the service. It is five and thirty years since Mr. Tiptaft preached that sermon in the great Parish Church of Abingdon (on the evening of Christmas day, 1829) by the appointment of the Masters and Governors of Christ Hospital, and which caused great excitement; and opened

up the way for his leaving the Church altogether. Mr. Tiptaft was then Vicar of Sutton Courtney, in Berkshire. We believe Mr. Richard Randall, the Baptist minister in that village, was instrumental in opening the vicar's eyes to see the truth; and a more firm adherent to Gospel truth the Christian Church could not have had. We have Mr. Tiptaft's sermon, and his Letters to the Bishop of Salisbury; but our memoir of the good man must come another day, in which some notice of these letters may appear. For nearly forty years William Tiptaft preached THE WORD, contended for, and endeavoured to define a vital experience of CHRIST in the heart; and while preaching free-grace doctrines, his character and conversation proved him to be a man whose faith was genuine, and whose fellowship was with God.

We subjoin the following note:—

“DEAR BROTHER,—I know nothing particular of Mr. Tiptaft's last sayings, but this much I have spoken in public, that salvation is of grace; therefore Mr. Tiptaft is now amongst those who die in the Lord, and are blessed for ever. If salvation had been of works, neither Tiptaft nor me could be saved. When Mr. Tiptaft first came to Sutton Courtney, he came full of blind zeal for Church forms, infant sprinkling, confirmation, and the sacrament. Thus, the people were to make themselves good, and to be saved for their goodness, by Christ making up what was lacking;—but the God of all grace stopped Mr. Tiptaft in this mad work, and shewed him that he himself was such a sinner that he could do no good work; therefore could not be saved by, or for, his works: from this time to the end Mr. Tiptaft has been a firm believer in the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus; manifested according to God's eternal purpose; thus Mr. Tiptaft was a lover of Jesus, and a lover of those around him, whom he thought the Lord had loved. Mr. Tiptaft gave all his means to help the Lord's poor and needy ones; thus we have a proof that his heart was not set upon the things of this world; but in this good work, like other good men, he was much imposed upon. In Mr. Tiptaft, and in his public administration, although firm in the doctrines of grace, there was too much cavil, too much finding fault with everybody, but the party he stood in connexion with; if that censorious spirit had been more mortified, and he had had more real fellowship with others, than just his own few, he would have been a much more able minister of Christ Jesus: but now he is absent from this vile body, and praising with the Lord JESUS: he is now free from all imperfection. May it be our mercy to be faithful unto death, that we may finally wear the crown of life;

may we, seeing the imperfections of others, behold more of our own, and pray and fight against them,—Yours in the Lord JESUS,

R. RANDALL.”

“Sutton Courtney, August 22, 1864.

“Mr. Tiptaft was at Chapel on Lord's Day week; on Tuesday morning he was up and about house, and shaved himself; in the evening he was persuaded to go to bed. I believe he was very happy in mind, rejoicing in the Lord Jesus for some time. At last, his mental sufferings were great; he breathed his last about one o'clock on Wednesday morning, August 17th; he was buried last Lord's Day, (many spectators around,) in the new burial ground at Abingdon. Dear brother, it is the life of Christians I love; to live is Christ, to die is gain. It is not the last feeling or the last words. Just look at Matthew vii. 21.

THE LATE MR. HENRY WATMUFF.

We have received, in a posted letter, a deep black-bordered card, bearing the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
MR. HENRY WATMUFF,

Of Brighton,

Who died at Mortlake, in Surrey, July 18,
1864, aged 55 years.

“For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live
with Him.”

Mr. Henry Watmuff was one of the most sincere and devoted friends the churches of truth could possibly have. It was the joy of his heart “to do good, and to communicate:” and in these exercises of charity and of an earnest and practical contention for truth, it may be said, he spent the last five and twenty years of his life. He was one of the earliest friends this publication had in London, and the earlier volumes contain several papers from his pen. It may very confidently be said—Henry Watmuff lived the life, and died the death of the righteous; his end was perfect peace, and with his Lord his ransomed spirit now dwells for ever.

“Brother, thou art gone before,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.”

We attempt no memoir of the deceased; his brother, Mr. Stephen Watmuff, has favoured us with a note, from whence the following extract is given:—

DEAR SIR,—As my late dear brother, Henry Watmuff, had been a subscriber, I believe from the commencement, and until his death, of the EARTHEN VESSEL, his friend here, Mr. Steadman, the bookseller, supplying him with two or three copies of it, and also the CHEERING WORDS every month,

with some others also, I have thought a memoir of him in that publication, would be interesting to his many friends here, and in London, and neighbouring towns, where he has lived nearly 35 years, and during the last 12 years or more, he had been labouring as a humble ambassador among the poor churches of his dear Lord and master,—whom he so highly loved,—in this and the neighbouring counties. But I am unable to furnish anything that would be really edifying to that class of readers whom he loved and laboured amongst, viz., the poor of Christ's flock, among whom his memory will long be cherished. His labours were abundant. The manuscript portion of his works, unpublished, consisting as far as I have had time to examine them, of sermons, journals, essays, and other miscellaneous subjects, besides what he undertook for others to arrange, and assist in getting printed, are quite surprising. Many have been the instances, we have heard, of the blessing attending the reading of that excellent work of his, published about 25 years ago, called "Gideon," in two volumes. Indeed, he was really worn out in his Master's work. He left his home at six o'clock, a.m., Saturday, July 16th, preached at Richmond, Sunday morning the 17th, and died at Mortlake about half-past nine on Monday morning, the 18th, and was buried there. Nature was sinking rapidly when he was preaching that *last* affecting and solemn discourse from Revelations iii. 8, "For thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name;" words appropriate to himself. His death is much lamented here. In two of the neighbouring churches it was improved from that passage, "And Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him." The words in a measure express the character of the man. I enclose you a short tract, being the closing scenes in the life of a dear old saint of God, of over threescore years standing, which was the last work my brother assisted to get printed. The daughter, a poor but gracious woman, has a few of them in hand for sale at 2d each.

In a letter just to hand, from one who was with him all the remainder of the Sabbath day preceding his death, he said to him about three o'clock, "My work is finished." He also adds that he informed him that it was his intention to have spoken in the evening on the "Excellency of Christ," from the 17th chapter of John, I therefore, he says, read the chapter to him at his request. He said to me, "Oh, what an unspeakable mercy it is to feel an interest in that prayer, and to be kept from the evil of the world." From the 20th verse to the end he much enjoyed it, lifting up his hands as he lay on the bed with such

feelings of delight. I afterwards engaged in prayer, and both of us felt the presence of the Lord on that solemn occasion.

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,
STEPHEN WATMUFF.

22, Egremont Place, Brighton, August 11, 1864.

I HAVE OBTAINED THE VICTORY.

THE Lord in his good pleasure and wisdom has entered into one branch of my family, and take thence the youngest daughter in her fourteenth year. The narrative of her affliction and happy death will I think not only interest many of the acquaintance and family widely scattered through the country and *the world*, but for the readers of the useful and amazingly cheap little periodical in general.

Kate Carter was born at Upavon, Wilts, the youngest of a family of nine. She was of a quiet retiring disposition, and of a weakly body. Some time since she was sent to school at Devizes, placed under the care of Miss C—, she attended with her at the old Baptist meeting. A gracious God so ordered it for her benefit, as will appear. Miss C— has long discovered equal concern for the health and spiritual welfare of her youthful charge; and her kind and judicious conversation, when Kate was unwell and not very agreeable among her companions, was attended with a pleasing and marked change in her from that very time. Dr. Marsten, the minister of the meeting, is also a very successful homeopathic physician, and he was called in to visit her for her health. Happy those who, like our glorious and compassionate Redeemer, are able to minister both to the physical and spiritual wants and maladies of men.

Soon after leaving school at Christmas, Kate had a severe cough and cold, and she desired to have the advice of Dr. M—, who was therefore sent for. On examination her lungs were found very much affected, and soon issued in a very rapid consumption, and her decease on the 24th March, 1864, to the inexpressible grief of her parents and friends.

Anxious to elicit the state of her mind, the doctor asked her whether she had a good hope of going to be with Christ when she died. Her reply was simple and rather quaint:—

"No, but I hope I shall have a good hope."

On a subsequent visit he enquired whether she thought the Lord had given her a new heart, and pointed out the necessity of it. She said:—

"No! but I desire one, and I do hope the Lord will give it me."

On a third visit he asked her whether

she could say she loved the Saviour, when she replied:—

"Yes, I do, and I love my father and mother and sisters and brothers, and love them to be with me, but oh, I love my Saviour now more than them, and I long to go and dwell with Him."

"Why do you love Him?" said the doctor.

"Oh, because he has given me a new heart, and died for such sinners as I am. Oh how ignorant and evil I have been, but he died for sinners, and now I do love Him."

After this she told her parents she wished the doctor to come not to heal her body, but to speak of Jesus and to pray for her. On this occasion she said:—

"This sickness is not unto death," and when he reminded her that she could not live long, she said "No." There was a meaning to those words. Once she said:—

"Call my brother Henry. He reads his Bible, and he can tell the meaning. The rest of you cannot, you have not read your Bibles, but I hope you will," and then turning to her father, said, "You will read it, and if you understand it and love God, I shall have two fathers in heaven, my heavenly Father and earthly one too."

To hear and sing hymns and anticipate her decease was now her delight night and day. But the conflict was not over. Satan buffeted, doubts prevailed, and she was brought into deep exercise of soul.

"Oh my father and mother," she said, "I told you I should soon be with Jesus, and now I fear that I am to be lost, and shall not see his smiling face." Waking up in the morning, she said, "I have been to night between heaven and hell, but I have obtained the victory through the blood of the Lamb; my fears are gone, and I can sing again."

On the day of her decease she asked often whether it was 12 o'clock yet.

"Are my legs cold?" said she

"Yes."

"Then I know I am dying. Mother put your hand to my head: is it cold?"

So peacefully and joyfully she spoke of the person to lay her out; of her little books and her money, how to be given; entreated her parents, brothers, sisters, not to weep for her; said she, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," and so at a quarter-past twelve she slept in Jesus.

From a visit to her parents, Dr. Marston, and Miss Cook, I gathered up these particulars, and have related them as nearly as I can, in the hope that they prove cheering words and quickening words by the Holy Spirit's might to many, and that out of the mouths of others, young and thoughtless now, the Lord may ordain strength and perfect praise, and that this early death

may be not merely a sickness unto death, but that in the case of the *family left*, my numerous grand-children and many who read this painful yet pleasing story, for the glory of God, and that the Son of Man may be glorified thereby, as in John the eleventh chapter.

J. B. WALCOT.

Leighton, Beds., May 3, 1864.

ANOTHER YOUNG MINISTER SUDDENLY CALLED HOME.

[From the "Gospel Guide."]

Some few years since, there lived and laboured in the town of High Wycombe, a good minister by the name of Evans: truly a man of sorrows was he; these sorrows broke his heart, and home to glory, we believe, he was taken. He left a most affectionate and devoted widow and several children. The widow is a widow still; but in her every trial, God's promise has been true. Her "Husband," HE has been; and to her fatherless ones, the tender hand of Heaven has ever been extended. We believe the whole of them have joined the militant church, and are living witnesses that God is faithful and that he hears and answers prayer. STEPHEN EVANS, (a son of the once beloved but departed brother,) has for some few years laboured in the Gospel ministry at Prestwood Common and other places; but last Monday, August 1st, at two o'clock, he sailed through a stormy sea of deaths, deep agonizing pains; but, now, in Jest's holy palace his soul doth rest. Dear young man, he deeply loved His Saviour's blest employ, his whole heart and soul was set upon being useful. His broken-hearted widow says, "Knowing and appreciating the interest you took in my dear husband, Stephen Evans, I now feel it to be my mournful duty to convey to you the intelligence of his death. He departed this life yesterday (Monday afternoon,) about ten minutes past two, after a most distressing illness of brain fever. He was preaching at Prestwood last Sabbath fortnight; came home at night; took to his bed the next day, was insensible nearly one whole week, and never shall I forget, I think, the dreadful agonies in which he died. Oh, pray for me, that the dear Lord may bless this most severe bereavement. He was one of the most devoted and affectionate of husbands, in leading me to live in nearer and closer communion with Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. My heart is too full to say more."

M. A. EVANS.

4, Canal Side, High Wycombe, Bucks.

PAVED WITH LOVE.

Cant. iii. 10.

PAVED with love thy pathway lies.
Christian pilgrim, to the skies;
Then onward go with fearless tread,
By the Saviour's guidance led.
Though snares and dangers may abound,
And cares encompass thee around,
'Tis but the dust that floats above;
The pavement underneath is love;
The love that brought the Saviour here,
To suffer sorrow, pain, and care;
The love that nailed Him to the tree,
A ransom for thy soul to be.
The love that watches day by day
The various wand'rings of thy way;
The love that makes all work for good
To those He has redeemed with blood.
'A little while,' and thou shalt tell
That Jesus hath done all things well;
And joyful tread, in courts above,
The unsoiled pavement of His love.

The Surrey Tabernacle Expositor.

EXPOSITION OF REV. VIII. 7—13.

By MR. JAMES WELLS, MINISTER OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD.

"The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth, and the third part of trees was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up."

It is as well if the Lord is pleased so to favor us to understand the meaning of His blessed book in its several parts, as to go on contented in our ignorance. What then is the meaning of the four trumpets spoken of in this chapter, all of which are taken from the Old Testament? The four circumstances I am about to read are taken from the Old Testament, and especially from those restraints which were put upon Nebuchadnezzar and the Babylonish power. He came in, as you are aware, in the record of the Old Testament, carried the people of God into captivity, and would have annihilated Israel if he could. But tribulations came upon that Babylonish power, to restrain it. And hence the angel that sounded, simply signifies the testimony of God's judgment, that the wrath of man shall praise God, and the remainder will be restrained. So that this hail and fire mingled with blood and so on, is not expressive of anything against the people of God, but expressive of those judgments by which their adversaries are restrained. This is the way we are evidently to understand this trumpet. In the preceding part of the chapter, or rather the beginning of the chapter, we have an account of "silence in heaven about the space of half an hour." The heaven there spoken of does not mean the heaven of glory, but of course means, as in other places in this book, the Gospel dispensation; and the silence does not mean any particular state of the church at any particular age, but every time the Lord calls a sinner by His grace, that sinner is put to silence, and he remains in that silence this mystic half hour, until the Lord shall come in with His pardoning mercy. And hence said one, "Open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth Thy praise." Then secondly, when the people of God are brought into adversity, they are put to silence until the Lord turns their captivity, then is their mouth filled with laughter, and their lips with rejoicing. Here you have, then, in the beginning of this chapter, the people of God in their experiences, and you have the Lord Jesus Christ here at the golden altar interceding for

them, and then you have the judgments of God upon their enemies, to restrain them. And hence you will find that there is not in these judgments an entire destruction of nature, but only a destruction of the third part in each case, to denote the Lord restraining them. Now apply this in a three-fold way. First, if you have personal adversaries, those of you that know what it is to be put to silence, and to be brought to know something of the Lord Jesus Christ, and are lovers of Him, if you have personal adversaries, they have their plans, and they will carry them out just as far as the Lord pleaseth, and no farther; for the Lord shall pour His judgments upon them, and shall meet them, and shall weaken them in those parts essential to the completion of their plan. Pharaoh had his plan, and carried that plan out as far as the Lord permitted, and no farther. This is one idea, then, of restraint. So that if you have personal adversaries, leave yourself with the Lord, and He will find a way to stop them, and make a way for your escape. Second, apply it to principles, if there be delusive doctrines abroad, which of course there always have been, they shall go so far and no farther. If possible, they should fatally deceive God's elect, did not God restrain those delusions, open the eyes of His people, and bring them out. Third, it means adversities and afflictions also of all kinds. Satan is very busy amid the afflictions of the people of God. Satan, if he see you ill in the body, is quite pleased with it; and if he see you cast down in mind, is quite pleased with it; and if he see adversity in your family, or in your circumstances, he is quite pleased with it. I think he has given pretty good proof of this in the way he treated Job. But nevertheless the Lord restrains all these afflictions, saying to them, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther." This is the doctrine contained here in these trumpets. Why, then, not understand it? The learned tell us that one trumpet belongs to one age, and another to another age; while they all belong to all ages, and are, like all other parts of Scripture, to be understood in their proper and practical sense.

"And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood."

Now let us get the history of this. Baby-

lon in its destruction is called a burnt mountain; and when the Persians were rolled in by Cyrus upon Babylon, it was like a burning mountain rolling into that national sea; and that so crippled the power of the Babylonians that they were unable to hold the people of God in bondage any longer; for by the rolling in of this Persian kingdom, here called a burning mountain, the gates of Babylon were thrown open, her rivers dried up, and the people of God came triumphantly out, wended their way towards Jerusalem, built her walls, erected her temple, established her service, and praised the name of the Lord their God; and there you see just the same restraint. Here then, again, was Babylon overturned. What a God is our God! All these things are to establish us, and increase us in our faith in Him.

"And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood, and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

So it was that the Lord went on with His judgments upon Babylon. This star means a ruling power—a ruling power that fell upon Babylon until Babylon was weakened more and more, and came ultimately to destruction. That's what I understand by the star. And therefore, friends, if there be some ruling power that would crush us, let us fear it not. The Lord will so direct this star of bitterness that it shall not fall upon the people of God, but upon their adversaries. What are we to understand by making the waters bitter? Why, making all departments of life bitter. You know when a despot ascends the throne, and takes people's liberties and lives from them, that makes all the departments of life bitter, and a great many lose their lives. But, bless the Lord, amidst all these despotisms and cruelties of men, the Lord will take care of His own; keeping up, then, all through the same idea.

"And the fourth angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so as the third part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise."

Now by the sun, moon, and stars we are to understand, in the first place, the governing powers of Babylon, afterwards any governing powers that would scorch the people of God, that would injure the people of God; and then, while they, any governing powers, are trying to injure the people of God, the Lord finds means to reach them. Mark, the sun was smitten. Ah, say these governing powers, we are so lofty; who can reach us? The Lord can. Ah, I am as

high as the sun, who can reach me? high as the moon, who can reach me? high as the stars, who can reach me? But there is One above it all. Now, then, to get an explanation of this you go to the 13th chapter of Isaiah, where the Lord describing the destruction of Babylon, speaketh thus:—"The stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light;" that is, the Babylonish heavens, that their rulers should be confounded, know not what to do to maintain their ground; "the sun shall be darkened in his going forth;" same thing in substance, the government, so that tyrannical power was darkened; "and the moon shall not cause her light to shine;" and thus the Babylonish heavens were darkened altogether; but here it refers only to their partial darkness. Thus it is then, friends, whatever adverse powers there are, the Lord smites them so as to restrain them. But there are stars in heaven that can never cease to give their light, namely, the prophets of the Lord; there is a sun, namely, Christ, that never can be smitten, will always give light; and there is that moon of the Gospel that will never cease to shine, shall not withdraw its brightness.

Brethren, if you can understand it, here are adverse powers that stand against the people of God, and as the Lord poured out plagues upon Egypt, and thereby weakened Egypt, and in proportion as Egypt was weakened Israel was strengthened, until Egypt was brought down so low that Israel came out from their midst: so the Lord will still protect and deliver His own people. Now if you understand these verses in this way, it will encourage you amidst your troubles and trials to look to the Lord, and to remember there is no power which he has not at immediate command, and however feeble your cry may be to Him for help, His people never did, and they never will, never shall, cry to Him in vain.

"And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth."

The inhabitants of the earth, in contrast to the saints of God, who inhabit heaven, they are raised up to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

"By reason of the other voices of the trumpet of the three angels, which are yet to sound."

Now two of the following trumpets are judicial trumpets: the third of the following trumpets is the seventh trumpet, and is the gospel, and yet the gospel is here called a woe trumpet. It is a woe trumpet to the adversary, because the Gospel bears witness. The Gospel will come in at the last day and bear testimony against the ungodly, that they hated it, that they despised it, or that they were enemies to some of the members of Christ. And thus the Gospel, as well as

the law, shall be a woe trumpet unto the ungodly. Whereas these judgments are in favour of the saints. "Let Mount Zion rejoice because of Thy judgments." And the seventh trumpet, you find in the 11th chapter, turns the kingdoms of this world, which it did, in the sense there intended, in the apostolic age, into the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.

I am persuaded if we were a little more exercised in this book of the Revelation that its ambiguity would fly from us, and that we should read it with as much ease, and pleasure, and clearness, as we do the Book of Psalms, or the 17th chapter of John.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICT TURNED TO TRIUMPH?

By WILLIAM FLACK, OF WILTON SQUARE
CHAPEL, NEW NORTH ROAD.

AND must it, Lord, for ever be,
That I should live so far from Thee?
Such darkness prove, such conflicts know,
And through such various troubles go?
Do all thy children feel the same?
Do all who love and fear thy name
Such heavy burdens have to bear
Of sin, and sorrow, doubt, and fear?
Do all such bitter waters drink?
Do all thus in the mire sink?
Do all the seven-fold furnace prove,
On whom thou'st fixt thy 'lasting love?
Do all such disappointments meet
Who hang about thy mercy seat?
And, day by day, go on to see,
Nothing on earth, but vanity?
Do all such hellish spleen confront,
And daily stand to bear the brunt
Of dark temptation's foul assail,
While in humiliation's vale?
Do all such weakness feel within,
Who fight against the monster sin;
And tread a path all spread with snares,
And face a world with thousand cares?
Well, be it so, and still Thy word
Does help, and grace, and strength afford:
The saint goes on from strength to strength;
And reaches Zion's hill at length.
'Tis still affirmed in sacred page,
(This, saints have proved in every age.)
"My grace, sufficient is for thee,
And as thy day, thy strength shall be."
And though thy burdens weighty be
Though wave on wave roll over thee;
"Fear not, nor be thy soul dismayed,"
"I am thy God," and for thine aid—
I'll surely come, and strength impart;
Thy name's engraved upon my heart.
Though bitterest waters thou may'st drink,
Let not thine heart in sorrow sink,
There is a Tree of great repute,
Whose virtues none can e'er dispute,
On Calvary stands thy soul to greet
It makes the bitterest waters sweet,
Though disappointments strew thy way,
Still hear thy heavenly Father say,
"I'm not a man," I know no change,
No circumstance can e'er estrange
My heart from thee: or move my love;
Nor from thee will I ever move.
What though all hell, against thee fight,
Though power and cruelty unite;
By blood and truth thou shalt o'ercome,
And reach at length your destined home,
And be at home, in heaven above,
And feast your soul on wine of love,
There, thou shalt walk the Golden Street,
And many a well known brother greet,

And sitting in the Lamb's blest throne,
Shall talk of conflicts past and gone,
With Abra'm, Isaac, Jacob too,
With prophets' postles, martyrs, (who
Have trod this dreary waste before),
Thou'lt hold sweet converse evermore.
There, thou shalt talk of victory's won,
Of burdens borne of races run;
Of sin subdued, the tempter foiled,
The world o'ercome, death and grave spoiled.
Then in that pure, bright, crystal sea,
Thou'lt bathe with blest felicity:
Then rise to join the glorious throng,
Unite in everlasting song;
"To Him who washed us in His blood,"
"And made us Kings and Priests to God"
Be honour, power, glory praise,
Through never—never ending days,
All hail! all hail! I will be the cry,
All hail, King Jesus, majesty;
Bring forth the crown of richest worth,
Crown Him—of highest, noblest birth;
Crown Him—the eternal mighty God;
Crown Him—the great incarnate Word;
Crown Him—on heaven's highest throne,
Crown Him—who hath the victory won,
And captive led captivity!
Crown Him—crown Him eternally,
And O, what blest celestial joy,
Shall fill each soul, (without alloy.)
While thus engaged before the throne
The church in Jesus now made one,
Forgets her sins and sorrows past,
In peace that must for ever last.
Amen! amen; Lord Jesus come!
And fetch thy ransom'd people home;
Amen! come quickly, and again,
Join all the church, to say, amen!

THE LORD'S BEAUTIFUL FLOCK.

JEREMIAH XIII. 17—20.

"Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—Luke xii. 32.

Oh! flock of all beauty, thou bride of the Lamb!
The covenant choice of Jehovah, I am,
Predestined and called to the glory above,
And pastured through grace on the wealth of His love,

Thou beautiful flock!

Thou church of the Living One, chaste and complete,

With thy sins all forgiven, for glory made meet.
Ordained to that glory, to the shame of thy foes,
Who dare to assail thee with slanders and woes,

Thou beautiful flock!

Though feeble and erring and marred by thy sin,
How precious to Jesus, and all glorious within,
Oh, bride of the Lamb, thou beloved one so fair,
The Bridegroom appoints thee His kingdom to share,

Thou beautiful flock!

Endowed by His love, with the bread and the wine,

What glory and beauty, and blessing is thine.
Alas! what he bore when accursed on the tree,
What stripes for thy healing, what bruises for thee.

Thou beautiful flock!

No love could be stronger, for He Himself gave
His elect to redeem, His help-meet to save.

Oh, tell of the cost, when He poured forth His blood,
And died to present thee "a chaste spouse to God."

Thou beautiful flock!

And tell of the day the Chief Shepherd shall come,

To take thee away to thy glorified home,
To sing the new song of His conquest and love,
In glory and blessing and rapture above,

Hallelujah, Amen!

Plymouth.

CHARLES F. CREWFS,

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER AND THE GOSPEL MINISTER.

A Living Narrative.

CHAPTER VI.

How utterly inexplicable are many of the ways of God with mortal man; and how true it is that we know but little as regards their ultimate design until we attain the end, the inheritance, the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Here we see through a glass darkly; but then, face to face. Here we know but in part; then shall we know even as we are known, the Whys and Wherefores for every bitter cup we have drunk of by the way. Yet in this time-state how truly sweet and refreshing it is to the really heaven-born soul to be enabled at times to take a calm, a retrospective view of the past, and thus, by an eye of living faith, behold in all the mysterious leadings of Divine Providence, that infinite wisdom, eternal love and mercy, hath not only been concerned but manifest therein, though at the time we knew it not; that the lance which hath made the wound, and the plaster which applied the remedy, hath both wrought together for good. Such an one will see something both of the goodness and glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus, chant out occasionally the song of heaven's redeemed, and gladly acknowledge from his own soul's experience that goodness and mercy hath followed him all the days of his life. But the man that is a stranger to divine teaching, and to the gracious operations of the Holy Ghost in the heart, knows nothing of this sweetness; yea, the sinner dying an hundred years old shall be accused.

But to return to the Lord's dealings with me while afar off: I must inform the reader that I remained on board H.M.S. Birkenhead for a period of nearly two years, the early part of which we were stationed on the coast of Ireland, and were busily engaged in the dangerous work of floating the *then noted* steam-ship Great Britain, which then lay a comparative wreck on the rocks in Dundrum bay, and in which we eventually succeeded. At this time my mind was occasionally seized with fearfulness and trembling on account of the past, while my base ingratitude to my parents and the lengths to which I had gone in open sin, were subjects of which my natural conscience loudly accused me from time to time, and knowing that a day of retribution must come, when the righteous judgments of God must be poured out upon the ungodly, I was sometimes brought to a state of desperation, and could gladly have wished I had

never been born. Aloft or on deck, the pains of hell appeared to have hold upon me, but never for a moment was I humbled down at a sight and sense of the Lord's goodness and mercy toward me. At such times I was powerfully tempted to destroy my own life by jumping overboard just before the *paddle wheel*, which, as Satan suggested, would strike me on the head and momentarily put an end to my existence. Thanks be unto God, preventing grace restrained. Then when these fiery temptations were over, I would frequently vow and resolve to turn from my evil ways and become, as I then thought, a good, moral, respectable, and religious man, for I had no idea at that time that real and vital godliness consisted in anything more than do and live; and how far I went in this way, and what the result was, the following circumstance will show. After making several unsuccessful attempts to move the wreck of the Great Britain, we left Dundrum bay for the Cove of Cork, where, on our arrival, the ship's company had liberty to go on shore for forty-eight hours. At this time the great temperance advocate, Father Matthew, was in Cork, and I had a very strong impression that if I could but see him, take the pledge of total abstinence, and obtain a blessing by the laying on of hands, that it would be a great preventive to a further course of folly. I accordingly took the steam boat to Cork, a distance of twelve miles, in quest of his holiness, another shipmate accompanying me for the same purpose. But on our arrival in the city we found that his reverence was not at home, but that another of the so-called *apostolic successors* (though, by the bye, they never enter into matrimonial bonds) was officiating in his stead. This gentleman applauded us for the step we were about to take, assured us of the vital efficacy of the ceremony we were about to pass through, and I, poor fool, believed it. My shipmate, however, had not such a robust faith as your humble servant, and accordingly left me and the reverend father to ourselves. But to be brief, suffice it to say, reader, the confession was made, the hand was laid on, the pledge was taken, and the reduced charge of two shillings paid. Oh the blindness of poor mortals unassisted by Divine grace! truly man is but vanity at his best estate. How impotent are all his vows and resolutions, his poor puny fleshy efforts, in the great matter

of God's salvation. Now, reader, for the result, though with a sense of shame I tell it, but to the eternal honour of my God, I returned to my ship intoxicated, my blue jacket sold at the dance house, and every particle of my money gone. Thus as a faithful servant of his sable majesty, did I zealously espouse his cause, while the infernal crew had a high day, and one devil exultingly said to another, "Aha, so would we have it!" But as I wish to be brief in these matters, that I may sooner come to that more vital and effectual work of regeneration by the alone operation of God the Holy Ghost upon the heart, the reader must be content by knowing that I was again sentenced to receive forty-eight lashes.

NEMO.

RECONCILIATION TO GOD.

A LETTER FROM MR. J. E. CRACKNELL TO MR. B. B. WALE.

DEAR BROTHER WALE,—I stated in my last letter that it was not my intention to take up time with controversy, and decided to give no further reply.

But seeing that in your last letter in August's VESSEL you misrepresent me, and then find fault with what I did not write, truth requires that you be corrected. I shall confine myself to this one point.

Referring to 2nd Corinthians v. 20., you say, "That must be a bold man that in the face of Paul's declaration that he is writing to *saints*, contends that he is writing to the *world at large*;" but who said that any portion of it was addressed to the world at large? Your quotation from my letter is as follows:—"It is clear that Paul was not then addressing himself to the Corinthian believers, because they were already reconciled," why stop at the comma after the word reconciled, read the remainder of the sentence, "*but he is giving an account of what he preached, and how he preached it, in a word, of what his own ministry was.*" Where is there anything about writing to the world? It was perfectly consistent that in an epistle to the church, he should refer to the way in which he preached to the world.

Look at the 20th verse again, and you will see that in the English version of the Bible, the pronoun *you* is in italics—not in the original—omit it, and it reads thus—"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ as though God did beseech by us, we pray in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." Then follows—"For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." How plain to "every mind not biassed by a pre-conceived theory" that this

is a statement of how Paul preached the "ministry of reconciliation."

Now look at your explanation of the passage, viz., that it meant reconciliation to the crosses and trials the Lord saw fit they should have, to His dealings with them in Providence. My brother, may I not adopt your own words, and say, "*This is sad sporting with the word of God to support a theory.*" Read the closing part of the chapter again, and say is there one word to justify such an interpretation? and would you have given it if you had not a purpose to serve? I ask, in all honesty, are you satisfied with your own explanation?—and in the face of the apostle's own words, "reconciliation to God," are you prepared to maintain it was reconciliation to the dealings of God?

If I needed anything to confirm my views and convince me that I was right, I have it in this portion of your letter. Your explanation of the verse in question will astonish many, and do more towards opening the eyes of men to see the evils of that one-sided theology, than anything that has been written on the subject; shewing as it does how its advocates must *wrest* the plain meaning of some portions of the word, in order to make them square with their system.

Whatever else may appear, I shall not again take up my pen to discuss this subject. Be faithful, my brother, be honest, and may God bless you, so prays, yours sincerely,

J. E. CRACKNELL.

Rose Villa, Leckampton, Cheltenham,

"OUR YOUNG MEN."

DEAR EDITOR,—For the encouragement of other young men, will you allow me just to give a brief account of my conversion to God, through the precious blood of Christ. I can truly say, "My Redeemer liveth for ever." Since I was fourteen years of age, I have experienced the efficacy of that blood that taketh away the sins of the world. Previous to that period I was greatly tempted to destroy myself, by throwing myself into a mill-stream that passed by my praying mother's house. Thank God, His grace was sufficient for me. Oh, sir, when I was brought to a knowledge of the truth, my heart and soul leapt for joy. Who can tell but those that have experienced the Divine truth of the blessed Gospel as it is in Jesus? I shortly afterwards became a Sunday school teacher, and through the influence of the superintendent, was persuaded to stand up and give an address to the children, which was not in vain. He induced me to give other addresses, which were listened to both by teachers and scholars with much profit. God, in His providence, opened a door for me in such a way that I know not, by sending me into the country, where I received a call to preach to a small cause; and during my stay there the Lord greatly blessed the work in my hands. As I am now settled in London, I feel desirous still to carry on my Master's work, where the truths are strictly carried out in accordance with this magazine. If acceptable, I will give my whole experience, my conviction, and conversion, in your next, or at any other future time.

G.

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

THE NEW SURREY TABERNACLE.

On Monday evening, August 22nd, 1864, an important public meeting of the Church and congregation assembling in the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough road, was holden. At half-past seven, Mr. Wells, surrounded by his deacons and the building committee, entered the table pew; Mr. Wells occupying the chair. The meeting was opened with singing, and a fervent prayer was offered by the pastor—earnestly asking the great Disposer of all events so to direct and govern their movements, that every action might plainly declare their object alone to be the glory of that God who had done such great things for them, and for the eternal welfare of many souls out of the vast multitude with which they were surrounded.

Mr. WELLS then laid before the meeting a brief outline of the object for which the committee had again called the friends together; leaving the details to be furnished by the secretary, Mr. Wells confining his observations more particularly to the movement as having, with him, the paramount importance of the furtherance of the glorious Gospel: he said, it was the solace of his life to know that the Lord had been pleased so far to make use of him; and he believed it would be the glory of his rising day. There could now be no question as to the importance of the present movement. For a long period there had been a growing uneasiness amongst the friends to get out from such an obscure place as that was; that uneasiness increased, till twelve months ago, the friends took a position in the matter; and the amount that had been subscribed in that place during one year was to him truly miraculous—far beyond his most sanguine anticipation; in fact, he could scarcely credit it—when he was told that the Surrey Tabernacle friends in one twelvemonth had subscribed to this one object alone £4,100! The ground had been secured—an excellent site, and now they had met to ask that meeting whether they should not at once proceed with the undertaking? He advised them to step cautiously; to go carefully; and, as they had already done, act with discernment and judgment in the matter. The Building Committee felt this, that as soon as they had £5,000 in hand they would be in a position immediately to arrange for laying the foundation stone, towards that sum they had £4,100; it therefore rested entirely with the friends to say what course of action they desire the Committee to adopt; if the friends wished them to go on this autumn with the building, all they had to do was to give them the £900 required to make up the £5,000, and then the Committee would at once proceed. But, he would ask the Secretary now to address them.

Mr. BUTT said it was one year and two days since the first meeting was holden in that place to consider what course should be adopted; since that day it was wonderful what had been accomplished; he was sure he was speaking the feelings of his brother deacons and the committee when he said they stood amazed at the amount that had been gathered in so short a time. It had been a year of pleasant anxiety; it had often sent them to a throne of grace, there to ask counsel and advice. Well might they exclaim, "What has God wrought?" He was sure the work was of the Lord; and believed they should see it completed. During the twelve months they had raised £4,100, and this had in no way affected the various benevolent and other claims upon them in connection with the cause there; the ministry had been sustained, the poor as well cared for as ever, the

benevolent societies efficiently supported, and the greatest of all blessings, the ministry continued faithful amongst them; and the Lord blessing that ministry to the refreshing of their own souls, and the calling of others. He never had the least doubt of the Lord being with them in this movement, and the prospect was encouraging in every way. In conclusion Mr. Butt read a list of donations which he had received towards the £900, the sum the committee thought necessary before proceeding with the building; this list of Mr. Butt's amounted to £222.

Mr. CARR said he could heartily indorse every word his brother Butt had said: there was everything to encourage them; the prospect was cheering. And why should it not be? See how other denominations worked; look at the Roman Catholics, they even punished themselves to support their religion; and should they, who held the truth, be less zealous than these poor deluded creatures? He hoped not. Their weekly contributions from one penny and upwards, brought them in about £100 per month; and with that in view, the prospect of a large amount being subscribed that evening, he thought they ought to go forward. If they could get the foundation stone laid this autumn, he hoped about September twelvemonths they would be able to complete the new chapel. He should continue his weekly subscription, and be most happy to lay £10 on the foundation stone.

Mr. FIELDING spoke of the difficulties the committee had experienced in trying to obtain a suitable site; but he thought the ground they had decided on was eligible in every respect, it had roads leading from all directions, there was plenty of light, good egress and ingress to be obtained, and above all it was in a position where they would be quiet and undisturbed.

Mr. MITSON having made some kind remarks respecting the pastor,

Mr. EDWARDS gave a passing review of the thirty-three years he had sat and listened to the ministry of Mr. Wells; Dudley court was spoken of, the original Surrey Tabernacle was also described, and Mr. Edwards said he was only sorry that they had not sooner thought of so important a movement as this present one was. He trusted Mr. Wells might be spared many years to preach the truth to thousands of souls in the New Surrey Tabernacle.

Mr. AMBROSE CARR said one important feature had not been mentioned: he referred to the principle of bringing children up under the preaching of the Gospel: he thought it most desirable that heads of families should see their children were brought to listen to the truth; children were quick in discernment, and much sooner learned to understand these important matters than some parents thought. In their present place families could not be accommodated with sittings, in the new building they could be; and if for no other reasons he would advocate the speedy erection of the new building.

The names and amounts of the friends were then taken, when it was stated that £720 had been subscribed that evening towards the £900 which the committee had asked.

Mr. WELLS said he considered the object of the meeting had been fully realized, and now the committee would immediately go to work, and as early as it was practicable, they would announce the day when the foundation stone would be laid.

In reply to the question whether the stone be laid by Mr. Wells, the chairman said that would rest with the committee; but he hoped that no

worldly person would be brought into the matter for the sake of a few pounds. They had not gone to the world for anything, and he hoped they would not; they had done without bazaars, and fancy fairs, and illustrated lectures, and all that kind of worldly machinery, and he, for one, would oppose any connection with such things at all. The truth had done it, the truth could do it, the truth would do it, and the truth shall do it, or it should not be done at all! In fact, he considered the work almost accomplished.

Before the meeting closed some farther donations were made, and the £900 was nearly realized. After such a result, the new Tabernacle will become a fact, and the friends who prophesied it would not be, will shortly behold with their own eyes the building which they "feared" could not be raised; but in this, the Surrey Tabernacle friends purpose to sustain their character,—that when they commence a thing they go to work determined to succeed.

ORDINATION OF MR. JAMES CURTIS

AT SALEM CHAPEL, HAYES, MIDDLESEX.

TUESDAY, August 8th, being the day appointed for the solemn recognition of Mr. Curtis to the pastorate of Baptist church, Hayes, not only the residents of the village of Hayes, but also friends from several metropolitan chapels, arranged to give this young minister a hearty greeting on the occasion. For the convenience of ministers and people, omnibuses and other vehicles started from town, well filled. Mr. Curtis is a young man of humble pretensions, but comes from a good school, and is an undergraduate at Mount Zion chapel, Hill street, Dorset square. Being trained under the strict discipline, and in the sound doctrine as taught by Mr. J. Foreman, it is unnecessary to say more as to his creed. Like others, Mr. Curtis was born in sin, and grew up to pursue the follies of youth and the vanities of the world. He was particularly fond of gaiety, more especially the theatre, indeed by his employer he had often been told, the day was not far distant when he would be on the stage. God saw differently. Having some associates who attended Mount Zion Sunday school, Mr. Curtis was invited to accompany them on their annual excursion. Hence sprung up a tender attachment to the present Mrs. Curtis, then Miss Purfurst, the daughter of an honest Christ-loving German, who has stood and now stands, a member at Mount Zion. He was induced from time to time to hear Mr. Foreman; the word spoken by that faithful man was blessed to his heart; he was brought to bow before the Lord, and supplicate for mercy, which after many anxious days was graciously granted. He became a zealous teacher in the Sunday school, and as was the custom, one teacher by turn each Sabbath selected a passage of Scripture, and then made choice of the speaker. From time to time the choice fell on Mr. Curtis, and he was increasingly blessed with freedom in speaking, so much so, that Mr. Tinson, who heard him, and being engaged to preach at St. Alban's, requested him to supply. He did, and was invited again, being well received, and God blessed his labors, till it became manifest he was called to the work of the ministry. From St. Alban's he went to Staines, where he was honoured, but being engaged in business the distance was too much, therefore he accepted the call to the little church at Hayes. He has been engaged at various places for about three years and we believe he dates his call by grace about eleven years ago, and is now nearly thirty years of age.

The services were watched with interest, the little chapel and vestries were crowded. Among the ministerial brethren present were Messrs. Foreman, Bloomfield, Milner, Bruat, Tinson, Higham, Parsons, W. bb, Bezley, and Dadewell.

Mr. MILNER stated the nature of a Gospel

church, basing his remarks on "Which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth?" Drawing some apt distinctions between what is the church, and what is not the church, and in conclusion asked the usual questions which were very satisfactorily replied to; the substance we have given above.

Mr. CUMMINGS offered the ordination prayer the usual ceremony of joining hands being observed, and as the afternoon was far advanced, the friends adjourned for tea, agreeing to divide the evening between Mr. Foreman and Mr. Bloomfield.

After tea Mr. Foreman proceeded to give the charge to the minister, from "Preach the Gospel." After defining what the Gospel was, showed the distinction between justification and sanctification, invitations and exhortations. First, then, the minister was to preach the Gospel, then wait for the expression of sorrow from the conviction of sin, then listen to the cries of the soul humbled under a sense of guilt; then bring forth the healing balm and blessings of the Gospel to them with bleeding hearts; then apply the cordial from the medicinal chest, remembering the Word contained all needful remedies for the wounded in spirit.

Mr. BLOOMFIELD taking as his motto, "Encourage him," referred to the great and anxious work of a God-sent minister, and pointed out the various modes in which a church and people could most effectually hold up the hands of him who ministered unto them in holy things. Esteem him highly; be jealous of his character, which to a man of God is as sacred as life; encourage him by steady attendance, strict adherence to principle, by stability of character, and by seeking to promote fellowship and peace in the church.

The proceedings closed after singing the doxology.

HACKNEY. — RE-OPENING OF SHALOM CHAPEL.—Shalom chapel was re-opened Sunday, August 7th, 1864, after renovation. Three sermons were preached: morning and evening by the minister, Mr. Henry Myerson, in the afternoon by Mr. Wm. Palmer, of Plaistow, Essex. On the following Tuesday, after a sermon by Mr. John Bloomfield, an excellent tea was provided. The evening service began by singing. Mr. Blackshaw implored the Divine blessing upon the evening's proceedings. Mr. Henry Myerson (in the chair) said,—Christian friends, I will not occupy much of your time; I will just say God has been good to us. We have had to pray for His presence and blessing; I mean by this, things did not always look as we should like, and we have prayed to God to help us, and the prayer has been answered. Our chapel is full, and within the last three months seventeen have been added to our number, and six more are waiting for membership. Peace is in our midst. I believe this is the third anniversary of my settlement here; I have been here altogether five years. I have often gone into that pulpit without a text, but the Lord has given me one. When I have thought I have been very dry and useless, the church has been much blessed; and when sometimes the fire has kindled in my own bosom, and I have thought surely all must have felt the same, I have found it not to be so. The chairman made reference to the chapel having been cleaned and painted, and that pecuniary aid was wanted to pay for the same.—In the absence of Mr. Palmer, of Plaistow, Mr. Webb was called upon to address the meeting upon the "Kingdom of God."—Mr. Webb was pleased to hear that the word of the Lord was blessed there; was very pleased with the appearance of the chapel, and should be glad to propose a vote of thanks to Mr. Blackshaw for the way in which he had superintended the cleaning and painting of the chapel. The resolution

was seconded by Mr. Flack, and carried unanimously. Mr. Blackshaw thanked the friends, and could only say, when the chapel required it again, he should be glad to do the same. Mr. Webb then delivered his speech upon the "Kingdom of God." He felt rather in a fix, inasmuch as he had to take the place of another; however, as a subject of that kingdom, he ought to know something of it. There had been many great kingdoms in this world, but they passed away, and this kingdom only remained for ever. Babylon and Ninereh had gone, but this kingdom was for ever. The subjects of this kingdom were spiritual men only; man knows nothing of this kingdom until he is led by the Spirit. When he is led by the Spirit of God, then he says with Job, "Now I see with mine eyes what I had only heard of before." God's kingdom is a prepared kingdom for a prepared people; it is a kingdom given to certain subjects, "For I give you a kingdom." It is given. They do not get it by anything that they do. No. But He gives it of His good will. And Satan can't move this kingdom; it is founded upon the Rock of eternal ages. The gates of hell cannot prevail against it. No, nothing.

"Plagues and death around me fly," but they cannot take me out of this kingdom. Every subject of this kingdom is as safe as Jehovah's throne itself. It is a glorious and beautiful kingdom. Mr. James Butterfield delivered a speech on the "Sower." After speaking in high terms of the pastor of Shalom, he said the verses from which his text was taken would be found in Mark iv. 20-27. They were aware that commentators all took a different view of this parable; there was a difference of opinion respecting its meaning, and it certainly did look rather difficult. After running through many passages of Scripture illustrative of the text, Mr. Butterfield concluded with the following:—I was staying at Brighton a little time since for the benefit of my health, and looking out for everything as persons do, that may tend to be useful to them. I was walking through a corn field, and something struck me there that seemed very strange; it was this, that the field in which the corn was growing was as full of stones as it could be. I at once thought of that passage, "And some fell on stony ground," and thought it seemed strange. I had a miller with me, so I thought I should soon find the secret out. But he said he did not know the secret. I met an old countryman, and I asked him, but could not find out satisfactorily; he said he knew a person who had had his field cleared of the stones, and the corn would not grow, and he was obliged to put all the stones back again. This seemed very strange, I thought I should not find it out. Well, where is the secret? I lifted up one of the stones, and underneath the stones the earth was quite moist. This is the secret. So that during the much hot weather we have had, the earth is kept moist, for it dries at the top, but underneath there is a moisture. This corn field would represent the people of God, and many stones are thrown at them, but are they better without these stones? No. They are better with them. But better still, will not these stones represent "Ebenezer" stones? When the rain is withheld, then under the stones is the dew, although the sun dried up all the moisture, yet there is the dew underneath. In conclusion the speaker asked that the dew of heaven might rest upon the minister and the church there. Mr. W. Flack delivered an address upon "Sowing the seed." He thought the sowers for the most part were the ministers of the Gospel. The fashion of the present day was Linsey-Wolsey material, and that might do for the body, but it would not do to have a Linsey-Wolsey Gospel. No. The sower must understand how to make a difference between things that differ, and must not make it out as though part were works and part something else.

Mr. Flack felt sure the pastor of Shalom did not give them anything but the Gospel of God. They were told to scatter the seed broadcast all the world over, not to be careful where it falls. There is a difference between preaching and offering salvation. Their business was to preach the word as it stands. Of course they liked to see the fruit of their labors, they liked to bring their sheaves with them, but it was God's work. In preaching (however thankful he was for all good books) there were two books he had to go to daily, the book of God, and the book of his own experience; and he could only preach as he had been taught. Milton had said, "If a man were to live a long life, and save one soul, it would be a useful life indeed." But he felt he should like to be the means of saving 1,000 souls, or 10,000, if it were the Lord's will. But it is God's work alone. Good ground must be prepared by a better hand than that of man. It has to be ploughed up, and sometimes burned up, and so does the human heart often. It wants a good deal of the work. In conclusion the speaker spoke of the alterations in the chapel, and admired them, considering what the place was before. He hoped soon galleries would be added, as he thought the place would never look really well until that addition was made. Mr. J. L. Meeres, of Bermondsey, was by sickness in family prevented attending. Mr. John Webster, of Stepney, then spoke upon the "Reaper." In the course of a very pleasant and powerful speech Mr. Webster said, lately in going to preach some anniversary sermon in the country, he had to pass through many corn fields. He saw some ears towering above the others, while the others were bowing down their heads, waiting for the reaper. How significant this was of the proud professor, holding their heads up so high, while the poor Christian often had to go bowing down his head. He had heard his brother Bloomfield with much pleasure in the afternoon; he preached a good sermon, and he felt profited. Mr. G. Webb, of St. Pancras, spoke upon "the blade," and Mr. Wise upon the "full corn." Singing and benediction closed the meeting. Shalom chapel now looks well.

RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTON-SHIRE.—**SUCCOTH NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—This new chapel was opened for the worship of the triune God of Israel, on Thursday, June 28th, 1864. Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, preached in the morning and afternoon; Mr. Charles Drawbridge, the minister of the chapel, preached in the evening. This was a long looked-for and long desired event; the glorious weather was only surpassed by the manifested presence of the God of all grace. The multitude of persons present filled the spacious chapel and surrounded the walls thereof. Here were present on one platform two Surrey Tabernacle men, Charles Drawbridge travelled from that place to Rushden in the commencement of the year 1828; James Wells has been many years the beloved and honoured minister of that place, and on this day both these preserved and blessed men unfurled the true Gospel standard, and by one spirit extolled the great Standard Bearer together. To say it was a good day would be true, but we say it was one of the high days of the Son of Man to His beloved saints then and there assembled. The hymns composed for the occasion by our minister and his daughter, were sung heartily, all standing up to praise Jehovah's holy name. The exposition of the Psalm, the unfolding of Revelation in the open temple, the visible ark, the lightnings, which had fire, the voices which had distinctness, the thunderings which had power, the earthquake which gave distinct vibrations, and the great hail which pelted and peppered very severely, edified, instructed, and aroused the people in the morning. The song of all songs was cheering in the company of the Shulamite, in her fourfold return, her joyful inspection, and precious

conclusion, in the afternoon. The evening was closed with an inspection of the incomparable foundation, Jesus Christ, in His ancient deposition, firm duration, glorious compactness, sterling worth, living perfection, and eternal stability; built upon by God the Father, having the seven eyes of the Holy Spirit beholding and sealing the church's oneness with Him in constituting God's habitation for ever. This was a thrice happy day indeed; we join heartily together as living stones built up on this foundation by God the Holy Spirit, in thanking our kind friends, in the name of the Lord, for their presence and support. Through the good hand of our God upon us and upon them, the proceeds of this day amounted to £58 7s. 3d. All praise and glory to our God.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, REHOBOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL.

In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands;
Nor dares the holy man refuse?
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of His future grave.

Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps, conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints, behold Him sink and rise;
A fit example this for you.
The sacred record while you read,
Calls you to *imitate* the deed.

But, hark! my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along?
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song:
This is my well beloved Son,
I see well pleased what he hath done.

Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accent broke,
And bade us hear the Son of God:
O! hear the *gracious* word to-day,
Hear all ye *ransom'd* and obey.

"He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked."—1 John ii. 4—6. See Matt. xviii. 13, 20.

On Lord's-day, July 31st, it was again our privilege to witness the willing and happy captives of sovereign grace, descend into the baptismal waters, treading in the footsteps of their enthroned and incarnate Lord. These two disciples were made willing and longing to follow whithersoever the Lamb leads, by beholding the example of those whose baptism we recorded in last month's VESSEL. How truly delightful it is to recount the manifold mercies and faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God. Did not Jesus say to his disciples just before His ascension into glory, "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world?" And does He not afford us joyful assurance of His faithfulness to his own promise; and of the sweet delight He takes in those who honour Him by walking in His commandments? Truly He does. We trust that we enjoyed the benign influences of the blessed Spirit throughout the whole service; and expect to manifest some of the fruits of that service before the month is out, by baptising others, who earnestly long to openly proclaim their love to our precious Lord Jesus. Thus our hearts are encouraged by seeing and feeling the presence of the great Head of the Church to be in our midst: "The Lord is on our side, we will not fear what man can do unto us." At the present time the Lord seems to be making the devil's craft to help forward the interest of truth, instead of allowing him to hinder it; for in more than

one instance, the detection of Satan's lies has resulted in an open profession and decision for the truth as it is in Jesus. Although we gave but little publicity respecting the baptising, yet our attendance on that occasion was very good. Perhaps some of our readers may think it strange that we make any kind of allusion to the attendance on that occasion, but if we inform them that the "screw" is brought to bear upon every one who bows to the imperial nod of their "pet" Diotrepes, they will cease to be surprised. Neither the "screw," nor the baser trick of *anonymous* communications, have any influence upon the minds of those who are determined to obey God rather than man. Let these statements declare whether the author or authors of these un-Christian contrivances, do possess the "better baptism" they make so much ado about. On Tuesday, August 9th, we had a public tea-meeting; and in the evening, a most excellent sermon was preached by Mr. Thomas Wall, of Gravesend. We trust much good was done; for many hearts were encouraged and praised the Lord for His great goodness to them. We feel it is but right to mention that a goodly number from the Hanover cause favored us with their presence, and manifested a most kindly feeling toward us. We had about seventy persons to tea, and quite a large congregation in the evening, considering our circumstances and the state of the weather. It is our privilege to conclude by informing you that others are proposed for baptism this month. O, that the Lord would open the hearts of our wealthy friends to render material aid to this struggling cause. R. B.

EAST BERGHOLT, ESSEX.—DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—For the first time as a correspondent to THE EARTHEN VESSEL, I write for the cause of God meeting at Jireh chapel, East Bergholt. July 13th being the day appointed for our anniversary and bazaar, we had a beautiful morning, and the day held out fine. We are happy to state the Lord sent our pastor, Mr. Pook, from Bethesda, Ipswich, and his four deacons (Messrs. Andrews, Allston, Harris, Sheldrake) and brother William Clarke, treasurer, to help us. We were favoured with the presence of brothers Dyer, of Harwich, Last, of Waldringfield, and Powell, of Coggershall, who willingly assisted us in the work of our Lord. Brother Thomas Pook preached a sermon that did gladden the hearts of God's dear children, who said it was good to be there. We are happy to state that as a little church we feel ourselves under a lasting obligation to all dear friends that did assist to relieve us from a vast amount of anxiety, and under everlasting obligation to Almighty God for the position he has placed us in. Our dear brother, Mr. Clarke, pleased most nobly, and the ladies who got up the bazaar worked most heartily, Brother Pook preached most fervently; brothers Dyer, Last, and others, spoke most warmly, and brother Powell prayed most earnestly. We wanted £50 to meet our demands at present, £50 was given us; our motto is, "What hath God wrought." We are happy to state our prospects are still encouraging, some are looking towards Zion with their faces thitherward, and we do feel though we are poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon us. We have now an outstanding debt of about £16 we should be glad to pay off as soon as we can. Should any kind friends feel disposed to send us a little help, it will be thankfully received by Mr. Thomas Pook, Bethesda chapel house, Ipswich, or Mr. William Churchyard, Bramford lane, St. Matthew's, Ipswich.—I am, dear brother, in Christian love and brotherhood, yours in the best bonds,

WILLIAM CHURCHYARD.
Pastor at East Bergholt, Suffolk,

BLACKHEATH.—**DACRE PARK.**—On Tuesday, August 2nd, we held our Sabbath school festival. The children assembled in the chapel at half-past two, where they were arranged for marching through Lee to Tudor house, Eltham road, the private residence of Mr. Whittaker. Before starting, Mr. Dincock addressed them for a few minutes, and then Mr. A. Peet (late of Great Wilbraham) delivered a short speech on "How children should play," after which the teachers and scholars started for the grounds of Mr. Whittaker; they arrived about a quarter to four. The children then marched before the house over the lawn, through the orchard, to the fields, where they dispersed to enjoy themselves till called to tea. About half-past four the teachers collected them again on the lawn, where they sat down in circles, surrounded by gazing friends, who stood in groups to behold the children partake of their tea. Mr. Peet then gave out a short hymn from their hymn book, which the children beautifully sang. At a quarter-past five the friends had tea under a tent erected for the occasion; a goodly number was there, and the tables were adorned with lovely flowers. After the friends had had their tea, the teachers and friends mixed with the children in their simple, harmless games. The meeting for the evening was announced at seven o'clock, but it did not commence till quarter past, when Mr. Peet gave out a short hymn, and engaged in prayer, after which he delivered his address on "The true Sabbath school teacher." Most assembled to hear it, the children leaving their games, and quietly and attentively waited till the close. A vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker was unanimously carried. Mr. Whittaker unavoidably being absent, Mr. Pillow replied, saying they must fancy for once he was Mr. Whittaker; they were very welcome, he was pleased to meet them, and should be glad to see them next year, and he hoped the speech they had listened to from Mr. Peet would stir them up and do them all good. It was decided that Mr. Peet should forward the resolution, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker, to him, at Folkestone.

ROPLEY.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS.**—I would call your attention to the circumstance of a few of the Lord's people, gathered together at Ropley, who for some years were favored with a Gospel ministry. It was at Ropley the late W. C. Powell commenced his labours; also brother H. Bartholomew, now of Mendlesham, Suffolk; brother Joy, of Horsell; brother Taylor, of Worthing, and other men of the right stamp. But this little cause of truth has lost her former privilege. It is suggested there is a good opening for a plain day school in the village, and if the Lord should favour us (through your assistance) with a plain honest man in the Gospel, able to teach others, also to instruct children through the week, such a man would be a great blessing in this locality, there being nothing but an infant school for miles. The Gospel is not preached much further. The room in which we meet is at all times well attended when the Gospel is preached. This is a very dark part of Hants, as you may know. May you be able to assist us in our desired object is the prayer of the few.

O. FEWTRILL.

CHATTERIS, CAMBS.—On Sunday, the 31st of July, E. J. Silvertown, minister of Zion chapel, Chatteris, baptized nine persons in the river at Carter's bridge, four women and five men. The sight was a grand one, for there must have been nearly 2,500 people. Great solemnity was felt throughout the service, and the people said it was good to be there. The service commenced at a quarter to ten, and lasted over one hour. It was a blessed day, and long to be remembered. May Zion's King go on to bless us.

BERMONDSEY.—**EBENEZER, WEBB STREET.**—Our brother Chivers' place has been closed, and very nicely painted and cleansed, and made exceedingly neat and comfortable. It was re-opened by the pastor and Mr. Wells, when collections were made towards the expense, which was further to have been helped by the profits of the annual excursion which Mr. Chivers' friends have now for some years taken. But we fear this year must have proved a heavy loss. It was rather singular, the Sunday previous to the excursion Mr. Chivers prayed most earnestly that the Lord would send us rain to water the parched ground. This prayer, so earnestly craved, was speedily answered, for on the Tuesday (the day for the excursion) heavy dark clouds gathered early in the morning, and the heavens sent forth such a refreshing and vigorous rain, that but few friends dared to venture out. Prayer was answered, and faith was tried.

ST. PANCRAS.—**ZION, GOLDINGTON CRESCENT.**—On Sunday, 31st July, Mr. George Webb administered the ordinance of believers' baptism to six females. On the following Wednesday the same baptism was kindly lent to the church at Old Ford. C. W. Banks preached and baptized four persons; this being the second time the church at St. Pancras have kindly obliged the church at Old Ford, who, at present, have neither chapel nor baptism.

OLD FORD.—Third anniversary of formation of this church was held August 1. After tea, C. W. Banks presided, and stated the church began with seven three years since; over seventy have been added, and in preaching the Gospel he has been greatly favored. Mr. Gordelier and Mr. Maycock both gave pleasing testimonies to the use the Lord had made of C. W. Banks' ministry to them. The brethren Thomas Stringer, T. J. Messer, and G. Webb, delivered very effective addresses. It was a profitable meeting.

BOW.—If old Dr. Newman could look in upon us now at the old Baptist chapel at Bow, he would rejoice. If the spirits of the departed have tidings of Zion's good success on earth, then, in heaven, he doth rejoice to know that we are crowded with hearers, and many are being added unto us. On Lord's day, August 7, our pastor, Mr. Blake, received into the church nineteen new members. Whether we are quite orthodox or not, the blessing of the Lord is with us, and we are thinking, like other people, we must soon have a larger tabernacle.

A FRIEND TO TRUTH.

WOOLWICH.—**ALBERT ROOMS, ELEANOR ROAD, POWIS STREET.**—Our beloved pastor, Mr. Hanks, whose labours God has so signally owned from the commencement in this town even till now, baptized four believers on the 23rd, seals to his ministry; who, with four others, received the right hand of fellowship at the table of the Lord on the first Sabbath in August.—J. B.

RISELY.—On July 29th we held our harvest meeting. The friends sat down to tea at five o'clock. After tea, before the friends left the chapel, about £10 was collected towards the chapel debt. At night Mr. Peet preached, Mr. Dexter, of Thurlough, prayed, and Mr. Wilson, the pastor, gave out the hymns.

THURLEIGH, BEDFORDSHIRE.—On July 23, Mr. A. Peet preached at night our harvest sermon; we had a good congregation, and the Lord was with us. Mr. Dexter, the pastor of the church, opened the service with singing and prayer.

WALLINGFORD.—Mr. Knifton baptized three believers, August 7th. The word of the Lord doth not only shew us the way, but the Spirit, by that word, constrains us to follow the Lamb in all His holy ways.

SOHO.—Mr. Ball, of Shrewsbury, has been supplying the late Mr. Pells's pulpit with pleasing acceptance. We receive cheering communications respecting this young man, and wish him God's blessing.

CITY ROAD.—Mr. Abrahams's chapel has been closed for repairs, and he has been in the country. He has not fully recovered his wonted health and strength, but he has been enabled to preach Christ's Gospel with much freedom, and it is the earnest prayer of many a living saint in Zion that for many years yet to come he may still unfold the beauties of heaven's glory in the salvation of the church. Whether he will leave any literary monument behind him, of the exceeding grace of God, we cannot tell. We hope he will. Why should not every minister of truth do as Mr. Wells is doing, give the people some of their sermons, which might be handed down to future generations?

WIMBLEDON.—Thanks for good wishes we can wish too that the two bands could be one, and that one a good strong one. We highly esteem the pastor, and wish him and his people every blessing.

OUR LATE BROTHER JOHN PELLS.

WE wish to call special attention to the memorial issued by the friends of the above deceased, whose object is two-fold. First, to perpetuate the memory of one whose sterling worth and usefulness in Zion endeared him to many thousands; and who will gladly place in their dwellings this neat and expressive lithographic representation of a brother beloved. Secondly, the object of the friends who have produced it, is to aid the fund now raising for the bereaved widow and fatherless babes. Nothing on earth can furnish a stronger appeal to the benevolence of the Christian community, than doth this most afflicting case. Alas! alas! that our fallen world is so full of pitiable cases of this kind. None of us know how soon we may be called either to leave behind many dear ones, or be left ourselves in trials so deep.

Of the Lithographer, Mr. Creswick Nichols, 30, St. Martins Lane, this large and appropriate memorial, both of the life and last moments of Mr. John Pells, can now be obtained. Every friend will use all the necessity of soon ascertaining the result of the committee's labours is, of course, most urgent. Four years ago this very month, that is, on Lord's-day morning, August 12th 1860, Mr. Pells preached that remarkable sermon on "THE DESTRUCTION OF THE VAILS; AND THE REMOVAL OF THE COVERING CAST OVER ALL NATIONS." By a singular coincidence, we had that sermon taken down; and it was published in the "New London Pulpit" for September. We purpose to re-issue that sermon, if his widow consent, for her benefit; and with the view of furnishing the churches with a permanent testimony to the powers, the ministerial powers which were gradually developing themselves. With that sermon it is possible some further notes may be added.

MR. JOHN PELLS.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE DEPARTED.—Last month there was an advertisement on the covers of the

EARTHEN VESSEL, to the effect that I intended to publish an extended memoir, containing the "Life, Correspondence, and Sermons," of my and your departed brother, to whom I have been very closely united for more than seventeen years, and had the pleasure of encouraging him to speak in the Lord's name, which he did for me for the first time at Rushmere, Suffolk, in 1849, and for which I have often blessed God who made him a great blessing to your souls. The esteemed Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL has published an excellent account, still I have felt that nothing short of all collected that can be gathered in one volume, is a fitting memento to the late highly esteemed, laborious, and God-blessed pastor of Soho. I think it can be brought out for 2s. per volume. Any surplus applied to Mrs. Pells's fund, but must have a good number of subscribers, which I hope to secure in a few weeks. In the interim allow me to express your and my affectionate regard for the departed, and our hope beyond the azure vaulted skies.

Servant of God, gone up,
Possessing now the promised rest,
Finished thy toils, thy faith, thy hope,
Gone up and fully blest.
Ere long we one by one,
From earth shall pass away,
And meet thee near the sun-girt throne,
Nor dread a parting day.

J. FLORY.

No. 4, Libra road, Old Ford, Bow.

Deaths.

DIED, July 2nd, 1864, aged thirty-eight, MARY, the beloved wife of Mr. JAMES GARRARD, of Stowmarket. Deceased for many years had been a lover of Jesus, which her life and walk fully testified. For several years she was a member with the church meeting at the old Baptist chapel; but when, for conscience sake and for the honour of religion, the majority of them were obliged to leave, she, with her partner, left also, and has been in fellowship with the friends at the new chapel until her death. Her eldest child was removed by death a few weeks ago, and now three small children are bereaved of an affectionate mother's watchful care. The funeral took place on Tuesday, July 6th, in the Stowmarket Cemetery, and was attended by many sympathizing friends. Mr. Clark read a part of the 7th chapter of Revelation, and gave a very solemn address from Philippians i. 21. "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." At the grave that very suitable hymn was sung.—

"Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls His own;
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?"

"Farewell, dear sister," her esteemed pastor said, "we here leave thy poor body in the care of our heavenly Father. Only for a short time we bid thee farewell; ere long we shall meet thee again: our fellowship will then be uninterrupted; our sorrows for ever gone; our joy in the Lord continue for ever evermore." Oh, the blessedness of union with Jesus—living with Jesus, and dying in and with Jesus. Earthly ties are snapped asunder: this heavenly bond will never be broken. Union with Christ on earth, by love and faith, with saints' sweet fellowship, is often found; but in heaven there is glorious, full, and uninterrupted communion for ever. Roll swiftly on, ye wearisome days and gloomy nights, and break forth, thou everlasting day, whose sun shall no more go down.

"Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every form and every face,
Look heavenly and Divine."

And Jesus says, "Because I live, ye shall live also."
ONESIMUS.

The Sanctuary.

BY JOHN WATERS BANKS, CHAPLAIN OF THE CONVICT PRISON, PORTSMOUTH.

"A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary."—Jer. xvii. 12.

THE context shows that the language of the text is the thankful expression of believers for security afforded them in the object of their confidence. Look at the fifth and following verses. While he that trusts in man is compared to the heath in the desert, inhabiting the parched places in the wilderness, unconscious of good when it approaches, and blasted with the malediction of heaven,—he whose hope is in the Lord is described as a tree planted by the waters, and spreading so her roots by the river, that the presence of heat shall only elicit a greater viridity, perennial fruitfulness, and the husbandman's blessing.

The difference in these two pictures is so great that lookers-on can see it; and though the dead in sin may, through being twice dead, be past feeling, they who possess life so abundantly must feel it, and must give utterance to their exultant feeling.

The connection between the context and the text seems to be here: believers are those who have escaped from the innumerable seductions which led them to look for succour in men, themselves, or riches: and have reached a good land beyond these, a good land and a secure one, in which they can rest and fear no evil.

There are many circumstances in which it seems next to an impossibility not to make flesh our arm, or not to lean to our own understanding, or not to place some reliance on the multitude of riches: and yet only he who is delivered from all these confidences can triumph in the excellency of his refuge as a glorious high throne of antiquity.

And then when we consider the tenacity with which men cling to things seen and tangible, what chastening they must be the subjects of before all those things, and the systems builded on them, can be looked upon as false refuges! I say, it must be tribulation that uproots men! And through what tribulation must they wade before the refuge named in our text can be so joyfully spoken of? "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary." I shall begin by speaking of the sanctuary.

I. The idea of a SANCTUARY is connected with a separated place, a sacred spot; sacred especially from the grasp of some

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power fled from, and so related to the Asyla of old. The first really of this kind were the cities of Refuge, that merciful provision of the Almighty set forth in thirty-fifth chapter of Numbers, and other parts. Those cities of Refuge were at once a protection for justice and helplessness. Justice was clear when the guilty was condemned; and the unwitting man-slayer was protected in a way to make men reverence the image of God in man, and watch against an accidental as well as a wilful injury to it. Perhaps it is not a great flight of imagination to suppose that Cadmus, King of Tyre, who went into Greece soon after the death of Joshua, had heard of these sanctuaries; and that when he built Thebes there, and granted the privilege of sanctuary to all sorts of criminals, he in some sort imitated the Divine institution, as Romulus in after time imitated him in opening Rome as an asylum for similar refugees. So Canada has for a long time, by the constitution of British law, been a sanctuary for the fugitive slave; long before the exigencies of war compelled the Americans of the North to admit the slave was entitled to the rights of a man.

But let us pass from the historic to the natural idea.

A sanctuary is the place of refuge from the face of an enemy. So the "hart panteth after the water-brooks" to escape the teeth of the baying hounds; and so "the high hills are a refuge for the wild goats." This idea has been illustrated and intensified by the artistic genius of Landseer. His picture is familiar to many of you. The "harbourer" has tracked the "slot" of a "warrantable" stag, and the dogs have been put on the scent. Forced to quit his lair, the stag has bounded away for his life! O'er hill and plain, through field and flood, he has doubled and distanced them, until his strength fails, and they gain upon him, and his passage seems bounded by bluffs without an opening! With desperate efforts he reaches the summit of a mount, and a succession of leaps brings him to the waters of a lake spread out before him; those waters receive him, and his pursuers are at fault.

You, too, lose the stag in the wide waters! But,

" See where the startled wild-fowl screaming rise,
And seek in marshalled flight those golden skies:
Yon wearied swimmer scarce can win the land,
His legs yet falter on the watery strand!

Poor hunted hart, the painful struggle o'er,
How blest the shelter of that island shore!
There while he sobs, his panting heart to rest,
Nor bound, nor hunter shall his hair molest!"

Landseer called this "the Sanctuary." But the Christian idea is the one of the text. The Christian's idea finds no rest until it finds the Messiah.

" In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone."

The hope of the Christian enters into, and lays hold of, and is secured by Him who was typified by the ark of Noah, and the cities of Refuge, and more mysteriously by the ark of the Covenant, and the mercy-seat, and the over-shadowing cherubim where Jehovah abode.

II. This brings me to the second thing in our text, namely, "THE PLACE." "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary." "The place." This is none other than the person of Jesus. Christ our Passover sacrificed for us shelters us. The sprinkling of the blood of Jesus stamps the mark which preserves from the devouring sword. Under the droppings of His blood alone is salvation. In the profusion of our ideas of a refuge or sanctuary, let not this be hidden or hastened over, for the other places only shadowed, or are emblems of this—the person of Jesus the place of sanctuary! Not the person of Jesus either or merely, but the atoning blood of Jesus. Not the blood shed only, but this applied to the conscience secures, not the declaration of the fact that He lived and died, but the application and declaration by the Holy Spirit that He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*. That beautiful hymn,

" Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power,"

was composed while meditating on the words spoken to Moses (Exodus xxxiii. 21), "And the Lord said, Behold there is a place by Me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock: and it shall come to pass, while My glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with My hand while I pass by; and I will take away my hand, and thou shalt see my back parts." Moses saw then His after manifestations, when the Word made flesh should dwell with men, that they might have a hiding-place, a covert, a place of sanctuary. God points as it were to the latitude and longitude of this place,

in order that it may be discovered from all other places, when He says of Himself (Exodus xxxiv. 7). "Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, and that *will by no means clear the guilty.*" Psalm lxxxv. 10, is a key to open up that passage: "Mercy and truth are met together, and righteousness and peace have kissed each other." But some may say, All these sayings are most enigmatical; there seems nothing but contradictions where one would have expected the plainest declarations. Let us consider these passages of Holy Writ attentively. God keeps mercy for thousands, yet by no means will He clear the guilty. The person of Christ is the place of sanctuary; there mercy is treasured up; in Him sinners obtain mercy; through His atoning sacrifice they are accepted, and accepted without spot. "By His knowledge," says God in Isaiah liii. 11, "By His knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for He shall bear their iniquities." The Psalmist understood this when he prayed, "Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine Anointed."—Psalm lxxxiv. 9. There, there is mercy with God that He may be feared.

And it was in the same night in which He was betrayed, that mercy and truth met together—mercy in the person of Jesus.

" That was compassion like a God's,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew."

Then there was truth. Inflexible truth exacting *that* price from the sinner's Surety.

" Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance with his iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God."

That was the meeting of mercy and truth. "But," as we read again in Isaiah liii. 5, "But 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 chastisement which procures peace for us was upon Him; and the righteousness which Christ obtained by suffering and obeying, and paying all demands against those for whom He appeared, is reckoned his who with the heart believes unto righteousness. And the God of peace is well pleased with such believers, for His righteousness' sake, and they are looked upon as all righteous; and Jesus introduces them as such, and the God of peace smiles on them, and the peace of God fills them! And so mercy and truth are met together, and righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Then God does keep mercy for thousands; and yet it is true, as you see, that He will by no means clear the guilty. If we shelter

in Christ, our guilt is purged by His blood and we obtain mercy. If we trust to any thing short of that atoning blood, our guilt will be on our own heads, and we shall bear the punishment of it for ever. Hence the value, hence the necessity, of such a place of sanctuary, and to know where to find it.

The administrative principle of this place is faith. Faith generated in the sinner by the operation of the Holy Ghost! Faith which then feels after, and faints unless it be invigorated from Jesus! faith in Jesus as the propitiation for sins! faith in His blood as the instrumental cause of pardon and peace, and which therefore takes hold of and brings him only for acceptance. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. To declare, I say, at this time His righteousness, that He might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." Romans iii. 25.

Of this place I can now say to all who are desirous of sanctuary, "There yet is room." There is room for the hungry, starving poor, whom nothing can satisfy but heavenly food! There is room for those who are ashamed, and loathing their own rags, think of the prodigal and the best robe! Yes, there is room for them; and all things are ready, and the "best robe" among the "all things." There is room for the sick too; for those who have faith in the healing virtues of the wounds of that Physician who gave His life a ransom for many! There is room for the lost who feel their need of salvation; and there is room for the backslider, who still knows the Shepherd's voice, and can bleat after Him in answer to the loving declaration,

"In Jesus' breast there yet is room."

And then the excellency of supply in this place. What stores! what resources! what treasures! The poor refugees shall sorrow no more—shall want no more: "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 17. In this last precious word from the Scriptures, we have the Lamb that was slain, feeding His people; and this Lamb is in the midst of the throne. And so we pass easily to the next particular in our text.

III. The place of our sanctuary is a **THRONE**. "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary." A throne is the symbol of territorial sway, and Jesus has that. Psalm lxxii. 11, "Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him; all nations shall serve Him." A throne is the

symbol of judgment and honour: and the Father hath committed all power and judgment to the Son—"That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father: he that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him."—John v. 22, 23. A throne is the symbol of royalty; and Jesus sways the sceptre of universal dominion; and He does so by virtue of creation, redemption, and conquest. In His majesty He rides prosperously. "And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and He that sat upon him was called FAITHFUL and TRUE, and in righteousness He doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on His head were many crowns; and He had a name written that no man knew but Himself. And He was clothed in a vesture dipped in blood; and His name is called THE WORD OF GOD."—Rev. xix. 11—13. I would not say that the mere mention of a throne in the text determines the Godhead of Jesus, for there are thrones for hierarchs, and powers in heaven and on earth; but this is a

HIGH throne. The positive epithet is used to express the most superlative height. The throne of Jesus is without controversy higher than all hierarchies! higher than all imperialism! higher than all grades of intelligences! And then His throne is as holy as it is high; and as full of mercy as it is of holiness! But this is not all. "The place of our sanctuary is a *glorious high throne*." And the throne of Jesus is more glorious than all the thrones of all created beings put together, as He hath by *inheritance* obtained a more excellent name than they. He is the Son of God! He is the King of glory! His throne is the throne of grace, to which the necessitous are invited, and that makes it glorious! His throne is the throne of life; for out of the throne of God and the Lamb proceeds the river of the water of life; and that makes it glorious! The throne of Jesus is the autotype of Eliakim's, mentioned in Isaiah xxii. 22, of whom God says, "And I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place; and he shall be for a glorious throne to his father's house, and they shall hang upon him all the glory of his father's house," &c.

And this throne has been a sanctuary **FROM THE BEGINNING**. As the Father declares, Psalm xlv., and Heb. i. 8, "But unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever, the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right sceptre!" "FOR EVER," that is from everlasting: "AND EVER," that is to everlasting. And thus, "The place of our sanctuary is a throne," a high throne, a glorious high throne, a glorious high throne from the beginning. All witnesses confirm this of Jesus. The apostles declare it.

"He is before all things, and by Him all things consist."—Col. i. 8. The prophets proclaim it, "Out of thee, Bethlehem, shall HE come forth unto me, that is to be Ruler in Israel: whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."—Micah v. 2. The Psalms repeat the strain (lxxiv 12), "For God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth." Moses wrote of Christ (John v. 46); the patriarchs saw His day (John viii. 56); by faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God (Heb. xi.); in the beginning was this Word (John i. 1). And this Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us that we might shelter in Him as a sanctuary.

This is the simple truth. Man had sinned. The daily sacrifice of lambs had failed to take away sin. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. He was the Lamb of God; He was the Lamb slain. He paid the penalties incurred by His people; He ransomed them from the power of the grave by dying for them; and He rose the mighty Conqueror! He was ever the Mighty God: now He is the mighty Man! He was ever the glorious God: now He is the glorious God-Man! And as the Lion of the tribe of Judah He hath prevailed. "And I beheld," says John, "and lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts (that is, in the essence of Deity), and in the midst of the elders (that is, in the essence of humanity) stood a lamb as it had been slain. And he took the book," which but for Him had remained unclosed to all; He took the book, and then that new song issued, and to this hour is sung, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth."—Rev. v. Hence, the language of our text is the language of admiration, "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary."

Do you, my brethren, admire this view of the Saviour? If you do, you are not far from an interest in Him. To admire an excellence is near—is the next good thing to possessing it. But the next good thing will not satisfy an earnest soul. There is a great difference between an almost and an altogether saved soul. The difference equals the wise virgins within with the Bridegroom, and the foolish ones too late, knocking at the door without.

I rejoice to find any who can admire the great things of God; any who take a delight to walk about Zion, and go round about, and tell the towers thereof. I encourage such

admiration. I say, "Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces." But I say further, "Seek to enter into the King's palace; seek to draw near the throne, to touch the golden sceptre; and lose no time, and take no denial, that ye may tell it to the generation following, This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death."

Hence, the language of the text is the language of appropriation: "a glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary." There is an inconceivable weight and value in these little appropriating words in Scripture (Psalm xli. i.), "God is our strength;" (xci 2), "I will say of the Lord, He is my Refuge and Fortress; my God, in Him will I trust." And again, "My beloved is mine." Now I believe there are some here who would resign all earthly things to say the same, with the Spirit's approval; I believe there are some here who at this moment are praying with the Psalmist, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." Well, that is an acceptable prayer, and if Christ be all your salvation, and all your desire, this is the accepted time! this day is salvation come to this house—thy house, thou emptied soul—thy heart, thou bruised reed. If I should say I did not know Christ thus, and for myself I should speak falsely, for He was revealed to me as my Sanctuary many years ago, and I long now for such a consummation in your experience, not only for your sakes, but for mine also, for I long for companionship: hence, the language of the text is the language of association—our Sanctuary! Thus those who sow and those who reap rejoice together! Though each must be pursued by himself, and each must enter in by himself, yet the happiness will be increased a thousand fold by communion with others so wondrously saved! See with what joy saved souls congratulate each other while they praise the Rock of their salvation.

We have a strong city! "Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks!" Seek communion with God, and then communion with saints will be sweet. "The promise is to you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Seek to enter into this sanctuary! Lay aside every weight that you may run the faster, looking unto Jesus only. Having by faith entered, seek the welfare of others also. Seek to have your children with you, and your kinsfolk, and your neighbours, and your acquaintance. Then the language of the text will be yours, and it will be the language of admiration, and appropriation, and association, and of thankfulness. "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary." A grateful appreciation of such a refuge is

an eternal well-spring of blessedness. It is the blessing that maketh rich. There can be no poverty where such thankfulness exists; there can be no riches where such thankfulness is altogether unknown. "Cry out and shout, THOU inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of Thee."—Isaiah xii. 6. Still I feel there are many who are not inhabitants of the Rock; many who nevertheless are even now saying, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him." I say to you in God's words, "Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself, and let Him be your fear, and let him be your dread. And He shall be for a sanctuary."—Isaiah viii. 13, 14. I am to you as the direction posts in the land of Israel were to the manslayer; I point and cry, Refuge! Refuge! To Jesus the true city of Refuge you are directed. Yea, if you feel the avenger of blood gathering on you, do you not feel that you are drawn also? If you are drawn as well as driven, then you have hope as well as fear. You feel that you cannot reach the mountain, and yet the mercy vouchsafed creates in you a strong hope that grace will find means, and so you will find it. If you cannot reach the mountain, the mountain can reach you; and before you are aware you will find yourself on the borders of the sanctuary; and Christ on the cross will be seen, and the pangs for deliverance will be felt; and faith in the atonement of Jesus will break the strings

which have bound you, and you will enter into rest—you will leap into Jesus, and find Him a strong tower from the face of the enemy.

I think by this time you all understand my text. I have approached it; I have lingered over it, and carefully gone through it, and round about it, because I want you all to understand, not the text only, but your relation to the principal thing spoken of in it—Jesus as a hiding place from the wind.

Have you sheltered in Him? Jesus the covert from the tempest. Has He covered your defenceless head? Jesus as rivers of water in a dry place. Have you tasted that the Lord is gracious? Jesus as the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land. Are you praying, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I?" I know you have sympathised with political refugees hastening to reach our shores, which have been a sanctuary for thousands; I know you have sympathised with the slave, stretching every nerve to reach the Canadian border, which has proved a sanctuary for many; I know that you would, and do sympathise with the sufferings of others, presented to you in any shape; I further beseech you to sympathise with yourselves—to have compassion on yourselves.

"Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun."

For you know not WHAT or WHERE you will be on the morrow.

"COMING TO CHRIST," AND "GOING TO HEAVEN."

By AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

READER, read carefully the following lines. They are from *The Remembrancer*, a sweet monthly issued by Rev. W. Lush, of Waterloo, Hants. Mr. Toplady says,—

"In the evening, received a letter from Mr. Andrew Lacam, of London, wherein he gives me this account of his late sister, Mrs. Carter, who died last month: 'She had, for some time, left the fountain of living waters. I had two different conferences with her during her illness. I assured her that I did not come to lord it over her, but in love to her soul put the question, How stand matters between God and you? Her attestation was, with sighs and tears, as follows: I am truly sensible that I have run away from God, and it is my heart's burthen. But it is written in God's word, Whoso cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. I will, therefore, upon His promise, venture to cast my soul, without reserve, upon Jesus Christ, and there I am sure I can never perish. Upon this we went to prayer,' &c.

"I could not forbear answering my friend's letter almost as soon as I received it, and, among other things, observed to him as follows,—

"The account you give of dear Mrs. Carter's decease, is a ground for hope in Israel concerning her. It is a great and blessed thing when we are enabled to cast ourselves on the promises. It cannot possibly be done without faith, and he that believeth shall be saved. Adored be the free grace of God, which, I trust, healed the backslidings of your sister, and brought her again within the bond of the covenant. His Spirit alone can drive the ploughshare of penitential conviction through a sinner's heart, and give us to mourn at the spiritual sight of him whom our sins have pierced. The Lord give us to mourn more and more, until we have mourned away our unbelief, our carelessness, and hardness of heart! The soul, I verily believe, is never safer than when, with returning Mary, we stand at the feet of Jesus, behind him, weeping.

I read lately of a minister in the last century, whose departing words were, A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Nor can I think such a state to be at all inferior, in point of real safety, to that of a good man who died a few years ago in London, with these triumphant words in his mouth, Now angels, do your office. Of some it is written, 'They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them,' while others of the Lord's people enter the haven of everlasting life, as it were, with full sails and flying colours; they 'return with singing unto Zion.' But this is our comfort, that of all whom the Father gave to Christ he will not lose one. However the joy of faith may decline, the grace itself shall never totally fail; having for its security the Father's covenant love, which is from everlasting to everlasting; the blessed Mediator's intercession which is perpetual and all-prevailing; and the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost, who when once given is a fountain of living water, springing up in the believer's heart to life eternal. May he in all his plenitude of saving grace and heavenly love, descend upon our souls as dew, and make us glad with the light of his countenance!—When I consider the goodness of God to me the chief of sinners, I am astonished at the coldness of my gratitude and the smallness of my love. Yet, little and cold as it is, even that is his gift, and the work of his Spirit; an earnest, I cannot doubt, of more and greater. The Lord Jesus increase the spark to a flame, and make the little one become a thousand!—My health, after which you are so kind as to inquire, was never better. And, which is greater still, I often experience the peace which passeth all understanding, and the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. Not that I am always upon the Mount. There are seasons in which my Lord is 'as one that hideth himself.' But He only hides Himself. He never forsakes the sinner he has loved. And, blessed be his name, he has engaged that the regenerate soul shall never totally forsake him, else there never would be a saint in heaven.—I rejoice to hear of Mrs. W.'s temporal welfare, and pray God to make her spiritually such as he would have her to be. She and I have much chaff to be burnt up; much tin to be consumed; may the blood of the Lamb be upon us both, for pardon; and the sacred Spirit be to us as a refining fire, for sanctification. If you write to her, do present the captain and her with my Christian respects; and let her know from me, that except she comes to Christ as a poor sinner, with the halter of self-abasement round her neck, and the empty vessel of faith in her hand; as a condemned criminal who has nothing to plead,

and as an insolvent debtor, who has nothing to pay: she is stout-hearted, and far from righteousness. The way to be filled with the fulness of God is to bring no money in our sack's mouth.—If you see my old friend Mr. I., tell him that he will not be able to find any rest for the sole of his foot until he returns to the doctrines of grace, and flies back to the ark of God's election."

BIBLE LIVES & BIBLE LESSONS.

WHAT a man the Rev. D. A. Doudney is for making books! He is the incumbent of St. Luke's, Bedminster, Bristol; he is the editor of "Old Jonathan;" he is the editor of *The Gospel Magazine*; he is author of "Heart Breathings," "Sympathy," and a host of other nice little pieces of experimental literature. And now we have a volume "got up" in a chaste and elegant manner by Mr. Collingridge, entitled "Bible Lives and Bible Lessons; or Gleanings from the Book of Genesis." We notice in Mr. Collingridge's style of printing and binding, a marked improvement, almost equal to any of the first houses in London, far better than very many of them.

Mr. Doudney is not a boney and bonny divine, like some of the old Puritans. He is not an elephant plunging into the depths of theology; but a gentle lamb, swimming softly upon the still waters of that degree of experience which makes him useful to many. But of the contents of this new work, with an extract or two, next month. For sound-hearted Sunday school teachers it will be a companion dearly beloved.

IN-DWELLING SIN.

How is it, Lord, I can't defy
 This raging foe that dwells within,
 Cut off the hand—pluck out the eye,
 And break the neck of every sin?
 A vile wretch there cannot be,
 Beneath the canopy of heaven,
 Such sinfulness appears to me
 As though it could not be forgiven!
 The fleshly will obtains the sway.
 I yield to sin with open eyes;
 It stops my mouth when I would pray,
 I utter naught but groans and sighs!
 Oh can it be I've been deceived
 In all I've hitherto professed!
 And ne'er on Christ aright believed,
 Nor been of saving grace possessed?
 If so, then why this deadly strife
 That's daily going on within?
 Dear Lord, there surely must be life,
 Or should I loathe myself for sin?
 The person, promise, power, and blood
 Of Christ I'll plead, and will not doubt;
 By Him I'll venture near to God,
 And shall "IN NO WISE" be cast out.

GIDEON.

The Suxrey Tabernacle Expositor.

EXPOSITION OF REVELATION IX. 13—21.

"And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God."

It was the lot of the apostles to have but very little to do with the things of this world. Their lot on the one hand was great suffering, on the other hand their lot was fellowship with God: and therefore they ever felt, to a greater extent than perhaps any of us have ever felt, a deep interest in the special revelations of the great God, in relation both to His mercies and His judgments. Hence, then, the words I have just read are expressive of several things. I will just give a little sample. Here is a voice from the four horns of the golden altar: this golden altar, of course, typifies, or is intended spiritually to set forth, the Lord Jesus Christ as our intercessor. And if we are seeking access to God by the sacrificial perfection of Christ, then we stand with Him in His intercession for us before the throne of God. "And a voice from the four horns:"—the four horns represent a four-fold or universal power; to shew that the Lord is round about His people, and that on every side, even as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people; so that neither from east, west, north, or south, can anything smite them that shall fatally or finally injure them. They are standing in the presence of God, and encircled with the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ; and the enemy can move only by the authority of Jesus Christ. So the sound or the voice is said to come from the golden altar, to denote that the Saviour hath all power in heaven and in earth. Let, therefore, friends, our reliance for time and for eternity be the Lord Jesus Christ, in what He hath done, and in what He is now doing. And a little attention to these apparently mysterious things will take away their ambiguity, and make them as plain as other parts of the Word of God.

"Saying to the sixth angel which had the trumpet, Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates. And the four angels were loosed, which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men."

Now these four angels, you are not to understand that they mean literally angels, or that they mean literally fallen angels, or that they mean angels at all; but simply, agencies which the Lord is pleased to use for the execution of His judgments. And these four are said to be bound in the great

river Euphrates. The river Euphrates, mystically taken, signifies Babylon; and Babylon, mystically taken, signifies the whole world; and therefore, the four angels mean the four agencies, east and west, north and south, which are ever ready under Satan's influence to come against the truth of God, to come against the people of God, to come against the church of God. But at the same time, the Lord hath, as we see in this vision, and we shall see presently from these things especially, He hath caused the movements of the enemies to recoil upon themselves; while the Lord's people have escaped. You will, therefore, understand that by their being bound, it means, that these enemies cannot move till the Lord looseth them. You may have enemies, and they may have their plans to come against you; but they are in the hands of the Lord: you stand fast, and be quiet; and if they should be loosed against you, you will see presently what limitations, even when they are loosed, they are under. Therefore, by the four angels you are to understand enemies at work from the four quarters of the earth, and that all these were bound, limited by the government of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now then, it here says that when they were loosed they were "prepared for an hour;" so there is their hour's work; and when they have done that, then there is "a day;" then will come their day's work; and when they have done their day's work, then comes their "month's work;" and when they have done their month's work, then comes their "year's work."

"Which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men."

You observe, there are no less than five limitations. The enemy has but an hour's work to do in one place; he must be off then: he has, perhaps, a day's work to do in another place; he must be off when he has done that: he has a month's work to do in another place; when that is done he must be off: he may have twelve months' work to do in another place, then he must be off. See what a fearful thing it is to be prepared to serve the devil; these agents were prepared, they were quite ready; only let Satan have the opportunity, and call them into action, then these four angels come against Jesus Christ, and say, "Crucify Him, crucify Him;" then these four agencies, that is, enemies, come against His apostles, and do everything they can to

hinder, and if possible, to stop the progress of the Gospel. So in all ages Satan has not been lost for want of servants. Bless the Lord, he has been at a loss for opportunity, because the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. See how encouraging, then, to those that know something of the golden altar, that while the enemy is thus loosed, he is under the special limitations of Him who is our almighty, eternal, and best Friend. And they were to "slay the third part of men;" only a certain number; and where should we be but for this limitation?

"And the number of the army of the horsemen were two hundred thousand thousand; and I heard the number of them."

Of course, a definite number for an indefinite; as when it is said of the agencies, the angels, that "The chariots of God are twenty thousand;" that is, many thousands; and so the adversary consists of many thousands. And David refers to the same subject, when he says, "Though ten thousand should set themselves against me, my heart shall not fear;" because he knew the Lord was on his side.

Now, if we apply this vision first to the incursion of the Romans,—for this vision corresponds generally with the 2nd chapter of Joel, and the 2nd chapter of Joel, you are aware, in the latter part of it contains an account of the day of Pentecost; and the next chapter that follows this vision is a Gospel chapter, wherein Christ appears in the universality of His dominion; you will observe that the judgments here described represent first the Roman armies coming up against Jerusalem; second, they represent those armies that came upon Rome Pagan; and indeed, represent all the wars and scourges that have taken place, and will take place down to the end of time; for I think that Scripture must be spiritually understood where it is said, "They shall not learn war any more."

"And thus I saw the horses of the vision, and them that sat on them"

Go to the 2nd chapter of Joel, you will see the same thing there, under the figure of locusts, expressive of the calamities that should come upon this sin-blasted world.

"Having breastplates of fire, and jacinth, and brimstone: and the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions; and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone,"

All descriptive, you see, of the judgments of God that should come upon the ungodly. No one, I am sure, can have only a slight acquaintance with Roman history, English history, or other histories, without seeing how these terrible judgments have been fulfilled. Millions, millions of our fellow-creatures in gone-by ages have been cut off by the despotisms, barbarities, and tremen-

dously murderous ages in which they lived. Truly, ours is hitherto, and has been now for hundreds of years, a happy country; the peace we enjoy, the liberty we enjoy; the number of Christians we have in our happy land whose souls go up to God on behalf of the monarch that reigns over us, on behalf of the senators that govern the land, on behalf of the servants of God, and of the Gospel of God. And may the Lord still continue the sweet privileges we enjoy, that those armies of locusts which once covered this land, lighted up the fires of martyrdom, that those armies may never be suffered again to come in, as they have done heretofore, upon our favoured land.

"By these three was the third part of men killed, by the fire, and by the smoke, and by the brimstone, which issued out of their mouths. For their power is in their mouth."

The mouth, of course, means the ruler, or the king, or the general, or the captain, that gives orders; that's the way in which I understand that.

"And in their tails."

And the tails mean their followers; so you may take the tails to mean the military followers; or you may take the tails to mean the Mahometan priests, the Roman Catholic priests; these follow after, and poison the minds of men, delude and deceive them; so that their power is first a despotic power, to put people down, and rob them of their liberty; and then, second, by the tail, for "the ancient and honourable, he is the head; and the prophet that teacheth lies, he is the tail;" and that, therefore, those that go over and preach by virtue of Act of Parliament, or by virtue of the Pope's command, or by virtue of some human authority, all these are the devil's tail, the devil's followers, the devil's drudges, doing the devil's work, beclouding the Gospel, and hiding from us, as far as the agency of man can do, the light of the everlasting Gospel. But our God, bless His holy and precious name, is above them all.

"For their tails were like unto serpents."

They are that; that every one knows that knows what these enemies of the truth are.

"And had heads, and with them they do hurt. And the rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues yet repented not."

No, certainly not; no wars, no calamities, that have ever occurred yet have brought men to repentance; they may embitter life, and make them prefer death to life: but where the Holy Spirit is not, where the Christ of God is not, there is no calamity, no human force that can change the character of man; the grace of God alone can do it.

"Repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship devils:"

Demons, mediatory gods.

"And idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood; which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk."

Every one sees what Jesus Christ did by the simplicity of the Gospel; every one sees what the great Augustine did by the simplicity of the Gospel; every one sees what Wickliffe, John Huss, Luther, and those gone-by men did by the simplicity of the Gospel; every one sees this, that can see at all, what is brought about by the simplicity of the Gospel.

Here then are wars and calamities that have destroyed unnumbered human lives, and spread misery over the world, so that the history of the world is little else but a

history of blood; yet every one sees that no conversion has been wrought, the world has never been made better for that. But let the glorious Gospel of the blessed God come, life is ministered, the light of heaven is realized, the presence of God is there seen, Satan is put to flight, is subdued, repentance and remission of sin is bestowed, and the people become a new people, new creatures, brought into a new and living way, and favoured with all that liberty wherewith Christ has made them free; brought to that, that nothing but the Gospel could bring them to.

"Which neither,"

These idols they worshipped,

"Which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk, neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts."

APOSTOLIC PREACHING.

A REPLY TO MR. CRACKNELL'S LETTER ON "RECONCILIATION TO GOD."

DEAR BROTHER CRACKNELL,—When I was a boy I read an anecdote, the effect of which has never left me. A poor cobbler was in the habit of attending the Latin disputations in the Leyden university. One of the professors seeing him so constant in his attendance, asked him if he knew Latin. "No," was his reply. "Then what is the use of your attending?" "Why," said the cobbler shrewdly, "I always know who has the weakest side of the argument, for the man that is in the wrong always loses his temper first."

I quote this anecdote because the tone of your last letter proves that you have sadly lost your temper in this controversy, otherwise you would not leave the main point at issue to descend to personalities,—a lowland into which you will pardon me for declining to follow you. You accuse me of "*wresting* Scripture to *serve a purpose*." A serious accusation for one minister to bring against another. You ask me if I am satisfied with my own explanation, clearly implying that I have said that *which I do not believe*. You adjure me to be *faithful*, to be *honest*, clearly implying that in your opinion I have not been. And why? Because my interpretation of the passage under discussion differs from yours! Really, my brother, I am grieved for your own sake that you should have stooped to language like this, in calmer moments you will regret it too. Look through my letters, and you will find nothing akin to this addressed to yourself: no insinuations of dishonesty, no charges of *wresting* Scripture to *serve a purpose*, &c., charges which, even if they were true, would hardly come with befitting grace from one who for the last six years, and till

within the last few months, has preached those very truths which he now renounces, and *denounces as a one-sided theology*. That this course of conduct may be NECESSARY FOR YOUR PRESENT POSITION, I will not dispute; but that it is consistent with right principle you must permit me to deny. No, my brother, I have no personal "purpose to serve," in maintaining the purity of the Gospel. The *defence* of the truth has never been a "profitable speculation" yet. Whether its *abandonment* is not so, I will leave others to answer. But passing from this to the controversy in general, and your last letter in particular, were the subject under discussion not so grave, I should positively smile at the agility you evince in leaping from pillar to post, and post to pillar, with a kind of leap-frog logic which in its amusing summersaults, always cleverly contrives to jump over the main questions in dispute, and to settle down upon some secondary issue.

Our correspondence commenced on "*Exhortations to the Dead Sinner*." *Faith and Repentance*, were they the *gifts* of God, or the *acts* of unrenewed human nature? In your first letter, you asked me if "unbelief" were a sin. In my answer, I admitted that there was an unbelief that is a sin; but that the *non-possession* of saving faith is not a sin. I established from God's Word the distinction between the two faiths. Did you, in your next letter, *withdraw your theory or refute my argument*? Neither. What did you then? Leap over it without any reference to it! Certainly the easiest way of surmounting a difficulty.

You were exercised as to how to preach the Gospel to the unconverted: I gave you

apostolic examples. Did you modify your theory, or prove that my quotations were incorrect? Neither. What did you? Adopted your favourite manœuvre, and leapt over the examples in silence; in other words, stuck to your theory, and flung the apostles overboard. And now, in your last letter, you put all these points aside, and raise another issue, the correct interpretation of 2 Cor. v. 20.

Well, be it so; I join issue with you there, and strong in the truth as it is in Jesus, I am content to fight the battle out over this text, and if you are contending for *truth*, not merely for *victory*, you shall be compelled, at the close of this discussion, to confess that *you are wrong* in your view of the passage, or else be silent. But if you reply again, let your letter be a *reply* or an *admission*.

Now for the passage. "Now then, we, as ambassadors for God, we beseech you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." You contend that in this passage the apostle Paul is telling the Corinthians *how he preached the Gospel to the world*;—that is, *that he exhorted the world to reconcile itself to God*.

Now, I shall first proceed to prove that this interpretation is contradicted by **FACT**; and, secondly, that it is contrary to the analogy of faith, and the general tenor of God's Word. 1st. *It is contrary to the facts*. Link your arm in mine, my brother, and walk with me into the synagogue at Damascus; there's Paul, just coming in, and going to begin his *first sermon*. Acts ix. 20—22. 'Tis only a few days since he went and "*reconciled himself*" to God on the way to Damascus, according to your theory. (O God-dishonouring—Christ-insulting thought!) And, now, doubtless, he is about to exhort his hearers to do the same! Is it so? Not a word like it. So far from exhorting his hearers to *do*, he preaches what **CHRIST** had *done*. "He preached Christ in the synagogue;" "proving that this is very Christ." How did he know it? By his own experience. He had proved His love, His power, His grace. His electing love,—("He is a chosen vessel unto me"),—His power to subdue the bitter enmity of his heart, His grace to blot out his black transgressions, and so he preaches *what he has experienced*; not the power of the unrenewed human heart to reconcile itself to God, but the *grace* and power of Christ in *reconciling* the heart of the *rebellious sinner to himself*.

But you are thinking, my brother, that *one sermon* is hardly a sufficient test of Paul's preaching, particularly, too, as it is his *first*. Perhaps he will get "*clearer light*" as he proceeds, and contradict be-

fore his congregation at Antioch what he has preached at Damascus.

Well, it is rather a long journey; but as it is somewhat important to settle the point, we will follow him there. (Acts xiii. 15—41.) See, the Rabbi has just finished reading the lessons of the day out of the Law and the Prophets, and has just sent a messenger to Paul to know if he has any "*word of exhortation*" for the people (the *true Rabbinical* or *legal* style of preaching, according to the *law*, not the Gospel, of which the Rabbi who sent the message knew nothing): a capital opportunity this for Paul to exhort them all to *reconcile themselves to God*. Does he? Silence! He's beginning. Listen; let us take notes. 1st. Division; Christ the sum and substance of prophecy (verses 16—22). 2nd. Christ, in His life, death, and resurrection the fulfilment of prophecy (23—37). 3rd. Application, result, full and free forgiveness, justification, perfect and complete (38, 39). To whom is this salvation sent? "To whomsoever among you feareth God." Verse 26.

Ah! my brother, you scratch your head and rub your chin; Paul's preaching lends no countenance to your interpretation yet, does it? But don't be cast down; we'll do with Paul as Balak did with Israel, "look at him from another place," and see if we can catch him tripping into Arminianism.

See, he is now going into the synagogue at *Thessalonica* to preach there; he is a long way off from his old hearers, and he can spice his sermon now with something flattering to human nature; he can modify or soften down his manner of preaching; besides, he has been eighteen years in the ministry, and must have clearer views than when he started, and his long experience of human nature must have convinced him that it can do some little spiritual good without God's help, believe, reconcile itself to God. Again, then, my brother, we listen to the apostle. Acts xvii. 2, 3. He "reasons with them out of the Scriptures, opening and alleging that Christ must needs suffer and rise again from the dead, and that Jesus is the Christ." Why, really, it is almost verbatim; the same sermon that we heard him preach at Damascus eighteen years ago, and this is said to be his constant "manner" of preaching. Verse 2.

But we have not done with him yet. I see you are loath to go any farther, my brother; but we must follow him to Mars Hill—there, under the shadow of the Areopagus, he has begun preaching the Unknown God. He proclaims His *eternity*, *spirituality*, *power*, and *omnipresence*: and calls upon the wretched idolaters to repent

of likening Him to idols of silver and gold, and warns them that the day cometh when He will judge the world in righteousness. Not a solitary "offer of Christ" to the poor idolaters; not a solitary exhortation to reconcile themselves to God. Acts xvii. 22, 32. Now he is off to Corinth, (Acts xviii. 5) and positively he is preaching the old subject again. Pressed in spirit, he proves that "Jesus is very Christ."

And now, my brother, we follow the apostle through the closing scenes of his life. Acts xxiii. Before the *chief captain* and a mixed multitude of Jews, Pharisees, Sadducees, and Gentiles, he relates his experience, and preaches. Does he exhort any of them to reconcile themselves to God? No. Before *Felix* he reasons of temperance, righteousness and judgment to come, till Felix trembles on the judgment seat; does he exhort him to reconcile himself to God? No. Agrippa is almost persuaded to be a Christian: (Acts xxiv. 28.) what a golden opportunity for Paul now to beseech Agrippa to reconcile himself to God;—surely he will not let it slip! Listen—"I would to God, King Agrippa, that not only thou, but all who hear me, were not only almost, but altogether such as I am, except these bonds." He refers the matter not to the *will* of Agrippa, but to the *will* of God.

Now, my brother, are not the *facts* in relation to the apostle's preaching, dead against your interpretation of the passage under discussion? If in the face of facts like these, you still contend that Paul is in this passage telling the Corinthians *how he preached the Gospel*—you make him state that *which his own recorded sermons prove to be false*. Either then you have misconceived the meaning of the passage, or you make the apostle the utterer of a falsehood; as you will not do the latter, you must of necessity admit the former. Considering the length to which this letter has reached, I must reserve the second part of my reply for the ensuing number of the *VESSEL*.

Meanwhile, I remain yours as ever,

B. B. WALE.

Plymouth, Sept. 1864.

OBITUARY OF MARY ANN ATKINS,

WIFE OF MR. W. T. C. ATKINS, DOVER.

It might be said of our parent, "Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." 2 Cor. v. 8. The subject of our memoir was born in Dover, 1790, of decided Christian parents, indeed it might be said of her mother, "She was a mother in Israel," whose usefulness in the church was of a no ordinary kind. Our beloved parent realized early in life that spirituality which in death caused her to

exclaim, "For I know in whom I have believed."

Her path in life was one of but few changes, still the providential dealings of God to her soul were many. The dispensations of heaven are frequently complicated and mysterious, the Christian finding it difficult to reconcile them with the equity of the Divine government. "His judgments are a great deep." But though the dispensations of heaven are frequently mysterious, yet in many instances we have seen the darkness entirely removed; every symptom of obscurity has disappeared, and the bright shining of the Sun of righteousness has dissipated every intervening cloud. The late bereavement she sustained in having within the short period of twelve months her two younger sons taken from her, doubtless this quickened her zeal for the Divine glory, exciting her to greater diligence in the concerns of her soul, thus promoting her purity, her holiness, and happiness, and qualifying her for a life with Christ,

"When all the storms of life are past."

For a period of seventy years she was connected with Zion chapel. From that pulpit she must have heard of the covenant of grace, of its security, of its freedom, of its fulness, and finally of its glory; all is now over, and many with whom she held sweet communion in the flesh years gone by, are now her cotemporaries in the wide invisible realms of disembodied spirits.

"Where no friend departeth thence,
Where Jesus is their sun, their centre;
And their shield omnipotence,"

From sore trials and a weakly constitution, her soul was often dark and cloudy, fears at times besetting her, still her faith was strong, never deserting her, causing her to exclaim,

"The Lord my shepherd is,
And He my soul will keep."

On the Friday night before her death, which took place on the following Monday, she was out. Her sickness at first presented not an alarming character, still she felt as if her hour was come; her pleadings with God in intercessory prayer was great, she felt her weakness and need of the cordials of eternal love, and as the springs of life were ebbing nearer death, her faith in Him became greater. Her Divine Father gave as it were the propitious ray to cheer her soul, glory appeared to meet her view, and in the presence of her friends and sorrowing husband, she without a sigh or pang entered into her rest, June 20th, 1864.

On the following Sabbath her death was improved by the Rev. T. B. Hart, from 2 Sam. xiv. 14.

London.

W. N. G. ATKINS.

FOUR EXPERIMENTAL PROMISES.

BY MR. W. LEACH, MINISTER OF PLUMSTEAD TABERNACLE.

"And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken. The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly."—ISAIAH XXXIII. 3, 4.

In the second verse of this chapter, Jesus is thus spoken of, "And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." A hiding-place from the wind: Isaiah says in another part of his prophecy—"Our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." But through Jesus the iniquities of the Lord's people are all forgiven and blotted out, so He is a hiding-place from the wind." "And a covert from the tempest," sin raises a tempest of wrath against us, even the wrath of God, but Christ is a covert from it, having borne it all in His people's stead. "As rivers of water in a dry place." Suppose the children of God should get into a dry and barren spot, where they can get no water at all? Ah, but they never shall, for Jesus is to them as "rivers of water in a dry place"—rivers, not as a stream merely, a winter's brook that dries up when summer comes, but rivers, ever flowing and abundant. "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." By the Orientals, shade is almost as much valued as water. We often have to encounter the heat of persecution, temptation, &c., in this "weary land" where we dwell, but Jesus is found as a shelter for us. "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Then come the words of our text, which contain a fourfold assurance.

I. "The eyes of them that see shall not be dim." Some of the Lord's people do not see clearly, their eye-sight is dim. In the account of the miracle that Christ wrought upon the blind man (Mark viii.) we find that after He had spit upon his eyes and put His hands upon him, He asked him if he saw ought; then the man looked up and said, "I see men as trees walking." His eyes were dim, but when Jesus had put His hands upon his eyes again, and made him look up, "he was restored, and saw every man clearly." This miracle was wrought gradually, and so with the work of grace in the heart, it is a gradual work. We will notice upon this point those whose eyes are dim with regard to their calling, in regard to the excellences and beauties of Jesus, and as to their future state; and if we come down low here it may be for the encouragement of the little ones, and those who are farther advanced will be able to recall the time when they experienced the same things.

1. Those whose eyes are dim in relation to their calling. The work of grace is carried on in the hearts of some so gently and so

gradually that they are led to doubt whether they are the subjects of grace at all. Not all the Lord's people are arrested suddenly with sharp convictions and terrors; in some the operations of grace resemble the infusion of leaven into the meal, gradually a difference is manifest, but the work goes on very gently. Or it is like the dew softly descending; as the Lord says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." Some of God's children feel that if their salvation depended on their being able to tell when they were called, when the work of grace was first begun in their souls, then they must perish forever: they know that there is a change in themselves, that they feel somewhat differently to what they once did, but when that change began to take place they cannot tell, and they are much troubled on this account, thinking that they cannot be the children of God. Can we not prove from the case of Lydia that some of the Lord's people are thus led? It is said of her, "Whose heart the Lord opened." How gentle the work appears to have been, how different from the case of the jailor, who was arrested suddenly; he would have thrust himself through with a sword had not Paul cried, "Do thyself no harm;" and then he came trembling and crying, "What must I do to be saved?" Those who are the subjects of such a gradual work labor under many disadvantages, if we may so speak: it is trying to have so many doubts and fears, and to be continually harping upon the words,

"Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His or am I not?"

And then to add the prayer,

"Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun."

Now such are brought to know the difference between a fleshly and a real religion, and it is a favourable sign if you are anxious that your religion should be of God and not of the creature. Though sometimes when you compare your experience with that of others of the Lord's people you find a difference, and are ready almost to cut yourselves off, yet we must remember that there are diversities of operations, and perhaps there are not two of the Lord's people to be found whose experience will agree in every particular. All are brought to feel their need of God's mercy and of Christ's salvation, to feel that unless they are saved by grace alone they cannot be.

saved at all, but they are brought to this by different process. Paul speaks of "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus," (1 Peter, v. 10) and in another place he says, "Ye see your calling, brethren." Now those of whom we have been speaking do not see it at present, but they shall see it by and by. "The eyes of them that see shall not be dim." "He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." See Rom. viii. 30, 2 Peter i. 10. 2. Their eyes are dim with regard to the excellences and beauties of Christ. They hear of what He is to others and they have faith to believe that He is all that He is described to be, but it is not a realizing faith at present, they do not as yet see His beauties for themselves as they wish to do. But they shall see: "The eyes of them that see shall not be dim." The Queen of Sheba heard in her own land of Solomon's acts and of his wisdom and greatness, but when she visited him and saw for herself she exclaimed, "The half was not told me." So it will be with you when Jesus reveals himself to you; you will see such loveliness in His person, such loveliness in His work, such loveliness in His grace, that you will exclaim, "The half was not told me concerning His beauties and excellences," and your testimony will be, "He is altogether lovely. This is *my* beloved and this is *my* friend, O daughters of Jerusalem." 3. Those whose eyes are dim as to their future prospects. Many of God's people walk in much darkness, often sighing and asking, "How will it be with me at the last?"

"They cannot read their title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
Nor bid farewell to every fear,
Nor wipe their weeping eyes."

But the eyes of them that see shall not be dim in this sense. We read in the Bible of "a morning without clouds," and through this primarily refers to heaven, yet it may be applied to the time when the Lord manifests Himself to His people and gives them a clear view of the future. Before Moses died God gave him a view from the top of Pisgah of the land of Canaan, and so He deals with His children now, giving them a glorious prospect of their heavenly inheritance before they leave this world.

II. The second assurance is, "The ears of them that hear shall hearken." We may speak now of those who are willing to hear the Gospel preached, and this hearing can do none any harm. It has been said that the Gospel hardens men's hearts, but it never does that; they may be hardened, but the Gospel never does it; no man was ever the worse for listening to a free-grace Gospel. A minister will feel a yearning over

those who come to hear the truth preached by him; he will say, "Lord, here are the people gathered together, some of them yet unawakened; nothing but Thy power can change their hearts, O Lord, work upon them." And when the Lord does work, there will be a difference manifest in the formerly unconcerned hearers. "The ears of them that hear shall hearken." Ah, you will not then come and sit up in the corner of the pew as if you were going to sleep—no, but you will be all attention, listening for yourself, and asking before you come, "What will there be to meet my case?" Perhaps this may be called selfishness, but if so, it is a right kind of selfishness, for if there is a work of grace in the heart of the hearer, he will be anxious to get something for himself, and will not be satisfied without it. They shall hearken, that is, they shall understand God hath said, "I will give them a heart to know me." Solomon prayed for a wise and an understanding heart. Jesus asked His disciples, "Understand ye these things?" and the words of Philip to the eunuch were, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" It is God who gives the understanding heart; by Him those who hear are brought to understand the Gospel; not to believe in an Arminian, free-will religion, but to understand that Christ is all, and in all, and that salvation is all of grace from beginning to end. They hear with the hearing of faith; they hear also lovingly. The child hears the words of its parent lovingly, and so it is with us, we are brought to listen and to receive the truth in the love of it. They shall hearken: this may mean that they shall obey. Jesus saith, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" The children of God, who own Jesus as their master, will not only listen to His voice, but they will obey it. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Thus there is hearing first; then attention is aroused, and interest awakened in what is heard, an understanding heart is given; and those who thus hearken are brought to believe, to love, and to obey the Gospel.

III. "The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge." Some are very rash in speaking of the doctrines of grace; they talk very bitterly about them, and say that nothing shall ever make them believe in such doctrines. Saul of Tarsus was very rash in his unregenerate state; beyond measure persecuted the Church of God, and wasted it; but in his case the heart of the rash was made to understand knowledge. As he journeyed to Damascus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," he was brought down by divine power, and then, "he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt

then have me to do?" And afterwards, who was a bolder and more zealous champion than Paul for the truths of the Gospel, and the doctrines of grace? I may have some one here to-night opposed to the truth, and who has said, "I can never believe in those high doctrines;" but do not be too sure about it: God may so work in your heart as to make you receive and love them. Just consider the question, "Who maketh thee to differ?" If you are changed and made to differ from the world that lieth in wickedness, it must be the Lord's work; every one of the family of God will agree in confessing this; and if it is not wrong for Him to make you to differ *in* time, surely you must acknowledge that it was not wrong for Him to purpose doing it *before* time. God makes His people to understand knowledge in reference to His way of saving sinners—they are reconciled to it. When Naaman went to Elisha to be cured of his leprosy, he was angry and indignant at being told to wash seven times in Jordan. "The rivers in my own land are far superior," he said. "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them and be clean?" But this was not God's way; He said, "Down to Jordan thou shalt go;" and so to Jordan Naaman did go, dipped himself seven times therein, and was clean; and then his testimony was, "Behold now, I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel." "The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge." Some are rash in reference to the Lord's dealings with them. Poor old Jacob, you know, when Joseph was thought to be dead, Simeon retained as a hostage in Egypt, and his son Benjamin demanded too, exclaimed, "All these things are against me." No, no, Jacob, they are not against you; at last your three children shall be restored to you, and you shall find that all, instead of being against you, has been for your good. So it is with the Lord's people.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

Jonah also was rash with regard to the Lord's dealings, but when he was in the fish's belly, and had been in the belly of hell in his own feelings, his heart understood knowledge, and his words were, "Salvation is of the Lord." Some are rash in their judgment concerning others. When Hannah went up to the temple of the Lord and prayed in bitterness of soul, Eli formed a wrong opinion concerning her; he thought she had been drunken, and he said, "How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." But Hannah answered—and we have much to admire in the wisdom and meekness of her reply—

"No, my lord, I am a woman of a very sorrowful spirit, &c." Then Eli said, "Go in peace; and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of Him." (See 1 Sam. i.) Job's friends were rash in their judgment concerning him, but their hearts at last also understood knowledge.

IV. The fourth particular is, "And the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly." Some of the Lord's people stammer in conversation. "Well," they say, "I hope and trust that the Lord has done something for me; I feel somewhat differently to what I once did, but I have many doubts." But by and by, the tongue of the stammerers shall speak plainly, and they shall boldly say, "The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad." Some stammer in prayer, they are afraid to call God their Father; but ere long they shall speak plainly, for the Spirit of adoption shall be given them, crying in their hearts "Abba, Father." And there are stammerers in praise. "Lord," they say, "if Thou hast done anything for me, I would desire to bless and praise Thee for it." But afterwards, when the Lord causes them to speak plainly, they exclaim, "I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all Thy marvellous works. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

AN AFFECTIONATE LETTER.

To an heir of glory, Caroline Clunfield, Oxon.

By J. Stockwell, Dunmow, Essex.

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST JESUS,—Your last letter came safe to hand. I was so interested with its pleasing contents that I venture to reply to you through THE EARTHEN VESSEL, which often contains much heavenly treasures and spiritual instruction and food for my soul for many years past, and I trust through the Holy Spirit's power and grace, this short epistle will prove a reviving cordial to your soul, and to all who may read the same, who are hungering and thirsting after greater discoveries of God's grace and love through a precious Christ, and the holy anointings of the Holy Ghost, and the rich savour and balm of the everlasting covenant blood and righteousness of Him who is mighty to save. Thou, believer, art to come daily and draw water from the wells of salvation with joy. Joy, because of the soul-cheering, soul-strengthening, and cleansing nature of these living waters. Jehovah the Father is the fountain of living waters; salvation takes its first spring of everlasting love, and is secured to thee by His unalterable covenant and unchangeable promises. The Holy Spirit opens poor sinners' eyes and shows them their need of salvation's waters, and believers in all ages

have had their hearts and souls made glad, and have rejoiced like good old Simeon, in God's salvation. You speak of changes; we are like children at school, our restrictions seem great and hard lessons to learn, and we sometimes become tired of our present position, and the more so as the correction increases to bring down our self-wills to submit to the will of our heavenly Father, who will withhold no good thing from His family beloved in Christ Jesus. Whether it be prosperity or adversity, sickness or health, persecutions or bereavements, He in love wipes the ingredients of the cup that He in love places into the hand of each member of His family to drink. Each member hath his own peculiar potion, and will have its medicinal effect, and the effect will result in glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life. You said in your letter that I should be glad to hear that your dear Saviour has favoured you with the light of His countenance, and like Peter on the mount, say "It is good to be here." Oh how I should like to abide here; I don't like coming down into the valley of complaining darkness, coldness, and deadness. Yes, dear sister, I am glad to hear of the Lord's gracious dealings with your soul, and as the pathway to your desired haven lies through a wilderness of temptations and sorrows, be not discouraged, the more troublesome the journey the sweeter will be the rest; here the cross, there the crown. The love of God, of which your letter speaks so much, will then be your happy employment.

Could every thought of every heart
Be clothed with words to bear a part,
And speak of love Divine,
They all would be so very short,
And all that's said would be as naught,
The subject's too sublime.
Could oceans, rivers, springs, and lakes,
All that the name of water takes
Beneath the expanded skies,
Be changed to ink of blackest hue,
With all the drops of fallen dew
To make the wonders rise :—
If a large book we could suppose,
That thinnest paper might compose
As the whole earthly ball,
Were every shrub and every tree
And every blade of grass we see,
A pen to write withal :—
Were every one that lived on earth
Since nature first received her birth,
The ascetic scribes declared,
To speak the wonders of God's love,
Found in the heart of God above,
To Adam's fallen race :—

Were each to live to Methuselah's age,
And every moment write a page,
They'd all be tired and die;
The pens would every one wear out,
The book be filled within, without,
The ink be drained quite dry.
And then to speak that love, O then,
Angels above as well as men,
Archangels e'en would fail,
Nay, till eternity should end,
A whole eternity they'd spend,
And not tell half the tale.

POOR OLD JACOB.

By MR. JOHN BRUNT, OF SHADWELL.

—

"And when he saw the waggons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob revived," Genesis xlv. 27.

"One grain of grace reveals the saint."

THE word of the Lord is called a glass, or rather it is spoken of as a glass or mirror might be spoken of, in which when we look we see a reflection of ourselves. Come hither, my brother, take the glass of God's word into thy hand, and be pleased to tell us whom you see. Is it Jacob? Oh no! not Jacob, surely; Jacob at this time must have been an aged man, and he whom you see is really and truly like yourself—a man of middle life. The fact is, my brother, that as face answereth to face in *water*, so the heart of man to man. There is enough of likeness to establish identity, whilst there is enough of dissimilarity to shew that Peter is not John, nor is John, Peter.

Just as it is written, "They did all eat the same spiritual meat; they did all drink the same spiritual drink;" so is it now, there are certain things common to all the saints. The news was brought from Egypt by the sons of Jacob,—"Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt. And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. *And when he saw the waggons*, which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived; and Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die."

We Hyper-Calvinists, as some good people are pleased to style us, do not say, "Let us sin that grace may abound." No, God forbid. Nevertheless, we do glory in infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us, and that God in all things may be glorified. And another thing we do most heartily believe, viz., that young Israel was troubled with old Jacob all his days. What a strange thing, some one may say, that Jacob did not learn better than to trust his eyes, even those eyes which once so fearfully misled him in the case of Joseph's coat. Why did he not receive every word, as those words dropped from the lips of his sons? Shall I tell you, brother? Jacob believed in God more than he believed in his own sons. *The testimony*, was the testimony of his sons. BUT the WAGGONS were the expression of, and the evidence too, of Jehovah's interposing hand in this wonderful matter. We think, beloved, that Jacob was a good deal like another saint of whom you have heard, who said, "Shew me a token for good." Why David, what a strange idea you appear to entertain of Jehovah! You

seem to suppose, that your God has nought to do but attend to you. Methinks the sweet singer would reply, "Perfect that which concerneth me." Allow me, dear reader, to at once plunge into my subject, and say, "*The saint wants proof, as well as testimony.*" and, when the Lord is pleased to give the demonstration in spirit and power, our spirit revives, as the spirit of Jacob did. Nor is this alone a matter that oozes out through the infirmities of the flesh, it is rather one for which our God has provided in a marvellous manner. "Wherein God, willing more obediently to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath;" (or interposed himself.) "(that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." Jehovah interposing Himself is our security; was the security of the ancient Church; but when He sent His Son—"The chariot of paved love,"—the Church cried out, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." The saint of God loves the doctrine of divine choice; but likes better when the Holy One speaks, saying, "*I have chosen thee.*" He loves promise; yet he loves performance more. He believes, and waits patiently, or quietly, but when the Lord is pleased to herald His own approach—when the rumble of the waggons is heard—when the rain cloud does appear—then he says, and says it heartily too, "Joseph is yet alive; what I have heard is true, for God Himself has proved it true." I shall yet live to revert to my old saying, "All these things are against me."

THIS IS THE BAPTISM I DESIRE.

Precious baptism! despised, contemned, opposed, yet beautiful ordinance. And why despised, why opposed? Because the natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit: and often the natural man has much to do with them that are spiritual. To say baptism is simply scriptural is not enough to shew forth its beauty and blessedness, for we find upon the same principle men may contend for circumcision, which Paul cast away from the Gospel dispensation as nothing worth; nor did he intimate in the slightest degree a necessity for any other rite in its place; yet because that ceremony was practised by the Jews it is called scriptural, and thought sacred. But baptism, believers' baptism, as it is so properly, and scripturally called, is not only scriptural and honoured by the sanction of all the apostles, but it is also spiritual; it has the seal of

the blessed Spirit. It never seems to me sufficient for a minister to ask a candidate for that sacred ordinance, "Do you think baptism scriptural?" If they have read the bible they must think it scriptural. Long before I knew anything spiritually, I saw that ordinance to be plainly enjoined upon all believers; but that was not enough to make me love and admire it. I feel this to be holy ground; a sacred spot which none can tread but those who are brought thither by the Holy Spirit. It was not until Jesus said to me, "Soul, art thou able to be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?" Not until the Holy Spirit drew me into the sacred contract, not until then did I run with willing feet, yearning heart and soul overflowing with ardour and devotedness, answering, "Yes, dearest Lord, if I am thine, if Thou wilt keep me, I am able." Not until baptism came into my soul did I desire to follow Jesus in the watery tomb; and then, had it been asked me which would I have, the waters of sprinkling, or those of immersion, had I never heard of the two distinct modes before, my answer, if in accordance with my experience, would have been "sprinkling!" I do not see any emblem of the Saviour's deep sufferings in that; I do not see any resemblance to soul humiliation in that; I do not see anything like spiritual burial and consecration in sprinkling; nor do I see anything touching death and resurrection in it; but immersion typifies the whole. Oh, give me a full, complete, perfect baptism, if any; emblematic of the unserved surrender I would make of body, soul, and spirit, unto Him who "gave Himself for me." This is the baptism my soul desires.

And why do I love baptism? How came my soul to admire that sacred ordinance? Was it because my parents had been baptized? No. Was I first convicted under a Baptist ministry? No. Was I brought out into the glorious freedom of the Gospel by a Baptist minister? In one sense, no; in another, yes.

After a night of keen conviction, and dark, heavy, soul distress; after that period of the new-born soul's existence, never, never to be forgotten; when the first sunshine of grace beamed upon my enraptured soul, it was love, joy, peace; "a blithe and glorious summer;" and with a joyous countenance, a bounding heart, and a soul that had never known disappointment, I used to assemble with the much loved children of my father, to receive that word which if it did but enter my ear, never failed to reach the heart. Oh, flowery summer! Baptism was unknown, unthought of then. I was under a free grace ministry, and my soul suffered no lack; and I once said to my mother, "I am like Ruth, I have found

Boaz's field first, and I hope I shall stay there." When spoken to of baptism, I would answer, "Baptism is very well for those who are Baptists, but it can't do any real good." And as I was never reminded ministerially of the command, my conscience was perfectly easy about the omission, and very much I longed to be admitted to the table.

The winter came; the black sky came; the stormy wind, and the rainy day came; the sun ceased to shine brightly, it would for a short time show its much loved rays, and then so suddenly, so unexpectedly withdraw; the flowers faded and died; nature grew disconsolate at the desolation of the soul; "Is this wretched, dreary state, grace? Is this miserable, gloomy feeling, religion?" I asked myself, am I to have no more joy and peace? Has this new delight flown for ever? I sat at the Lord's table, but how empty of joy and soul satisfaction did I find it! Jesus, Jesus, will Thou never vouchsafe one smile? Art Thou angry at my presumption? was my sorrowful, yea, agonised prayer; still no answer came, no token of recognition. Events transpired to lead me from my first spiritual home, and for awhile I luxuriated in the pleasures of roaming. A bright star arose, on that advent of a better day, and led me to the very place where the Babe of Bethlehem, the Prince of Israel was. There He was, lying in a manger. Ah, yes, in such a humble place; among such a despised people. I cared not for that at all; blessed be the name of the Lord, I found Him!

It must have been autumn, pale, waning, fading autumn, when I first entered into the freedom of the Gospel: for the days of my soul then, though pleasant and mild, were insipid and fleeting when compared with the bright spring mornings that now threw their glorious, bracing influences around my soul; now I learned there was root as well as blossom in the garden of grace; before, I had been as a playful, unthinking child, admiring the pretty flowers that grew on the surface, but never imagining that ugly, dirty looking root had anything to do with the beauty and vitality of the flower; now I learned though the biting east wind did come and blow away the beautiful mantle of summer, in so doing it did but scatter seed that should appear in another spring time, and bear fruit for another harvest; and this spoke to me of baptism, deep, solemn, spiritual immersion! And though the rain descended in heavy torrents, covering the face of nature with sorrow and gloom, it was not to sweep away, not to destroy, not to deluge the soul in everlasting woe; but by softening the seed sown to press out its latent virtues, and thus enable it to burst out into life, vigour and

beauty. This, too, preached to my soul of baptism, sacred, overwhelming baptism; and though the sun hid its life-giving rays, and the whole aspect of the heavens seemed changed, the days short and gloomy, the nights long, the air cold and ungenial, still, all these did not show anger, neglect, or want of love on the part of my heavenly Benefactor, but just the contrary; wisdom, kindness, and especial care; for to be continually exposed to the scorching sun, to be always arrayed with flowers and verdure in this weak, failing state would be ruinous to the soil and roots, as continual eating to the stomach, or continual action for the mind and body without the relaxation of rest. Thus, in mercy and wisdom came the dark days, the long nights, the stripping winds, the heavy storms, to prepare for the bright and beautiful, the flourishing and fruitful; in all these I saw baptism, wondrous, glorious baptism: and I thought, "Is this the religion of the Baptist? then I will be a Baptist; for the Lord has worked this religion, this baptism in my soul."

And I went in, and was received among them, and hope to stand with them until in those last baptismal waters the whole Church shall become one in Him in whom she shall find resurrection and life everlasting.

A VOICE FROM BETHEL.

NEW SURREY TABERNACLE.

Not to the praise of man this house shall rise,
Eternal truths the blessings that we prize.
When all complete the building shall appear,

Songs of salvation shall salute the ear.
Under its roof long may the pastor speak,
Redemption's wonders to the poor and meek,
Receiving none but those who plain shall prove,
Eternal dependence on the Father's love.
Ye who these lines in distant parts may read,

Think of the cause for which we simply plead,
And of your substance prithcefully send,
Be grudge not help, but cheerfully befriended.
Error is stalking rampant through the land,
Round Truth's pure banner let us take our stand;
Nor stint the means that shall suffice to raise,
A stately temple to Jehovah's praise.
Constant our pastor in his work has proved,
Loved by the people, well and truly loved.
Eternal God! preserve him still unmoved.

ALFRED GASKELL.

DEBTORS TO CHRIST.—It is a pleasure to be in His debt; yea, the greatest I know of. I would not have inherent righteousness if I could get it for nothing. I would not be rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing from Him, if it were possible.—ROMANS.

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

SWEET AND FAITHFUL TESTIMONIAL

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. W. TIPTAFT.

[We insert the following letter with gratitude to the writer, and with hope that our readers may be edified. Mr. Tiptaft's life and ministerial career was a singular one. He certainly was a good man, of him we may say, "The watchman of Israel was with his God." The life of such a man ought not to be lost. We hope a faithful and comprehensive record of him will be published. Our correspondent says:—

DEAR FRIEND,—What a solemn thing it is when we perceive the hand of the Lord in the removal of a golden candlestick; many times have I heard the following passage drop from the mouth of Mr. Tiptaft, "Except ye repent, I will come unto thee quickly, and remove thy candlestick out of his place." Full ten years have I been going to and fro to hear this good man, and I have seen the Lord was with him of a truth; evident it must be the Lord brought him into the town of Abingdon, and planted the little church in the abbey. There was no golden candlestick lifted up in this dark town previous to the one just removed; but in it dwelt a poor man, named Harding, who was often persuaded by the Lord of the necessity of the truth being established in the town, and this poor man prophesied of the candle being about to burn in the above place. The late Mr. Warburton asked him once how he got on here? "Oh sir, it is as dark as midnight yet, but I donot despair of the truth being planed here." The same John Warburton opened Mr. Tiptaft's new chapel, and consecrated the same in the name of the Bishop of souls. But Mr. Tiptaft's entering in amongst the people at Abingdon took place when God burnt him out of Sutton Courtney church, previous to this he had preached in the great church at Abingdon, which simple sermon proved as offensive to the hearers as Stephen's testimony did to his judges; still there went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched, but he was a marked man to the day of his departure by high and low, rich and poor, reproach, sneers, scandal, lies, back-biting, contempt, scorn, and prejudice, was the crown of thorns his persecutors clapped on his head, and if the devil's Bonners had been permitted to light up a furnace in Abingdon for the annihilating the saints, Mr. Tiptaft would have been the first they would have seized and bound to the stake. I have heard him declare in the pulpit, there was one curse he was free from, viz., "Woe be unto you when all men speak well of you." Many a single-handed combat have I been engaged in through him, and many a challenge have I thrown down when I have heard his enemies railing and manifesting their hatred of him. God made him a faithful witness against the drunkenness, whoredom, pride, selfishness, blasphemy, and other sins committed in Abingdon. He also proved a solemn light against the delusions and deceptive religion that abounds in this town; he was a little bright twinkling star mixed among the counterfeiters. His ministry was clothed with fire; many that started out on pilgrimage with him at the first onset, have gone over to the poor legalists, bloated with prejudice. He was a very liberal man with his money, and many an infidel and professor took advantage of his open heart, and laughed at his weakness. He was a faithful man, and feared God above many; it was seen in his self-denial, his love to God's people, his zeal in the cause, his holy walk and living near the Lord, acknowledging God in all his ways.

The following are a few of his frequent sayings:—

His remarks were very pointed in the pulpit concerning death and the grave, "Are you right now in doctrine, practice, and experience; what a great mercy to have a religion that will do to die by. Who of you have been praying to God that my ministry may be made a blessing to you? What a great mercy to be well laid in the grave. Who of you have been praying to God your last days may be the best? What are you: thirty-fold, sixty-fold, or a hundred-fold fruit bearers? If you are to go to heaven you must be made meet for heaven. You say you are not selfish, what makes you so covetous in buying and selling? What a great work is the work of God upon a sinner's soul. You must allow others to be a judge of your religion as well as yourself. If you do not experience the word of God you will go to hell. If the Lord's people could have their portion in this life, God may have heaven to Himself for them. Who are you that God should make a new way for you to go to heaven by? It is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. I am upon my feet; God has been a good God to me: I have seen both sides of His face. Some years ago, when certain banks broke, I never lost a shilling by the destruction. What a mercy to live on the bounties of heaven."

I have heard him to my condemnation, as well as to the saving of my soul. I loved him for the grace God had put into his heart, and the solemn truths that flowed out of his mouth.

Previous to his being laid aside, I saw him very restless indeed: strange observations flowed from his lips. As I was sitting beneath the joyful sound of his Gospel one Sunday, I said, "Lord, I could sit and hear this blessed man to the end of my days." A voice replied, "You must prepare to lose him." I said, "Lord, thy will be done." Once I heard him say, "I see no fruits." On another occasion the following observations dropped from my own heart as I sat in the seat, "Suppose you should be removed; suppose you should be laid aside; suppose you should be prevented from carrying the Gospel to other churches." He was often highly favored before God removed his candle, and he boasted of the same in public. I said to a dear saint, "God will try that grace for him; poor man, he little thinks what's coming." Many times did God shew me his removal, which was so warm within that I could not help declaring the same by pen and tongue. Some observed the saying, others would not believe it. At length the Holy Ghost constrained me to pray according to the will of God, as He had shewed me, to wit, the solemn removal of Mr. Tiptaft. In a few months he was laid aside by affliction, and prevented from carrying the Gospel to other churches. What a solemn thing it always appeared to me in seeing the hand of God so very conspicuous in the removal of the candlestick. My dear friend, for such you have been manifested to me when I was in the depths of poverty, I perceived more in the removal of this useful instrument, then I dare to utter; but he is gone up with a shout into Paradise, with the rest of the flock. I arose from a sick bed, and went and joined in returning and sobbing over our dear pastor, as it was the last mark of respect I should ever pay him. The account of his death you will read in the *Standard*.

But now comes the turning point with us. Will God raise up another out of his ashes? As soon as I heard of his death, the poet's words dropped upon my mind,—

"As one Elijah dies,
True prophet of the Lord,
May some Elisha rise
And preach the Gospel word."

We really do stand in need of a pastor, one after God's own heart. There is a large field here for one to labor in, if the Lord will send him. The town and the villages around abound with backsliders, old and foolish kings, some clinging to the law for life, some are stuck fast; some can't tell where they are, or what ground they are on, and other sheep not yet brought into the fold, I hope.

A new minister, you know, often is the cause of great alterations as he enters into the labours of his predecessor; he not only does the same kind of labour, but he has to turn his hand to other work in addition. It is written, "He that winneth souls is wise." "Water ye the sheep." The Church of God often calls out to a minister to come over into Macedonia and help them. O that I could perceive the hand of the Lord raising up a truthful shepherd amongst us, one of his own qualifying; faithful; yet loving, one after God's own heart, that has borne the burden and heat of a sweet and bitter experience. Come over, friend, into Macedonia, and preach salvation by grace to us perishing sinners. We greatly need such, for it has been a very dry barren time with us. "I have planted," said the late Mr. Tiptart. Come over Apollos, and water us with the consolations of the cross. Never mind his honest dealings, so long as he wounds and heals, kills and makes alive, strips and clothes, and gathers up the stumbling blocks out of the way. Is he a fool in his own esteem? Is he a poor man? Is he a tempted man? Is he fired with zeal? Is he an outcast? Is he bowing with soul travail? Has he got his commission in his hand? Is he single-eyed, decided, firm, daring, full of experience, laden with fruits for us? Has he been suffering bodily, as well as soul affliction? Has he got the will of God in his heart? Do his bowels yearn towards us? Is he often enquiring of God? Doth he feel all on the stretch after us? If so he is coming over to Macedonia to help us. From the inmost recesses of my soul, my dear friend, I can say to such a man, Come, and I will hail thee with a superabounding welcome. If this should meet the eye of such a blessed man, let him come and plant his standard in the Abingdon abbey, says a poor outcast who is unknown, yet well known to friend Banks.

BROSELY.—**SABBATH SCHOOL JUBILEE.** This school having existed fifty years, its teachers and friends resolved to celebrate its jubilee on the 25th of July, which they did, in the following manner. Upwards of three hundred persons sat down to tea after the children had been plentifully regaled. Many present had been scholars in the school, and some of them had come from various parts of our own and adjoining counties to meet those who had sought their good in their childhood, and to encourage those who are still employed in the benevolent work. The Jewish jubilee was a joyful time, when liberty was proclaimed through all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof, when every man returned to his possession and every man unto his family; Lev. xxv. Some such joy was ours; we met some we had not seen for years, all wearing smiling countenances, pleased at assembling under the old roof, and referring to scenes of former days. Every possible provision had been made by the committee for the comfort of visitors, and the young people had been at immense trouble to decorate the walls with flowers and evergreens wrought into tasteful festoons and mottoes. The choir also had prepared concords of sweet sounds to delight the ear

and express gratitude to Him from whom all blessings flow. All resolved to please and be pleased, and the resolution was fully carried out, for there was not a discontented visage to be seen, or a complaining tone heard. Our School had much to contend with in its infancy, for there were persons, themselves not over-taught, who were fond of repeating the poet's stupid line, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," applying it especially to the children of the poor, who might by a little knowledge vie with their superiors, and oblige their masters and mistresses to be careful of their correspondence, lest by laying the same about, their servants should read the same. And there were good old Christians fond of peace and quietness who were alarmed at the thought of having a crowd of young wilfits filling up the free seats and hindering the devotions of their seniors. But the objections of pride and of piety were alike disregarded, probably the objectors are dead, but the school still lives. Our jubilee meeting proved the wisdom of those who originated and of those who have helped the cause. After tea, Mr. John Burnet (treasurer of the school) was voted to the chair, on taking which he made a few pertinent remarks respecting the school, and the benefit it had been to the neighbourhood, and to himself who in his boyhood was a scholar of it. He then called on Rev. T. Jones, of Blackheath, to implore the Lord's blessing, which was done in a very earnest manner. Mr. Whatmore, of Bridgnorth, a deacon of the church, was called up by the chairman, and he spoke on the progress he had loved to behold, of the intelligence he found in Sunday School children, which he attributed to the abundant means provided in these times to engage and enlighten young minds. Mr. Benjamin Bradley, of Birmingham, followed. He had been both a scholar and a teacher in the school. He spoke impressively of the duty of Christians to educate the young in Bible knowledge, and said it came under his own observation that papists were most industrious in teaching children with the view of extending their anti-christian faith, and it was not creditable to those who had better light to be outdone by the propagators of error. Mr. James Smith, of Newcastle under Lyme, who had formerly been a scholar next addressed the meeting, he made a little amusement by repeating a little dialogue between himself and his wife in the real brogue. She had seen a notice of our jubilee in the magazines, and she said, "Jim, there's a little business going on down at Broseley, theest better gu and see what they bin doing;" so he was come and was glad to see his old friends once more and to give his testimony to the value of Sabbath school instruction. After leaving the school he got fond of company and company, led him to drink to the injury of body and soul, but ever and anon the words of wisdom he had heard in the school came with cutting force to his mind, and when he was within a hair's breadth of eternity God was gracious to bring him to a right mind and to a purpose, God helping him, not to transgress. He sought the society of the godly, renounced the intoxicating cup, and was now happy and prosperous in every sense of the word. He strongly advised those who had not self-command to keep clear of excess to become total abstainers, that being their only security against the evils of ebriety. The Rev. Timothy Bough, of Shrewsbury, gave us an eloquent speech, dwelling mainly on the glorious jubilee appointed to God's church, when liberty shall be complete and bondage be known no more. He was followed by Mr. W. Evans, the respected superintendent of the school for a number of years. After expressing his pleasure at seeing so many friends and old scholars together, he gave some of his experience in teaching, and said he always endeavoured to work on the principle that the great end of all teaching is to make wise unto salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. We cannot give the faith, no more can ministers, no more could the apostles, we can only

sow the seed and pray for the growth. He said their aim had been to teach the children to *think*, rather than to forestall a ripper judgment by pledging them to our particular form of faith, precious as it is to ourselves, and we have with us this evening old scholars who are walking in different religious communions but all ready to acknowledge that they learnt here the first principles of the oracles of God. The Rev. J. Jones was the last speaker. He had been connected with the school more or less from its commencement. He said he was glad to see Mr. Burnet in the chair, for if it was an honour to preside at that meeting, and he thought it was, it was due to the representative of a family that had done so much for the school. The chairman's father was one of its first teachers, and never had the staff been without one or more of the line. Briefly and solemnly he told of the early history of the school, the impediments teachers had to overcome and the rewards they had reaped. Thanks were voted to the chairman, the committee, and the choir, and the meeting closed with prayer, and with happy feelings the assembly broke up.

ONE THAT WAS THERE.

BROMLEY-BY-BOW—A new Church was formed on Tuesday, Sep. 6th, 1864, in Jireh Chapel, Willis street, St. Leonard's road, on New Testament principles. C. W. Banks preached in the afternoon from Paul's words, "God is not the Author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints." The sermon is to be published. The place was crowded to tea; and at the evening meeting, the people could not get in. The following reply was given to Charles Waters Banks, who asked for the evidence and proof that the Lord had led them to take this course.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I trust the statement to be read will clearly shew that the Lord has been with us in all our movements with regard to this place. And we rejoice to say it is to Him and Him alone we look for all that strength, wisdom, and deliverance we so much need under the trials, temptations, fightings, and disappointments we expect to meet with in our way.

In the autumn of 1863, a few of the dear people of God, with myself, drew together, and lamented we could not hear any in the neighbourhood to profit. We were eight in number, and we all thought it was because the Lord intended we should open some place for the preaching of the Gospel, where it might be much needed. Upon this we agreed to meet together on Wednesday evenings, to pour out our hearts to God for His gracious and wise direction in so important a matter. We continued to do so until a fortnight before Christmas, when one of our sisters was suddenly impressed (while walking along the street) to come and enquire whether this place was to let. She wondered how it was that her mind should be so impressed, knowing that we had just been informed that the place was occupied; her impression was so strong, however, that she could not resist it: accordingly, she enquired, and to her great surprise found it was unoccupied on Sundays, and although two other parties had applied for it, the proprietor preferred letting it to us. This occurred on Thursday; and as I have held a prayer meeting at my house for the last seven years on Friday evenings, the friends met on the next evening for prayer, when what had occurred was laid before them, after which we laid the matter before the Lord. At the conclusion of this service, we, with two other friends, were unanimous that the place should be taken. We took it, to be occupied by us on Sundays. The first Sunday services were but thinly attended, but we trust the Lord was there: at the close of the day we felt convinced we had taken the right step. At request, I preached in the mornings, and an aged brother in the evening, who, through illness, was frequently assisted by his nephew—a

dear brother much respected in the truth. Soon after this, two of our number were removed, and a third left without assigning a reason for so doing. The general attendance at this time was small, yet we felt it good to be there; some, however, felt discouraged, and thought that we should close the place. At this time a very painful circumstance occurred, which Satan meant for evil, but which worked for our good. A certain class of persons got possession of the place on the afternoon of the Sabbath, to practise spirit-rapping. I went one Lord's-day afternoon to see for myself if it were true what we had heard. This caused our friends who were previously inclined to give up the place, at once to do so. I was now almost left alone. At this time, our brother Stanley, who, prior to this, had paid us a visit a few times and encouraged us, came forward nobly, knowing how I was situated, seeing that my avocation would only allow me to be present part of the Sabbath. I say just at this time Mr. Stanley came forward. A friend in need is a friend indeed; and just such an one has brother Stanley proved himself. I did speak to the proprietor of the place of what I had seen in the afternoon, and gave him my thoughts upon the matter. The consequence was, that he went to the spirit rappers, and stated to them what I had stated to him, and from that time their numbers began to decrease, and in a short time they left the place. During this time, our friends who were removed, were, by the good hand of providence, brought back again. Our numbers increased also, and some declared that the blessing of God was felt by them in hearing the word; and we felt it to be good to preach to the people; we experienced much liberty, and our souls were blessed in the delivery of the word of life. We also took the place for afternoons; and three or four who had left attended occasionally, and kindly continued to contribute to the cause. From this time the Lord has evidently blessed our labours, and there is reason to believe there is a spirit of love and an union of feeling among the people. More than once it was suggested by our friends that they had a great desire for a Church to be formed. It at once became a question; and those who this night are to be bound together a Christian Church were all of one mind. We made it a matter of prayer; and we believe this step to be of the Lord, and trust He will continue to bless us, and increase us with such as shall be eternally saved. In conclusion, we sincerely thank brother Palmer, for the kind help and encouragement we have received ever since we have been in this place, and our brother Banks, and other kind friends who have come to encourage us. The Lord unite our hearts together, and may we prove a blessing to you and you to us, for Christ's sake. Amen.

The above statement being read, C. W. Banks asked brethren present to express their satisfaction or otherwise, of its contents. Mr. William Palmer, Mr. Stanley, &c., highly approved, and recognised the Lord's hand in the movement. The church was formed, the Lord's Supper administered, kind counsel and prayers were offered, and a deeply sacred meeting closed with grateful emotions.

STEPNEY.—BAPTIST CHAPEL, WELLESLEY STREET.—On Monday, 12th Sept., a tea and public meeting took place. In the afternoon, Mr. James Wells preached from Joel ii. 18, to a goodly number of friends; and all who were present and taught by the one blessed and glorious Spirit could say it was good and profitable to be there. About one hundred and fifty persons took tea; and to say the least, the friends looked comfortable and happy. At a quarter to seven o'clock, most of the ministers who had engaged to take part in the evening service were present. Mr. Stringer (the pastor) presided; and opened the service by singing one of his original and heart-

touching hymns; after which, Mr. Haysman implored the divine presence and blessing. The pastor then related some of the circumstances connected with his ministerial career in the leading of God's providence, from his commencement of the pastorate of the church at Snow's Fields, up to the time of his accepting the unanimous invitation of this church to become their pastor, and gave us to understand that he had not been entirely without a crook in his lot,—nevertheless, God, under whose banner he had for many years listed, and whom he had served, and hoped to serve faithfully in declaring his truth, had in the dispensations of His mercy in providence and grace preserved and upheld Him till now; blessed be the name of the Lord for it.

"Nor will he shun to own his Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honours of His name,
The glories of His cross."

Mr. Nichols, (editor of *Zion's Trumpet*,) then addressed the meeting with much warmth of feeling toward brother Stringer, with whom he had been intimately acquainted for many years, and often having had sweet counsel together, desired much his prosperity in the Lord's cause and church; over which, by the will of his divine Master, he was now placed.—Mr. Webster followed in a kind and neighbourly manner, and his sentiments rejoiced our hearts to hear that he indulged in the same belief that we at Wellesley street chapel had long cherished, viz., that there were souls yet to be gathered in the neighbourhood of Stepney, on free-grace principles, more than will doubly fill either the Cave Adullam, or our newly named "Bethel," and that each minister had his own work to do; and the writer would venture to say, that the two churches would not do amiss by taking a hint from the following favourite, with its variations, at the meeting of the contrabands, in the vicinity of New Orleans, viz. :—

"If you want to make old Satan run,
Oh, jes git out de Gospel gun;
Oh, play on de golden harp."

And whilst ministers preach redemption by the atoning blood of the Lamb, and the church sing of never dying love, Satan will not do much harm in the churches.—Mr. G. Webb, in addressing the meeting, expressed his gratification in meeting with some of his old friends with whom he formerly associated, and was much pleased to witness such a goodly gathering of friends on the occasion, and the indication of the pastor's and church's prosperity.—Mr. Palmer, (of Plaistow,) then gave us quite an original and lively address; we admired his candid and honest confession as to how he was thwarted on one occasion in having attempted to follow another minister's line of things; or to build upon another man's foundation; or in manufacturing a sermon from materials not his own; or in equipping himself with armour which he had not proved; but not as David when he went forth to battle against the uncircumcised Philistine, how differently he thought when he refused to put on another man's armour, when offered, because he had not proved them; but rather chose a small pebble from the brook, and a sling; which more plainly shows us that the victory was the victory of David's God, in whom David trusted, and who had previously delivered him from the jaws of the lion and the bear. No doubt Mr. Palmer, and many other young ministers, if they had heard him would have been taught more by his lesson, than they would have been taught in college for years. Our best thanks to brother Palmer, for his thoughts, good desires, and watchfulness concerning us as a church, and that he said he looked upon it and believed that it was in answer to the many prayers that the Lord had directed Mr. Stringer to come and preside over us; and we, also, feel bound to believe it to be so; nor for this we hope not to be unmindful of one of Mr. Chivers' lessons, viz., that he believed the best answer to prayer

was to be kept praying. That saying rather startled some at first hearing; nevertheless, it is a fact; for what avail would the answer be to a man if he left off praying, whilst continually sinning, and exposed to constant attacks by the wicked one, and the church having needs daily to be supplied? No, rather let us say with the poet,

"My soul shall pray for Zion still
While I have life and breath."

Mr. S. Cozens then addressed the meeting in his usual solemn, grave, and weighty manner, stating his pleasure in seeing brother Stringer placed in Bethel Chapel, Wellesley street, Stepney; that they had known each other many years; had lived, walked, talked, prayed, and preached together; and he believed that the whole truth would still be his theme; that he (Mr. Stringer) was not controlled, nor influenced by periodical publications, but wholly adhered to the law and to the testimony; and he hoped the Lord would bless pastor and people with an abundance of peace and prosperity.—Mr. Brunt then addressed the friends in a very affectionate and brotherly manner, on the necessity of brotherly love, fellowship, and union among us; that he had heard Mr. Stringer to his own comfort; and that ministers should not be jealous of each other, as each had his appointed work to do; and he wished the cause well in the name of the Lord.—Mr. Flory closed with prayer, which ended a very happy, social, spiritual, edifying, and interesting meeting. To Zion's God be all the glory.

S. TRELIVING, Deacon.

STOKE, next GUILDFORD, Surrey.—Mr. BANKS,—Sir and Dear Brother in the Lord Jesus. I have often thought of sending you a few words respecting the Lord's dealings with me, but have not hitherto done so. I now take the liberty of sending a few words for insertion in the *VESSEL*, being recommended to do so by several friends; and feeling that justice demands the same. I have spoken every other Sabbath day to the Church at R—, for four and a-half years. The other minister having left them of his own accord, three or four of the members of the Church took upon themselves, without consulting the others, to have it given out on the following Sunday, that I was not to speak there again. The members and hearers, together with myself, were greatly astonished on hearing this. I saw the deacons and asked them what was the matter, when they replied, they were going to have supplies for a time. I then asked them if I had done anything wrong, or if I had spoken anything contrary to the truth, when they said I had not. Now, seeing it had become a subject of public conversation, and that people were likely to construe it into something wrong on my part, I thought I would give the public an opportunity of judging for themselves, whether what has been done has been done "decently and in order," and judge ye, ye valiant men of Israel, whether it is in accordance with the holy word of God. Or, leaving godliness out of the question, is it a just action between man and man? At all events, it is quite contrary to the teaching I received at the school of Christ, when worshipping at Horsell Common. And I believe also contrary to the word of God, the example of the Great Head of Zion, and of the holy brethren: when Paul parted from them they all went together, and kissed each other, and the Lord prayed with Paul to Rome. Holy brethren, if any of you think the treatment right, say so. And by so doing you will oblige one, who is the least of all saints, yet not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, having proved it to be the power of God to the salvation of my soul again and again. I am open and free to preach according to the abilities God has given me to any people within reach. I have been preaching the same Gospel about nine years, and my feeble labours have been instrumental in bringing some out of the kingdom of Satan into the everlasting

kingdom of Christ; some have fallen asleep, leaving behind them a good testimony; others have been established. But this seems to me a new thing, and like "plucking out right eyes," or "cutting off right arms," seeing that three parts of both members and hearers loved me and the Gospel I preached. I send this, sir, in a good spirit, praying that God may make straight the things which now appear so crooked, both to the people and myself. I am, dear sir, yours in the truth.

JAMES DAWES.

10, Stoke Fields,
Next Guildford, Surrey.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

REHOBOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL.

MR. EDITOR.—Feeling assured that the majority of the readers of the *VESSEL* take a loving and lively interest in whatever relates to the interests of Christ's kingdom on earth, we cheerfully send you a few lines descriptive of the Lord's doings in our midst. And this we do the more readily because we believe that a faithful report of the state of the Baptist churches generally is necessarily attended with beneficial results. If members of churches had no other means of ascertaining what is doing in their own denomination than what the *Standard* and some other magazines afford, they would have to remain in lamentable ignorance of the "signs of the times," and of the prospects of God's Zion at large. Dark clouds of mysterious providences seem to be settling down upon us; and who knows what the end shall be? Your *VESSEL* is freighted with mournful intelligence this month, loudly proclaiming the necessity for earnest and unceasing prayer to the Lord of the harvest, to send forth more labourers into the field. O, that they might be spiritually minded men, so as to understand much of the rich love and tender sympathy that is in Christ's heart towards His suffering members upon the earth. Surely the removal by death of so many of the Lord's ministering servants from the church militant, is an irrefragable evidence that the Lord has a controversy with Zion. This month we gratefully inform our readers that on Lord's-day, August 28th, our hearts were again cheered by listening to and beholding of the confession of faith made by three sisters in the Lord, who were baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The presence of our God was enjoyed in an especial manner by the candidates; who, like the Eunuch, went on their way rejoicing. Other dear disciples, who witnessed the scene, were greatly moved in their hearts, and confessed to the fervent longings of their souls to imitate the example of Jesus; but were mourning because they felt too unworthy for so solemn a step. One dear sister had been a believer for nearly forty years, and had often felt a desire to confess the Lord Jesus by being baptized; but could not see her way clear to do so, until a week or two ago she witnessed the administration of the Lord's supper, and this so fired her soul and energized her mind, that she could not forbear openly proclaiming her love to Jesus by obedience to His commandments. "I love them that love Me," saith the Lord. This our sister realized most blessedly. We will add yet further for the encouragement of any dear one that may be struggling hard against the fears, tumults, and misgivings of their unbelieving hearts that this aged sister was an exceedingly nervous person, and suffering from many infirmities of the body, inasmuch that some of her friends looked forward to the time with much dread and trembling; yet, strange to tell, she passed through the ordinance without the slightest trepidation.

DEPTFORD.—ZION CHAPEL, NEW CROSS ROAD. On Wednesday, the 31st ult. the ordinance of Believer's Baptism was administered in the above place of worship. Mr. Anderson, the pastor, delivered an able discourse on (Romans

ix. 3.) "What saith the scripture?" He spoke of the infallible guide the Christian has in the Word of Truth; and appealed to that word to approve of that which he was about to perform. He spoke upon, 1. The mode in which this ordinance was to be administered, by immersion or dipping. 2. The subject who is to receive it. Neither age, sex, condition, or country is mentioned. Faith, the one pre-requisite to baptism. If thou believest with all thine heart that Jesus is the Son of God, thou mayest be baptized. 3. The design. It sets forth the baptism of Christ, with suffering, sorrow, and death, and His resurrection to glory. By fulfilling this ordinance, the believer proclaims to the world, that he is dead to the world and has been made alive unto Christ. It is a beautiful illustration of divine grace, as the Church Catechism says. "It is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." Those who are dead to sin should be also buried to sin, that they may rise to newness of life in Christ Jesus. As it is an awful thing to bury one alive naturally, so it is an awful thing to bury one to sin who is alive in sin. As the water cleanses the body naturally so it is used to typify the cleansing of the soul by the application of the blood of Jesus. 4. It was given as a test of obedience. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Christ has been pleased to place this pool before the door of His visible church and all who would enter therein must pass through it. It is not an ordinance of many, to be used or not used according to the will of the creature: our blessed Redeemer passed thro' it and we would walk in His footsteps. Mr. Anderson then descended from the pulpit, and in the name of Father, Son, and Spirit, One Triune Jehovah, baptized two males, and two females, who had made a profession of faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God. May the Lord abundantly bless the labors of Mr. Anderson, at Deptford, and add to the church daily such as shall be saved.—A.

OPENING OF NEW SCHOOL ROOMS.

These school rooms, in connexion with Zion Chapel, New Cross road, were opened on the 23rd ult, and notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, were crowded at tea with friends to the cause. The rooms were decorated with growing plants, kindly lent by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, stands of cut flowers, and banners. After tea, a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Thos. Pocock, Esq., when addresses were delivered by T. W. Whitaker, J. Mote, H. Cooper, J. Carr, and T. Pillow, Esqs. An appeal was made to the friends present to assist in removing the debt upon the school rooms of £135, which resulted in promises and money to £105 9s. 4d. It was stated that further promises and donations were expected, so that the whole of the debt would be removed in twelve months.

BRAINTREE, ESSEX.—DEAR MR. EDITOR.—A brief account of the progress of the cause of truth in Baintree: On the 25th Feb., 1862, brothers Bartholomew, of Mendlesham, and Kevan, of Halstead, formed a little church consisting of five members; deacons were chosen, and a room licensed for preaching; they were supplied on Lord's-days by brothers Debenham, of Melton, French, of Markes-ty, and other ministers. Eventually the Lord sent brother Smith, of Halstead, who preached the Gospel of the grace of God with acceptance, from about August, 1862, till October, 1863, during which time several were "pricked in their hearts," baptized, and added to the church." Feeling his work done, he resigned, and they invited our young brother, George Cook, who was then a member of the old church at Glemsford, Suffolk, (and of which the late Mr. R. Barnes was the esteemed and faithful pastor for many years) who preached with great acceptance for three months, when he accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate, and on the

23rd February, 1864, he was formally ordained, when Brothers Bartholomew, of Mendesham, Kemp, of Glemsford, Kevau and Smith, of Halstead, Beacock, of Yeldham, Dohenham, of Maldon, and Wheeler, of Hedingham, took part in the services. The Lord is indeed with them, and is at work in their midst. They purchased a piece of freehold ground in the Albert road, and on August 16 the foundation stone of a new house for God was laid by their young pastor; addresses were given by brothers Kemp, of Glemsford, and Wheeler, of Hedingham. In the evening Mr. Kemp preached an excellent sermon from Zecl. iv. 9. In a short time (D.V.) our much esteemed and beloved brother, Mr. J. Bloomfield, of Salem, is expected to open the chapel, which will be a neat little place, and seat about 220. That our endeavour may meet the approbation of heaven, the place be consecrated by the Divine presence, the cause of truth prosper, and your soul greatly blessed, is the prayer of your humble servant for Christ's sake,

A TRAVELLER.

ARTILLERY STREET—Third Anniversary of the Baptist chapel, Artillery lane, Bishopsgate, took place on

Mr. James Wells preached in the afternoon to a goodly number of people from Ezekiel ix. 11, from which he educed some truly solemn lessons. There were as many to tea as could be comfortably accommodated; and at half-past six, the chapel was full. Mr. Blake presided, and at his call Mr. Smith, of Oxford, implored the presence and blessing of the Master of assemblies. After singing a few verses, the subjects for the evening were announced in a short introduction from the chair. It is reasonable to suppose that by some association of ideas the name of the locality suggested the topics in the programme, for they were all of a military cast. Mr. Palmer, of Homerton, had to describe the Sword of the Spirit; Mr. Crowther followed with a meditation on the Name of the Lord as a Strong Tower; Mr. Bloomfield gave his thoughts on, Salvation doth God appoint for Walls and Bulwarks; Mr. T. Jones spoke on the Helmet of Salvation; Mr. Cozens on the Shield of Faith; Mr. Webster on the Breastplate of Righteousness; and brethren Inward, Brunt, and Flack filled up the remainder of the evening on other portions of the Armour of God; and the meeting was closed with singing and prayer. We scarcely ever remember to have seen such an array of ministers, except at an association. There were some of the London heralds, and several from remote country stations, beside those named in the plan for the evening, any of whom would no doubt have come forward to minister to the edification of the assembly had there been a failure of either of the appointed. We dare not attempt even an outline of the several addresses. Each speaker kept well to his subject and all were heard with evident satisfaction. We heard many say on going out that they never had a more profitable season of the kind, and such was our own feeling.

PREACHING TOUR—Mr. Silvertown, of Chatteris, has again visited the counties of Northampton, Bedford, and Huntingdon, labouring amongst the people of Raunds, Carlton, Woodford, and Alconbury. On Lord's-day, September 11th, three sermons were preached in the Baptist chapel, Raunds, it being the anniversary of the school; the congregations were good. Afternoon and evening collections were made; the people gave nobly: which was alike pleasing to the saints at Raunds, and Mr. Silvertown. On Monday, Mr. Silvertown went to that place, where he had laboured very successfully for nearly five years, preaching on Monday evening at their harvest thanksgiving meeting, returning on Tuesday to Woodford, where Mr. Silvertown has preached several times during the last eighteen months. It

was a great struggle between the two contending parties to get Mr. Silvertown to Woodford, but the Lord has blessed his labours even there in such a way, that the opposing party are compelled to admit the Lord is on his side. May it be seen in after days, that this visit was not in vain. On Wednesday Mr. S. preached afternoon and evening at Alconbury; there he was rejoiced, by hearing of one who had been brought to know and feel himself lost and undone by his ministry. Some four years ago this young man was awakened and led to cry for mercy, which, through the blood of an all-precious Jesus he had found. May it rejoice the hearts of the saints of God to know the good work is going on.

WARE.—At Zoar Baptist chapel, Ware, our anniversary services were opened by brother Samford, the minister. He gave out, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound." After singing, brother Flack read and implored God's blessing upon the services. Another hymn, then brother Flack read 1 Cor. v. 8, "Let us keep the feast." He repeated the whole of the verse to show the feast that should be kept, and the feast that should not be kept. The feast we should keep: Christ, our passover, slain for us; here is a precious feast, upon a precious Christ, by precious faith. At most feasts there is rejoicing; this is a feast with rejoicing; truly it was a delightful time. In the afternoon brother Cozens spoke from Psalm cxvi. 10, "I believe, therefore have I spoken;" he spoke experimentally of things he did believe; such things as many of the Lord's people are not strangers to. He opened up the whole of the Psalm, and many things he brought forward concerning David's experience, that we might understand his expressions. I think every child of God may find his own portrait in the Psalms. Brother Bowles, of Hertford, read and prayed in the evening, and brother Cozens took the same word, for he had not told us all that he believed; I think we had the best at the last. Bless the Lord we had a good feast, with kind and cheerful friends. Over 150 sat down to tea, and they did rejoice.—[Friend Robinson has our thanks. We pray for good prosperity and peace to rest upon the brethren Samfords, and the flock connected with them.—Ed.]

FELTHORPE—We have just holden our harvest-home tea party. The decorations were conducted by Miss Woodrow, Miss Newman, Miss Fenn, and were very chaste. Nearly 100 persons partook of a well provided tea. The speakers were Messrs Hoskin, Dearl (a member of Cherry lane, and an useful speaker), Field, Summerfield, Popplewell, and a friend of Mr. Hoskin's. The meeting commenced by our deacon, Mr. Palmer, giving out a hymn, imploring a blessing, and offering praise for God's goodness. Mr. Hoskins spoke on the goodness, and greatness, and bounty of God to all, but to His church in Christ Jesus particularly, in a way which showed him to be a master in Israel. Brother Summerfield, a young man, followed on the faithfulness of God to his covenant. Brother Dearl exhorted to unity of spirit, and affection to the minister. Mr. Field gave us some sweet morsels, shewing the difference between chaff and wheat. Mr. Popplewell in a nice maiden speech, dwelt on the union, affection, and liberality in a persuasive way. The doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, the meeting separated, and I hope something the better for coming together. ISAAC DIXON.

THAME, OKON.—On Wednesday, August 31st, a public meeting was held in the town hall, kindly lent for the occasion for the purpose of taking steps for the building of a new Baptist chapel. Mr. Wale, of Plymouth, preached at the old chapel in the afternoon, on behalf of the cause, and took the chair at the evening meeting, after a public tea. Resolutions in favor of the

object of the meeting were proposed and seconded by the Rev. A. and E. Dyson, of Crendon and Hoddenham, and Mr. Marsh, of Thame. Altogether the meeting passed off with much good humour and kind and generous feeling. £125 was given or promised, a result at which the friends were agreeably surprised, and for which they thanked God and took courage. The present chapel stands in a back court, completely hidden, difficult to find, and not at all pleasant by way of access. The friends have had an eligible site offered them in a public thoroughfare, and in a good position, which they have already secured, and are now preparing to set to work in earnest. May the Lord prosper their labors!

ST. PANCRAS—Zion chapel, Goldington street.—DEAR BROTHER, the word of the Lord is being glorified in our midst under the pastorate of our beloved friend and brother, Mr. George Webb. We held our members' quarterly tea meeting on Monday evening last, when our friend Mr. James Marks presented to our pastor a handsome copy of the Holy Scriptures, as a token of Christian love, from two of the young friends. Mr. Marks in giving, and Mr. Webb in receiving this mark of affection, were much affected. We never before had such a members' tea meeting. Truly our God hears and answers prayer.

CAVE ADULLAM.—OLD ROAD, STEPNEY.—On Wednesday evening, August the 31st, Mr. Webster, the pastor, baptized eight persons, four males and four females, one of the former for the church in College street, Chelsea. An address was delivered from Acts ii. 2-4, to a crowded and attentive congregation. Brother Brunt concluded this interesting service with prayer. On the following Lord's-day the candidates, with one previously baptized, were received into the church.

Deaths.

MR. HENRY HUNTLEY.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—My dear brother Henry, for many years a preacher of the glorious Gospel at Southwick road, Trowbridge, Devizes and Wantage, died last Lord's-day, 22nd inst., aged forty years, after a very long and painful illness. He suffered for some time great darkness of mind, but towards the last the clouds were scattered. He rejoiced in the well ordained covenant, and said to my dear father, that the truths he had preached to others he could live and die upon.

Another of my dear members at Ebenezzer, at the age of nearly eighty, fell from his horse and died a happy Christian, highly favored of God. His name was James Maslin. A true, full, and finished salvation by Jesus Christ was his glory and joy.

Next Lord's-day evening I intend (God willing) to improve the deaths of these two: a dear brother in the flesh, and the other a brother in Jesus, yea, both were that.

How many are passing away, going to the harbour where storms can never come, where the sun never sets, where the flowers never wither.

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers,
Death like a narrow sea divides
The heavenly land from ours."

And sometimes we can say as I heard your deacon at Gossley row give out a sweet and blessed hymn once, which I have never forgotten; the verses ended with,

"For there I long to be."

The Sunday before I went to Limpley Stoke, to assist my dear father baptize three young ones from the Sunday school. The season was precious. In speaking upon the delightful ordinance I noticed five ideas. First, its divinity; second, its antiquity; third, its spirituality; fourth, its particularity; fifth, its essentiality. But I feel decision for truth is important in these days of degeneracy.

I am, my dear brother, yours in Jesus,
JOHN HUNTLEY,
Minister of Ebenezzer, Bath.

ANOTHER LILY TRANSPLANTED.

Departed this life on the 3rd of August, 1864, after a long and lingering illness, Mr. John Roberts Donovan, aged 23 years. The departed was a member of the church under the pastorate of Mr. John Foreman, Hill street, Dorset square. Our dear brother was beloved by all who knew him, being a humble, loving, and zealous Christian. As a son he was all that parents could wish for; as a brother he was no less; so that parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, mourn their loss, but which is his eternal gain, for with the Christian "To die is gain." To depart and be with Christ is far better, yes, "Better is the day of his death, than the day of his birth." As a Sunday school teacher he was most happy in the work, it was his element and pleasure to try and lay before the youthful minds of the children the truth as it is in Jesus. Our brother was for some time during his affliction somewhat in the valley, and the bright shinings of the Sun of righteousness were withheld for a season, so that he said one day, "Spiritual things seem so high, beyond my grasp," and in conversing about death being a conquered foe to the Christian, through the meritorious death of the Lord Jesus Christ, "Yes, it is so," he said, "but it is the crossing, 'tis the crossing, as one has said," he replied. Nevertheless, our brother had his little helps from time to time, and as he drew near to "evening time" it was light indeed with him. Oh what a blessed change. On the day he died he said to a friend, on asking him whether Jesus was precious, "Yes, yes," with a sweet emphasis, and shortly afterwards said, "All's well," and he tried to say more, but his excessive weak state prevented him. To other friends and relations he said in the course of the day, "That had he his voice and strength, he could preach a sermon now." He was asked to repeat his favorite text, which he did, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," but I can say more, he said, "I know that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." He expressed a wish to speak a word to each of those dear to him, and did so, and before he died, said, "Is it dying? oh, why do the wheels of His chariot tarry," when shortly after he fell asleep in the blessed Jesus, to awake in the upper and better world, where the redeemed of the Lord

"Bathe their weary souls
In seas of heavenly rest."

The Godly Delivered Out of Temptation.

THIS was marvellously true in the case of Joseph; and if the Bible furnished no character in whom temptation made further havoc than in good Joseph's instance, many of us might almost sit down in despair. But, while no comfort can be drawn from anything short of the peace-speaking and pardon-sealing blood of the Lamb applied by the HOLY SPIRIT to the conscience, still, the facts connected with the painful warfare of many of the Bible Saints are collateral evidences of the aboundings of mercy toward those who do, through grace, repent of, and turn from the snares into which Satan may have hurled them.

That the godly are delivered out of (and not permitted to fall actually into) temptation is a great and blessed truth—that some are left to try them; to shew them what is in their heart, is a truth as painful as the other is precious and pleasing. As creatures, we say, perhaps as Christians we may say, PRESERVATION is better, ten thousand times better, than RESTORATION; but "deep in unfathomable mines of never-failing skill" the great God doth many times work out the good of His people, and the glory of His name.

We might follow our thoughts in this strain, and deduce many strong illustrations, but we will not.

Sitting down in the study one Monday evening, on the table we saw a volume of peculiar beauty, entitled "BIBLE LIVES AND BIBLE LESSONS," by Rev. D. A. Doudney, recently issued by Mr. Collingridge; and on opening it, the following paragraphs on the character of Joseph, met both our eye and our heart. Perhaps they may be useful to some of our readers:—

The Lord's people—because *He* will have it so—are at times placed in circumstances and positions in which their characters are, as far as appearance goes, at stake. So strange and so peculiar are the workings of God's Providence in regard to them, that that very strangeness and peculiarity are ascribed to Divine displeasure, at the same time, it may be, that Jehovah is only working out, in His special and gracious way, the loving intentions of His own eternal mind with respect to them. "His judgments are a great deep." Well has it been asked, "Who by searching can find out God?" *Temptations* are oftentimes permitted of God, in order that they should become *tests*; the seeming *doubt*, at times

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appertaining to principle, is only for the more striking *development* of principle; whilst man, judging from mere externals, *condemns*—God, not unfrequently, *condoles*. When at length matters have reached their climax, and the destruction of the tried one is anticipated, God's own gracious word is brought to pass, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise saith the Lord; and will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." He "brings forth their righteousness as the light, and their judgment as the noon-day." The Lord's tried and tempted will in due time realize the truth of His own word—"For he hath looked down from the height of His sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth; to hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death" (Ps. cii. 19, 20).

Joseph is sold into Egypt; but, we are told that "the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man;" moreover, we read, that "the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake." In proof, however, of the fluctuating nature of all things here, as well as to allow principles to be tested, and to prove what God's grace can do, a temptation is set before Joseph—one not only congenial to his poor fallen flesh, but coming from such a source as might have led him to conclude the yielding thereto would, in some sense, have led to his advancement. But, ah! no, he was not allowed to take so low and so despicable a view of the matter. Possessed of the fear of the Lord, and that fear brought into exercise in the most trying and critical of circumstances, he repels the tempter with a "How, then, can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" Oh, admirable plea! most forcible and God-honouring of arguments! Regardless he of all consequences, and acting upon that first and greatest of principles, "Thou, God, seeest me," he denies self, denies the tempter, and depends on his God for the issue. And what was that issue? Nought less than the being cast into prison, and that, too, upon the falsest and most groundless of charges. Here Reason may be rife again with argument—here Sense and man's puny judgment may have remonstrated. What returns, these, for honesty, sobriety, and steadfastness of character! What a sorry compensation this! "Deep calling unto deep!"

First, banishment from a father's hearth—then being sold as a slave—and now consignment to a dreary dungeon, upon a charge of which he was absolutely innocent. But Joseph's God was with him even in a prison; for so it is recorded, that "the Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison;" yea, "The keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper" (Gen. xxxix. 22, 23). Joseph not only had a teaching and training to undergo in the prison, in order to qualify him for filling that all-important position to which he was eternally appointed; but, doubtless, he was to be made of inconceivable benefit to those committed to his care. Wherever a child of God is, there, in a very special manner, God is likewise, and that to instruct him—to comfort him—and to make use of him. He is not lost, not overlooked, nor are his labours in vain, whether they take the form of active service or passive suffering. In either case the Lord is with him, to sustain and bless.

To suppose that service supersedes sensitiveness, is incorrect; the woman of Shunhem was so resigned a sufferer, that she answered, "It is well," when interrogated with regard to herself, her husband, and her child, and yet her soul was so bitter (margin) within her, that she caught the prophet by the feet. And Joseph so felt his position, that, notwithstanding the fav-

our shown him in the prison, he said to Pharaoh's butler, when, according to Joseph's interpretation of his dream, he was about to be liberated, "Think on me when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house: for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews; and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon" (Gen. xl. 14, 15).

We find that "two full years" passed over before the chief butler remembered Joseph; and that remembrance was brought by God Himself, who, in connexion with two remarkable dreams which Pharaoh had had, led to the chief butler's exclaiming, "I do remember my faults this day:" when he directly detailed what had occurred two years previously, and so impressed Pharaoh with the facts as to induce him to send immediately to the prisoner, who, in due time, having interpreted the king's dreams, was raised to a post only second in importance to that of the crown itself.

Thus we see the completeness and the perfection of Jehovah's working; that, whilst he takes His own time, and adopts His own course, He does, at length, produce an effect worthy His wisdom, power, love, and faithfulness. Man may be in haste, and misjudge Him, whilst He works and waits, but the issue invariably has been, and shall be, that which shall at once be glorifying to God, and unspeakably satisfactory to His people. Infinitely better pleased are they with *God's* way than they would have been with *their own*.'¹

TAKE CARE OF YOUR MINISTERS.

It certainly does seem to be high time that this note be sounded loudly through our land, and most especially in the denomination which we more directly and devotedly represent; for many of our good men are harassed and tried beyond all conception, owing to the want of proper care and thoughtfulness being exercised toward them. In nearly all the public prints now, there has been attention called to the fact that many ministers are turning from the Baptist denomination, and going elsewhere. Of course, we have no faith in the religion of such men, but, let us not forget that while many, for want of principle, go away from us, a very great many who stand firm by their principles, do so, almost to the starving of their families, and the danger of losing their moral reputation.

We are disposed to bring this matter

clearly and faithfully before the people, and to solicit their consideration to a branch of practical Christianity which certainly is of no mean character. After noticing some remarks now going through the churches, we may refer to cases of a severe kind, coming under our own notice; and then point to a variety of means wherein a remedy has been found.

We first submit the following:

Considerable excitement has recently been created in the Baptist body by the secession of some seven of their ministers, a few of whom have gone to the Church of England, and the rest to the Independents. It is certainly an event of rare occurrence to find any man renouncing immersion for affusion or sprinkling; but that a body of seven should withdraw is among the signs of the times. The Baptist journal, the *Freeman*

has dealt with the question, and gentlemen of intelligence have also addressed the same paper in the way of correspondence. One of the ablest of these has spoken some very wholesome truths, which cannot too soon be known throughout the denomination. After referring to several cases he says:—

"Nor are these the only cases of this kind; I could fill a whole number of the *Freeman* with similar announcements, and authenticate them every one. Neither have I picked these cases out from the rest; they are written down just in the order they came to the mind; and if it be doubted whether such cases are of frequent occurrence, the doubt may be dispelled by men who are acquainted with them coming forward once for all, and putting on record in your columns the instances with which they are familiar. The page would, I know, be such a revelation of sorrow, of daily heart-breaking anxiety and woe, of real soul-anguish on the one hand, and of meanness, cruelty, tyranny, and falsehood on the other, as would put an end to all wonder at men wishing 'to improve their position,' and possibly would at the same time do something towards bringing this wickedness to an end also. Regard for your space and your readers' time prevents my citing more of these cases; and I pass to others that represent wrongs of a financial character.

"I have a letter in my possession from one of my old-fellow students, in which he says, 'My people owe me £30. I do not believe I shall ever get thirty pence;' whether he ever did I cannot say positively, but I believe not. A few days after the receipt of that letter, I received another from another of my old college friends, in which, writing of a third, he says, 'Poor R—is in trouble; his people promised to give him £100 a year; the first quarter they paid him £25—last quarter, when his stipend became due, it was not paid, but ten weeks after it was due, one of his deacons came to settle with him, and coolly handed him £6, which he said was all they could do that quarter. Yet his congregation has greatly increased.' Thus was a dead robbery practised on the man to the tune of £19. A member of that same congregation confirmed that statement to me, but added that he believed it was made good some time after, when the man left. The only explanation I have ever been able to get is, that the money raised for the support of the ministry was appropriated to meeting other expenses. A third case was that of a man of good scholarship and abilities, with preaching powers of no mean order,—owing to a slight attack of partial paralysis he was somewhat lame, and this prevented him from obtaining a pastorate. He was, however, struggling to maintain himself and several of his younger brothers and sisters,

the father being dead, and the whole family being more or less dependent on his personal exertions. He went to supply a church in Worcestershire for two Sabbaths, taking their week-evening services as well. On the evening of the last Sunday the deacons met him after service, and thanked him for his services, regretting much his lameness, which they feared would incapacitate him from the duties of the pastorate; in all other respects he was the very man they wanted: and after many kind and flattering words presented him with the liberal sum of one shilling and sixpence over his railway fare! I know another instance in which a minister went to supply a church, and lost £1 10s. in cash by so doing: a second minister would have lost £3 by the same thing, had he not insisted on having at least his expenses. In both these cases it was, I believe, the result of thoughtlessness rather than meanness; but it is a thoughtlessness that ought not to exist, especially on the part of business men. Then I know, too, of several instances in which churches without pastors have regarded it as a favourable opportunity for getting out of debt. They have paid their supplies about one-half, or less than one-half, the sum raised for the ministry, and appropriated the balance to meet the deficiencies of their incidental fund. Now, when it is borne in mind that as a rule the salaries of Baptist ministers are so low as to preclude the possibility of laying by for a rainy day, so low as to make it one of the hardest of tasks to make both ends meet, that no provision is made for helping us in the education of our children, or in giving them a fair start in life; that only a scant provision is made for our widows and orphans in case of death, and that, too, of necessity, on terms which exclude many from the benefits thereof; that whilst health and vigour last we may swim somehow, but that when feebleness and age overtake us there is want staring us full in the face, just when we most need freedom from it,—I say, when it is remembered that all through we have thus to live by faith in a rather different sense from the New Testament meaning, and are thrown for comfort on the good old truth alone, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof' these matters do become serious. Of course, as ministers we are expected practically to honour these grand words, but I submit we have also a right to expect that churches, bearing the name of Christian, will also honour the same book, when it tells them that he who lives at the altar shall also live (not barely exist) by the altar. Sirs, we must not hold one language for the sins of the world and another for those of the Church,—dishonesty is dishonesty in the one as much as in the other."

(To be continued)

IMPRECATIONS IN THE PSALMS.

BY JOHN BROWN, A.M., CONLIG, NEWTOWNARDS, IRELAND.

SOME Christians object to the use of the Psalms of David under the Gospel dispensation on the ground of their alleged *obscurity*, others bring forward an objection of a still graver character which is perhaps more frequently urged than the former, viz. *the spirit of revenge* which they are supposed to breathe, and which is so inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel. In reply to this objection, I observe—

1. That the Psalms are Divinely inspired. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and consequently the Psalms are not excepted. But if they are "given by inspiration of God," and if they breathe a spirit of revenge, it is easy to see on whom the charge must fall. To charge them with a spirit of revenge, is to charge God with the same spirit; for if they be inspired by Him, they have no more revenge than He has put into them. To represent them as being in any degree inconsistent with right feeling, is to deny their inspiration; for it is impossible for malevolent songs to be inspired by the God of love. If God be their author, as David says He is, (2 Sam. xxiii. 1, 2,) they must, like all His other works, be "very good,"—perfectly holy in spirit, sentiment, and tendency. "The words of the Lord are *pure* words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times." "*Every* word of God is pure." Thy word is *very* pure, therefore thy servant loveth it"—Psa. xii. 6; cxix. 140; Prov. xxx. 5.

2. It will not do to argue as is sometimes done, that the spirit of revenge was consistent with the old dispensation, though inconsistent with the new; for that would be to place the New Testament in opposition to the old, and, consequently, to "destroy the law and the prophets." It is readily admitted that *positive institutions* may be consistent but with one dispensation, and inconsistent with another, because, not being founded in the nature of things, they are neither right nor wrong, *considered in themselves*. God may, therefore, change or abrogate them at pleasure; and as they derive all their authority from His *revealed will*, He may make that to be a sin which was once a duty, and that to be a duty which was once a sin. Circumcision, for example, was once a duty under the old dispensation, because it was *then* enjoined; but it would be a sin under the new, because it is *now* forbidden. In the same way, baptism in the name of the Trinity is a duty under the new dispensation, because, it is commanded by Christ; but it was no

duty under the old, because it was not then a Divine appointment. But *moral precepts* being founded in the nature of things, are *in their own nature right*, and, therefore, unchangeable. God himself could not make that which is in itself right wrong, nor that which is in itself wrong right. And as the *spirit of religion* is not a positive institution, but a moral duty, and consequently right *in itself*, it must be the same under all dispensations. If the spirit of revenge, therefore, was right under the former dispensation, it is right *still*; and if it be wrong now, it was wrong *then*. But malevolence or revenge, being a transgression of the moral law, is in itself *wrong*; and therefore God could not sanction it under one dispensation more than another. It is accordingly condemned by the law as well as the Gospel, and love is enjoined by both—Lev. xix. 17, 18. We thus deny that the spirit of ill-will was any more consistent with the old dispensation than it is with the new, and consequently reject the argument that is founded on such a supposition, namely, that Psalms breathing a spirit of malevolence could have been approved of by God under *any* dispensation: and, therefore, the Psalms cannot be possessed of such a spirit. But,

3. If the language of the Psalms be at variance with Christian love, the language of the New Testament is equally at variance with it. We have just seen that *moral feeling*, under all dispensations, must, in the very nature of things, be the same; and, on comparing the New Testament with the Old, this observation may easily be confirmed; for the same expressions that are objected to in the Book of Psalms, are to be found in the New Testament. Take the following examples: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, *let him be accursed*!"—"Alexander, the copper-smith did me much evil; *the Lord reward him according to his works*." "And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held; and they cried with a loud voice, saying, *How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?*"—"And the four-and-twenty elders, which sat before God on their seats, fell upon their faces, and worshipped God, saying, We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to Thee Thy great power, and reigned." And the nations were angry, and Thy wrath is come, and the

time of the dead, that they should be judged, and that thou shouldst give reward unto thy servants the prophets, and to the saints, and to them that fear thy name, small and great; and shouldst destroy them which destroy the earth." "And I heard the angel of the waters say, Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art, and wast, and shalt be, because Thou hast judged thus. For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and Thou hast given them blood to drink; for they are worthy"—1 Cor. xvi. 22; 2. Tim. v. 14; Rev. vi. 10; xi. 16, 18; xvi. 5, 7. Thus we find the same kind of expressions in the New Testament that are objected to in the Book of Psalms, shewing that they are so far from being at variance with each other, that there is a perfect harmony between them. Those that object to the use of the Psalms on the ground of the imprecatory language that is found in them, must on the same ground reject the New Testament also.

4. We are in danger of mistaking that for malevolent, which is, in reality the expression of a holy indignation against sin. It is, no doubt, our duty to love all men, as *men*—our enemies not excepted; but we are not required to love them as the enemies of God. On the contrary, as God "hateth all the workers of iniquity" (Psa. v. 12); so there is a sense, at least, in which the believer hates them that hate him—(Psa. cxix. 21.) True benevolence breathes good will to all mankind; but not at the expense of the glory of God. It desires the salvation of all men from their sins; but it desires the salvation of none in their sins. It "abhors that which is evil," as well as "cleaves to that which is good." It unites compassion for the souls of the wicked with the hatred of their wickedness, or of themselves considered as wicked persons. Both these dispositions were exemplified by the Redeemer at the same time, who, while He pronounced the condemnation of the wicked, yet tenderly wept over their miseries—Matt. xxiii. 13, 15; Luke xix. 41, 42.) And these appear to us to be the feelings that pervade the Psalms, rather than those of personal revenge. For,

5. In many of the imprecative Psalms, Christ is the speaker rather than David; *i. e.*, Christ, speaks in the prophet, as the person principally intended. Perhaps more offence has been taken at the 109th Psalm than any other in the whole collection, and yet that Christ is the speaker in that Psalm is plain from the apostle's explanation of verses 8, 10, in Acts i. 20. And as there is no change of speakers in the Psalm, Christ must be regarded as the person speaking all throughout, and, consequently, uttering all the imprecations which it contains. Some would soften these expressions

by rendering the verbs by the future tense rather than the imperative mood. For example—instead of saying, "Let his days be few," they would read, "His days shall be few," &c.; and we admit that the Hebrew verbs may be rendered either way; but as the imperative is not at variance with the sacred original—as it is used in the Greek translation—and as that translation, in this particular, is sanctioned by the Apostle, who preserves the imperative in quoting from it—(Acts i. 20; Rom. xi. 9, 10)—we think the imperative ought to be preferred. In these expressions, however, there can be nothing inconsistent with right feeling, for they are inspired by the God of love, and spoken in the person of His dear Son. "All that can be meant by such expressions," says Bishop Horne, "whether uttered by the prophet, by Messiah, or by ourselves, must be a solemn ratification of the just judgments of the Almighty against His impenitent enemies, like that ascribed to the blessed spirits in Heaven, when such judgments were executed."—Rev. xi. 17, 18. xvi. 5, 7.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

AWAY, far away in the land of the blest,
Where skies never darken, there, there is my rest.
On earth but a pilgrim, and destined to roam,
I hail with delight that sweet land as my home.

Ye visions of glory, ye bowers of bliss,
Your joys are unknown in a region like this:
In gross darkness shrouded your melodies cloy,
And nature shrinks back from that "fulness of joy."

No,—earth cannot listen to music like yours,
But sunk in deep folly wild discord endures;
And man in his blindness, by sinning opprest,
Heeds not the pure songs in that land of the blest.

Sweet land of the faithful! O when shall we be
At home in thy glory, from sin ever free?
O when shall we spread the glad wing and arise
To enter the mansions prepared in the skies?

Yet, Saviour, we wait all Thy service below;
Nor haste to depart from this desert of woe:
That service is heaven wherever we be,
But, Lord, our *full* heaven is dwelling with Thee.

Away then—away to the glory above;
Away to the home of the Saviour we love;
With no darkness clouded, with no sin distrest;
Away then, away to the land of the blest.

Manchester, Oct., 1864. WILLIAM STOKES.

I went after the Lord in chains; with supplication and bitter weeping: I entered in at the Strait (or Difficult) Gate; and although the way appeared very perilous, and I have found it a path of tribulation, yet, blessed be God, it is the right way, and I have never repented of it.—*John Rusk.*

The Surrey Tabernacle Expositor.

EXPOSITION OF REVELATION IX. 1—7.

"And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth."

By the word "trumpet" we are, I think, to understand the testimony of God concerning those judgments to which the nations that were his enemies should be subjected. And the star falling from heaven means, in my opinion, some great power, that has some special mission, or that exercises some particular influence over the land, or the part of the world in which he appears; like a star casting its rays, like a kind of princely object.

"And to him was given the key of the bottomless pit."

The key is the symbol of authority. And the word "bottomless pit" here used, is not well suited to explain the meaning of the original word. The original word "abyss," here translated "bottomless pit," sometimes means the sea, and the sea figuratively means the world, and therefore the idea conveyed here is that of some great power that should exercise authority and dominion over the stormy nations of the earth for the furtherance of his own evil designs, and for the persecution and the martyrdom of the people of God. Hence it was that from age to age, for a thousand years, just such adversaries, just such locusts as are here described, fell upon the Christian church, and thousands upon thousands of the Lord's people were by these adversaries put to death. Unhappily we seem really to be so constituted as to need something to stir us up, to waken us from a state of lethargy. In those days Christians assembled with ten times more eagerness than they do now; listened to the word of God with ten times more interest than they do now. In the midst of peace and quiet, when things go on pretty smoothly, the Lord's people do not seem to manifest such burning zeal, such high enthusiasm, so that while they had such stormy times to encounter temporarily, the Lord, in his tender mercy, made it up to them spiritually.

"And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit."

That is, the prospects of men were darkened. Suppose such a power as is here described should come in upon our happy nation, and deprive us of the liberty and the privileges we now have, would not that darken our sun? Would not all our sunny prospects as a nation, in which we hope to

enjoy social, political, and Christian liberty, would not all these be darkened and swept away? This has been the case with many nations, we hope it never may be the case with our nation.

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth; and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power. And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree; but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads."

Well, say you, just now you said that the people of God were put to death, and now it says that the people of God, represented by the grass of the earth, and the trees, and the vegetation, are not to be hurt. How do you reconcile these two? Very well indeed, friends. It was in the spiritual sense of the word that they were not to be hurt. They were liable to be hurt as much as other men in other respects, and more too. If there be a man to be cast into the lion's den, Daniel is the chosen man; and if there be people to be cast into the fiery furnace, those that fear God are the men. But let the people of God be subjected to whatever they may, whatever temporal loss, whatever physical suffering, whatever privation, even to the privation of life as well, and this has often been the case in times past, yet spiritually it has not hurt them. See the apostle in the eighth of the Romans, how he enumerates the various tribulations that the people of God were then passing through. And after describing the perils to which he was exposed, the sword to which he was exposed, the persecution, the famine, the nakedness, and all that he suffered, he makes the confession that none of these things, nor all of them put together, could hurt him; "nay," he saith, so far from this, "in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us;" that is, conquerors spiritually. And if you are that kind of conqueror to obtain eternal life, never mind about this life; if you are that kind of conqueror to obtain an everlasting kingdom, an immovable kingdom, never mind about the kingdoms of this world; if you are that kind of conqueror to obtain everlasting riches, everlasting joys, never mind about the riches or the joys of this world. And if you are that kind of conqueror to obtain a fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore in the presence of God, never mind about the pleasures of this world, they are all shadows, here to-day and

gone to-morrow. So that no power on earth has ever been able really and truly to hurt the saints, for God's word standeth thus, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Not work together for good to make them all after the flesh which the flesh might desire; not work together to bring them into that carnal ease and honor, and those fleshly advantages that the flesh might desire; no, it is in the spiritual sense of the word, all things work together for their everlasting welfare. So that you see the Lord takes care of his people. They have a life that the adversary cannot reach; they have a standing that the enemy cannot overthrow. Thus it is that these adversaries could not hurt them.

"And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months; and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man."

Here is a limitation, you see, five months. Were it not for these limitations, that the Lord is pleased in mercy to put, there would not be a nation left upon earth at this moment. Here is the American war; if I speak of it as a Christian, I say God has permitted it, and at the appointed time he will put a stop to it; when the five mystic months are up, some circumstance under the control of the blessed God will put a stop to it. Just the same with your troubles; you will have troubles, and you will strive, and cry, and pray, and seek, and labour to get rid of them, but you cannot do so. At last, in some unexpected way, at some unexpected period, the time is up, your five mystic months are completed, and some circumstance turns round in your favour, your troubles all pass away, Satan cast down, you raised up, and all is well.

If, therefore, national troubles are limited, much more the troubles of the people of God. Then you naturally say, if you have any interest in these things, and if you be sincere in your religion you will have an interest in them, if these national troubles are shortened, if they are limited, why are they limited? What is the reason of it? The Bible informs you. When the Romans came in upon the Jewish nation, they would have annihilated that nation, and there would not have been a Jew left upon the face of the earth. But for the elect's sake, whom God had chosen, he shortened those days of tribulation. There were many of the Jews that were brought to know the Lord, and in the early ages of the Christian dispensation, all along down to the fourth and fifth centuries, thousands upon thousands of Jews were brought to know the Lord. And so in all succeeding ages the Lord has shortened the days of tribulation, and has limited the aggressions of the nations, because the fulfilment of their intentions would involve the preventing of His people coming into existence. Let us rejoice then, that our God ruleth over all.

"And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them."

Of course, when calamity follows upon calamity, making life miserable and wretched, it is very natural then for a man to wish he could die; yet, though men shall wish this, death shall flee from them. That needs no explanation, for every Christian in tribulation knows what that feeling is.

"And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men."

MY WAY FROM THE PLOUGH-TAIL TO THE PULPIT.

BY A LONDON BAPTIST PASTOR.

No. 5.

HOURS WITH THE UNGODLY.

How distressed is the child of God sometimes lest he should be deceived; the more he knows of himself as a sinner, the less he seems like a Christian in his own eyes. Though others may laugh at his simplicity, he will sing, and that feelingly,

"Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no—
Am I His, or am I not?"

It is easy to say we may, and ought to know; and that all the "anxious thoughts" arise from unbelief. The fact still remains, and the question is—how are these doubts

and fears to be relieved? Not by simple exhortations to believe; such a soul would give the world to believe, but is afraid, lest he should be a poor dog taking the children's bread. Faith is the work of the Holy Ghost in its every act, whereby divine blessings are appropriated. But the Spirit uses a variety of outward circumstances in discovering to us our interest in Christ; and not unfrequently we are relieved by witnessing the contrast of our own state with that of others. I have often gone home greatly encouraged from coming into converse with the ungodly. We should not be cast down because we have little grace, but thankful

that we have any at all. The least spark of divine life in the soul is worth a thousand worlds. It is no small mercy to know we are lost and ruined sinners, as the following case may shew.

J. B. had been a cabman, but was so afflicted with rheumatism that he could not leave his room, or bed, without help. On my first visit to him, the following conversation took place:—"You seem very ill, friend." "Yes, sir, I am; but I am very happy." "I am glad to hear you say so; pray what is it makes you so happy?" Pointing to the Bible, Prayer book, and another small volume, he said, "These books make me happy, sir." My heart began to burn within me at the thought of having found one of God's hidden ones: but alas, the hope was short-lived. On asking what parts of the Bible made him most happy, he said, "No part in particular; but you see I had learned no prayers, never had time to do that till I was ill, and I had no books to learn 'em from till the curate brought me these; now I read the Gospel, epistle, and prayers for the day, and keep the commandments." I tried to shew him from John 3rd, that he must be born again; but he said he had been christened, and the curate told him he was made a Christian then, and only needed to "read" the books and keep the commandments. "I only wish, sir," said he, "that everybody was as religious as I am; I can assure you, there is never a day that I forget my duties." All my arguments with him went for nothing; he, in spirit, thanked God he was not as other men; and was specially thankful that he was not so bad as I took him to be. If the visits did him no good, they were profitable to my own soul. When Satan told me I knew nothing of the truth savingly, I could reply, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, I see;" no book or priest, or curate could persuade me out of that; I see myself a lost, guilty, and helpless sinner; yes, and more, Christ alone can save.

Perhaps the reader would like to know a little more about this worthy "curate." We made acquaintance in a somewhat singular way. He watched for me one morning, and on entering a first-floor front room, he followed, and without any ceremony, he addressed me as follows:—"Sir, I am the lawfully appointed minister of this parish, and I beg that you will not interfere with my flock." "I am not aware, sir, of having done so." "You are doing so now;" and turning to the old lady, in whose room we were, he said, "Do you not acknowledge me as your pastor?" She, dropping him a low curtsy, replied, "Certainly I do, sir." He looked upon this as a complete victory; and forthwith ordered me to leave the room. I

refused to do so, unless requested by the person whose sole right it was to bid me be gone; and the old laundress feeling somewhat amused did not say go, so I out with the sword, and at him. After the first charge he drew up, and would only fight with the weapons of episcopal ordination, and parliamentary authority. I plainly told him such weapons might have done some time ago, but I cared not for them, and therefore should continue what he deemed a schismatical course. Finding he could not induce me to leave the field, he wrote a letter to one of the committee, and published it in the form of a pamphlet; this did me great good; but no thanks to the writer—he meant it for evil.

On calling again on the old laundress, just to see how she took the matter, she received me kindly; but hoped, for her sake, I would not let the "curate" see me there again. "As for you, sir, why you were too much for him." "Well now, if you believe the truth is on my side, why do you call him your pastor, and go to hear him preach?" "Now look here, sir, I consider as how one religion is as good as another; and I goes to church—not as I likes to go in particular; but I must, that's all. You see, my old man is eat up with rheumatism, and never yarns a penny, so I has to do a bit o' washing; it ain't much as I can do now, and the people don't pay half as they used to. Oh, them was the times, sir, when I yarned five shillen a-day at the wash-tub; but them days is gone, and we must all look arter number one as well as we can; so you see, sir, at "All Souls," there are a great many rich from Portland Place, and there about; and there is a good bit o' sacrament money; yes, that's pretty good at "All Souls;" then there's a bit o' coal in the winter, or sometimes a few bread tickets, and a blanket or two;—bless ye, sir, we could not live at all but for the church; so you see, I likes that religion best as likes me best; and you don't blame me, do you?"

She knew very well that all these favors would cease if she offended the "curate" by going to chapel:—as they would call my meeting-room, and therefore she remained a "true English church-woman," as the Puseyites phrase it.

My reader may be suffering for conscience sake; and truly it is a trial of faith to see the abuses of public charity by some of the "High Church" party. But suffer on rather than be of those who are anything for a loaf. God's heroes are often among the poor; and He will ultimately reward patient suffering for His sake; and even in the midst of it, He can sweeten all by the smiles of His face.

How different was the case of poor Mrs. Robinson to that above mentioned! On

reading to Mrs. R. of the dear Lord having not where to lay his head, she cried, "Poor Jesus! I would have given him my bed," and with tears of joy she blessed Him for making her so rich through His own poverty. But to return to the ungodly, let us look at a case or two from which we may learn to be thankful for deliverance from the mark of the beast. On my rounds one day a door was opened by a new comer on the district, and the usual question asked, "Who did you please to want, sir?" "No one in particular; I am a missionary, and will give you a tract, and read a little of God's word, if you will allow me." She had a rough bushy head, a round red face, and two of the most piercing blue eyes I ever saw, which were separated by a peculiar little turn-up nose; as to her figure, that was something like a sack of wool with a string tied round the middle. She fixed her two stars on me, and asked sharply, "What's your name?" The name was given, with "May I ask yours?" "My name is O'Connell, with a big O! and sure I'm a Catholic, and belong to the true church. You heretic, be off!" On attempting to soothe her by kind assurances that my sole business was to tell her of One who was able to save sinners, she shut her eyes, stretched out her arms, and in the most earnest and solemn voice, called upon God to curse me! There was something very solemn and awful in hearing the God of all grace called upon by one poor sinner to curse another, and that in the sacred name of religion. But my reception by another Catholic was worse still. Had he lived in the floor next the clouds instead of that underground, my neck might have been broken. He opened the door of the wretched cellar with an umbrella in his hand, which he levelled at me in gun fashion, saying, "If you don't be off, I'll poke your eye out." I begged him not to be angry, as my only wish was to do him good, when he muttered something about circulating error, threw down the umbrella, and sent me heels-overhead in the passage, and in awful language threatened my life, following up-stairs as if to put the threat into execution. Bullies are generally cowards. I turned in the upper passage, and said, "Now I'm off your premises, touch me if you dare." He slipped down stairs again, and I have not seen him since, save once, on which occasion he evidently had no wish to meet my eye.

What a mercy to be delivered from Popery and Pharisaism; to lie a poor sinner at the feet of Jesus, and look for salvation only there. "Who maketh thee to differ," and what hast thou to distinguish thee from such characters, but what thou hast received from sovereign love? That man who would knock down the Chris-

tian preacher or teacher, simply as such, would knock down Jesus Christ if he had it in his power. Therefore we know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. But self-righteousness and superstition are not the only, or even the worst, foes of the city missionary. The god of the very low and most degraded portion of the people is Bacchus, and by a peep at one of his secret temples, we must close this paper. I witnessed the scene in the "Rookery," St. Giles, one Sunday morning, from the window of a lodging house. In a back yard there was a sort of cupboard, where stood a retailer of gin; "the kids were sent to watch the peelers" in case of a surprise, and there half-naked and half-starved men and women, and even boys and girls, were dancing, swearing, and smoking. But I dare go no further: what I saw and heard is not fit for publication. The scene took place behind the house where a murder was committed a year or two ago, and has never yet been found out. Let any man see such sights, and surely he will boast no more of the dignity of human nature. But for the grace of God one of the party might have been GIDEON.

APOSTOLIC PREACHING.

A LETTER TO REV. JOHN E. CRACKNELL,
Minister of Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham.

DEAR BROTHER CRACKNELL,—In my last, I proved from Paul's preaching that your interpretation of 2 Cor. v. 20, was contrary to the *fact*; and now proceed to prove in a few words that it is contrary to the general tenor of God's Word.

The question is, Can a man dead in trespasses and sins *reconcile himself to God*?

1st, observe how the Holy Ghost describes *man's state by nature*. He is dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. ii. 1); the *understanding* is darkened. He is alienated from the life of God, through blindness and hardness of heart—past feeling.

The *throat* is an open sepulchre.

With the *tongue* they have used deceit.

Under the *lips*, is the poison of asp.

Their *mouth* is full of cursing and bitterness.

Their *feet* are swift to shed blood.

The way of peace they have not known.

There is no fear of God before their eyes.

Destruction and misery are in their ways.

Every imagination of the *thought* of the heart is *only* evil, and that *continually*.

They are blinded by the god of this world. He *rules* in them as the children of disobedience.

They *desire* not the knowledge of God's ways.

And you call upon a man in this state to reconcile himself to God!

My brother, the whole of God's Word is full of declarations of man's utter incapacity to do aught that is spiritually good.

Spiritual life must precede spiritual acts, and that life is the gift of God: "I give unto them their eternal life;" "No man can come unto Me, except the Father which hath sent Me, draw him;" "All that the Father hath given Me shall come to me; and him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

If in any portion of God's Word we come into contact with a passage, which seems to run in a contrary direction, to these, it must be interpreted according to the analogy of faith, and the general tenor of God's Word;—the rule being, that that which is dark or ambiguous shall be interpreted by that which is light and clear.

Reconciliation with God, must spring from a sense of His love to us, but the natural mind is enmity against God; "It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," and therefore all exhortations to him in that state to reconcile himself to God are as vain—as would be an address to the dead in some cemetery, to come back again from dust and ashes, to take part in the busy activities of life.

Wishing you every new covenant blessing, and with an earnest desire that this correspondence may not interfere in any degree with our old friendship, I remain, my dear brother, most cordially yours in Him we love.

Trinity Chapel, B. B. WALKER.
Plymouth, October, 1864.

OUR FATHERS.

It is very encouraging to witness the number of good old men, whose lives the Lord has so long spared to his church in these days. On the platform, the other day, when Mr. Wells laid the foundation stone of his new Tabernacle, we stood beside old father Jones; and he looked as brave as ever. Next to him stood good old father Hanshaw, of Watford, full 76; with a face as blooming as ever; and then there was "old John Foreman," as they so familiarly call him; and he spoke well. Just behind him stood good old Thomas Stringer, and venerable brother Hanks; with their heads almost as white as snow; but, like sturdy cedars in Lebanon, they looked faithful, cheerful, and determined never to sell the truth. Young James Wells, whose raven locks and iron frame seem to promise a hearty and protracted long age, introduced his brother Foreman as "the Apostle of the Nation;" this title, Mr. Wells said, was to be on his tombstone when he died: this brought a smile from

some other patriarchs, such as bonny old Drawbridge and that deep-bass divine, Thomas Wale, of Gravesend. But we have just received the following note of a sainted sire indeed:—

M R. GEORGE MURRELL
AT KEPELL STREET CHAPEL, RUSSELL
SQUARE.

It seems somewhat to afford a solemn satisfaction to behold the tranquil features and venerable bearing of this father in Christ; on whose brow time has placed its honourable, yet unmistakable impress. How the distant past seems linked with the present! How the mind rushes back, as it were, some fifty or sixty years ago, as if it could picture, the aged man now, but the young and vigorous man; starting out in the work of the ministry full of zeal, and buoyed up by hopeful expectation. What changes since then! How many started well, but soon halted on the road! How many have finished their course, since then, with joy! What thoughts, like these, crowd in on the mind. But then the solemn satisfaction is not only to contemplate what has been passed through, but rather to anticipate the near arrival and apparent happy preparation of the good old man for his heavenly rest.

How long he has stood forth with the same Christ-exalting theme! The frame has evidently grown very feeble, the voice has lost its power, and the limbs seem to have grown weary of their functions. Yet the heart is warm, the mind is filled, and the tongue gives utterance to the same truths which have employed its powers so long, and so well.

Sunday, Oct. 16th, being the 69th anniversary of Keppell-street Chapel, three sermons were preached, morning and evening by Mr. Murrell, and the afternoon by Mr. J. Bloomfield. In the morning the text was Colossians iii. 1: "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." We cannot say more than just notice that the text was spoken from very blessedly. 1st. The *Implication*, "Christ is risen. 2nd. The *Supposition*, "Ye are risen with Christ. 3rd. The *Exhortation*, "Seek those things," &c.

In conclusion, the cause was affectionately pleaded for, there being a debt of between £40 and £50 resting on the place. The aged saint urging as an incentive to give, because that would be the last time he should plead for Keppell-street. It will be said, and it was, how many times he has said the same thing. Still let us be not unmindful, the last time will come, and it is a solemn thought.

KNOWING AND BELIEVING.

By MR. G. HEARSON, MINISTER OF GODING STREET CHAPEL, VAUXHALL.

"And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us."—1 John iv. 16.

HERE we have, first, *Experience*; second, *Testimony*; and third, *Encouragement*.

I. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE—"We have known," &c. God's love is the fountain of salvation. Love chose us (2 Thess. ii. 13); love betrothed us (Hos. ii. 19); love redeemed us (Isaiah lxiii. 9); love drew us (Hos. xi. 4); love supports and defends us (Rom. viii. 37—39); but, oh, to *experience this!* An old tar's yarn is exceedingly interesting to hear or read; his ups and downs are so extraordinary that we have felt peculiar pleasure in listening to his strange tale; but, after all, he *alone* who has experienced the bitterness of the lash, can fully enter into the matter: his many dangers, hair-breadth escapes, and wonderful deliverances, can be fully understood only by himself. I can just fancy him running away from tender parents, and for the first time stepping on board, what emotion must fill his breast: he gets to sea, battles with the waves; is tossed about; tacks about; tumbles from aloft; slips over the side, and is oft "at his wits' end; but, oh, what gladness, what ecstasy of joy when once he sets foot on "terra firma;" *he only* can fully enter into its sweetness. Is there not a faint analogy here of what John felt when he uttered our text? I can well remember such times of luscious sweetness. Very true, we have to draw a long sigh at times, but he *does* compass us about with songs of deliverance.

You will see that the beloved disciple makes a distinction between knowing and believing; sometimes we *know*, and sometimes *believe*. Job believed when all looked black: "Though he slay me," &c.; but, by and bye, he *knew*. "I know that *my Redeemer*," &c. Abraham believed when he went (no doubt with some trembling) to slay his son; but he *knew* when he saw the ram in the thicket. Just so we have fightings without and fears within; but we believe that all things work together for our good. We believe this world is a sea of glass, and our covenant God scatters trials like so much sand, gravel, and ashes, in our path, to keep us from slipping. The husbandman ploughs his ground, and the gardener prunes his vines, to make them fruitful. The refiner flings his gold into the furnace that it may be purified, and the jeweller cuts his diamonds to make them shine the brighter; but when the "third part" is brought *through* the fire, then we can say, "I *know* that in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me." We know

His love by *seeing* it; as "trusty Bob" is said to have done. Bob used to work in a coal mine. One day he left his dinner outside the mouth of the pit; some wags ran off with it; when he came up some other mates said, "Well, Bob, thy dinner is gone;—is all for the best *now?*" "O *yes*," said Bob, "I believe it is; but I'll go and see after my dinner." When he had got quite away, some foul air caused an explosion which killed those at work, while Bob was mercifully spared, and then he *saw*, and *knew*, the love of God.

When we hear the glorious Gospel, we believe, but O, how we know when sweetly applied: then we wash our steps with butter; then the dew rests on our branch; then we truly feel, "Blessed are the souls that hear and know the Gospel's joyful sound."

II. CHRISTIAN TESTIMONY. "We have known and believed," &c. Testifiers there are in heaven and on earth; all in some way speaking of the power, majesty, wisdom, and goodness of God; but, brethren, what is our testimony this night? Shall we not say with one voice, His love to us is undeserved? What was there in us to merit esteem or give the Creator delight? Again, shall we not testify his love is unconquerable? Yes, we wickedly resisted as long as we could; but

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That gently forced us in."

Once more we testify His love is immutable; having loved his own, he will love them to the end.

"Hath he not his promise pass'd—
We shall overcome at last?"

III. ENCOURAGEMENT: "We have known," &c. My brethren, does not the love of God constrain you to *pray* for the yet increasing numbers attending this house of prayer? yes, I know it does, for you are now wanting a Saturday evening prayer meeting. My brethren, doth not this encourage you to work in the Lord's vineyard? yea; I know it does; for the school is being filled with children, and you are as happily as earnestly teaching them. What then? go on, my dear brethren; go on; let us not be afraid to work while it is day. With heart and soul, let us work; the Lord has greatly blessed us, and is blessing us. Our chapel fills well. All praise to Him. Be encouraged, my dear brethren. Go on; endeavour to convince of sin, righteousness, and judgment; lift up the blessed Jesus, as the all

in all: lift up the Holy Ghost; shout—"Ye must be born from above." O, brethren, teach and pray; watch and pray; get some good tracts; distribute them broadcast; sinners shall tremble; Christ shall triumph; saints shall rejoice; with joy and singing. Go on, brethren. Love! Love!! LOVE! one another. I will help you. Go on; we shall soon be home; then, for ever, we'll shout, "The winter is past; the rain is over and gone; and we'll soar aloft for ever, singing unto Him that loved us." God bless you all. Amen.

ON SUNDAY TRAVELING.

MR. EDITOR,—A letter on the above-named subject appeared in your last impression, on which I beg leave to offer a few remarks.

The writer of that letter has long been deservedly esteemed amongst the churches, especially among those who are called High Calvinists, and therefore, his judgment on the subject will be received by many as deserving of an implicit regard; especially by those who, like your correspondent, have felt some stings of conscience on the subject. The irritation arising therefrom will be allayed, and "Sunday Travelling," by coach, omnibus, or rail, will be the rule and not the exception, as I believe it has hitherto been. For about nine months, I chose to lose two days each week out of business, rather than travel on the Lord's-day to preach to the people over whom I have now been pastor fifteen years. But who will think of making such a sacrifice now—or in fact any at all, seeing it is laid down by so eminent a servant of the Lord, without any qualification at all, to be lawful; that is, "not sinfully disallowable" to travel on the Lord's-day for the purpose of preaching the Gospel. I am not about to argue the question on its merits, but wish simply to observe that the letter referred to gave me pain, as it appeared to me likely to be greatly misapplied. It may indeed be lawful, but is it expedient? Does it tend to edification—to profit? Might not the twos and threes be better occupied in "Exhorting one another," seeing the promise stands good to them whether they have a minister from a distance or not: "Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." Is it necessary that in the ministering of grace and truth to those "twos and threes" the sacredness of the Lord's-day should be infringed upon and the Sabbath broken? But the "guilt of the breach of the Lord's-day lies with the railway company, and not with those who use the trains, supposing they

are acting with a good motive." This opening a wide door indeed, I fear; and members of churches who thus read will not confine their thoughts to railway travelling, nor to preaching the Gospel, but will readily, too readily, receive the advice and adopt it for themselves; comprehending the whole in a short sentence supposed to be expressive of one of the most dangerous tenets of Romanism, viz., "*The end justifies the means.*" If this is to be admitted in our code, amongst our churches, the end will soon be clearly seen. Who would not rejoice in seeing the whole of the Sunday traffic abolished or discontinued? But will the Church aid by her voice or vote while she is taught that it is lawful as a means for the promotion of the preaching of the Gospel? And if it is lawful to travel on the Lord's-day because the motive is good, viz., to preach the Gospel, then it is lawful to hire an excursion train for the conveyance of the people to hear the Gospel; or for any other purpose, if you can only prove that the motive is to aid and advance the preaching of the Gospel. Where will the admission carry us? I do not see so clearly that the sentence quoted is sufficient to warrant the travelling on Lord's-days to preach the Gospel. Our Lord did not say it was lawful to do evil that good might come; but He did say it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day. But I hold that railway travelling on the Lord's-day is an unmitigated evil; there is no good in it at all, as long as good is good and evil is evil. Neither is it good because good men allow it for good purposes, much less can it be made lawful—that is, a practice existing by and agreeable to the will of God, because good men "allow it" for a good purpose.

Let us cut with it at once.—Sunday Railway Travelling is bad to all intents and purposes, and deserves the severest condemnation of all good men; neither should it be upheld by ministers of the Gospel as lawful, nor even as expedient; but if any find their consciences not wounded by so using it for such a purpose—then the words of the apostle will strictly apply, "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth." But no kind of reasoning, and I am sure no part of Scripture, will ever prove that light is darkness, or darkness light; and if railway travelling on the Lord's-day is not one of the unfruitful works of darkness—tell me, dear Sir, what is? But we are commanded to have no fellowship with such works. I conclude, therefore, that it is not either necessary, desirable, nor lawful to do a positive evil thing, (or to share in the doing of it,) that good may come in any shape whatever.—I am yours,

W.

THE SOLITARY AND THE REBELLIOUS.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR, OF DICKLEBURGH, NORFOLK.

"God setteth the solitary in families; He bringeth out those which are bound with chains; but the rebellious dwell in a dry land." Psalm lxxviii. 6.

This Psalm is said to be one of the songs of David, and how very much it is like the tenth chapter of the book of Numbers, where it reads, "Rise up, Lord and let Thine enemies be scattered." According to the first verse of this psalm, there is the same reference made to the removing of the ark, and on which account Moses has also these words—"Return, O Lord, unto the thousands of Israel." Wherever the ark of God came, it did, in a remarkable manner, affect two different classes of people;—first, the wicked—for they fled before it; secondly, the righteous—for they gathered together around it. The words, "Let God arise," remind me of the rising of the sun, when night shadows flee away, beasts of prey recede to their holes and dens, and when the wicked, who prowl about in the night to do evil, become scattered. The ungodly flee at the presence of the ark; they cannot stand in the presence of Christ and the Gospel; for as "wax melteth before the fire, so shall the wicked perish at the presence of God."

In this psalm here is an exhortation to the righteous to sing unto God, and praise His name; for He is still "a father of the fatherless; and a judge of the widows." Tried and doubting souls, you who think that in spiritual matters you are destitute of a father, do not forget this. Is it your fear that you are widows; that God is not your husband; that you have no relationship to Him, and that you shall die at last without a vital union to Him? Fear not, God is your judge; and He has said, "Let thy widows trust in me." (Jer. xlix. 11.) Are you sorrowful of heart, and feel as though you were cast away? Let the words which head these few remarks be a comfort to you: "God setteth the solitary in families," &c. Two sorts of characters are here described. First, the people of God; secondly, the children of the wicked one.

First, the people of God. These are circumstantially described in two ways—first, as being in a solitary state; secondly, as being bound with chains. First, as being in a solitary state. A child of God is sometimes compared to "a sparrow alone upon the housetop." (Psalm cii. 7.) He only makes a doleful noise; it is one dull sound; he feels himself to be a solitary creature. Having such a sight and sense of his unworthiness, he says, I must dwell alone and bear my grief and calamity, for I am not

fit to be among the families of God. I am not worthy of a name and place among them, I am a dry tree, a barren stock, an empty well, and a cloud without water: I am a banished one, an exile, and a castaway. Fear thou not, for "God setteth the solitary in families." The Christian is sometimes compared to "an owl of the desert." He cannot look the sun in the face; cannot see anything for himself in the Gospel; he feels blind and stupid, and takes it for granted that God has made no provision for him in the everlasting covenant, and will show him no favour. He seems to be one alone in a desert place, and thinks there is not another in such wretched circumstances. Poor creature, his exercise of mind, his soul trouble, has made him so nervous and timid, that he is afraid of company, he shuns every one, is afraid any one should speak to him; he would rather think by himself, walk by himself, and talk by himself. He seems more like an owl than a man, and feels indignant against himself, because he can better see the dark things of this world than he can see the things of God. He can think of earthly things; and foolish things come before the eye of the mind; he is sometimes almost in all evil, is as a beast before the Lord, and as it were, without the understanding of a man. If he could but have his senses exercised in holy things, as they are in temporal things, his soul would rejoice, and he should be more satisfied as to his interest in Christ. The Christian is sometimes like a "pelican in the wilderness." To be in a wilderness, is to be in a lonely, mournful state. Art thou under the hidings of God's face? Dost thou mourn an absent God? Are the consolations of the Almighty small with thee? Art thou frightened only to think of thy barrenness, thy continual lukewarmness, hardness of heart, and backwardness in holy exercises? Poor soul! thou art solitary in thy coming in and going out, at home and abroad, and in all places. Thou canst find no particular rest anywhere, being plagued with constant doubts and fears, and with the piercing thought that all is not right within, and that thou shalt finally prove to be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. But are not the Gentiles meant by the solitary in this passage? Without doubt they are. These are the people that dwell in the land of darkness, and in the shadow of death; and they would perish in this state, if the Lord were not to concern Himself

about them. They would never set themselves among God's families; this being contrary to their nature, habits, and practice. "God setteth the solitary in families." The Gentile nations are called solitary places; and we are told the solitary places shall be glad of God's sent servants, and that the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. (Isaiah xxxv. 1.) It is a good thing when we become solitary on account of our sins. A poor sinner under the law feels himself to be in a lost and lonely condition, cast out, and cast away, and so is one of the solitary spoken of in these words. He has a solitary heart, and that gives him a solitary mien. A heart that once feels itself deserted of God, as to the evidences and consolations of the Gospel, can never rejoice till set among the families, and found in vital union with those who have passed from death unto life. Secondly, the Lord's people here spoken of, are said to be bound in chains. Quickened souls only can be said to know what bondage is. The believer well knows what it is to be bound, so that he can neither pray nor praise; he knows what it is to be shut up, and not able to come forth; to be so confused that he cannot speak; he knows what it is to be bound with the chains of his sins, and not able to get from them. When once bound with the chains of our iniquities, there is no getting free till those chains are broken by the strong hand of God. If bound with the chains of doubt and fears, there can be no getting from them till they are broken by Him who says, "Fear not," and "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" We can neither pray you out, preach you out, nor talk you out, unless the Holy Spirit make use of us for this purpose. Is a man bound with the chains of worldly care and anxiety? Give the Lord no rest if you are thus bound, till He shall free you from those heavy and dismal chains, and cause you to set your affections on things above. Are the poor Gentiles here designed, who are bound with the chains of sin, alienation, darkness, and unbelief? None but God can break those chains, and set the poor captives free. None but He can place them among the families of heaven, and the true-born sons of God. They are all found bound in affliction and iron, and it is the Lord that looseth the prisoners. It is our Lord Jesus Christ that says, "The Lord hath sent me to preach good tidings to the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." (Isaiah lxi. 6.) God's servant Peter was bound with many chains, but his Great Master broke them all. Herod was a chain, the two soldiers were chains, and then there was the prison and the stocks; but God's angel smashed

through them all, and set Peter fully at liberty.

Secondly, let us now very briefly consider the other character spoken of in these words: "The rebellious dwell in a dry land." Here take notice of two things. First, the state of the wicked is described; they are "the rebellious." Secondly, their place of residence; "a dry land." First, the rebellious. In one sense they dwell in a fruitful land, but it will not be for long, for God will turn their rivers into a wilderness, and their water-springs into dry ground; yea, the fruitful land shall be converted into a state of barrenness, for the wickedness of the people that dwell therein. If the land of the wicked produce abundantly, God can destroy all by fire and brimstone; He can destroy by salt, or He can smite with blasting and mildew. The rebellious are such as fight against Jehovah, with their head, tongue, hands, and feet, and agree to cast off His authority, and to set His commands at naught. They rebel against the word of God in rejecting it; the house of God in despising it; and the servants and people of God in scoffing at and persecuting them. Secondly, look at the residence of the wicked: "A dry land." They dwell in the dry land of ignorance, where there is no spiritual wisdom; in the dry land of darkness, where there is no heavenly light; in the dry land of despair, where there is no joy and peace. The world is this dry land, and the wicked in it are the stubble; shortly they will be set on fire, and the smoke of their torment will ascend up for ever and ever. This world is proved to be such a dry land since sin entered into it, that even those who are of the world cannot be satisfied with all it produces; and if there is no such thing as satisfying them because of the dryness of it, much less can it satisfy those who only pass through it as strangers and pilgrims to a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Dickleburgh.

B. TAYLOR.

COMING TO JESUS.

THE coming of a sinner to Jesus was beautifully typified under the Law, by the approach of the leper who needed cleansing to the High Priest. Before coming unto the High Priest, it was commanded of God that he should shave off all his hair. Levit. xiv. 8. By which act he expressed before God that he was wholly without strength. For we read in Judges xvi. 17, 19, that when Samson's hair was shaved off, all his strength was gone. He was to shave off his hair according to God's command upon the seventh day, or in other words the Jewish Sabbath, that being without strength upon that day, (which day was typical of

Christ, who is the believer's eternal rest,) he might thereby aptly pre-figure the poor Law and conscience-stricken sinner in the Gospel dispensation, who being convinced of his perfect weakness comes to Christ, leans upon and rests in Him. After he had shaved off all his hair as commanded, he was to come unto the High Priest, and bring with him two birds, one of which was to be killed over a running stream. Now the killing of the bird and the pouring forth of its blood over the running stream, strikingly pre-figured the atonement of Christ—of whom we read that, "He poured forth His soul unto death." Isaiah liii. 12. It was also a blessed type of the Gospel, which bears upon its face the blood of Christ, and which the Lord has promised in His Word, shall, like the running stream over which the bird was killed—"Run, have free course, and be glorified." 2 Thes. iii. 1. The other bird was then to be dipped in the blood of the one that had been slain, and loosed. Which illustrates the washing of the sinner in the blood of Jesus; and also expresses the joyful feelings of the soul under a deep sense of sin, and the condemnation of the law of God—being by the precious blood of sprinkling loosed—like the bird—from its bondage and power. The leper was also to be sprinkled seven times with the blood of the bird which had been slain. The sprinkling of the blood of the bird seven times upon the leper, and his being cleansed thereby, setting forth the perfect work of Jesus in the application of His blood to the sinner's conscience; thereby perfectly eradicating all sin. For thus is it written—"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i. 7. The number seven, being a perfect number, is often used in Scripture, (as here) to denote perfection; hence the leper by being sprinkled seven times was ceremonially perfectly cleansed.

Now, the only way to come unto Jesus acceptably, is to come, as did the leper to the High Priest of old—without strength. Far as long as thou hast any strength of thy own left, thou wilt never come unto Him. Thou must, if thou wouldst come to Jesus and be accepted of Him, forsake and cease trusting in thy own strength; which, though thou knowest it not, is but perfect weakness, and come unto Him as "a poor weak and worthless worm," and thou wilt then find that He of whom it was said by the prophet, in anticipation of His coming, "A bruised reed shall He shall not break," Isaiah xlii. 3, is still of the same mind, and nothing, not even thy sins though they be great shall turn Him from thee; then wilt thou also be able to enter fully into the meaning of the apostle, wherein he says, "When we were without strength, in due time Christ

died for the ungodly." Rom. v. 6. And as the High Priest, under the Law, made an atonement for the leper by the killing of the bird—so in like manner shall Jesus the High Priest of thy profession, under the Gospel, lead thee to see, by faith, that He hath atoned for thee; He shall also sprinkle thy conscience with His blood, and thou, like the leper who was sprinkled, shalt, though thou feelest thyself to be the vilest of the vile, be cleansed from all thy sins.

VERITAS.

THE WEEPING VALLEY.

By W. FRITH, BOROUGH GREEN.

WELL spake the Holy Ghost by David, "They go from strength to strength; for the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Our gracious Jehovah kindly gives his weary pilgrims, "to drink of the brook in the way." They are often enabled, while making their journey through this waste howling wilderness, to "remember Him from the land of the Hermonites, and from the hill Mizar." O yes, very very gracious indeed is the way of the Lord with man, while passing through this valley of Baca. Baca means weeping or tears, and how few are there but have to say with the Psalmist, "My tears have been my meat day and night. O Lord, hold not Thy peace at my tears!" To the devout soul, humbled before God, and emptied of self and sin, this world is a vale of tears. The poor degraded soul, "bound in affliction and iron," and who is compelled to exclaim with the old patriarch of Uz, "Wearisome nights are appointed for me," finds that the life that now is, requires a strong consolation to bear up under the manifold trials and great fight of afflictions which he is called to endure. But O, if there is a cross to bear, there is great grace promised to help us to sustain the burden. Yes, poor soul, if thou art "weary and heavy laden," and "faint yet pursuing," there is "a well of living water and streams from Lebanon," to which thou canst come! O yes, listen, hark, mercy's sweet silvery voice is now calling to that weary thirsty spirit, "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" The gracious blessing of the Gospel, the sure mercies of David, are to thee what a gushing fountain in the sandy desert is to the weary way-worn traveller,—a spring of consolation and refreshing. So David felt when desiring the waters of the sanctuary, but was deprived of them for a season. O how did his fainting soul cry out, "I dwell in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is," and "As the hart panteth after the

water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!" O my soul, art thou now passing, in thy experience, through a land of drought? Is the world a barren wilderness to thee, yielding no comfort nor consolation under thy daily losses and tribulations? Come then to the fountain of living waters, stand in the front of Horeb, and see that stream of living waters gushing from that flinty rock, at which the thirsty people drink, and see how the living rolling stream follows them till they tread the verge of Jordan, and remember that they while travelling through the wilderness, did *all* drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST. And are the streams cut off? Is the rock exhausted? Are there no streams in the desert? O my soul, rejoice in thy covenant God, for thou shalt yet with joy draw water out of the well of salvation! O yes, if thy way is rough, if the road is full of thorns and briars, thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day thy strength shall be. O what a rich and precious mercy that he knoweth the way we take, and through all the journey we shall find, like Israel of old, that while passing through the valley of weeping, sorrow, and severe trial, we shall find, like Hagar of old, a well of water to meet our trying necessities. Gracious Lord, make us more ready to take and receive the streams of true consolation which Thy free and boundless favour has afforded us!

THE ELECT GLORIFIED.

REV. VII 12-17.

O say, from whence cometh yon legions so bright,
All clad in those robes so wondrously white?
List! list to the strains from their harps of gold,
They ravish my ear with their notes untold.

O none but the saints of the most High God
Could chant such a sweet and unearthly ode;
None could in those blood-whitened robes be
decked,
But fav'rites of heaven—the redeemed elect.

Yet these are the souls that were once defiled,
The blackness of sin, had their garments soiled;
But weeping they pressed on to Calvary's flood,
And washed their robes white in the Saviour's blood.

Through great tribulation and woe they passed,
And oft was their way with dull gloom overcast;
And weary, they breathed out their life's last
breath,
To enter the vale of the shadow of death.

But now at God's radiant throne of light,
They serve in His temple all day and night;
The tear of deep anguish no more they know,
Nor sorrow, nor sighing, nor grief, nor woe.

They eat of the fruit of that land so fair,
And drink at the Life-giving Fountain there;
The sun may not light on their heads by day,
Nor moon, in the night, give her blinding ray.

O, haste thee my soul, to those plains above,
To join in the praise of redeeming love:
To sing to the strains of that heavenly ode,
The song of the saints of the most High God.

A.P.W.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE HEAVENLY CALLING.

By ALFRED S. GODDRIDGE, OF BATH.

I was for years ignorant of this mystery, after I was converted. It was through converse with other Christians that I had my attention turned to it, and was led to examine the Word thereon. I believe it is but little understood among true believers. Of course till we do see it, there is no walking in the power of it.

A child of God cannot enjoy intelligent fellowship with the Lord while his mind is unenlightened as to his present session in Christ in the heavenlies. 1 Eph. 18. This of course in spirit. The hope of our calling, is to be like Him and with Him, when He comes—the time of the manifested adoption and the redemption of the body. The present relationship of the risen Christ to the mystical body, the church, must be first apprehended. It is this new resurrection life and oneness with our living Head that gives us this place in Him where He is, and participation in the same blessings. "As He is, so are we in this world." Our condition and standing before the Father is the same—as members of the same body. "No more in the flesh, but in the Spirit," our blessings therefore must be where He is, spiritual—heavenly. In Him, then necessarily in the heavenlies, and blessed in every spiritual blessing (*the character of the blessing*) even as He is. Blessings suited to a people in the flesh (I mean as before God), like Israel was, would be very unsuited to us, who have at the cross, with Christ done with the flesh, and entered on a new and spiritual life on high.

I am sometimes surprised to find Christians clear enough on "calling," "divine calling," and "effectual calling," and even dwell upon our calling from the service of sin—the bondage of the flesh, and fellowship with the darkness of this evil world, and do not apprehend—or it seems to me so; for they respond little to it, and sometimes even call it notion—the present calling to sit in the heavenlies, and enjoy our true portion there. I suppose it is from a want of prayerful study and meditation on the words of Scripture, by which the Spirit doth teach our souls. The epistle to the Ephesians was evidently written to make known this mystery, and without it, though we should know that we were "called" as not of the world in spirit—to present suffering in it, (1 Peter ii. 21) and to the obtaining of glory by and bye; we should not know that we are now "raised up by the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe, according to His mighty power (resur-

rection power) which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead," and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus—blessed in every spiritual blessing, and privileged to hold fellowship with the Father in his very presence. We are chosen hereto (1 Eph. 4) and called to the present enjoyment of the blessing (Heb. iii. 1). And till in the power of the Holy Ghost we, by faith, (not sense) receive God's declaration of what He has done for us, we shall not—we cannot, know its sanctifying power in our hearts.

I am afraid a spirit of Judaism, which hinders many from seeing the contrasts of our present position and calling with Israel of old, is really at the root of this obscurity. Judaism recognized flesh, Christianity does not, except as dead. Flesh therefore will always cling to that which makes account of itself. There is nothing more important to understand than this; and nothing Christians seem so backward to receive.

EARTHLY CALLING.

Israel, an elect earthly people—in the flesh—partakers of an earthly calling out of Egypt to possess an earthly inheritance in Canaan, and blessed in every temporal blessing in those earthly places—fields and lands—vineyards and olive grounds—herds, and flocks—houses, possessions, and cities to dwell in (Deut. xviii.)—having an earthly "place of worship"—a worldly sanctuary and temple, an earthly priesthood, and an earthly glory.—Heb. ix. 1.

HEAVENLY CALLING.

The church—the spouse or body of Christ—an elect heavenly people, partakers of a heavenly calling out of this world to possess a heavenly city and inheritance, blessed in every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places—in Christ Jesus, and entered into in spirit now by faith (Heb. iv.; xii. 22.)—having a heavenly "place of worship"—the holiest of all (Eph. iii. 12. Heb. x. 19)—a heavenly priesthood, and a heavenly glory.—2 Cor. iv. 6.

Earthly blessings then are not promised to us. This is a hard saying for the many religionists of these days to understand, who "mind earthly things." But if we are living by faith in the heavenlies, we shall be looking down in spirit from our seat there, upon every earthly thing, and keeping them under our feet. Jesus, the Man now in the heavenlies, and the portion he had here, are our pattern, not national Israel. I often grieve to read and hear so much Judaism set before dear believers, especially with regard to what is promised to us in this world. Instead of these earthly blessings, we, being one with the rejected Jesus, are to expect as "strangers and pilgrims" only tribulation, (John xvi. 33) persecution, (2 Timothy iii. 12) suffering, (1 Peter ii. 21) in the pathway of obedience and service; whereas with Israel it was just the opposite. Temporal blessings are now no evidence of God's favour. The men of this world are manifestly better off in this respect than the children of God. The first

epistle of Peter clearly teaches that we who are called to glory with Jesus when He comes, are called to suffer in the flesh here on earth, for this "little while." (1 Peter v. 21.) We may be assured all the Father sees good for us we shall have. Pilgrims' fare we are promised, but nothing more, and He is the best judge of that. How little will suffice, the Word teaches us, by Christ and his apostles. When a child of God is looking for blessings of wealth—lands—basket and store here, he is evidently in ignorance of his true position, and his proper calling in Christ Jesus. In these days we cannot dwell too much on this blessed mystery, for by reason of the spirit of apostasy all around, many are drawn aside after the world. What meaneth all this worldly status and pride of life—pomp and luxury at home—dress and vain show out of doors? And all this mixed up with what is called evangelical Christianity! What meaneth all this religious worldliness—services, ceremonies—worldly "sanctuaries," and "churches," so-called? It is thus souls are ensnared by the maxims and manners of mere professing Christendom, and are kept in darkness and bondage. Not understanding the nature of their vocation, they are not walking worthy of it. For a Jew to be minding earthly things was consistent with his earthly calling, and by and bye in the day of Christ, it will be no sin for him to be worldly; the earth will then be blessed again. But a Christian is called to mind heavenly things because partaker of a heavenly calling, and having done with the world and the flesh once and for ever at the cross.

The epistle to the Ephesians is the key to understand the spiritual lessons of Deuteronomy and Joshua, but by contrast. Israel in the flesh, we "no more in the flesh but in the spirit." The devotedness of many in these last days may be traced to their apprehension of this secret. One point is to be observed, Israel fought with *flesh and blood* in the earthlies, we fight not with *flesh and blood*, but the wicked spirits of darkness contending with our spirits in the heavenlies, till Satan is cast out. He is not yet under our feet (Rom. xvi. 22), hence the spiritual armour in Eph. vi. This is a point of Christian experience. We cannot expect any to apprehend the teaching of the 6th chapter till the mystery of the 1st and 2nd chapters is known and realized by faith. The subject is eminently a practical one, bearing on the walk of the believer, and full of comfort to the tried soul. "If we suffer with Him, we shall reign with Him."

* Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee,
O, leave the Father's throne:
Come, with a shout of victory; Lord,
And claim us for thy own.

NEW BOOKS & PAMPHLETS.

"The Newburys—Their Opinions and Fortunes." London: Marlborough and Co.

THIS is a small but pretentious volume, purporting to be "a glimpse of Baptists two centuries ago." How far the *fortunes* of the family are correctly narrated we cannot pretend to say; but we shall not be speaking in accordance with recognised facts if we seriously call into question the author's representation of the *opinions* of the 17th century Baptists. We do not wish to claim for Baptists freedom from those constantly recurring heresies which mar the peace of every religious sect, nor yet to say that these doctrinal aberrations have always received their proper checks; but we cannot see a volume like this before us, representing the faith of our forefathers as a medley of wild fanaticism, German mysticism, and crude creedless neology, and dubbing the holders of this heterogeneous compound as *Baptists*, without grave criticism and serious rebuke.

Indeed, we cannot see why, in a volume where the patriarch, Nathaniel Newbury, is in the delightfully lucid mental state of being "a Baptist without knowing it,"—to quote the author's own words—and where no instance in the course of three generations where any one submits to the distinctive ordinance is described, this family should be called Baptists, except perhaps because Primitive Methodism had not been invented, or the book of Mormon had not revealed its secrets to the enterprising Joseph Smith.

But it is not so much because Baptists are slandered by this work, as that Christianity as believed in then, and now by the truly evangelical, is misrepresented. In the very first chapter, the head of the family, before named, is said to have met with a German work, the teaching of which he exultingly contrasts with "the somnolent folds of a traditional faith," and this contrast is the key-note of the whole volume. Anything that can shock a prejudice, that strikes at a fundamental truth, or that has a dash of originality about it, (for transcendental as the author is, he is not above a petty vanity to be considered new and fresh in his turns of thought, &c.) he greedily grasps at and eagerly makes the most of. Not unfrequently he goes out of his way to give a side hit at orthodoxy, or a small disquisition on the freedom of the human will. In one chapter he is openly irreligious; for the fixity of the divine decrees is shamefully ridiculed; the hero of the story is made to allude accusingly to a previous meditation of his on election, as "his own fault;" and a letter from his father is introduced—no

doubt to form a kind of introduction to this sentence, "Vex not yourself with crudities. Christ says, 'Whosoever will,' not 'Whosoever I have willed.'"

The reader will readily gather an idea of the kind of thing in this work—if such it can be called—without our wasting time and materials with further extracts. Let us caution our readers against accepting this as a true picture of our Baptist forefathers. A true sketch of our honest, men-despised, but understandable ancestors would be acceptable alike to Ana-Baptists and Pædo-Baptists; but a distortion like this, drawn from a perverted vision, and with a perverting hand, will meet with contempt from all. We bear no ill feeling to the author, but we do towards falsity; and it is this utter regardlessness of truth which makes us speak thus warmly in the present instance.—F. P. J.

Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher, Part V.
Price 6d.

MESSRS. HEATON & SON are carrying out their issue of these sermons in a first-class and highly respectable style. The printing and getting up are truly praiseworthy. Of the sermons themselves, it must be acknowledged, they are full of original thought; they are philosophical, argumentative, and sometimes, very edifying—although in some points the preacher is too general for us to ascertain the stand-point of his theological basis. This fifth part contains four singular discourses: 1, "The Partialness of Christian Knowledge;" 2, "The Indwelling of God;" 3, "On Necessity;" 4, "Paul's Ideal of Life." We feel bound to add, the following sentence helps much to shew that at the bottom of all, Mr. Beecher has a clear view of true religion. He says in his sermon on "The indwelling of God."—"Only the true religion teaches that God makes Himself the Minister of Righteousness in us; He begins the work; He continues the work; and it is by His culture it is brought to its consummation." The ideas drawn from nature, from history, from experience, and from circumstances all around, prove that the mind of the man who enunciates these ever-springing thoughts must be active, and well-up in making the best use of all his knowledge.

Dr. Airay's Commentary on Philippians.

AN elegant crown quarto, printed by John Greig and Son, in the Old Physic Gardens, at Edinburgh, is now sent into the world, having for its publisher, the celebrated John Nichol, particulars of which are furnished by the Editor of this magazine. To a printer's eye, there is a delicacy and beauty in this volume, most pleasant to look upon; and to all careful students, this reprint of

an ancient and scarce exposition will be a soul-satisfying and fruitful feast. Old Dr. Airay has drawn out Paul's four short chapters to the Philippians in ninety-four Lectures; not wire-drawn, not far-fetched, hard, unintelligible arguments; but soft, easy, spiritual, and living expositions of the mind of God. In the same volume, there are thirty-one sermons by Thomas Cartwright, on the Colossians—in which short sermons "THE ONE CHRIST," and His labour for His Church is plainly expressed.

The Golden Pot of Manna.

Mrs. W. CAMPS, of the Isle of Ely, has in this small book of 178 pages, drawn together the pith and marrow of many excellent authors; her design being two-fold: first, by reading the book to comfort aged pilgrims; secondly, by the sale of the book to aid Mr. Muller's Orphan Asylum at Bristol. It is published by Mr. Collingridge, London; Mr. Brackett, of Colchester; and Mr. Creek, of Ely. Nearly 1200 orphans are under Mr. Muller's care, supported alone by *voluntary* contributions. This institution well deserves the patronage of Mrs. Camps; and in thus putting forth her charitable effort, she has exercised a gracious wisdom, for while conferring a benefit we hope upon thousands, she may stimulate many to "Go, and do likewise."

Bunyan Library. HEATON, Paternoster Row.

VOLUME VIII. is published. It contains "The Early English Baptists"—volume 2, by Dr. Evans. If you wish to make a tour through the political and ecclesiastical history of your own nation, you cannot do it in a more easy and economical way than by

travelling carefully through these volumes, compiled and edited by Dr. Evans. We think he has done his work well. The extracts, and historical and biographical sketches, abound in sweet freedom; they enhance the value of the books beyond all price; and are at this peculiar period most suitable and demonstrative of truth. No house in the book market renders its issues with better taste and permanency than do the Messrs. Heaton.

Greenhill's Commentary on Ezekiel.

THIS fine small folio, containing the whole Prophecy of Ezekiel in over 800 pages, is, in itself, a library of every branch of divinity. At the coming Christmas this volume would be a valuable present to the pastors of our Churches. The Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL will supply all requisite information.

Charnock's Works.

THE two volumes of the writings of this first-class divinity expounder, published by Mr. Nichol, are equal in every way to the volumes previously issued. May we ask the thousands of young men now rising up in Zion, to read in their still and retired seasons, these most precious productions? We will send particulars to any one requiring the same.

Verrall's Brighton Pulpit.

THE October number contains the Harvest Sermons by Revs. B. Tatham, E. Vinal, and John Grace. These three good men are preserved in their several localities—useful and in peace. We trace signs of ministerial growth in these discourses.

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW SURREY TABERNAACLE.

WE have from time to time, during the past twelvemonths, informed our readers of the progress made in this movement: we have always expressed ourselves favourable to the undertaking, even when many not only looked shy, but even went so far as to say it originated from pride, and that a larger place was not needed. Not a few ministers, and many friends of truth, have spoken unkindly of the matter, and have stood aloof. But then the Surrey Tabernacle people said they required a larger and more commodious place of worship, and seeing they intended paying the cost, we certainly saw no just ground for any opposition on the part of those who would never think of assisting this, or perhaps any other effort for the furtherance of the Gospel; still, we were pleased to see that now the movement has assumed the position it has,—and the friends connected therewith have practically said we can

and will help ourselves,—many now say, "We will also go with you."

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone took place on Monday afternoon, October 17, 1864, on the site in Wansey street, Walworth road. The day was cloudy, some showers falling in the morning; still during the time of the afternoon service the clouds withheld their rain; but no sooner had the service closed than such a shower came down as quickly to disperse the two thousand or more friends who had assembled to witness the interesting proceedings.

At 3 o'clock Mr. WELLS appeared in front of the temporary platform; on his left stood Mr. Butt, the indefatigable secretary, and Mr. Carr, the treasurer: on his right was Mr. John Foreman; and surrounding him we observed Mr. Parsons, (Brentford,) Mr. J. A. Jones, Mr. Peet, the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, Mr. T.

Stringer, Mr. W. Flack, Mr. Webster, Mr. P. W. Williamson, Mr. Chunt, Mr. Puntis, (Southampton), Mr. C. Drawbridge, (Rushton), Mr. E. Leach, Mr. Anderson, Mr. G. Wyard, sen., Mr. J. Inward, Mr. H. Hanks, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Wall, (Gravesend), Mr. S. Cozens, Mr. Bruut, Mr. Itall, Mr. Blake; with the laymen, T. Poole, Esq., A. Boulden, Esq., Mr. E. Jeffs, Mr. Kentes, Mr. T. Carr, junr., Mr. Fielding, Mr. E. Evans, and a host of other friends to the cause.

The proceedings commenced by singing Dr. Watts' hymn—

"Keep silence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;

My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God."

Mr. WALL, (of Gravesend), offered a solemn and appropriate prayer—especially pleading that the house about to be raised might be for the glory of God, and for the good of many, many souls; and also that those who built the house might themselves be brought to a knowledge of the truth; that no accident might befall any thus employed; and that all wisdom and judgment might be given both to architect and builder.

Dodbridge's favourite hymn—

"Grace 'tis a charming sound,"

was then sung with much power; after which

Mr. JAMES WELLS delivered an address, embodying an outline of the principles held by the church for which the new building was to be erected. The first principle was *good-will to man*; wherever the grace of God was received in the heart, it made a man look to his own soul, and feel anxious for the souls of others: there was no character, be he ever so bad, but they wished well to; there was no person in error, but they desired to see them brought out of that error; and there was not a fellow-being but they had good-will towards; and this principle was in accordance with God's word, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." For this object (said Mr. W.) we are about to erect on this ground one of the most magnificent chapels that has ever been built for the denomination to which we belong—a denomination to which I am proud to belong. The next principle spoken of was *liberty of conscience* in all matters of religion: the right of every man to judge for himself, and to worship his Maker according to the dictates of his own mind. If a man was a Roman Catholic, no one had any right to persecute that man for his religion—although it was necessary to keep a close watch that they did not infringe upon other's liberties: if a man was a Wesleyan no one had a right to upbraid him: every person must be left to judge for himself, and to go to what place of worship he pleased. The third principle spoken of was the great principle advocated by the prophets and apostles: and by such great men as Augustine, Luther, Calvin, and others,—a principle that might be summed up in one short sentence—*justification by faith*. We maintain, and hold, and preach, that all men are sinners; that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; that he wrought out and brought in everlasting righteousness: that no saving knowledge of this sacrifice can be known except applied to the conscience by the power of the Holy Spirit; that faith is the evidence of being born again; and that when a sinner is born of God, and is brought to receive and feel that he is alone saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, we then heartily receive such a one as a Christian saved by sovereign grace. Mr. Wells next spoke of the *happy results* that flow from a reception in the heart of these principles. One result would be to see the kingdom of the Lord extended; to this end they would desire to see the temple of the Lord built; and they would act as the people of old did in erecting the tabernacle in the wilderness, they would willingly give of their silver and gold; and would also say with them, "We will give neither sleep to our eyes, nor slumber to our eye-

lids until we find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob." Other results were mentioned, and Mr. Wells closed by noticing the position of Old England—and what nation could compare with her for her benevolence, her Christian liberality; her asylums; her noble charities; her churches and her chapels; and he prayed that our glorious Queen, and all in authority under her, might go on to serve God, and be a blessing to the country.

Mr. DUTT then stood forward, and (holding up a beautiful silver trowel) said, I am desired by the members of the Building Committee to present to our respected pastor, Mr. James Wells, this silver trowel, which bears the following inscription: "Presented by the Committee to Mr. James Wells, on the occasion of his laying the foundation stone of the New Surrey Tabernacle, October 17th, 1864."

Mr. Wells having accepted the trowel, came forward, holding in his hand, a square leaden box, containing a volume of his sermons, Mr. Wells' hymn book, the articles of Faith of the Church, and a portrait of the pastor. Engraved on the side was the following "This box was given, with a donation of £110, by Mr. A. Keates, of New Kent Road, Oct. 17th, 1864." Holding the box up, Mr. Wells stated its contents, adding, should anything contrary to truth at any future period be preached in that place, these documents would prove a dangerous enemy. The box was then placed in the cavity under the stone, and Mr. Wells proceeded to spread the mortar, after which the stone was lowered into its position, and having squared it with the level, and struck it at each corner with the mallet, he said, In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I pronounce this stone duly and properly laid, and may thousands of souls be blessed within the walls of this building when raised.

Mr. J. FOREMAN, (who was suffering from a severe cold in the face) then delivered a short address; the friends came forward and placed their donations on the stone.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name," was sung; the benediction pronounced; and the service closed.

The stone bears the following inscription—

THIS STONE WAS LAID
OCTOBER 17, 1864.

BY MR. JAMES WELLS,

Minister of the Place.

EDWARD BUTT,
JOSEPH LAWRENCE,
EVAN EDWARDS,
JOHN CARR,

HENRY ATFIELD,
JOHN DEACH,
JOHN MEAD,

DEACONS.

MR. E. P. L. BROOK,
Architect.

MR. J. W. SAWYER,
Builder.

The building will be in the Italian style, having a portico supported with six Ionic columns, approached by a flight of stone steps, with three front entrances; the walls will be white brick, with solid stone dressing. The internal measurement will be 89 feet by 64 feet; the outside length including vestries, 136 feet, accommodating about 2000 persons. The contract is £7,771, but the entire cost will considerably exceed £9,000. It is proposed to complete the building within twelve months.

EVENING MEETING.

After the afternoon service, about 1,400 took tea at the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough Road; and a public meeting was holden in the evening. Mr. Wells presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. J. A. Jones, Mr. John Foreman, Mr. Drawbridge, and Mr. Palmer; Mr. Anderson, Mr. Stringer, and Mr. Peet, also assisted in the service. Mr. Butt read a well written report of the Committee, in which the following financial statement was given:

To. Cash Received from September, 1863, to September, 1864.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations ..	3,406	6	9
Collection at Two Public Meetings..	73	1	0
Profits of Two Tea Meetings ..	41	11	4
Collection after Sermons by Mr. Wells	65	15	0
Interest received from Bankers ..	80	3	3
	£3,666	17	4
In addition—Promises, some of which are to be paid on the laying of the Foundation Stone ..	1,466	0	0
Making a total of ..	£5,152	17	4

The place was densely packed with friends, and the importance of the movement was fully recognized. The donations and collections of the day (including some promises) amounted to £600.

We have thus given an outline of the proceedings; and for a full report we refer our readers to Nos. 305-8 of *The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*, which contains the whole of the address of Mr. Wells at the stone, with the Committee's report, and some other addresses by ministers who took part.

SOHO CHAPEL—Sunday-school, Oxford-street.—The twenty-fifth annual tea-meeting took place Tuesday, Oct. 4th. After tea, the public meeting was held. Mr Hawkins implored the Lord's blessing.—Mr G. Wyard, from the chair, said he was glad to be in their midst; but a painful feeling steals over the mind, when we consider that a year ago their beloved pastor was there;—the Lord has removed him; and we should see his happy face, and hear his cheerful voice, no more. It would produce feelings of sorrow; but it was the Lord's doings, and for his glory. He called upon the superintendent, Mr Battersbee, for the report, which was a very excellent one; and referred very touchingly to the loss the school had sustained in the death of their pastor; who was president of the school; and on the Lord's days visited the school and gave words of encouragement to the teachers and children. Nine out of the twelve teachers are members of the church: the Lord has blessed their labours; many of the children have become members; and some of the teachers are ministers of Christ's Gospel.—Mr Faulkner, sen, read the financial statement.—Mr. Higham moved the adoption of the report; making some very appropriate remarks upon the duties of teachers, who should not be afraid of a few difficulties, or drops of rain; and said, although they had lost their dear under shepherd, they had not lost the Chief Shepherd; the cause was his; and in his own time, he would bring in one to go in and out amongst them.—Mr Meeres seconded the adoption of the report.—Mr Alderson spoke of "The Sunday school teacher in the school." He looked upon the teacher by his voluntary attachment to the school under solemn responsibility; he should be prudent in his carriage and conduct; punctual in his attendance; patient in his endurance; persevering in mind and action. They had a teacher at East street, who was one of the worst boys: but by these qualities in the teacher, and God's blessing, he now ranked as one of the most efficient workers in the school.—Mr Milner, on "The Sunday school teacher in business," entertained the meeting most profitably. He looked with pleasure upon any attempt to elevate mankind; and this was one of the great means; but it could only be accomplished by the strictest attention to character and diligence, aiming to promote active life—not monastic superstition; the teachers should inculcate the same principles; rule by love in the school, trying to inspire in the children a spirit of activity and untiring perseverance,

which in things temporal generally would be crowned with success.—Mr Attwood, on "The Sunday school teacher at home," said consistency was a great thing in the teacher. If he said one thing and did another, the children had little ears and large eyes to notice. He should be thoughtful and meditative at home, or else though he might interest the children, he would fail to instruct them; certainly they must pray for their children at home; and he would say, have them home now and then, if possible, and pray with them. There was a lady in his neighbourhood did so, and had the pleasure to see all her class joined to the church. There was a power in home words that God did bless.—Brethren H. Cooper, John S. Wyard, G. Webb, and J. Flory, were present.—Mr Wyard prayed for a blessing to follow the meeting, the church, congregation, widow, and fatherless children: thus ended a good meeting at Soho.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL—A happy gathering at Harrow-on-the-Hill.—You know a separation has taken place among the Baptists here; some of the older members could not consent to open communion. I am happy to say there are a few left that are not afraid or ashamed to be living witnesses for God's truth and laws; and they met together last Wednesday to take tea in the room they now worship in; and it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Our dear brother Moore, of Colney Hatch, met with us; and may he often meet with us again. After tea, he read the 23rd Psalm; one of the brethren offered prayer; then brother Moore spoke to us from the above Psalm. He gave us great encouragement to stand fast to God's truth as a testimony for Jesus. Several of the friends and brethren then spoke of the joy they had experienced since our room has been opened. Some declared their souls were almost starved out before, but now they blessed and praised God they were fat and flourishing. We are about to form ourselves into a church upon the good old plan—that is, God's plan. Our good God has been merciful in sending men of truth among us; and may we as His dear children acknowledge Him in all our ways; then may we expect Him to direct our steps. The attendance is more than our most sanguine expectations. That God may bless His own truth to the salvation of many precious souls is the earnest prayer of yours,—ALFRED ANDREWS.—[Messrs Heaton have issued the second volume of "Evans's Early English Baptists." In which, as well as in many other works, it is easily seen that no section of the visible church has ever suffered more from opposition and persecution than have the decided Baptists. Is it not a singular fact that Wesleyan churches have sprung up and flourished without opposition? Whitfield's tabernacles, and congregational churches rise throughout the land; no money is lacking; Catholic churches and Open Communion Baptist churches are planted as thick as you please; but to erect a Particular Baptist chapel, where only the doctrines of grace are to be preached, is always a great trial. And against nobody of men doth the old serpent vent his bitter spirit so violently as he does against the ministers and men who, of necessity, "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints." Old Job's deadly foe has been our hard-set opponent for more than thirty years; and still his malice is awful. But we would rather it be so, than that we should be left to play the part of those poor sleek, crafty, and pitiable creatures, who, after starving the people of God with their husks, and not able to find any longer a market for them, fling down the barriers, throw open the gates, hurl to the winds all impediments, and laying down the broad-gauge lines of carnal expedience, start a new first-class train altogether. But, we ask, is it safe?—Ed.]

CHELSEA—PRESENTATION TO MR. WISE. On Tuesday, October 18th, services were holden in Carmel chapel, Westbourne street, Chelsea, of an interesting character. Mr. Wise, the present minister, has been the recognised pastor for over five years: peace prevails, and general usefulness attends the various institutions connected with the church. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. John Bloomfield; tea was provided in the schoolroom, of which about 200 partook. At the commencement of the evening meeting Mr. Kealy asked a blessing upon the service. The chair was occupied by the minister, Mr. Wise, who, in his opening remarks, told us he rose with considerable emotion on that occasion. He felt thankful to God for all His mercies in the past, he drew most of his comfort from the fact of God's eternal purpose, and that he would accomplish that for which God had sent him. Five years had passed away since he was publicly recognised in that place. During that time, said the chairman, I have been at peace with all; with the deacons, and with the church—all has been peace. I have not received one anonymous letter during that time, but have received many expressing their thanks to the Lord for my ministry to them. As a church and congregation we are not going on so fast as I should like—not making a blaze, but I hope not declining. We have in connection with this place, a Sunday school, and into that I go as often as possible; we have a Bible class for adult females and males. Certainly, we have no tract society, no Dorcas society, no sick society, but that was owing to the fact that they had not sufficient means to carry out all these worthy objects, although as a church and congregation they did to their utmost. A few months since, the senior class of boys and girls presented me with this very handsome volume of Montgomery's Poems; and I felt thankful to receive from young hearts a token of respect and love; I again thank them heartily. We have also a benefit society, which provides for a decent interment of its members; this works tolerably well. The secretary will now read a report to you of its success. The secretary (a deacon) then read a statement which shewed clearly that this little benevolent society was growing. Also, in reporting on the debt of the chapel, a decided decrease was evident. We were glad to learn that the Carmel debt is so decreasing. Mr. Samuel Milner, in a rather lengthy speech, alluded to the shifting about of the day in which we live. He contended for the ordinances to be kept inviolate, as they had been given by God, and not alter them for any man. Abraham Booth had written "An apology for the Baptists," but he did not think that any apology was necessary. Mr. John Bloomfield gave an intelligent speech, intimating that the truth must be spoken in an intelligent way; the time was past for vulgarism; he looked for blessing to attend the reading of God's word. Some people were too spiritual to want to go to the house of God, too spiritual to need ordinances; this was an increasing evil; but he told us plainly he did not think much of those extraordinary spiritual people. Mr. John Foreman gave us a very nice address, in which he alluded to his last illness. At the conclusion of his remarks, he presented to Mr. Wise, in behalf of the church, a very handsome writing desk, well fitted with all requisites. The pastor acknowledged the gift. These services were closed by the doxology and the benediction.

WESTBURY, WILTS.—The baptism of eighteen persons, by Mr W. Jeffery, the pastor, took place Sep. 25th, in a stream running through a beautifully wooded district. Many thousands were present from the neighbouring towns and villages. The new creating power of the eternal Spirit is still going forth with the Christ-honouring preached word.

BRISTOL—MR. EDITOR, — I wrote to you once respecting the cause at Birmingham, (Friederick street.) Since then I am pleased to learn a new cause has been established; may it go on and prosper. It is of Bristol I wish now to write. Two years since, I was removed from Birmingham to this Bristol; and being unsettled there, in church matters, I was glad to get away. But, alas! I have not much bettered myself in this respect. I have seen the hand of God in bringing me here in more than one instance. To His name be all the praise. On my first coming to Bristol, I made enquiries for a particular Baptist chapel. I could hear of nothing; being a lover of *free grace*, and a full weight Gospel, I had to go to church, to hear Mr. Doudney. I heard Mr. D. very well; but I could not make my home at church. After two or three months, I took up a *Standard*, and saw advertised, "The Gospel is preached in Preham street, Bristol." I had my fears; having just had such a drilling at Birmingham. The first time I entered the room, I recognised a young man, who used to attend chapel at Birmingham. I continued my attendance; and was found among them. An old man, then deacon, was speaking of what ministers he had heard, Mr. Philpott, &c., &c. I told him the preachers that suited me, mentioning C. W. Banks, Mr. Wells, and others. That was enough;—away he went to borrow "Mr. Gadsby's Life," to let me see what Mr. Gadsby said of Mr. Wells. I said, it mattered not to me, such men had been blessed to my soul, therefore I loved them. Previous to my joining the church, this old man had everything his own way; being used to church order myself, (having been a member of a London church some years,) I tried to establish order. I was looked upon as a disturber of the peace by the old gentleman; he said he would resign his office; the church took him at his word; he left altogether; another of the same stamp was chosen in. It was said of me, "Don't choose him; he will bring 'VESSEL' men here to preach." Such things have weaned me from the people altogether. This little cause has been established about eleven years. The most they have is twenty-six; sometimes, only two or three;—two good men have been preaching, during that time—a Mr. Moody, and a Mr. Harris; sometimes one, then the other. They are good and gracious men; but they could not run together; hence disturbances arose. At the present time, one of the ministers, the deacon, and others have left; and are gone to a chapel called Mr. Hicks's. Mr. Hicks preaches himself: I don't follow them; I like not a turncoat. My request is, and several others ask the favour of a few words. I have introduced several "VESSELS" since I have been here. There are many lovers of truth wandering about this ancient city who would be glad to support a ministry of the right sort. But as there is no clean provender to be had at chapels, the sheep break hedge, yea, and even stray into mother church. Bristol is favoured in the church; Mr. Doudney preaches at St. Luke's—a good and gracious man he is; there is Mr. S. A. Walker, of Maryleport church—a sinner-debasing, and a Christ-exalting preacher. He preaches through the summer, Lord's-day afternoons, on Brandon Hill, Bristol. I often hear some precious truths from him. There is Mr. Gifford, of St. Matthew's church; and Mr. Cornwall, of Immanuel church; making in all, four free-grace preachers in Bristol, in the establishment. If such men were out of the church, I could do very well with them;—but there they are, and there they seem inclined to stay; but I cannot be at home with them. After the prayers are over, and the black gown is put on, we can depend on getting a sound hymn, and a full weight sermon. What are we to do? Food we must have; is it wrong to go to church, when it is not to be had elsewhere?—A HOMELESS ONE. [We sympathise deeply with "A Homeless One" and his friends. It is a painful reflection that

Particular Baptists in Bristol have no minister to feed them; no Gospel home to comfort them; while in the Church of England there are several Gospel and godly men. The fearful fact is this: our people make no effort to plant new churches. We often feel ready to break away from everything here, and fly to such towns where no causes of New Testament truth exist; and to preach until a church was gathered; a pastor settled; and then move off to another desert. Here is our plain advice to "A Homeless One":—hire some hall or schoolroom—raise a little fund—meet for prayer—get some thorough Gospel ministers to come and preach for a whole week at a time—send bills all through the city—let the people know and see you value truth, and are determined, in God's strength, to uphold it by every and by all consistent means. If our churches and ministers quietly let Bristol remain in this state, things are bad indeed. Let us hear again. ED.]

PLYMOUTH—Public services were held at Howe street Baptist chapel, Plymouth, on Tuesday, October 11th, to commemorate the goodness of God in that place during the sixth year of the labours of their pastor Mr. F. Collins. It was matter of thankfulness to God, and refreshing to the souls of the lovers of Zion to witness the happy and united feeling which subsisted between the pastor and people. The Lord is with his people at Howe street; the spirit and power of the Gospel reigns in their midst. The services opened at three o'clock with a prayer meeting; brethren Westaway and Westlake engaged in prayer. Mr. Pearse, of Newton Abbott, gave an address from the words in Ruth, "The Lord be with you." The service was closed with prayer by Mr. Cudlipp. Friends sat down to a tea, which was conducted with decorum, and to the satisfaction of all present. The evening service opened by singing; brother Foot engaged in prayer. Mr. Westaway gave an interesting address, recapitulating some of the events of the past year; stating that each anniversary brought its own tale; that the peculiar attraction of the present year was, that the ministry of their beloved pastor, Mr. Collins, had been more than usually a blessing to the Lord's people; that the attendance had increased; and was still increasing; blind eyes had been opened; deaf ears unstopped; the Gospel had been preached to the poor; and he felt language too poor to adequately set forth the value of having the ministry of God's pure Gospel in their midst. He asked Mr. Collins to accept a proof of the continued attachment of the people to the "truth," and to himself as the minister of God unto them. Mr. Collins suitably acknowledged the unaltered kindness of his people to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to himself as the Lord's minister. Mr. Pearse, of Newton Abbott, delivered an address to the friends assembled; evangelical in its matter; free in its delivery, and happy in its effects. He was followed by Messrs Easterbrook, Westlake, and Cudlipp; who delivered excellent and suitable addresses. These happy services of our sixth anniversary were brought to a close by Mr. Robt. Barden's engaging in prayer.

PLUMSTEAD TABERNACLE — On Oct. 2nd, eight persons were received into the church; the pastor, Mr. W. Leach, having baptized five of them on the previous Lord's-day evening in the presence of a large and attentive congregation. At the anniversary services on Wednesday the 12th, Mr. Bloomfield preached an excellent sermon from Philip iii. 3. After tea, good addresses were delivered by G. Webb, Griffith, Bloomfield, and Box. On the following Lord's-day, sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Chivers, when the Lord's presence and blessing were realized. "O Lord, we beseech Thee, send now prosperity."

THAME—On Wednesday, August 31st, special services were held, the object of which was to build a new Baptist chapel. The want of a suitable place has been severely felt; our present place of worship being situated at the bottom of a long, narrow, and in winter extremely dark yard, for which we pay £7 10s. per annum; and as the property has changed hands, we hold it by a very uncertain tenure. In the afternoon, Mr. B. E. Wale, of Plymouth, preached a very impressive sermon, (John iii. 29.) The discourse, distinguished as it was by the beautiful simplicity and grandeur of its ideas, and the clear and orderly arrangement which marked its delivery, was listened to with deep interest by a large congregation; after which, the friends adjourned to the Market Hall, (granted for the occasion,) where tables were laid for tea. Above 100 sat down to an excellent tea, which was served in a highly creditable manner. The public meeting at seven, Mr. Wale presided. Mr. A. Dyson opened the meeting by prayer. The chairman then stated the object of the meeting was to raise a sum of money to build a chapel; he need not tell them one was wanted, it was evident to every one; an earnest appeal for help and sympathy was then made. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. E. Dyson, A. Dyson, and Marsh, of Howard House Academy, for whose services we feel grateful, and most nobly were their appeals responded to; for above £125 was given or promised. Our people are mostly poor; yet if ever people worked well and unitedly, it is the people of Thame. The attendance was good throughout the services; our collections exceeded our expectations, for which we desire to tender our sincere thanks to the friends that assisted and visited us; and to erect our Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto the Lord has helped us." Brethren in Christ, will you help us? We confidently make this appeal to you for your assistance, and may He who searcheth and openeth the heart incline you to come to our help in raising a temple for the service and worship of God: the only Baptist cause in Thame.—Signed on behalf of the committee, E. C. Bird, sec. Most cordially recommended by Mr. Hazleton, of London, and Mr. B. B. Wale, of Plymouth. The smallest donation will be most thankfully received by Mr. C. Elton, treasurer, High street, Thame.

ASHBURTON, DEVON—The harvest thanksgiving services were held here, in connection with the anniversary of the Poor Saints fund, on Tuesday, the 11th of October. Mr. Wale, of Plymouth, preached in the afternoon from 1 Cor. xv. 20, to a good congregation; among whom we noticed a goodly number of ministers. A public tea was provided in the town hall, to which about two hundred persons sat down; after which, the annual meeting of the Ashburton Auxiliary of the Poor Saints was held. The Rev. J. Babb, minister of Portland Chapel, Plymouth, (formerly curate to Dr. Hawker,) took the chair. The meeting was addressed by the following ministers: Leggot, of Ashburton, Turner, of Exeter, Wale, of Plymouth, and Mr. Kellar. The Poor Saints fund was originally formed by the late Dr. Hawker, vicar of Charles, Plymouth, under the name of the Corpus Christi society; the object is to afford temporal relief to the poor of God's family, and it has already distributed several thousands of pounds. The anniversary of the Parent Society was held some short time since in the Household of Faith school-room, adjoining Charles church, Plymouth. The Rev. H. A. Greaves, M.A., vicar of Charles, took the chair; the Rev. J. Babb read the report; and resolutions were moved and seconded by the Rev. J. Hawker, (grandson of Dr. Hawker, curate of Charles,) Rev. George Doudney, incumbent of Charles chapel, Rev. B. B. Wale, minister of Trinity chapel, Revs. J. Vaughan, of Mount Zion chapel, Devonport, and Wilson, of Worley street chapel. The society has accomplished much good but is still in want of increased help.

HOKTON--Dorchester-hall, Baptist chapel, Mintern street, New North road.—The fifth anniversary of this cause was held on Lord's-day, Sept. 18. The mercy of the Lord has been towards us. Circuitous, yet secured has been our path. The disposal of our lot, as well as of all Christians, has been of the Lord; and in reviewing which we desire to raise an Ebenezer to our God.—Mr Hanks preached in the morning, Mr Wells in the afternoon, at Salem, (brother Flack's) kindly lent, and Mr Crowhurst, minister of the place, in the evening. Apparently, the Holy Spirit prompted and accompanied the word. On Tuesday, Sep. 20, about 120 sat down to tea in the Wesleyan schoolroom, lent for the occasion; after which a large public meeting was addressed by brethren Webster, Hawkins, Hall, Myerson, Green, Woodard, Cornwell, and Rayment; who spoke unmistakably those things which God's children only can appreciate and rejoice in. Brethren Poynder and Dixon conducted the devotional services. A collection was made on behalf of the building fund in connection with this cause. An increased accommodation is absolutely called for: may He whose prerogative it is to dispose all things provide us a place, and open many hearts to help us.

BRIXTON—Where such a full *Gospel Vessel* has lived so many years, to speak of darkness may seem strange, but the fact is, the Vessel referred to carries its treasures a long way off: let us then still plead for Brixton. One correspondent says: Having seen in *EARTHEN VESSEL* some friends desirous of opening a cause of truth in this locality, I write to say it is much wanted. Brixton is a large and very dark neighbourhood; there is no cause of truth in it. Some time since, the institution, Angel Town, was engaged for the Lord's-day only; it appeared encouraging. If a cause was advocated by one whose life adorned the doctrines he preached, much good, instrumentally, might be done; and I for one, would join heart and hand to promote it. Suffering from heavy bodily affliction, I am often detained from the courts of the Lord's house, where I am a member, and steadily worship, on account of the distance. If consistent with the will of our covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus, may He grant all needful wisdom and bestow every blessing on the undertaking.—Yours in the best of bonds,—A. M. N. [Are there no zealous, truth-loving people who will unite in prayer and practical efforts to build up a cause in this desirable spot? Our letters show many hearts are beating for it. Ed.]

WIMBLEDON.—Special services were holden in the new Baptist chapel, Lord's-day, Oct. 9, 1864. Brother Luke Snow, the pastor, preached in the morning, C. W. Banks in the afternoon, and F. Wheeler in the evening. It is an honour to any good man who is employed by the Lord, to establish a cause of truth, and erect a house for the worship of a triune God, in any part of the land; and certainly that honour belongs to our brother Snow. In the most disinterested spirit and manner he has preached the Gospel; and has built a neat and comfortable chapel in Wimbledon; and above all, the Lord has given him seals to his ministry which no man can question. He has had his trials; to him they have been severe; but to the church they have been useful; and we are justified in inviting all the friends of a free-grace Gospel to rally round him; and to hold up his hands. We must believe he will prosper in a work so clearly given to him by the Great Shepherd in Zion.

TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK—The Lord still honours His truth in our midst, both to comforting and strengthening the church, and to the calling of poor fallen sinners. On the first Sabbath of September, I baptized two believers in the

Lord, and received them into the church the same day. Others are standing until the Master say "Go forward, my presence shall go with thee." We were favoured to hold a public meeting on the 13th of Sept. last, as a thanksgiving meeting to the Almighty for His bountiful providence to usward. Brother Hanger, of Colchester, preached to us in the name and fear of Israel's God; we had a good attendance to tea, many found it good.—A.B.

EAST ROAD—Jireh chapel. A most interesting gathering of the members of the church and congregation connected with this place of worship, with many Christian friends from all parts, took place on Monday, October 10th. On that day the venerable pastor, the Rev. J. A. Jones, completed the 65th year of his age, and also, the 56th year of his public ministry. Mr. Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, preached a most appropriate sermon from Habbakuk iii. 19, "The Lord is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds feet," after which, about 300 persons partook of tea. In the evening, the aged pastor occupied the chair, and gave an interesting account of his long and eventful life; after which, the brethren Foreman, Milner, Dickerson, Hawkins, and others addressed the meeting. Their remarks were kind, affectionate, and much to the purpose. The meeting was brought to a close by an unmistakable act of kindness on the part of the company, who presented Mr. Jones with the proceeds of an excellent collection. Mr. Jones may now by age and ministerial standing be considered as the patriarch of the Particular Baptist denomination in London, and from the days of the learned Dr. Gill, there has not arisen a more firm defender of their views of divine truth. The recollections of this day will long retain its fragrance, and will not fail to cheer the aged minister through the remainder of his pilgrimage. A capital *carte de visite* of Mr. Jones will be sent by post (free) on receipt of twelve postage stamps, addressed to—Mr. J. A. Jones, 50, Murray street, City road, London.

STREATHAM—MR. EDITOR.—I, with several others, would be thankful to see a Gospel cause at Streatham, or Brixton. The Lord's people cannot here meet together. We should be thankful if the Lord incline the heart of some to hasten such a good work: we would do all in our power.—B. Russell, Wells lane, Streatham. [Cannot a room be hired at first? We could find good men to help: with God's blessing it only wants a beginning in faith and with prayer. Ed.]

THE LATE MR. SILVER.

SINCE our last issue, Mr. Frederick Silver, so many years a minister of the Gospel, has been called home. He had been laid aside about a fortnight; and on the Friday he died, he seemed to be getting better; he was very happy in his mind, dwelling much on heavenly realities, particularly sweet in his meditations on the 103rd Psalm during the day. In the evening he retired to rest for the night. Mrs. S. thought he was in a sweet sleep; he looked so composed; but on further inspection the spirit had fled:—asleep in Jesus. He was buried at a village near Surbiton. The funeral strictly private. On the coffin plate was inscribed—

FREDERICK SILVER, ESQ.,
Died Oct. 7th, 1864,
In his 82nd year.

A MOST LAMENTABLE FACT

CONTRASTED WITH

Jesus Christ's Solemn Test of Discipleship.

THERE are two seeds in the family of man on the earth,—the seed of the serpent and the seed of the Lamb.

There are two indexes in Jesus Christ's words,—one points most awfully and fearfully to the reprobate race: in the 8th of John they are called Pharisees, and to them the Saviour said, "Ye are of your father the devil; and the lusts of your father ye will do." There are evidences of God's children connected with that word, "He that is of God heareth God's word: ye, therefore, hear them not, because ye are not of God."

God's children hear God's word,—that is, they receive God's word literally, vocally, and spiritually, but the others do not receive it.

God's children have another index, to them Christ said, "Ye are my disciples if ye do whatsoever I command you." Every true disciple of Christ desireth to know and to do his Lord's blessed will.

There are not only two seeds, and two indexes, but there are two words which *distinguish* between the two seeds. The one word is "*Hate*," the other word is "*Love*."

Paul to Titus says of the natural man, "hateful and hating one another." But of the children John speaks most positively, "Every one that loveth Him that begat, loveth Him also that is begotten of Him."

There are two things go together in the wasting of brotherly affection. Christ puts it among the signs of the last times. He says, "Many will be offended, and hate one another; many false prophets will arise and deceive many; and because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold."

The awful feature of these times is, the hatred of man toward man; in the world, in the Church, in all churches, more or less, it seems so.

Illustrations of the painful state of Zion we might give in great abundance; and how far we are justified in silently passing by the causes of division and declension, is a question which has long and seriously affected us. Many reasons might be urged against our attempting to effect a reconciliation between those brethren and churches who really and truly ought to be one in co-operation, seeing they *are* ONE in faith and experience; and fully persuaded as we are that the causes of nearly all the bitter and

painful divisions arise from party spirits, from ignorance in some, from presumption in others, and from the lack of the Spirit of Christ in not a few who stand in the front of the gates of Zion, we feel great difficulty in withholding testimonies and painful proofs which reach us from all quarters. Not one word would we utter to wound the spirit of any saint of God; not one line would we write to afflict the soul of the smallest of the children. We would cry to God, and would look to Him alone, to heal the breaches ignorant and proud men are making; but, at the same time, when necessity lies heavy upon us, we would also use all holy and possible means, in order to convince the ignorant and the spell-bound multitudes of this most terrible fact, that, like Saul of Tarsus, while they think they are doing God service, they are literally and deceptively fighting against Him and His Church, and they as much need a genuine and efficient conversion to the Spirit of Christ, as did Saul of Tarsus before, to him, the Saviour came. The following letter is but one of many which prove how deeply the canker-worm and the caterpillar are eating up the vitals of Zion's peace and unity. The following letter refers to our kind notice of MR. TIPTAFT'S DEATH. We shall give

MR. TIPTAFT'S WORDS TO MR. R.
RANDLE ON HIS CONVERSION TO
GOD.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You were pleased to insert in the VESSEL my note; I am glad you did so. What you said yourself, and my note, have stirred up a terrible rage amongst Mr. Tiptaft's folks. Poor dear souls, I pity them much, and may God deal in mercy with them. My note, brother Banks, speaks to the praise of Mr. Tiptaft more than all they have said in the *Standard*, and yet they are in a terrible rage about it, and will combine to get up anything they can to try to blind from the truth of what I stated. This cannot be done.

Brother Banks, your correspondent knows nothing about Mr. Tiptaft's coming into the Church, nor his going out of the Church. I will tell you from Mr. Tiptaft's own words to me, and he spoke the same to many

others, several of them are now living who heard him.

Mr. Tiptaft said, "I came into the Church a self-righteous Pharisee; I was a Pharisee from a lad. I was a Pharisee when I entered the Church." And this he was to my knowledge when he came to Sutton Courtney. His public ministry was to this end,—to make men good by their attending to the Church of England order of things, so as to be saved by the make-weight of Christ. I will tell you how a total change took place in Mr. Tiptaft's mind. I met with him on a Saturday evening, and we had a long talk, I think more than one hour, in the open highway. I was going some little way on business, Mr. Tiptaft was going to see a sick woman. I returned home in about half-an-hour. I was scarcely in when, to my surprise, in comes Mr. Tiptaft. We discussed matters till past one o'clock on Sunday morning; our conversation was carried on in a good calm spirit. Mr. Tiptaft contended as well as he could for his free-will, and Churchified notions; but the doctrines of grace, by the power of God, were so opened up to me that night, that poor Tiptaft was met at every turn. We finally broke up our meeting; poor Tiptaft acknowledging he had been wrong all his life long. And the next day he began anew to preach the doctrines of grace, even the electing love of God; and he never more preached in a free-will strain. Whether this sudden change was of God or not, I leave others to think as they like; I am satisfied it was of God; but these poor ignorant people are angry for any good to come from me; and yet God will convert sinners by my ministry.

A GLORIOUS WORK AT SUTTON COURTNEY.

The conversion of Mr. Tiptaft was good, we have no doubt. That the Abingdon people should be angry because the Lord employed brother Richard Randle, is very naughty indeed. They ought to know better; and if they do not know better, they must be told. But, better than all we have had yet, is the following precious record:—

"We have had some of the most striking conversions of late; the most reprobate of sinners God has called, and they are become the most active saints: the change is as visible as Paul's was, and as sudden; and like the thief upon the cross, they give a living testimony that Christ is in them. Within the last eighteen months I have had to baptize nineteen persons, and they have been added to our Church. We baptize in the open stream; this brings many sinners to witness. Some have come with the full

intent to mock; but our Jesus was with us, He broke down the mockers, and melted them into tears of real repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus. We have now such with us in Church fellowship; and several of the Independents, in witnessing our baptizing, have come out, and have been baptized.

Dear brother Banks, after Mr. Tiptaft came over to the doctrine of the grace of God, I gave him a list of the people's names whom I considered knew Jesus the Saviour, and he lost no time in finding them out; and from going round amongst the Christians, myself and he generally had two or three meetings a week: our meetings were until midnight, and it has lasted till two o'clock in the morning. I directed him to find out Mr. Porter, Mr. Philpot, Mr. Bullock, and Mr. Hill: all men of much truth. He sought them out, and they all came and preached for him. I took care to lead him to the Church Articles, which he had never considered, and backed some of them up by Scripture truth. From this teaching of mine came his famous sermon at Abingdon, that made a great stir, and some of the scoffers said, Tiptaft came to Sutton Courtney a very nice gentleman, but he had fallen in with Randle, and he had driven him out of his mind. Mr. Tiptaft had got good means, and he was very liberal, so that some of the poor children of God were glad to get a little help from him. They began to pet him, and crown him as a great man. This did him much harm. I was pleased that there was a man to preach some truth, but then I never could hear him as a preacher to me, nor Mr. Philpot either, because I was before them in years of age, and also in grace, therefore Tiptaft did not bring the truth to Sutton, but he was brought by God here to receive the truth. Many people could not hear him; from this came our little chapel at Sutton Courtney, and poor old worthless Randle still preaches there. I am at my old work, driving people out of their minds: that is of being led captive by Satan, God brings them to himself in Christ. Mr. Philpot is to bring out a memoir of Mr. Tiptaft.

In conclusion, the eternal Jehovah has been amongst us, and with us,—Father, Son, and Spirit, have been engaged in bringing sinners to us, and to Jesus. Many too, out of our midst, He has called to glory: they have left a good testimony of God's faithfulness to them. By God's grace we are much in love and union, which, I am sorry to find, many of our Churches are not. We should be glad to see you at any time, and for you to preach about Jesus.—Yours in the Lord Jesus,

"R. RANDLE.

"Sutton Courtney, Nov. 9, 1864."

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

How different things would be if the last commandment Christ gave His disciples, previous to His death, could be fully and practically carried out!

We have again been called to look at those beautiful words (and at all the circumstances leading up to them) recorded in John xiii. 34, 35. When that supper (which preceded the feast of the passover) was ended: when the devil had stirred up the heart of Judas to betray his Master: when Jesus had washed the feet of His disciples: when Judas Iscariot had received the sop, and had gone out to perpetrate his black and awful deed: when the Saviour's heart had first given vent to His inward agonies by exclaiming, "Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in Him. If God be glorified in Him, God shall also glorify Him in Himself, and shall straightway glorify Him;" after all this, Jesus turned to His own disciples, and in terms most affectionately endearing, He said, "Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me; and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye cannot come; so now I say to you. A NEW COMMANDMENT I give unto you, THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER; AS (mark this measurement of the disciples, love one to another—"As") I have loved you; that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

We ask, Has this new commandment ever been repealed? Has it ever yet been fully carried into practice? *Is it now the visible badge of Christian discipleship?* We ask ministers, deacons, and members of all our churches, is it not now almost extinct?

Oh! to heaven we lift our aching and our burdened hearts, and we pray that whatever we have done to hinder the flowing of this love one to another, might be forgiven, removed, blotted out, and buried in the precious streams of atoning blood flowing from Calvary's wounded Sacrifice; and that such overflowings of Divine love might fill all our hearts and minds, that a glorious revival in our churches might be realized.

But, in the present state of things: while such dead, dry cold; proud, self-conceited, ignorant, and unhallowed spirits dwell in all the sections of our visible churches, the hope of better days seems very far away.

We shall not fear to assert that this subject—The Love of the Brethren—has been the theme of our heart of late, and, next year, if spared, we will resume, and continue it. And as introductory thereto, we give one illustration from the last issue of that excellent series, entitled, "*Steps and Stages on the Road to Glory*," by the author of

"God is Love," and which gives us a pleasant view of

ARCHBISHOP USHER

IN

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD'S GARRET.

With the following extract from that beautiful volume, "*Steps and Stages*," &c., published by Virtue, Hall, & Co., we must abruptly, for the present, break off.

"Before I particularly refer to this new commandment of our Lord, I may mention that it is often called the *eleventh* commandment. The eminent and most spiritually-minded Archbishop Usher was the first who gave the name of the 'eleventh' commandment to the 'new' commandment of Christ; and as the circumstances under which that great and good man applied the term 'eleventh' to this commandment are interesting, I may parenthetically transfer to my pages, from the Rev. Charles Buck's 'Anecdotes,' a brief narrative of these circumstances.

"The eminent Archbishop Usher," says the writer I have just named, 'being once on a visit to Scotland, heard a great deal of the piety and devotion of the famous Mr. Samuel Rutherford, who, he understood, spent whole nights in prayer, especially before the Sabbath. The bishop wished much to witness such extraordinary downpouring of the Spirit, but was utterly at a loss how to accomplish his design. At length it came into his mind to dress himself like a pauper; and on a Saturday evening, when it was turning dark, he called at Mr. Rutherford's house, and asked if he could get quarters for a night, since he could go to no other house at so late an hour for that purpose. Mr. Rutherford consented to give the poor man a bed for a night, and desired him to sit down in the kitchen, which he did cheerfully. Mrs. Rutherford, according to custom on Saturday evening, that her servants might be prepared for the Sabbath, called them together, and examined them. In the course of the examination that evening she asked the stranger how many commandments there were. To which he answered, 'Eleven.' Upon receiving this answer, she replied, 'What a shame is it for you! a man with grey hairs, living in a Christian country, not to know how many commandments there are! There is not a child of six years old in this parish but could answer this question properly.' She troubled the poor man no more, thinking him so very ignorant, but lamented his condition to her servants; and, after giving him some supper, desired a servant to show him upstairs to a bed in a garret. This was the very situation in which he desired to be

placed, that he might hear Mr. Rutherford at his secret devotion. However, he was disappointed; for that night that good man went to bed, but did not fall asleep for some hours. The stranger did not go to bed, but sat listening, always hoping to hear Mr. Rutherford at prayer; and at length concluding that all the family were asleep, the bishop thought if he had been disappointed in hearing another offering up his desires to God at the throne of grace, he would embrace the opportunity himself, and poured out his heart to God with such liberty and enlargement, that Mr. Rutherford, immediately below, overheard; and getting up, put on his clothes. Should this have awakened Mrs. Rutherford she could have suspected nothing of his design, seeing he rose commonly every day at three o'clock in the morning; and if she could have heard one at prayer afterwards, she would naturally have concluded it was her husband. Mr. Rutherford went up-stairs, and stood waiting at the garret-door till the archbishop had concluded his devotions; upon which he knocked gently at the door, and the other opened it with surprise, thinking none were witness to his devotions. Mr. Rutherford took him by the hand, saying, 'Sir, I am persuaded that you can be none other than Archbishop Usher, and you must certainly preach for me to-day, being now Sabbath morning.' The bishop confessed who he

was; and after telling Mr. Rutherford what induced him to take such a step, said he would preach for him on condition that he would not discover who he was. Happy union of souls, although of different persuasions! yet not marvellous; God makes but two distinctions among mankind, the righteous and the wicked. Mr. Rutherford furnished the bishop with a suit of his own clothes, and early in the morning he went out to the fields; the other followed him, and brought him in as a strange minister passing by, who had promised to preach for him. Mrs. Rutherford found that the poor man had gone away before any of the family were out of bed. After domestic worship and breakfast the family went to the kirk, and the archbishop had for his text, 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;' a suitable subject for the occasion. In the course of his sermon he observed that this might be reckoned the eleventh commandment: upon which Mrs. Rutherford said to herself, 'that is the answer the poor man gave me last night;' and looking up to the pulpit, said, 'It cannot be possible that this is he?' After public worship, the strange minister and Mr. Rutherford spent the evening in mutual satisfaction; and early on Monday morning the former went away in the dress he came in, and was not discovered."

SPIRITUAL POVERTY AND HEAVENLY BLESSEDNESS.

MATTHEW V. 3.

BY JOHN WATERS BANKS, CHAPLAIN OF THE PORTSMOUTH CONVICT PRISON.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

As Jesus went about teaching and preaching, often great multitudes followed Him. This fifth chapter of St. Matthew begins, "And seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain; and when He was set, His disciples came unto Him; and He opened His mouth and taught them."

The teacher is the Saviour: the Saviour God! God is the searcher of hearts; He marks the character of men with a woe or a blessing. This chapter opens with a long series of characters all marked with the latter, beginning with "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The character named in the text is full of importance; whether we regard His judgment of it who distinguished it, or the blessing He attaches to it, or the connexion which exists between the kingdom and the character to which it appertains. "Blessed

are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

This short text suggests the following divisions:—

1st. *The Character*, "Poor in spirit."
2nd. *Their State*, "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

3rd. *The ground of their blessedness*, "The kingdom of heaven is theirs."

I. THE CHARACTER, "Poor in spirit." We read in Ecclesiastes vii. 8, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof: and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit." Patience of spirit may be despised, but the possession of patience is better than that of pride; and poverty of spirit, though a painful thing in the beginning, receives the blessing at the end. This made the Apostle say, "Now no chastening, for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless afterwards it

yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Heb. xii. 11.

"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

The beginning may be with weeping; the end shall be with rejoicing, for this poverty of spirit equals contrition of spirit to which so many promises belong.

"Now whatever contrition of spirit may be, the blessing of God is with it; the greatest favour of heaven accompanies it. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise." This verse of the 51st Psalm is stated thus in Psalm 34, "The Lord is near unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as are of a contrite spirit."

We see from these passages that God accepts, as an agreeable sacrifice, contrition of spirit; that He will be near unto, save, and watch over such: "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my words." Isaiah lxvi. 2.

This contrition or poverty of spirit brings down all high looks, it brings down "every high thing," or conceit, of our wisdom, strength, or riches, and it brings down everything that is esteemed by the world, until the world is accounted less than nothing and vanity.

The poor in spirit, at the beginning, is of all men most miserable, for the world can afford no satisfaction to such, and heaven is so holy that he cannot, dare not so much as lift up his eyes to it; and sin is so heavy on his conscience that he can scarce make an effort to relieve it, for "Heaviness in the heart of a man maketh it stoop" indeed. This subject, though plain to him that understandeth, is not always so to every one that even meditates on it, and sings,—

"The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow,
Then tell me, gracious Lord, is mine
A contrite heart or no?"

But, those who are longing, and are desolate, and mourn to God, are on the way, not only to know what contrition is, but also to enjoy the blessedness resulting from it.

We have seen that poverty of spirit equals contrition of spirit, what then is the meaning of the word contrition? Attrition is the act of wearing down, or wearing away, by rubbing one substance against another, and morally the terror-striking law, bearing upon the hard heart, cause remorse and that grief which arises from fear; and this fear hath torment, torment that reduces and brings down to despair and death; but *contrition* is the law in contact with the spirit of man, under the operation of the

Holy Ghost. The voice of words, and the darkness, fire, and smoke, terrify and alarm, but *there* is the Spirit which quickens the man. With the terror of the law there is the Holy Spirit implanting the incorruptible seed which germinates with hope, and so the hard heart is softened and turned Godward with a desire, a petition, a cry for pardoning mercy; and thus contrition is "godly sorrow," which worketh repentance that needeth not to be repented of. And he who is the subject of this repentance, does not repent of it, though the vision, the wished for vision, tarry.

But, it may be asked,—Why is this poverty of spirit so acceptable to God? Why should He take pleasure in a wounded spirit? Why is humbleness and contrition of soul so magnified? I answer, because God delights in mercy, and *this is the condition* which can receive it. God's Spirit, by the chemistry of heaven, dissolves the rocky hearts; it flows down at God's presence; it acknowledges His presence, which is *incorporated* with it; it is *contrite*.

"For as the earth which *drinketh* in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for those by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God," Heb. vi. 7, so similarly the face of the moral earth is renewed, similarly God renews a right spirit in man! And then it is no longer so contemptible a thing as just now it seemed, it is a spirit adorned with that which in the sight of God is of great price. It is a meek and quiet spirit, a spirit of chastity and temperance, one that has put on the Lord Jesus Christ, learned of Him, and reflects His spirit.

But this will be further seen, as we discourse on

II. THE STATE. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." The present state of the poor in spirit is a blessed one. It is so because the divine influences from heaven have produced it; the light of life shines upon it; effectual calling animates it; and sufficiency of grace sustains it; and among the many good things springing from it, in its possessor, I see

1st. *Satisfaction*. Such is the capacity of the human spirit, that no earthly possessions or attainments can bestow that happiness which leaves no desire unfulfilled. The favoured psalmist intimates that mortality swallowed up of life alone can satisfy such a spirit. He says, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Psalm xvii. 15. But there is a satisfaction experienced here, a satisfaction in kind though not in degree; a satisfaction, for instance, similar to that experienced by him who knows he is in the right way, in opposition to one who knows not whither his

feet are hurrying him; there is satisfaction in having a single eye, and that eye fixed upon the right object. "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe, and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." John vi. 68, 69. This satisfaction arises from the certainty that prayer has been answered. This is a great source of satisfaction. That you *have* prayed, and that God *has* heard and answered you, is a greater satisfaction than a hearty reception, and thorough appreciation of all the external evidence that has ever been adduced in proof of the reality of divine things: it is the witness of heaven in your soul to the truth of that written in the Word of God.

God's mercy flowing down through Christ Jesus, and tasted in answer to prayer, is a soul-satisfying portion; and the weary soul that has been refreshed by it, though he be drawn by the force of indwelling sin from it, will seek no other source of renewing. He will turn his ach-

ing eyes to this source only, beating his breast and saying,—

"Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to the cross,
Rather than lose the sight."

He who drinks of the water which Christ gives, shall never thirst for any other. He who has drunk here, desires only larger and more frequent draughts from the Fountain of Life.

Such a soul has the dew of heaven upon it, has life in it, and a satisfaction that nothing in the world can equal.

To you, my fellow creatures, to you, seeking souls, to you who are saying,—Who will shew us any good? I say, I can direct to none, to nothing, so satisfactory as an answer to this prayer, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." Psalm xc. 14.

(To be concluded in our January number.)

The Surrey Tabernacle Expositor.

EXPOSITION OF REVELATION X.

BY MR. JAMES WELLS, MINISTER AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD.

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire."

This book of the Revelation must not be understood as recording events that take place one after the other, as here placed, for the writer is led to take up a certain subject, he goes on to the end of that subject, and then comes back again to the beginning of the Gospel dispensation, and takes up another feature of that upon which he had to write. Hence in the preceding two chapters, the 8th and 9th, he had enlarged upon the judgments of God, and the calamities that should attend the progress of the Gospel, that is calamities upon the enemies of that Gospel. Now here he is led back to the resurrection of Christ. This mighty angel means the Lord Jesus Christ, and his coming down from heaven does not here mean His personal coming, but His mystical coming, His spiritual coming, His coming by the Gospel. And He is here called "a mighty angel;" that is a mighty messenger. Remember the word "angel" means a messenger; Jesus Christ is a mighty messenger; He speaks with such power as to bring the dead to life; He speaks with such might as to set the prisoner free; He speaks with such power as to bring peace into the conscience; He

speaks with such power as to translate the soul out of darkness into the marvellous light of God's everlasting presence. Called "a mighty angel." Therefore this refers, as you may thus perceive, to the beginning of the Gospel dispensation. Christ came down at the day of Pentecost, and He has come spiritually and mystically ever since, and will continue to do so down to the end of time, in this Gospel sense of the word.

"Clothed with a cloud;"

And what is this cloud but His people? They are a cloud of witnesses, they all bear testimony of what He has done, and so He comes in a cloud of Old Testament witnesses, He comes in a cloud of New Testament witnesses, and His people are brought in to form a part of that cloud of witnesses.

"And a rainbow was upon his head,"

To denote that His message is peace; the rainbow is the token of peace. And we all have much to trouble us within, and some have much to trouble them without; so that the tidings of peace which are by Jesus Christ, are always acceptable to the people of God.

"And his face was as it wore the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire."

Of course His face being as the sun, denotes the brightness of His presence. And

if He is pleased to grant us His presence to-day in a spiritual sense, then the rays of glory from His face will warm our hearts, will lighten our eyes.

"And his feet as pillars of fire,"

To denote the purity and majesty of His steps; that He steps forth with purity and with majesty, and that every step He takes throws a light upon the path of His people.

"And he had in his hand a little book open; and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth."

This little book I take to be the Gospel; the Gospel is called a little book because it is but a sample of the greatness of the glory yet to be revealed; but what is hereafter to be revealed will be in entire accordance with what is now revealed. There will never be anything revealed contrary to that perfection that is in Christ, contrary to the eternity of God's love, or contrary to the sovereignty and riches of His grace. I take the little book, therefore, here to mean the Gospel. And this book is said to be open, because the Jews had closed it, they had closed the Gospel, and had substituted in place of the Gospel, human tradition. But now that the dear Saviour hath ascended up on high, He openeth the little book unto His disciples. This is what I understand, then, by the little book.

"And he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth;"

As a sign of His universal dominion; all power by sea and by land, in heaven and in earth, all lodged in the Saviour's hands, all concentrated in Him. And how encouraging this is; it is one of those revelations of the person of Jesus Christ that wonderfully endear Him, that He hath universal dominion. And if the Lord were to say to Satan,—There's one of my Jobs, or one of my Joshuas, or one of my people; now if you can take that sheep into a place where I have no power, then he may be lost. But there's no possibility of Satan dragging, or his servants dragging, any one of the people of God into a place where the Saviour has not entire dominion.

"And he cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth; and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices. And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write; and I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not."

Now as I go along I just throw out my own opinion, that's all, upon these ambiguous Scriptures. I take the seven thunders here to be the voice of God's law, and they are called seven to denote completeness. And when God takes a sinner in hand, these thunders sound in that man's ears, in that man's conscience, in that man's soul, until that sinner is driven to entire self-despair;

that's the work of the seven thunders, to drive a sinner to self-despair. Such was the work of the law upon Saul of Tarsus; sin revived, and he died. The law has nothing thus but thunder. And then when John was about to write these thunders, he is commanded not to write them, but that they are sealed up; that is, those threatenings that are brought into the conscience by the Holy Ghost, convincing a poor sinner of what he is as a sinner, they are not to be written against you, they are not to be confirmed. They speak to you in the language of condemnation, and you feel condemned, but your condemnation is not to be confirmed; you feel as though you were lost, but your lost condition is not to be confirmed; you feel as though you must go to hell, but such a destiny is not to be confirmed. Write not the seven thunders against that poor sinner, for they are sealed up! And how are they sealed up? By the dear Saviour being made sin for us, by the Saviour being made a curse for us, by the Saviour taking the bitterness of death; hereby the thunders are taken away, and there is nothing left but the voice of the turtle, nothing left but the still small voice, nothing left but that voice of love and mercy that shall bring such an one from under these thunders, and bring him into that land of peace where the flowers appear on the earth, and where is heard the voice of that Beloved that charms our sins, and guilt, and sorrows away, and makes us happy in His presence. Such I believe to be the meaning and mind of the Holy Spirit in these seven thunders. I do not encumber my remarks with the opinions of men, as to these seven thunders, because they are all of the learned kind, of the literary kind, what we want is something spiritual; and the great object of the Gospel is to find out sinners, and turn them into saints; the great object of the Gospel is, after it has turned them into saints, to sustain them, and after it has sustained them, to give them an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer."

You know Dr. Cumming says it should read that "time shall not be yet." I am fully aware the Greek word *ετι*, here translated "no longer," is sometimes rendered by that term; but, with all due deference both to the Doctor and to his learning, I must say I prefer the rendering which our translators have here given, that "there

should be time no longer." And time was no longer; not mundane time was no longer, for that continues, and God alone knows when that will end: no man knoweth when that will end. But old covenant time did end; Jewish time did end; Levitical time did end; the Jewish national dispensational time did end; Christ swore that Jewish time—for that is evidently the meaning, at least that is my view of it,—should be no longer. The Jews tried to perpetuate their temple, but they could not; they tried to perpetuate their nation, but they could not; they tried to perpetuate the Levitical dispensation, but they could not; Christ had sworn that that time should be no longer, and so that time is gone, gone for ever, and Christian time takes the place of Jewish time, and to Christian time there is no end: "He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

"But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound,"

And you know when he did begin to sound; the seventh angel here means the angel of perfection, the messenger of perfection; when he, the seventh messenger or seventh message, shall begin to sound,—

"The mystery of God shall be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets."

Now I will not say anything cross to you, but I think that if some of you were allowed to have no dinner to-day until you found out in the Old Testament that seventh angel that completes the mystery here referred to, it strikes me your bread and cheese would get very cold before you would be allowed to eat it; it strikes me so with some of you. And yet the matter is very plain and very simple. You have nothing to do first but to look at the imagery,—trumpets, seven trumpets; you have nothing to do but go to Jericho, and there you will find the seven priests with seven trumpets, and you will find that when they sounded the seventh time, down fell the walls, and they obtained the victory, the enemy was put to flight, and Israel had possession of the promised land. Now take it spiritually;—when Jesus Christ died he said, "It is finished;" down fell the territories of hell, down fell sin, down fell Satan, down fell death, down fell tribulation, and the mystery of redemption was completed, the mystery of eternal salvation was completed, the victory was completed. And so that seventh angel then began to sound, and has been sounding ever since, and will sound down to the end of time. It is finished, it is finished, it is finished, is the language of the Gospel down to the end of time. And this seventh trumpet, this trumpet of per-

fection, will sound to all eternity; it has begun to sound, it will never cease. You cannot get to heaven without it, you could not be happy in heaven without it; it will sound for ever and for ever. And it is the great sound, the joyful sound, the glorious sound, sounding forth what God has done; the great trumpet of the jubilee, bringing millions of sinners to eternal glory. And there are many other prophets and circumstances in the Old Testament I could bring forward here, but I must not occupy your time by so doing, to which these words refer.

"As he hath declared to his servants the prophets."

So you are not to go to learned men to get the meaning of these Scriptures, but to the prophets; and if you hear not the prophets, neither can you know by reading the writings of learned, but at the same time mere natural men.

"And the voice which I heard from heaven spake unto me again, and said, Go and take the little book which is open in the hand of the angel which standeth upon the sea and upon the earth. And I went unto the angel, and said unto him, Give me the little book. And he said unto me, Take it, and eat it up; and it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey."

Now this is true in the experience of every minister, and of every Christian. That man that receives the truth, knows that truth to be sweet as honey; that man that receives the truth must have some after bitter experiences in consequence of receiving the truth. You receive the truth in the sweetness of it, and then you have the bitterness to come; but that bitterness will not last for ever; the bitterness will by and bye go off, and there will be nothing but sweetness left.

"And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter. And he said unto me"—

Here is the explanation; you see;

"Thou must prophesy again;"—

Bless the Lord for that; to prophesy here means to preach, to testify;

"Thou must prophesy again,"

What a mercy, friends. Literal miracles were stayed when the apostles died; but what a mercy for us the Gospel was not stayed, that the grace of God was not stayed, that the salvation of God was not stayed, that this glorious Gospel travelled on, and is with us now.

"Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings."

That has been the case, and we hope and pray it may yet be so more and more.

SINGING AFTER SORROW.

By MR. WILLIAM LEACH, OF PLUMSTEAD TABERNACLE, KENT.

"Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust." Isaiah xxvi, 19.

WE may give three applications to the words of the text,—applying them in the first place to those whom the Lord calls by His grace. If we are among the called, we occupy a middle place, as it were, in what is recorded in the 8th of Romans—"Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate. 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." But how are we to know that we are among the called? We may know this by the change we have experienced,—by comparing what we now are with what we once were, in regard to our conduct, our desires, our pursuits and pleasures. And then we may find evidences of our calling in the word of God. Take one text,—"The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy." (Psalm cxlvii. 11.) There is very little experience, it may be said, in this text, and yet there is a great experience in it too; for if the fear of the Lord is implanted in your heart so as to make you anxious to escape His frown; and to enjoy His smile, causing you to hope in His mercy, and to feel that there is no hope for you but in that—then this is an evidence that you are one whom the Lord has called by His grace. We have first a condition referred to—"Ye that dwell in dust." This implies prostration. Man is entirely prostrated by the Adam fall; the idea is quite an erroneous one that we are placed in this world in a state of probation: Adam was, but he fell, and we fell in him, so everyone enters the world under the curse. It has been a question how long Adam continued in the holy, innocent state in which he was created; it has been thought by some that he fell on the day of his creation, and it is my opinion—of course, it can only be an opinion—that such was the case. The words in the 49th Psalm—"Nevertheless, man being in honour abideth not;" may be translated—"abode not a single night;" which words, being referred to Adam, are in favour of the supposition that he fell on the day he was created. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12.) There is not only prostration implied by dwelling in dust, but degradation also. Man had a crown of honour and of dominion put upon his head when he was created, but he has lost that

crown. He alone was formed in the image of God, and it seems as though a consultation was held concerning his creation;—when light was created, "God said, Let there be light; and there was light;" but when about to create man, He said, "*Let us make man* in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea," &c. But Adam fell, and now we are in a state of degradation. The Psalmist calls it our low estate—"Who remembered us in our low estate." The Lord said to the serpent, "Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." And so it does move in this way; though it is supposed before the fall it moved in an upright position. The serpent does not literally feed upon dust, but the words were also spoken to that old serpent the devil, who in the form of a serpent tempted our first parents to sin, and the language as applied to him, may signify that from that time he was plunged into a deeper state of degradation than he had before been in. And are not all men in their natural state feeding upon dust? One is pursuing the empty pleasures of this life—he is feeding upon dust. Another is seeking after earthly fame and honour—he is feeding upon dust. And another devotes himself to heaping up riches, but they likewise are dust—dust. O! into what a state of degradation has man fallen, thus to be feeding upon dust!

Again, death is implied. Man by nature is not only prostrated and degraded, but he is dead—"dead in trespasses and sins,"—so being in a state of entire helplessness. If persons are brought to feel that this is their natural condition, then there will be a death-blow to all Arminianism and duty-faith: those who are thus taught of the Lord will not be able to hold and teach these things; all thus taught will say with the apostle—"By the grace of God, I am what I am." Now the Lord comes to the man just where he is, in the dust, when He calls him by His grace, and addresses him—"Awake, and sing." These words imply divine quickening, and a resurrection; the man, before dead, is quickened into a state of consciousness. Now, how is it with you? Have you experienced a change? I do not ask you how long, or how deep your convictions may have been; but are you brought into a state of consciousness, so that you are led to cry to the Lord—to groan, it may be,

er to sigh, or perhaps utter just a word or two—"Lord, save me; Lord, have mercy on me?" When the Lord says—"Awake," He gives spiritual powers; when thus quickened, we can believe, and hope, and love, and repent of sin, none of which we could do before. Then it is not only "Awake," but "Awake, and sing." When the Lord has revealed Himself to the sinner, saying, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee;" "Daughter, be of good comfort;" then those who are thus quickened and raised from the dust, will sing of pardon, of redeeming blood, of the gracious manifestation they have had from the Lord, and so on.

II.—The words may apply to THE SUBSEQUENT PART OF A CHRISTIAN'S EXPERIENCE; for after we have been called and quickened by divine grace, after we have been brought to rejoice in God, we often fall into a low state again. Sometimes the believer gets into a state of worldly-mindedness,—then he is in the dust, and may cry with the Psalmist, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken thou me according to Thy word." The soul *cleaving* unto the dust implying that there is some affinity between the two. "None can keep alive his own soul;" and this the Christian proves in his experience; he needs the quickening power of God to raise him up when he falls into the dust again. The young believer may think that his joy in God, and his happy feelings will always continue, and can hardly believe that what older Christians say to the contrary is true; yet he will find that it is, and that he will not always be able to rejoice. I have been brought very low myself sometimes, and I feel that I have now no more strength, no more wisdom, than I had when I first knew the Lord, only as He is pleased to give me these things. The believer will prove that what is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit; and often he will have the willing mind, but how to perform that which is good he will find not. (Romans vii. 18.) Troubles will bring the child of God into the dust—troubles of various kinds, causing him to cry—"O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." But how blessed the change when the Lord manifests himself and bids us "Awake, and sing: arise, shake thyself from the dust." It is written in Ephesians 2nd, "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." And again—"Even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Here is the quickening; then the resurrection; and then the sitting together in heavenly places in Christ. When the Lord reveals himself to His people it is as a ban-

queting house to their souls; as the spouse says in Solomon's Song, "He brought me to the banquetting house, and His banner over me was love." Wherever the Lord gives a manifestation of His love to His people, whether it be in the closet, or the chapel, in a field, or a barn, in a garret, or a cellar, that place becomes a banquetting house unto them. When the believer is raised up again from the dust, that promise is fulfilled to his soul—"She shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt." (Hosea xi. 15.) By these trials, by thus being brought low and raised up, the immutability of God is proved; as the poet says—

"My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows."

He never changes—"He will rest in His love." And we also prove in all this the faithfulness of God to His promises. He has said—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." (Isaiah xliii. 2.) Now if we had no fires and no waters to pass through, of what use would the promise be to us? Jesus said to His disciples, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." And we read that when Jesus shewed Himself unto them after His resurrection, they were "glad when they saw the Lord." And so we shall be; the valley of Achor shall be for a door of hope, and we shall sing as in the days of our youth—the days of our espousals.

Lastly.—The text will apply to the resurrection. It is appointed unto men once to die; and we may each say in the words of Job, "I know that Thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living." But the resurrection day will come, and this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. Then we may consider the words as addressed to the righteous dead, "Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust; awake, and sing the glorious song—'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'" We shall awake and sing in heaven—sing there sweetly, and sing perpetually.

One word, in conclusion, in regard to the ungodly. When the resurrection day comes, they will not hear the words—"Awake, and sing" addressed to them; but they will awake to hear the sentence—"Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

D.

MY WAY FROM THE PLOUGH-TAIL TO THE PULPIT.

BY A LONDON BAPTIST PASTOR.

No. 6.

HALF WAY THERE.

I FANCY the reader saying, "only half-way there?" it seems a great distance from "the plough-tail to the pulpit." It is much further for some than others, or else they make more haste;—the writer is rather slow in his movements, and likes to feel his way to be secure at every step; and the length of the journey has been rather a benefit than otherwise, as time was allowed to brush off some of the clay and mud, and to get rid of a little of the clumsiness and awkwardness of the bumpkin. I do not expect ever to attain to all that is desirable in the Christian minister, but ever intend to aim at improvement. And, at the risk of being thought dictatorial, will venture the opinion that it would be well for many a minister if he paid a little more attention to what may be considered the secondary qualifications for the important office he holds. To know the truth, and be able to set it clearly forth are confessedly the two main points; but there are many other attainments which give a man an influence for good. Who has not been disgusted both by foppishness and slovenliness in the members of the peculiar fraternity, sometimes designated "the cloth?" Dandyism, offensive anywhere to right-minded people, and especially in the pulpit; on that vice the satire of the poet is not too severe—

"Behold the picture! is it like? like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry hem! and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work:
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene."

But few dandies find their way into Particular Baptist pulpits; now and then we meet with one who would be if he could, but alas! the means are lacking to carry the thing fully out. The intelligent portions of our congregations have rather to complain of the opposite extreme, if not in the person, yet in the manners of their ministers, and sometimes in both. The unshaven chin, filthy nails, and neglected attire, are so many evidences of an uncultivated taste; and the coarse, vulgar, and often low habits, both in the sacred box, and the parlor, have a tendency to give well educated people an impression of unfitness for the work. Some of my readers will smile, and not a few of my fellow workers may perhaps sneer, when I say, of all men in the world, the "Legate of the skies,—the ambassador of Christ, should be a gentleman." "Physician, heal thyself." I will, if possible, and if not will

thank any friend for help, until the last remains of the "earthy smell" of the plough-tail be banished from the pulpit.

But to return,—where is *half-way*? The "rostrum" must be such, as it is mounted by about half as many steps. But to mine there was a descent into a place called the "front kitchen," at No. 10, S. street. Busy memory recalls the scene, and the days seem to have returned when I met the truly little flock in that dingy damp hole; but we often had both the light and heat of the "Sun of Righteousness," and found it good to be there. My friend with the little eyes and long nose from No 1, "conducted the service of song," in a style of his own, holding an old copy of Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns so near his face, as to provoke a smile from every "stranger" who came in. The male occupant of the room officiated as pew-opener,—only there were no pews to open, but every person on entering was politely directed to a seat, and not allowed to stand for some minutes in a state of bewilderment, as they do in "respectable congregations,"—we could not afford to be in the fashion in that respect. The female occupant of "the chapel room" filled the arm chair, and in the winter paid special attention to the fire just behind the speaker, and in purest love to him frequently did by the contents of the grate what he could not do by the subject. There was "the saint" and her aged husband from O— Mews, a street blacking merchant, his wife and child, from No. 5; they had only four eyes and five arms amongst the three, but they all had souls, and so had "master Smith," from No. 2, and a person frequently called "she with the beautiful voice," besides some half-dozen more "regular attendants, who, when altogether, would have been a fine group for the photographic artist. From this half-way house, between a secular and a sacred employment, I often contemplated the work of the ministry, and seriously considered what should be the motive in seeking to occupy so high a vocation, for

"I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall
stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies! his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,

Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war
The sacramental hosts of God's elect."

After ten thousand heart-searchings and self-examinations as to motive, and the conviction that it was right, there remained the necessity of

A DIVINE CALL TO THE WORK.

Yes, a man may have all the gifts, graces and qualifications for the high office—but what then if he is not sent by Zion's King? No doubt there are men in this great kingdom quite as well qualified to represent her at foreign courts as those who are doing so,—but they have not been appointed to the office by Victoria, and therefore cannot go; or going are not received. And it would be the height of egotism, or something worse, to deny that there are many men in our churches with all the abilities of their pastors for the ministry, only they have not been called to it. The grand question with me was—"How am I to know whether I am sent of God to preach?" And after years of waiting, watching, and prayer, the old theory of "*vox populi, vox Dei*," was adopted as the true one, and acted upon. I hold that theory still. And here for truth's sake, for the honour of Christ, the good of the church, and the credit of the sacred office, I must enter my solemn protest against the practice of ADVERTISING. This is not designed to condemn the proper publication by a pastor of the fact that he is leaving one sphere and willing to take, or desiring to find another. That is quite allowable, for if people do not know he is at liberty they cannot give him a call. Neither would we condemn any young man in our churches who feels a secret desire for the work, if he made that desire known among his friends. But generally speaking he need not do so; let him wait on the Lord; to such we would say, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass." He knows where we live, and having appointed the work, time, and place of doing it, for all His servants, when He wants them He will find them. We do condemn (not the men, but) the practice of the same person continually advertising himself as "willing to serve the churches," after having been before these churches for years. The idea of an ambassador of the King of kings resorting to such a plan! All honour to the "captains of tens," as well as of "thousands," so long as they receive their commission from the Master. But it is quite time to speak out, and even warn the people against such as seek the priest's office for a morsel of bread,

rather than "profess honest trades for necessary uses," (see Titus iii. 14,) according to the Scriptures. The "Metropolitan," "Regent's Park," and other colleges, are sending out young men by scores into one section of the Baptist body; and according to the testimony of our periodicals, many many of these same persons are "half starved," and bitter is the cry against the people. But let every case be searched into, and all the facts stated, and it will turn out that in nine out of ten the real cause of the young pastor's troubles lies in his having undertaken a work to which God never called him. What! shall the God of all goodness not provide for the stewards of His own household? Impossible. Many may be their trials of faith and patience, but the apostolic assurance shall not, it cannot fail—"My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." We have no *preacher manufactories* in the Strict Particular Baptist body, yet we do not escape the same evil. But let us rest assured that the Lord will make it plain by His smile and blessing whether He has or has not sent us. All honour to the good brethren who labour with their hands all the week, and go to serve the small churches on the Lord's-day, which are too small or too poor to support a pastor—God bless them and prosper them in the work; the acceptance with which they are received is proof enough that the Master sent them. We highly approve also of an attempt to "raise a cause" in any locality where it is really needed, and he who is led to such a course will soon see if the Lord approves. But we denounce the petty opposition manifested by "splits and divisions," and supported by a class of men who will preach but ought not. We hope these remarks will be understood, and as kindly taken as they are meant. God forbid that we should discourage any whom the Great Master hath commissioned to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy. But we cannot be faithful to our Lord if we do not lift up our voice against every "abomination in Jerusalem;" and therefore at the risk of being thought uncharitable, or something worse, we must speak out. And now perhaps the reader will say, "Prove your own divine call;" to which we simply reply, *vox populi, vox Dei*, which appeared in

THE POINT GAINED.

Walking one day with a ministerial friend, he said, "By the bye, where I was preaching the other day, they want a pastor, would you go and supply for a Sabbath." I replied, "Yes, if they ask me." My friend wrote to the deacon, recommended "Gideon" as a "suitable supply." The invitation soon came, and was accepted for one Sab-

bath; then for two more, again for a month, and once more for three, "with a view to the pastorate;" this was followed by some sixty votes or more out of about seventy members, "that Gideon be affectionately invited to become our pastor: and believing that the, "voice of the people" in that case was

the "voice of God," the awfully important office of the Christian pastorate was tremblingly entered upon by

GIDEON.

"Gideon" has promised (D.V.) to furnish a paper for each month next year.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR MINISTERS.

No. II.

WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF MINISTERIAL POVERTY?

WE are receiving letters on this subject since our last article; but few have had more to do with poor ministers and poor churches than ourselves during the last twenty years, and we are quite willing to ventilate the subject a little. We shall offend some; but let us have truth in this department as well as in every other. Connected with the position of our pastors and preachers, there is a loud call for a thorough investigation. It will do good. The writer of the following note is an honest and faithful brother. But more another time.

DEAR BROTHER.—I see an article, bearing the above title, in the VESSEL for this month. I wish to ask, What are the causes of ministerial poverty? Most likely they are many. I will name one or two I have known. When persons open a new place of worship, it is sometimes because they are too far from their own church; the distance is too far for them to travel. Well, they set up for themselves, with a hope that they shall have plenty of hearers, and, as a matter of course, plenty to support it when it is opened; but they soon find their hope was groundless.

There are others who are very dissatisfied at home; they are quite eloquent in finding fault with their minister or deacons; something is not right for them; they never have much to say in favour of their friends; plenty to find fault with. After a time, they cannot hear at all; or they cannot sit down to the Lord's table with Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so. At length, they open a new place; their leaving the old one weakens that, and thus we have in several instances two weak causes in one town or village, and the dissatisfied party are sure to find ministers to come and bless them, and wish them God speed. Open a place for them, form them into a church, and occasionally preach to them, but who has to pay the rent of the place?—who pay the supplies for their services? I have heard persons say, "O, we shall be sure to get the money;" but their hopes have been blasted, their prospects withered, and, in many in-

stances, all has come to the ground. A friend of mine, who is, I trust, now in glory, said to me a short time ago (he had left the church where he had been a member many years), "I find it a very easy matter to leave a church, but a very hard matter to join it again."

Then sometimes there are ministers that bid fair to be useful; but they have such high notions of themselves, they think they are justified in giving themselves up to the work of the ministry, not considering whether the people really can afford it or not. I could name several that have thus acted, and the result has been their services have not been long needed. I have been in the ministry several years; I have served two apprenticeships to the same people; but I never thought of throwing myself upon the church; nor did I ever think they ought to maintain me and my family for preparing, in six days, three sermons for the seventh. I can say I never made a charge to any people except it has been my travelling expenses; but if I was so placed as to receive a sufficient salary for my labours, I should consider myself justified in giving up my situation in the world to some one else; but till a people can afford this, it is useless to think of living by the ministry. There is a friend I know, with a wife and six children, all under ten years of age; none earning a penny, all require food, clothing, and a home. His wages are eight shillings per week—that is, the enormous sum of a *shilling per head per week*; and he is scolded because he does not pay for the support of the cause. What has he to spare? It is very easy for the gentleman who has his thousands at command to tell the poor labourer to give the firstfruits to the Lord, and that he ought to contribute at least a penny per week. I know several that would feel a pleasure in giving did they possess it.

I sometimes think, when I sit down to a comfortable meal, what have some of our poorer members at the same time? I am not writing to justify those that possess the means, yet never subscribe to the cause of Christ, or, at least, *very little*. Some

want the best preachers, and think if they put sixpence in the plate once a quarter, it is as much as is needed.

Dear brother,—you are aware the people among whom I have laboured for upwards of fourteen years, are a very poor people; they are the working classes; we have to pay upwards of £8 for rent; then there is firing and light. We number about forty members; several are husband and wife, and in some instances daughters of members. Our congregation is never more than 200; but there are those that love the truth, and feel a pleasure in doing what they can for the cause; and I know the Lord is often pleased to bless their souls. We have two as excellent deacons as you will find in England; so that pastor, deacons, and members are united. Of course, we have our differences at times; but I always avoid as much as possible party spirits. In some places, pastors of churches have been jealous of some other brother; but I am never afraid of any one heaving me out of my station.

May the God of all grace be with you and bless you, and may we still go on in the ministry of the Word with the three-fold object in view,—the glory of the name of the Lord, the exaltation of Christ, and the everlasting happiness of lost sinners.

A COUNTRY PASTOR IN HERTS.

TRUE DISCIPLESHIP.

AT HULL, this morning, (Nov. 9, 1864,) that word in Acts xiv. 22, softly entered my mind—"Confirming the souls of the disciples." That word contains two parts—(I.) the character of the Lord's people—the disciples; (II.) the threefold work of the ministry—confirming the souls of the disciples; exhorting them to continue in the faith; and assuring them that through much tribulation, we must enter into the kingdom of God.

I.—The disciples are the true followers of Christ; those who follow Him wheresoever He goeth. This discipleship stands in the ordination and appointment of GOD THE FATHER. The good old Gospel says, "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed." And most plainly Paul says, "God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us," &c.

This discipleship stands in union with the Son of God. He is head over all things unto the church, and the real disciples are the members of His mystic body. I must think Jesus speaks of this in Psalm cxxxix—"In thy book were all my members written, and the days when they should be fashioned

(margin) when as yet there was none of them." Christ speaks of the whole election of grace as His sheep, whether called or not. "Other sheep I HAVE, which are not of this fold; them also, I must bring, that there may be one fold, under one Shepherd." Being given to Him, redeemed by Him, and belonging to Him, He must bring them.

But let us come to the experimental and individual part. This discipleship stands in the power and precious grace of the Holy Spirit; who doth give unto all the heirs of God three special blessings. He giveth them spiritual life;—He giveth them a living faith;—He giveth them a true and real love to God. All these are essential to salvation; no sinner can be saved without them.

Contemplate the spiritual life, as the scriptures open it. (1) in its production; (2) in its confirmation; (3) in its nourishment; (4) in its preservation; (5) in its manifestation; (6) in its ultimate perfection.

If any soul be in doubt of their interest, it would be well if they could measure themselves by the rules and revelations God has given in His word concerning this deep and holy mystery—the life of God in the soul.

YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH.

Lift up your heads exulting,
Redemption draweth nigh,
And glory comes resulting
From Jesu's agony.

Hallelujah!

For you, ye saints victorious
His Kingly rule begins;
And in His "rest" all glorious
Dominion here He wins.

Hallelujah!

Then clap your hands for glory,
Ye chosen ones of God!
And shout redemption's story
Triumphant through His blood.

Hallelujah!

What rapture thrills creation—
The captive goes out free!
And bursts of acclamation
Proclaim the Jubilee!

Hallelujah!

All hail! the morning chorus;
Rise up, ye hosts to bless;
The King Himself is for us,
"The Lord our Righteousness."

Hallelujah!

Plymouth.

CHARLES F. CREWES.

Our Churches, our Pastors, and our People.

HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER, AND HULL.

A few lines to Samuel Foster, of Sturry, Canterbury, on returning from the North.

DEAR BROTHER,—While preaching this week in Hull, I referred to you, and to your protracted and severe affliction; therefore to you I address the following pencilled paragraphs, jotted down as I travelled from Hull to London. It is most pleasing to witness the efforts everywhere making to benefit our fellow-creatures; but, it is equally painful to be informed of the almost universal departure from the good old fashioned doctrines and ordinances of the New Testament. In churches where truth was maintained, Puseyism has taken its place; and chapels that were crowded to hear plain and powerful preaching, are now thinly attended, although organs and chanting services are introduced, as attractions designed to draw the people; not where the preaching is void of spiritual power, the pews are but thinly filled with people. The opinion of good old people is this,—that we require a body of more brave and blessed men in the ministry. Dear Samuel, pray for Zion.

Nov. 11th, 1864.—I crossed the Humber this morning from Hull, and on my way homeward, hope to make a note or two which may interest you, and some beside.—On Tuesday, Nov. 1st, early in the morning, I left London—employed myself all the way to Manchester in writing. Reaching Manchester safely, passed from London Road Station to Victoria Station, and proceeded to Heywood by another line. On reaching Heywood, enquired for New Baptist Chapel, and after some walking found it in a new district, standing quite by itself; a neat, strong-built place of worship, with commodious gallery behind the pulpit, well suited to hold a good Sunday school; and when the side and front galleries are thrown up, the place will seat five or six hundred persons; and as Heywood increases, and the new districts are inhabited, it may be filled; and if the Great Head of the church will be pleased to give them a pastor after His own heart, "a man in whom the Spirit of God is," a sound-hearted, spirit-anointed, heaven-made, and laborious, self-denying, and soul-seeking minister of Christ's good Gospel,—if such a man can be sent to them, under divine approbation, I cannot doubt but that he would reap a bountiful harvest. The brethren Abraham Howard and Weightman, have both laboured there; and the people love them for their work's sake; and now Robert Powell, from Coggeshall, is to preach to them through December and January; which of these three God has chosen, or whether, as yet, the good man is known only to the Lord, is a mystery. It will be an honour instrumentally there to raise a cause of truth. Why should it not be? Three facts in its favour are quite certain. I.—Many good men have for many years been sowing good seed in that densely inhabited neighbourhood; John Kershaw himself has been preaching in Rochdale, and round about for near forty years; he cannot be the minister of Hope chapel another forty years; he must soon give an account of his stewardship and be hence no longer steward. Beside, many to whom his ministry has been a blessing, cannot now walk to Rochdale; and some have families, and ought not to forsake them on the Lord's-day. Beside all these, there are thousands who go not to church because it is Pusey-like, nor to "Jerusalem," because it is mysterious and un-bible-like; neither go they to the Independents, General Baptists, or Methodists, for they are

Arminian-like. Let, then, a free-grace man go into this large field—let him lovingly, faithfully, and truthfully

"Tell to sinners all around,
What a dear Saviour he has found,"

and showers of blessings must follow.

Mr. John Ashworth, the author of "Strange Tales," in Rochdale, has done, is doing an extraordinary work; preparing some, at least, for an experimental ministry; he has both broken up the fallow ground, and he has cast in some good seed; and it certainly will bring forth fruit.

No good can result from good men looking shy at such men as John Ashworth, of Rochdale. He is doing a work in which God will bless him; and, again, there is Mr. Ashworth, of Heywood, who, for thirty years has presided over a Bible-class; and has, under God, thrown the precious seed of the Gospel into hundreds, if not into thousands of immortal souls. Many of these must be gathered into a good fold; and be fed with the good old corn of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Thus, it may be said, the ground has been well prepared,—John Kershaw, and the Ashworths have done their work: but they are men and soon must die; the fruit of their labour will live for scores of years after they are gone to heaven; let them, therefore, help on the infant cause; and thereby prove that all petty jealousies, all bitter-nesses, and unholy bigotries, are buried in an eternal oblivion.

II.—Another favourable feature is—this new cause has been watered with the tears of many of the Lord's living saints; and upon this well-watered seed, presently, I hope, the Sun of Righteousness will shine, and glory to God will be given by thousands who sympathize with the new and struggling cause at Heywood.

Mr. Corbit, Mr. Grindsburg, C. W. Banks, and Mr. Weightman, addressed the meeting; Mr. Ashworth spoke several times; and many weighty words were listened to by a large congregation.

Next morning, I went to Bury, to Bolton, and hence to Tyldesley, where I preached again in Countess of Huntingdon's chapel: and the next Lord's-day I was permitted to speak three times in the new chapel at Heywood; and shall be right glad to be able to report its onward peace and prosperity. I expect the rise and progress of this interesting cause will be given by the pen of one far more capable than myself.

MR. GRINDSBURG AT MANCHESTER.

Before I left Heywood on the Monday morning, I was favoured to have this word given to me, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." I was announced to preach that evening in Mr. Grindsburg's meeting, in Bold-street, a little off the Chorlton-road. I was glad to receive a word to think upon that day; and to Manchester we went. And that season was very refreshing to me. A congregation of warm-hearted singers, and of earnest hearers, with God's presence, helped me to speak freely of what the Christian is called upon to be by grace here; "Faithful unto death;" and of his reward hereafter—"I," saith the Lord, "will give thee a crown of life."

I remember well how much this question pressed itself upon my mind;—"Upon what principle can the fulfilment of the promise be said to depend upon the performance of the precept?" Certainly not upon the principle of man's free will; but upon that divinely co-operative principle that where God giveth grace the holy Spirit calls for THE EXERCISE of that grace; as Paul pointedly speaketh, "Work out your own salva-

tion with fear and trembling: for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his own good pleasure."

There are three things faith dealeth with;—the covenant of grace; the Lord Jesus Christ; and the Gospel of our salvation: To each of these we are called upon to be faithful: "Be ye always mindful of the covenant," (that is one): "Looking unto Jesus," (that is two): "Holding fast the profession of your faith in the Gospel," which means, holding fast Gospel doctrines, ordinances, and precepts; never forsaking or casting contempt upon any one of them.

Mr. Grindsburg has commenced to preach Christ's Gospel in that part of Manchester where it is much needed. We were glad to find so many good old Manchester friends gathering around him. Mr. John Derbyshire, Mr. John Hudson, and others. We should be glad to learn that Mr. Taylor had dealt with Mr. Grindsburg as Mr. Smith, of Upper Temple-street, has done; inviting Mr. G. several times to supply the Upper Temple-street pulpit; thus practically introducing a ministerial brother to the Christian community in Manchester: where, we pray, he may usefully and acceptably stand for many years.

After being favoured to inspect the new and beautiful glass works, in the Chester-road, belonging to the Messrs. Derbyshire Brothers; whose new premises, show rooms, &c., &c., are worth the attention of all who are interested in the progress of that elegant art; and after looking over the coach building repository, in Clarendon square, of Mr. Wright's,—whose family kindly received me, I set sail for Hull; and was landed there late that night, quite safe, but weary and faint by the way. Hull is a famous town for churches and chapels, for halls and institutions, of every useful class and character; and the inhabitants of this great commercial and shipping town, pay a great respect to the Lord's-day; and immense congregations are gathered together. I preached in the Mechanics' Institute to a numerous company; and was cheered to hear that the church and cause increases under the ministry of their pastor, Mr. Mac Donald, who is strongly recommended to supply, occasionally, any destitute church, who can receive a plain and truthful testimony. I found some genuine Christians in Hull; and really enjoyed spiritual communion with them; yea, some things I heard and witnessed, may form a second letter to you. Having travelled eleven days; being rather beat, forgive the barrenness of this epistle: and pray that something more profitable may next come from your much exercised, and old friend, C.W.B.

MEOPHAM, KENT—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You feel pleasure in hearing of the prosperity of the cause of God; while many readers will rejoice with us to know that our covenant God has again visited us, after a long wintry season, and filled our hearts with joy, and our tongues with singing. Since Mr. Lingley left us, in the Autumn of 1862, we have had various supplies; and in the beginning of this year, the church met and agreed to hold special meetings for prayer, to ask the Lord to send us one whose ministry He would own and bless to the in-gathering of His chosen and redeemed family, and also, to feed, comfort, and encourage, the church of God. When brother Webb resigned his pastorate at Pimlico, we invited him to supply for us; and his ministry being blessed of the Lord to the souls of many, the church invited him for six months, with a view to the pastorate. Since brother Webb has been with us, our hearts have been cheered with the blissful sound, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." On the second Lord's-day in August, brother Webb baptized four:—a brother and his wife, (who had passed through much affliction, and to whom brother W.'s ministry had been made a blessing,) and a brother and

sister; one of the latter to whom brother Kevan's ministry was blessed of the Lord when supplying here. Last Lord's-day, Nov. 6th, eight more were immersed in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, upon a profession of their faith in the Son of God. Before time for service, the chapel was crowded to excess; at half-past ten, brother Webb and the candidates were by the pool. A hymn was sung, a portion of the Word read, solemn prayer for the divine blessing, then another hymn, and then brother Webb addressed the crowded audience, (going out of the usual way on this occasion.) First he spoke on the ordinance, then dividing his hearers into six divisions, namely—"The curious spectator;" next, "Those who think there is no necessity to be baptized;" third, "The young;" fourth, "The inquirer;" fifth, "The church;" and then the "Candidates." Brother Martin, the father of the above-named brother and sister, again supplicated the throne, another verse, and brother Webb baptized five females and three males, in the name of the triune Jehovah: and truly it was a most blessed season. The Lord's presence being realized we could sing the 136th Psalm. One of the last eight is the daughter of that dear man of God, Mr. Pope; who went home to glory in 1851, after labouring here eighteen years. Seven out of the twelve were once scholars in the school; five are now teachers; two of the males have known the Lord many years, but could not (through fear) take up the cross before. O may the Lord continue to bless us as a church, and pour upon us the spirit of grace and supplication, and upon the whole church of Christ. So prays your unworthy brother,
T. GILBERT.

SIBLE HEDINGHAM—I have pleasure in recording one more good day at Sible Heddingham. On Tuesday, the 18th of October, we opened our new chapel (Behoboth), when Mr. W. Alderson, of London, and Mr. S. Kemp, of Glemsford, were the preachers. Amongst us were also Messrs. Smith, of Halstead, Cook, of Braintree, Powell, of Coggeshall, French, of Marks Tey, Beacock, of Yeldham, Beolt, of Chelmsford, and Wheeler, our present minister. Owing to a delay on the railway, it was late before Mr. Alderson and other friends arrived, consequently the services were commenced by Mr. B. Powell, of Coggeshall, reading the 138th Psalm and imploring God's blessing. Mr. Alderson preached a good sound Gospel sermon, subject—"The name of the Lord." He particularly noticed it as referring to the Lord Jesus Christ. He spoke blessedly on the name being the password of a Christian; and he hoped thereby to find out some few that day who would know that name which is above all others. The afternoon service was commenced by Mr. Carriage, of Melford. Mr. S. Kemp then took his text Luke i. 33, "And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." He spoke first of the qualification of Christ to reign; secondly, the house of Jacob, the kingdom he should reign over; and lastly, the perpetuity of his reign, "for ever." Mr. Kemp occupied a whole hour, and much enjoyed his subject, as did the hearers; who listened with marked attention to such glorious themes; it was an enlivening and Christ-exalting sermon. Tea was then supplied for 218 in the chapel. This tea was provided for the benefit of the cause by the friends; it brought in 29 7s. 6d. to the building fund. At the evening service the chapel was densely crowded; Mr. Beacock engaged in prayer; Mr. Alderson preached a very encouraging sermon from Isaiah xxv. 6. He spoke of the mountains as representing the church, in their creation, their greatness, their grandeur, and their loftiness; he then regarded them as being made up of particles: here he spoke very beautifully of God's love to the ones; there was the one at Samaria; and the one lost sheep; and he hoped there were some ones at

Sible Heddingham, who were to make up this mountain. He also noticed a mountain as an emblem of strength and power; he further observed it as being a uniting tie between earth and heaven; he said he believed the church of Christ preserved the whole world, and as soon as every particle was gathered out of it, the earth would be folded up as a garment. He concluded by addressing the people very encouragingly on their being blessed to die on the base of the mount, on a footing of security; being assured that all those who are once on this rock will ultimately reach the glorious summit, there to enjoy the presence of Him who redeemed them, for ever. When asking for a collection, he said he had much enjoyed the day at Heddingham, and was very agreeably surprised when he entered so large a chapel, and so well filled; he thought of coming to a place little more than ten feet square, instead of thirty feet by fifty. While the third good collection was being made, we sang—"All hail the power of Jesu's name;" and while the friends were leaving—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;" thus ended a happy day at *Rehoboth*, Sible Heddingham.—On the following Sunday, our good brother Whorlow preached three sermons to full congregations: his text morning and afternoon was Psalm cxxii. 1; another good day much enjoyed. I am requested to thank all the ministers and friends who have so liberally favoured us and assisted us, and may the God of all grace continue to bless us.—Yours faithfully,
ONE THAT WAS THERE.

SUFFOLK—BAPTIST CHAPEL, SUDBOURN. First anniversary of opening above chapel was held Tuesday, Nov. 15th; two sermons were preached; morning, by Mr. Pawson, of Aldringham; afternoon, by Mr. Poock, of Ipswich. A large company took tea. In evening, public meeting was held: chair occupied by the minister, Mr. Large. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Baker, of Tunstall, Mr. Pawson, and Mr. Poock, and the following report was read:—"We desire at this annual gathering to give a report of the Lord's dealings with us during the past year; to express our gratitude to our covenant God and Father; and our thankfulness to friends known and unknown: In relation to the debt on the chapel, at our opening services last year we had collected, subscribed, and received, £23 17s. 4½d.; collections and tea at the opening, £11 14s. 2½d.; promised by friends at the evening service, about £10; received from an unknown friend in Kent, £6 for the chapel, together with £1 for the minister; (our friend has since gone to his heavenly rest) Mr. W. Walker, (by Mrs. Large,) £10; a friend at Thetford, £5; collections from churches, viz. Waldringfield, Bungay, Beccles, Charsfield, Aldringham, Hadleigh, and Tunstall, £24 8s. 2d.; collections and profits of tea at Whitsuntide, new year's offering at the chapel, surplus of monthly collections, sittings, &c., £9 1s. 2½d., (our brother Large reserving only £8 per quarter for his labours); various sums received from different parts of the kingdom, £17 0s. 3d." Thus the Lord has prospered us, and been in our midst to bless, and do us good; and we desire to praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that is to come. Two persons have been baptized, and added to the church. Number of members, twenty-four; children in Sabbath school, sixty-five. Collections on Tuesday, £2 8s. 3½d.; cards and donations, £1 8s. This has been an undertaking for our brother Large, but the Lord has signally blessed the effort, and we trust by the liberality of Christian friends, the remaining debt, something under £100, will soon be liquidated, and the building free.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

ISLINGTON—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL. Anniversary services were held Lord's-day, Nov. 13th, when two excellent sermons were delivered

by Mr. Edwards, of Sutton, Isle of Ely, and one in the afternoon by Mr. James Wells. Mr. Wells has been educated for the ministry at the best of schools,—he knows well how to dig deep into truth, and bring out that which seeks and searches out God's dear sheep in the dark and cloudy day; however far they may have wandered from the fold, the everlasting Gospel embraces them, but it is not every minister now-a-days that so faithfully preaches that Gospel as to be made instrumental in gathering in the outcasts of Israel. No man ever preached like Jesus Christ: as it is written, "Never man spake like this man;" but I verily believe the ministry of that man to be the most successful that most resembles that of his Master. The Lord has made Mr. Wells a very successful preacher in the best sense of the word, which is well known, the secret of which seems to be, like the Master Himself, the suitability of the message to the lost and ruined condition of man; may the Lord still bless his labours abundantly for many years to come. Mr. Foreman preached on the following Tuesday, from the last verse of the 23rd Psalm, when some very savoury truths were brought forward; and thus concluded our anniversary services. Though the weather was unfavourable the attendance was exceedingly good, and the collections also good, for which we sincerely thank the friends who were present on the occasion. Though we are still without a pastor, the Lord hath done great things for us; we have had most excellent supplies, and the word has been much blessed, as many can testify; but our eyes are still up unto the Lord for a stated ministry. Mr. Comfort, of Ramsgate, is supplying occasionally, and his name very much resembles the truths he is able to bring forward; for very many of God's dear people at Providence have received much comfort in hearing the same.

A. WILLEY.

HORNSEY NEW TOWN—In the Cowper road, near Stoke Newington, stands a neat building called Mount Zion chapel, where twelve months since, a church was formed on Strict Baptist principles under the ministry of Mr. Cornwell. The first anniversary of this young cause was holden on Lord's-day, Nov. 13th. Sermons were preached in the morning by Mr. Holland, in afternoon by C. W. Banks, and in evening by Mr. Osmond. On the following Tuesday, a tea and friendly meeting was holden. Mr. Cornwell presided, being surrounded by a crowded audience, and several of his ministerial brethren. Mr. Cornwell is a young man of a modest, but decided spirit, of good appearance, kind deportment, and qualified to speak the truth as in the Lord it stands and shines. We may hope to be able to record, from time to time, his growth in the ministry, and the growth of the church under him. He stands in a rising neighbourhood; and a devoted minister, a willing people, a praying, and truth-loving, and Gospel-living church cannot fail of finding good success. The ministers—at least, the majority of them—furnished evidence of the goodness of God to His people in continuing to raise up a body of men willing and able to work in the vineyard. This will appear in the brief detail following. Soon after the meeting was opened, Mr. Holland rose to present the pastor with a present, in the shape of several volumes of Gill's and Charnock's works. In a pleasant way the books were laid before Mr. Cornwell, who received them gratefully. His good deacon, brother Maslin, also received a present; in fact, the kindness and happiness of the people toward their pastor and deacon appeared very delightful. When the presentation was over, C. W. Banks was called to address the meeting. He said—There was a good feeling springing up in the churches under the title, "Take care of your ministers." The church here was carrying this out practically. As far as possible it was well

for ministers to seek the Lord earnestly, to enable them to take care of themselves. First, by getting their credentials clearly and comfortably sealed home in their own souls, realizing the fact, not only that the Lord had sent them, but that He was with them. This happy assurance realized, would enable a man to stand so firmly that none could much harm him. Again, a minister should labour to be well furnished in his own mind with the greatest possible variety of good Gospel matter. By praying, reading, thinking, acute observation, and by as much writing as possible, he must labour incessantly. By the help of God he must well open up three books—the Bible, the experience of good men, and the book of God's providence in conducting Israel through this desert land: and thus equipped, thus instructed, thus preserved, he would not have much to fear. Mr. Crowhurst gave us some encouraging words: he is a good and useful man; his church and congregation have so extended, they must have a larger place. The choir sang with good effect, "A day's march nearer home," and Mr. Slack delivered one of the best addresses we ever heard from him. He looked well and happy, and up in every point of interest to the meeting, he spoke pleasingly and truthfully. Mr. Holland described God's plants and His planting. Mr. Flory with great liberty and clearness threw out a testimony for truth, which was gladly received. Mr. Osmond illustrated the Christian by a reference to Samuel and David. Mr. Whitteridge, in a pithy and neat address, proves himself a man of God, who is, by patient perseverance, rising into the enjoyment of more confidence and liberty in the ministry. Mr. Rayment offered thanksgiving to God for His goodness, with faith and grateful feeling. Mr. Geo. Webb, the pastor of Zion, in Camden Town, kindly united with us: and all the preachers and people having sung—"Crown Him Lord of all," retired quite refreshed. Such meetings are really useful.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.—A grateful recognition of the hand of God, by the Particular, the baptized church of Jesus Christ, worshipping a triune God in this place. On Wednesday evening, Oct. 19th, a united and happy company of friends sat down to a sumptuous supper, in the neat and commodious school room belonging to the New Baptist chapel. The opening services of the two previous days being concluded, in which that noble champion of truth, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, preached two powerful sermons, to large congregations, which were attended with the unction of truth, the power of the Spirit, and the presence of Christ. On Wednesday afternoon a minister, whilst speaking, finding there was no clock in the chapel, kindly presented a sovereign toward purchasing one. At our social table in the evening, around which sat fifty persons rejoicing in the abundant goodness of the Lord to His people, the subject of the clock was brought forward; a clockmaker was present, the price of one ascertained, the money collected and paid then and there—it is the new clock in the new chapel; a balance was over the required sum; more than sufficient to meet the deficiency required for the new harmonium, though one friend collected in a fortnight, eight guineas for it; so that this is now free. A gentleman present enquired as to the financial matters of the new building. He was informed the cost of ground, &c., was £1,100, the loan of £150 from the Baptist Fund, £36 from the opening services, with what the friends had paid in, left only a balance of £220. £20 was promised if the £200 was collected within twelve months; the challenge was accepted, and notwithstanding the unbounded liberality of the Harrow friends, in a very few minutes £50 was promised. We hope, by the blessing of the Lord, to accomplish this, and present the chapel free of debt to the denomination. On the Lord's day after the opening services, the pastor

preached upon the principles and practices of the church; and in the evening baptized two believers. A large congregation, with deep and profound attention, witnessed the administration of that divinely appointed institution. Six applications have been made for membership. On the evening of the first Sabbath of this month, four received the right hand of fellowship; the rest are waiting for letters of dismission. Many others are enquiring, and we expect a large increase. The congregation is enlarging; the spirit of prayer, union, peace, and love, is poured out upon the church. More sittings already are let in the new chapel, bringing in a larger monetary supply than was the case in the old one. The pastor is greatly encouraged, and determined in the strength of his Master, still to preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The church is full of hope, life, and increased activity in the cause of God; everything is encouraging. We are thankful to God, and take courage. THOS. SMITH, Pastor. [We have inserted the above note exactly as sent by Mr. Smith, without note or comment.—Ed.]

PULHAM ST. MARY.—I was at the Baptist chapel, here in Norfolk, one day, and was quite happy. The large chapel is filled; the pastor, Mr. Benjamin Taylor, is a scribe well instructed. He read, and prayed, and preached, and baptized, and received members into the church, and administered the Lord's supper, and exhorted and conversed with the people; and, in all his work, his heart was warm; and his mind and mouth most industrious and fruitful in holy things. His people said his dear wife was almost entirely paralyzed; and even Mr. Taylor's health is not good. How I did wish our wealthy Christians would remember such hard-working and afflicted pastors as this. I tell you, Mr. C. W. Banks, I have travelled hundreds of miles, yea, thousands and tens of thousands, in this country, and I have seen the poverty and affliction of many pastors, and I do think it is high time that you cry out more loudly than you have ever yet done—"TAKE CARE OF YOUR MINISTERS." You VESSEL men, and Standard men, and Herald men, who represent our churches (editorially and ministerially) can do much to help our brethren, if you will but persevere. I tell you, good men of God must not be left to starve, as they have been left; let us arise and help them. The Pulham church is very fond of its pastor; and they cling to him; and support him to the utmost, but, poor souls, many hundreds of them have to rear their families upon ten shillings per week. What can they spare for Zion? One friend, in black and white, told me Mr. Taylor is writing a beautiful book on the Visions in Zechariah. Lahally try and get subscribers for it—for I believe him to be a godly, honest man—although he knows nothing of this, for I am
A TRAVELLER FROM THE NORTH.

KEDINGTON.—BELOVED BROTHER, Many thanks for yours. How singular it appeared! My dear wife and I were standing against our door as Fanny brought the letter. My wife said, "I wonder how Mr. B. is; I would write to see if he was dead or alive;" so your note was seasonable. Last night I read again some of your "New Life," and found it good; felt a real Gospel love to you; my mind has been thinking much this morning upon the best of all subjects, love: its Author, and Revealer; it is worth all worlds to feel real holy love in the heart. I believe there are thousands deceived on this one point; the love talked about is false, and they will find it so some time. Oh, what a wonderful mercy if you and I are the subjects of pure love; I do believe we are; not unto us, no, no; love teaches its subjects to honor and glorify the Author of it. We have not yet done anything to the chapel; nor have we received any help; I think the Lord is work-

ing; hope to do something in the spring. We have plenty of people at Kedington. Mr. Murkin baptized two last Ordinance-day. I find the preacher's word very precious to my soul; and so do many. Our pastor is going to Cottingham on the 20th of next month, to supply for the people that Mr. Wyard left. I feel thankful we get some excellent matter from the pulpit; I want real Gospel; it is of no use to me unless it is "Christ, all, and in all." My trials are many. Pray for me when you can. I hear Mr. Powell has left Coggeshall, and is going 200 miles off. Yours sincerely, JOHN DILLISTON. [We urgently ask Christian friends to help Kedington brethren to build their gallery. See *Cheering Words* for November. Ed.]

BRAINTREE, ESSEX—SALEM BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Tuesday, Nov. 15th, the above named chapel was opened for divine worship, when friends from Chelmsford, Coggeshall, Halstead, and other places, availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing that well-known "defender of the faith," and supporter of the truth, Mr. J. Bloomfield; who in the morning preached an excellent sermon from Zac. viii. 13. The Lord blessed the word. Mr. Kemp, of Glensford, preached in the afternoon in his usual cheerful and earnest manner from Isaiah lx. 13. About 120 took tea in the chapel at five o'clock. In the evening, Mr. Bloomfield preached again to a crowded audience, and many were obliged to go away regretting they were not able to gain admission. The collections, &c., amounted to £17. Last Lord's-day I preached to three good congregations, and we are earnestly praying that the Lord may prosper the truth in this dark and benighted part of our land, and add daily to the church such as shall be everlastingly saved. Christian friends, please to remember us at a throne of grace. That we may be enabled to "pray without ceasing" here, and privileged to sing without ceasing hereafter, is the prayer of yours in Christ, GEORGE COOK.

SOHO.—The late Mr. Fells and the Soho Sabbath school children.—The children of the above school, connected with the church where this honoured man laboured, have presented to his widow, through their superintendent and secretary, a very handsome gold mourning ring. The following is the letter forwarded with it:—"Soho chapel, Sunday school.—Dear Mrs. Fells,—The scholars of Soho Sunday School feeling the deepest sorrow at your recent bereavement, desire to convey to you an expression of their earnest sympathy; and to this end they beg to enclose a mourning ring, which they trust you will accept with kindest love.—In the name of the scholars, allow us to subscribe ourselves, your sincere friends, —JOHN BATTERSLEY, Superintendent, WALTER A. HALL, Secretary.

RUSHDEN—SUOCOTH NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Lord's-day, October 30th, Mr. C. Drawbridge had the sacred pleasure of immersing eight individuals at their own request in the name of the Triune God. Many could not gain admission to witness this delightful act of scriptural obedience to the mandate of the King of kings. In the afternoon of the same day, these five females and three males, were received into this prosperous part of the vineyard of Jehovah our Righteousness. This is the first time of using the new and commodious baptistry; we hope soon to welcome many more volunteers into the ranks of His Most Gracious Majesty.

BOOKS.

"*Apostolic Preaching.*"—This pamphlet contains Mr. Dixon Burn's letter to Mr. Cracknell, reviewing the controversy between the brethren Wale and Cracknell. It is a kind of supplementary number to the *EARTHEN VESSEL*; and will come in for a good share of criticism before long. Here are three brethren all aiming to show us

how the Gospel is to be preached—how Christ's commission is to be fully carried out. Sometimes a ray of light crosses our little dark mind, and then all clouds vanish in a moment. One scripture, the whole morning, revealed the harmony of the entire Gospel plan, that is, to us: can any brother overturn this? It is Hosea x. 11, 12, taken in a prophetic Gospel sense, (1) "Judah shall plough." This our anti-typical Judah did. He broke up the ground of man's fall; and revealed the deep things of God. (2) "Jacob shall break his clods." This the apostles did; they gave us the great truths connected with man's need, and God's remedy, in beautiful detail. They propounded the mysteries of heaven with a mighty clearness. (3) This leads the quickened elect of God to "Bow to themselves in righteousness." The hand of faith takes the promise home, and in prayer and with tears and groans they plead with heaven for peace and pardon. (4) Then in God's good time, they "Reap in mercy;" (5) and by grace given, proceed to "Break up the fallow ground," by preaching the Gospel, planting churches, instrumentally breaking poor sinner's hearts. Then—(6) they may well cry out—"IT IS TIME TO SEEK THE LORD;" there is the great period for pressing home the exhortation; and to use its continuance "Until (7) He come and rain righteousness upon you." Does not this present a clear view of the Gospel ministry? If not, we shall be compelled to bring forth Master Hussey's work on this great mystery. We have before us a paper commenced, headed—"THE QUESTION FOR PREACHERS AND PEOPLE;—How can you discern a letter-man from a man who has the Spirit of God in him for the ministry of the Gospel?" This, and good John Taylor's letter, may come forth. Meanwhile, read Dixon Burn's review. It can be had free for two stamps of J. Paul, London.

"*The Gospel Hymn Book for Sunday Schools.*" By W. Hawkins, Minister of Trinity Chapel.—This useful and excellent help to truthful melody in schools has reached its seventeenth thousand, and in every way improves as it advances. All our churches and schools must be thankful to God for having employed Mr. Hawkins in the production of a book so purely and comprehensively in accordance with our faith and our enterprising efforts to do good.

"*Happy John, the Dying Policeman.*"—This two-penny testimony from the pen of Mr. Doudney, carries strong evidence of the sovereignty of saving grace. The narrative is full of the manifestations of Jesus Christ to one of His own sheep. It is worth millions of sermons. It is more to us than many costly volumes. It is Christ revealed, Christ received, Christ rejoiced in, Christ and the saint in glory. We shall notice it more in *Cheering Words*. May be had of Mr. Collingridge.

Deaths.

Died, on the 21st September, at Woodbridge, Suffolk, Mr. BRADY RIVITT, for many years an active and useful deacon of the Baptist church at Waldringfield. His end was peace. The funeral took place on the 27th, on which occasion a large number of friends were present, to testify their love and esteem, among whom was the late pastor, Mr. Pawson and wife. Mr. Last (the present pastor) conducted the funeral service, and on the following Lord's-day, October the 2nd, Mr. Pawson preached the funeral sermon to a crowded assembly.

That devoted and faithful servant in the church, so many years deacon in East Lane Baptist church, brother STRADLEY, has gone to his rest, to his home, to his Saviour God. His remains were laid in Nunhead cemetery, Nov. 24th. His pastor, Mr. Alderson, preached a funeral sermon, Sunday evening, Nov. 27th, 1864.

Died Nov. 5th, 1864, Mr. JOHN LINDLEY, forty-five years deacon of the Baptist church, Old Brentford, and in the seventy-third year of his age.

LOOKING BACKWARD—FORWARD—AND AROUND US.

As we were closing up this twentieth volume of *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, the last published sermon preached in London, by Mr. West, of Winchelsea, was put into our hands; and on reading the text, "Happy is the man who hath the God of Jacob for his help," we truly felt that happiness was our portion, because "THE GOD OF JACOB HAS BEEN OUR HELP."

Having written the words, we look at them, not boastingly, but humbly, and sincerely; we must not erase them; we write not falsely in adopting them; we realize, in some measure, the exceeding preciousness of them; we carefully and delightfully repeat them, "THE GOD OF JACOB HATH BEEN OUR HELP."

Therefore, for full twenty years, we have been privileged and permitted to continue in this work, and in many letters we have received, testimonies (from over the seas, and from all parts of our native shores) are given of the value of our *VESSEL*; as hereby thousands receive the good news of Zion's increase; and the expositions and confirmations of the truth and the grace of the Gospel which we give, are everywhere joyfully welcomed by the scattered tribes of God's chosen inheritance.

With gratitude most profound, we present to all our readers, to all our contributors, to all our agents, to all our ministerial brethren, and to all who furnish us with intelligence (and thus help to further our design), our acknowledgments of thankfulness; at the same time beseeching them to renew their efforts on our behalf. In this department of our work, we are not ashamed to beg, nor are we too idle to dig. While, therefore, we purpose, in the given strength of our God, to press on, and still to throw the seeds of truth into all parts of the civilized world, and to sow the choicest evidences of grace among the millions of our people, we can, with good conscience ask all our friends to buckle on their armour, and in every direction, in every practical way, give us their co-operation, and their most persevering aid.

These are not times when men, who are set up for the defence of the truth, can afford to go to sleep: nor in any sense to be idle; neither must they be discouraged by all the opposition they meet in the way. In many ways we have had to combat with the heaviest trials that could ever befall a public man: but "THE GOD OF JACOB HATH BEEN OUR HELP." It may be asked, "HOW?" We answer, first, negatively, He has never yet shut up the Bible from us. No, blessed be His holy name, by His word, by His Spirit, by His interposing Providence, He is always speaking to our heart. In our study, in our walks, in all our travels, in all our writings and readings, we prove this true, "the name of the city from that day shall be, THE LORD IS THERE."

"How HAS THE GOD OF JACOB helped you?" reiterate some. We answer, by never shutting the doors of the throne of grace against us. There we have gone—there we have sighed—there we have wept—there we have taken hold of His strength—there we have prevailed.

He hath helped us, by calling us from one sphere of labour to another. These encampments, and our removals from them, are all on record, and may some day be read.

He hath helped us, so that while we have beheld a great multitude coming out against us, we have never despaired. Not one of all the literary hosts have ever taken our ground from under us. Our work, and our spiritual reward is as great as ever.

Praises—everlasting praises to our God be given; and to our helpers, thanks.

In looking forward, we have plans and prospects of more extensive usefulness than hitherto.

In looking around us, there is still room and there is still a necessity for a plain experimental work like our own. *The Christian World* has recently cast (in a genteel and in seemingly a humorous spirit) a javelin into the very centre of our camp. We have a coat of mail in which to go forth and meet him presently. Beside this, there are many spurious and cold milk-and-water preparations presented to our churches, which are only fitted to starve the living, and to pamper the pride of those who have a name to live, and yet are (in Divine realities) either dead or asleep in false security.

Free from all cliques of men, disentangled from all committees and from all societies, calling no man master, having neither bishop, dean, nor elder to control us, we hope still, for many years, to pursue our course, to expose error, and to unfurl the delightful banners of Truth, and may the God of Jacob still be our help, and the help of all our friends, the help of all His churches, and of all His people, until every atom of reproach be righteously wiped away from us and all our work, and until we are all safely housed in heaven. So prays the grateful and humble

Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*.