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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL :

AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD & REVIEW ;

FOR
1848.

VOLUME IV.

London :

PUBLISHED BY JAMES PAUL, 1, CHAPTER-HOUSE-COURT,
PATERNOSTER ROW; AND
GEORGE, JOHN & ROBERT BANKS, 6, PAGODA TERRACE,
BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD, SOUTHWARK.

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A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE LIVING CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD

BELOVED readers of the *Vessel!* we hail you on the morning of another new year! The toils, pains, temptations, and sorrows of the old year are passed away. 365 days, 8,765 hours, 525,948 minutes, 31,556,937 seconds are fallen from the parenthesis of time, in the last old year, into the unfathomable abyss of eternity! Thus, our years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and moments are all numbered; and our sands of mortal life are all fast running out, one by one, as our pulse beats time to the solemn dirge of approaching death; and our mortal bodies are going to the dark land of worms, the house appointed for all flesh. Thousands are fallen in the last old year; and doubtless, many have entered the dark valley, the regions of the dead, without a hope in Christ, and without a good hope of immortal life in the eternal world of glory. O, ye happy, highly favoured saints of the most high God! who have a good hope through grace, a lively hope in your souls, by the resurrection of Christ, revealed in your souls, rejoice! rejoice!! and begin your new year's song with 'high hallelujah! glory to God and the Lamb!'

The great time-piece of creation was drawn up by its great Maker's eternal band; and he that is both God and man, standing in both time and eternity, both on the sea and on the earth, shall soon lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that there shall be time no longer. Rev. x. 6. 'There is a time to be born, and a time to die,' but no time to live. Death entered into this world by sin; and the world, and whole creation hath been groaning, and travailing in pain, and dying, ever since sin entered into the world. All time is death dying. Life is the eternal God himself; and Christ is God, who saith, 'I am the life;' and as God man, by his death, hath abolished death out of his spiritual church, and having risen through the Spirit, hath brought life, eternal life, and immortality to light through the gospel; and Jesus being the true God, and eternal life, is a quickening spirit, who breathes eternal life into every soul that is born of the Spirit; and thus gives his sheep eternal life. The old perishing world is dying and

sinking daily; but the quickened, spiritual church of Christ, is rising up daily into eternal glory. Jesus breathed on his disciples, and said, *receive ye the Holy Ghost.* And as every natural living man has the dying breath of life in him, so every spiritual living man, the new man, hath the breath of eternal life in his soul; and this life is God in him, Christ in him, the Holy Ghost in him; for, 'your life is hid with Christ in God.' The life of your soul is hid in the Deity; and the Deity is hid in your soul; and every sigh, groan, and cry that arises out of your soul through the weight of sin and its loathsomeness, and the body of this death, is nothing less than God in your soul. 'The Spirit maketh intercession for us, with groanings that cannot be uttered;' (Romans viii. 26;) and these are the groans of the Son of God, in his dying body the church, on earth.

And, dearly beloved, all pains and sufferings while on earth, is but filling up that which is behind (the hinder part of Christ's body still on earth) of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church. (Col. i. 24.) 'There is one body, and one spirit.' The church is Christ's body inhabited by the Holy Ghost. Every heaven born soul has a measure of the same spirit that dwelt in Christ without measure. 'We have this treasure in earthen vessels; and the same spirit that raised up Jesus from the dead, shall quicken your mortal body, by his spirit, that dwelleth in you.' Romans viii. 11.

And now, my dear souls, we know that there is nothing pleasant in death, abstractedly considered; but, pray that you may be enabled to leave all the dead and dying things of this world, and your dying flesh in the hands of him who was only able to overcome and conquer death; who took out death's sting, which is sin, by his blood, on the cross. And, believe me, sweet souls, it is only the Holy Spirit, Christ's spirit in you, that can take sin, death's sting out of your poor troubled conscience; and that spirit being a spirit of life, love, and holiness, more powerful than sin, death, and hell, is able to draw death's sting out of your wounded conscience, by the application of Christ's blood, and pour such floods

of light and love into our souls that can make us willing and pleased to drop this vile mortal flesh to be with Christ in open vision. A proof of this you may see in the last number of the *Vessel*, by the Obituaries from Wolverhampton and Hull.

Beloved, this is that precious faith wrought in us by the power of the Holy Ghost, that can only fortify our trembling souls against the fears of death, that terrible death now stalking round the world in various forms—sword, pestilence, and famine. And now, ye dear rosy-faced youth, whose youthful blood runs warm and swift through your veins, and you dear brethren, who have arrived at sober and refreshing manhood, should you, by God's preserving mercy, escape these things, death, in old resistless time, brings on hoary headed winter 'and gallerous old age winds up her tale' on earth. Therefore, we would not attempt to charm your souls with politics, vain philosophy, worldly glory, and a fancied perfection, in this dying corruptible state, but endeavour to point you to the dying, rising, reigning glory of the Son of God. Brethren, though we have much here to cause thankfulness to God, there is nothing in this life worth soul-glory. This life is but a lingering sickness, terminating only in death. Disease and death are in all things around us, and in our poor mortal flesh. If we look to the east, on the old continent, in Russia, there is pestilence, and thousands dying of the cholera—in Switzerland, insurrection, blood-shed, and death by the sword—and if we look to the west, to the American continent, in Mexico, there we hear of bloodshed, and wholesale death—and near home, in that poor, neglected, priest ridden, sister country, Ireland, there murder, pestilence, and partial famine have been seen—and at home, distress, oppression, and crippled commerce. So that like Ezekiel's roll, 'lamentation, mourning, and woe,' is on both sides written. Still, amidst all this, no natural man, in the world with all his woes, saith, 'Where is God, my Maker, that giveth songs in the night?' But, O, dear saints of the Most High, who know your God, amidst all the death without, and heart-plague of the old man felt within, Christ's presence will give you a song in the night of affliction, and cause you to sing in the last night of death; and the new year's song of glory begins in the ever-

lasting year, where sin, sorrow, and death are never known.

Well, beloved, the old year, 1847, is gone, gone for ever! and 1848 salutes our eyes. Thanks be unto God for the many mercies in the past; the Lord multiply his mercies in this which has appeared; and give us grateful hearts, praying spirits, and a new year's song of praise. Yes; the old man has lost another old year; but the new man's new year's day and year began on the day of his new birth; and is eternal life, grace, and glory begun in the soul. 'He that sitteth upon the throne saith, and behold I make all things new;' a new birth, a new heart, a new man, a new creature, a new name, a new heaven, a new earth. When a woman marries she loses her old name; that is cut off; she takes a new name, the name of her husband; and the name of the church's husband is called *Wonderful, the Mighty God*; and the bride, the Lamb's wife, is wonderfully beloved, redeemed, and provided for; she is heirress of all things, and joint heirress with the God-man. The Son is the Father's delight; and the bride is the Father's delight in the Man; and the woman is the delight of the Man for ever and ever, Amen. O, glorious bride! 'Thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.' And as the bridegroom rejoices over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee. O holy church of God, rejoice in the Lord; and again, I say rejoice. Sing hosannah, hallelujah! to God in the highest. Amen and amen.

WILLIAM GARRARD.

Leicester, Dec. 3rd. 1847.

The Divine Faithfulness;

ITS PRECIOUSNESS, PERFECTION AND PERPETUITY.

"Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens."—Psalm lxxxix. 2.

To all the loved and learned of the Father,—

How truly blessed is it when the Holy Ghost, the testifier and glorifier of JESUS, is graciously pleased to cause us to remember 'the rock whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence we were digged,' and is also pleased to enable us to review the land through which we have travelled—to regard the hand by which we have been conducted—to re-

hearse the mighty and righteous acts of the Lord, in saving us from Satan's snares, preserving our steps while passing through perilous places, and delivering our souls out of dangers, difficulties and distresses innumerable, and to recount the manifold proofs and matchless gifts of love bestowed upon us, in order that we may record his faithfulness who has followed us with favour day by day, thereby fulfilling that sweet and sacred promise, penned by Isaiah (58 chapter, 8 verse), '*Thy righteousness shall go before thee: the glory of the LORD shall be thy reward.*'

The divine faithfulness is abundantly declared in the revelation Jehovah has been mercifully pleased to give of his mind and will concerning his church. It is brightly displayed in the redemption wrought by Jesus, even a complete redemption from sin and Satan, law and justice, death and hell. It is also blessedly discovered in the regeneration of sinners, in renewing their souls, and raising them up from the horrible pit, or pit of horrors, and revealing in them 'the Christ of God.' And it is gloriously developed in the ultimate reception of all such renewed and redeemed sinners into the blissful presence of the Three-one Jehovah, there to abide, and therein to rejoice for ever and ever.

In attempting a glance at the divine faithfulness as spoken of in the above-named text, let us notice:—1st, The preciousness of the doctrine; 2nd, Its perfection; and 3rd, Its perpetuity.

First—'*Thy faithfulness.*' There is a peculiar preciousness realized in the soul of the believer when contemplating the fact, that whatever the Lord in his infinite wisdom may suffer, permit, or allow, we are assured he will not *suffer his faithfulness to fail*, verse 33; from age to age the righteous seed have found (amidst all the treachery, trickery, twistings, and turnings of ungodly and unfaithful men, from which they have sadly suffered, and sorely smarted) '*the faithful God,*' (Deut. vii. 9,) has been their alone rock, refuge, and resting place. In order that we may better understand the subject, let us first observe what is involved in, or implied by the term faithfulness, viz., 1st, that certain engagements have been entered into; 2nd, that certain promises have been made; 3rd, that certain offices have been created; and 4th, that certain relationships have been and are sustained. The

divine faithfulness then implies, that certain engagements have been entered into, which are, that Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit, will be the God of his people Israel, even their God for ever and ever; and they, his people, shall be his portion, even his eternal inheritance; answerable to the inspired statements of the prophets, Hosea, Moses, and David. (see Hosea ii. 19, 20; Deut. xxxii. 9; Ps. xxxiii. 12.) Again, that certain promises arising out of the solemn engagements previously mentioned, have been made, viz., to bless with all spiritual blessings, to comfort with all heavenly consolations, to save and strengthen, to sustain, supply, to pardon and pacify, to direct and protect, yea, to satisfy and glorify the objects of Love's eternal choice, with the glory given to them in Christ Jesus before the world began. Also, that certain offices have been created for Him who is our surety, substitute and sacrifice, viz., the offices of Prophet, Priest, King, Shepherd, Advocate, and Judge, in all of which he is found faithful, not as a servant only, but as a son over his own house. (see Heb. iii. 1—6.) Moreover, he is the Mediator of the New Testament, the Messenger of the covenant, the Messiah promised, and the Minister of the true circumcision, making manifest in the fulfilling of these sacred offices his eternal power and godhead. And, finally, that certain relative characters have been and are sustained by him, he being our master, friend, brother, father, husband, and head, in all of which his goodness shines, his greatness stands confessed, his love abounds, his tenderness appears, his constant care is felt,

And his faithfulness both strong and sure,
Abides the same for evermore.

Thus then, to those that believe, and do the truth of God receive, this doctrine is precious, and daily experience of the same will render it increasingly precious.

In the second place let us notice the perfection of the divine faithfulness as expressed in our text, '*thy faithfulness shalt thou establish.*' To establish, signifies to settle, confirm, ratify; or, in plainer words, to make good; therefore, to establish his faithfulness, Jehovah must make good all that relates thereto, thereby proving its perfection to all such as know the preciousness of the doctrine. To aid us in understanding more fully what is intended by God establishing his

faithfulness, let us observe these four things:—1st, he will establish his covenant, or make good all his engagements as he assured our father Abraham of old; see Gen. xvii. 7. 2nd, he will establish his word, according to the desire of Elkanah, see 1 Sam. i. 23; or make good all his promises which are blessedly declared by the Holy Ghost, and as blessedly found by all the saints, to be yea and amen in Christ Jesus the Lord. 3rd, he will establish his work, by fulfilling every office he sustains to the utmost satisfaction of all interested therein; hence our deeply and divinely taught brother Paul was confident that the good work which God had begun in the hearts of the believing Philippians, he would perform or perfect until the day of Jesus Christ, and most blessedly did our adorable Lord in the days of his flesh, appeal to the authority of this infallible and indubitable witness—his work—saying, *'the works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me. If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works.'* John x. 25, 37, 38; surely, then, we who can say with David, *'thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work,'* Psalm xcii. 4; can also say with him, *'his work is honourable and glorious,'* Psalm cxi. 3. And hence, as *he is the rock, and his work is perfect,* (Deut. xxxii. 4,) we may cheerfully sing,

The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

and also,

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Fourth, he will establish his name in the estimation and experience of his begotten, beloved, and believing family, making good, and making manifest his inviolable faithfulness as their Lord and master, their bosom friend, their elder brother, their everlasting Father, their ever-loving husband, and their ever-living head:

Thus will he give them cause to bless
His love, his truth, and faithfulness.

and thus doth his name become great in Israel, and glorious in their salvation; yea, his name is exalted in their soul's realization of its sweetness, strength, suitability, and sufficiency; and is ex-

tolled in their songs of pure affection, and true adoration; while they sing,

His name proclaims the mourner's peace,
It makes the righteous bold;
It gives the wounded spirit ease,
Though faith be tried as gold.

It is our refuge in distress,
Our plea before the throne;
We never can be comfortless,
While his dear name is known.

In the third place, let us notice the perpetuity of the divine faithfulness:—*'thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.'* This implies four things with reference to the sons of God, the servants of Christ, the subjects of the Spirit's work, who are the seed of Jacob, sought out and separated by him that sanctifieth all that sanctified are. 1st, it implies, their entire preservation as the mystic body of Christ; 2nd, their complete purification as the manifested bride of Jesus; 3rd, their ultimate presentation in heaven as the mighty body of the great I AM; and 4th, their eternal participation of glory as the married bride of the glorious Lamb; hence their preservation is of love, their purification by blood, their presentation in righteousness, and their participation according to truth; and thus the purity of love divine, the preciousness of blood divine, the perfection of righteousness divine, and the power of truth divine, are proved and established in the very heavens, eternally unfolding, exhibiting, and illustrating the glory of the divine faithfulness.

I close these remarks by observing, that salvation is so evidently alone of God, that it requires the love, blood, righteousness, and power of the Lord God omnipotent to effect it, and be it solemnly written, and as solemnly remembered, that as the most powerfully formed arm would become motionless and inactive without blood, so even the arm of omnipotence, without blood, would prove inefficient to save one sinner from death deserved. Herein, then, is the righteousness of God revealed to the eye of faith, that love has decreed and determined that the merit of the blood of Jesus, and the might of the arm of Jehovah in Jesus should meet in the salvation of the church. And thus mercy and truth have met together, and pardon and peace from thence proceed. Concerning truth, consider three things in its reference to Christ,—1st, truth is the garment of his soul! 2nd, truth is the girdle of his loins; and,

3rd, truth is the glory of his life; also consider these three in its reference to the saints: 1st, truth is the ground on which they stand; 2nd, truth is the guide by which they walk, and 3rd, truth is the goal to which they run.

May the God of grace and peace, whose testimonies are sure, and whose faithfulness and mercy for ever endure, grant unto his dear children such blessed discoveries of his love, blood, righteousness, and truth, that they may feelingly adopt the language of David, '*I know, O LORD, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me,*' Psalm cxix. 75; and of Jeremiah, '*It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not; they are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness.*' Lam. iii. 22, 23; and of Isaiah, '*O LORD, thou art my God; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things: thy counsels of old (or thine ancient counsels) are faithfulness and truth.*' Isa. xxv. 1. Even so, Amen.

JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea, Dec. 9, 1847.

Death and Burial of the late Mr. James,

OF HARTLEY ROW.

FOR some time past the Lord's dealings with Mr. James have been very mysterious; his usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord appeared to be at a stand; but few perhaps anticipated that his end was so near, or that his departure to another and a better world, should be so sudden, although the nature of his complaint was such as must necessarily lead to this; it being a disease of the heart. Nov. 28, 1847, was the last Sabbath that he spent in the wilderness. It appears on that day he was engaged to preach, but was too ill to go, being in bed the best part of the day; but on the following day he was a little better; about nine or ten o'clock at night he complained of violent pains in his inside and went into his garden, where staying longer than usual, Mrs. J. went after him; and, poor thing, was just in time to hear his last groan, for he had fallen down, and, breathing his last, entered, we trust, into his eternal rest. The funeral took place the following Friday, December 3rd. Mr. John Foreman, of London, and Mr. Curtis, of Homerton, officiating. The chapel was quite full. Mr. Curtis opened the service by giving out that well known hymn, 'Why do we mourn departed friends?' after which, Mr. Foreman read the 9th, 10th, & 11th verses of the 8th chapter of the Romans, and gave a very suitable and solemn address. He began by stating that

he was almost left solitary. He said, 'brother Combe is gone; brother Stevens is gone, and now brother James is gone. I was almost ready to ask the Lord to spare them a little longer, that we might all go home together.' He spoke at some length on the body being dead because of sin, but the spirit being alive because of righteousness; shewing that it was but of little importance as to when, or where a man died, whether his was a laying affliction, or a walking affliction; but the grand thing to be considered was, whether he had the Spirit of Christ? for, 'If a man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his.' Now, (said Mr. Foreman) I am well persuaded that brother James had the spirit of Christ, and although the body is dead because of sin, he is not lost, but is gone a little before us into the mansions of bliss; for Christ gave body for body, and soul for soul, and there was a divine certainty of both being in heaven, for there was now no condemnation to them that are in Christ; no, nor any separation from him. He believed his dear departed brother was an honest man; one who loved and preached the TRUTH. Some did not think him experimental; or just in that line of things which pleased them; yet he never attempted to please man; but went on to preach CHRIST; and if he was here to speak, he would say, 'do not mention anything about me, but Christ, who is all in all,' with whom he now is, and of whom he knows more than all of us put together; so that he has outstepped us now.' Mr. F. concluded with prayer, after which the body was placed in a vault under the vestry.

WHAT IS THE SOUL?

THE soul is the breath of God, the beauty of man, the wonder of angels, and the envy of devils; 'tis of an angelical nature, 'tis an heavenly spark, a celestial plant, and of a divine offspring; 'tis capable of the knowledge of God, of union with God, of communion with God, and of an eternal fruition of God; there is nothing that can suit the soul below God, there is nothing that can satisfy the soul without God; the soul is so high and so noble a piece that it scorns all the world; what are all the riches of the East or West Indies? what are rocks of diamonds, or mountains of gold? or the price of Cleopatra's draught, to the price that Christ laid down for souls? 'Tis only the blood of him that is God-man that is an equivalent price for the redemption of souls. Silver and gold hath redeemed many thousands out of Turkish bondage, but all the silver and gold in the world could never redeem one poor soul from hellish bondage, from hellish torments. Souls are a dear commodity, he that bought them found them so; and yet at how cheap a rate do some sinners sell their immortal souls.—Brooks.

A Few Words to our Readers on the Opening of the New Year.

THROUGH winds, waves, and difficulties, with our life often in apparent jeopardy, have we struggled thus far to work our way; and by the good hand of our God upon us, have reached the solemn point, 1848! Here we pause; we thank God; and take courage. We bless his holy name for the past, the present, and the future; for, in reviewing the retrospect, our life and standing seems a miracle—a trophy of mercy, and all-conquering grace! And under their benign smiles we would unfurl the banner of love, and display its crimson colours because of Truth. We would plant it on the top of our sweet Ebenezer, and joyfully reiterate the ancient inscription, ‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!’ And then as our eye falls on the future—the dark—the gloomy future, with all its vast displays of divine and satanic skill brought into fearful contact, our souls rejoice to find themselves with Jehovah Jesus in the ark of covenant protection; so that however great or terrible the stroke by which the heavens and the earth shall be shaken, we are on safe ground! We ride secure! The little sanctuary of invincible truth will shield us from the judgments that will make the unfaithful to quake, the wicked to howl, and devils to rage; so that only with our eyes shall we behold, and see the reward of the wicked. Nor are we at liberty to put far from us the evil day, nor say, ‘Our Lord delayeth his coming,’ seeing the word of truth bids us to watch and be ready; the signs of the times exhibited in the past year, especially that shock of the commercial system—(the very backbone of political power)—which has spread, and is still spreading distress around, seems to say ‘Behold, the Judge is at the door!’ Another, and growing sign is the progress of Puseyism as linked with the changing policy of the crafty and insidiously working Pope of Rome. And surely, the ambition of the rival vicegerent will by no means allow him to stop in his measures, till they have fairly placed him on the top of the mountain of our Zion! Towards this terminus the events of the past year have hurried us along. Who can tell the velocity of FORTY-EIGHT? Who can say what events shall transpire; or, what displays

of sovereign care and power shall be made? Nor does it matter, beloved, to those who are with our glorious Christ, seeing all things must and shall work together for their good; and that though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the depths of the sea, they have a river of peace, the streams whereof shall make glad the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. In this we exult—in this we triumph!

But we wish to speak to a few points that concern the *Earthen Vessel*; and these are, the work itself—its correspondents,—its readers,—and its Editorship.

The Work itself. It purports not to be an iron vessel, of steam power, collecting and accommodating the wise, the mighty, and the noble of this world; nor a golden vessel, possessing nothing but what will stand the test of fire; but an *Earthen* one only, which may soon be broken and perish; and which, therefore, may be found at times like the kingdom of heaven itself, catching and carrying fish both good and bad. The *Earthen Vessel* contends not for perfection either in her contents or management; nor does she aim to rival other vessels of superior show and quality now plying on the face of the mighty waters. Her grand object is to convey to virgin souls that unspeakable gift—THE TRUTH—in all its vastness, richness, and variety. The glory of Jehovah’s great name, is her sole,—her noblest ambition. Nor has she cause to fear his frown, seeing that the Lord himself has often made choice of earthen vessels to carry the tidings of his rich grace, unto his own elect who are scattered up and down on the face of the earth, and has endowed them with a heaven-constructed compass, at once so true and faithful, that its guidance may be termed infallible provided the eye and judgment of its captain make no mistake: by the aid of this compass, we wish to steer betwixt the miry waters of lifeless Calvinism on the one hand; and the gaping whirlpools of Arminianism on the other. We desire that all whom this work may concern may be found contending for a lively faith, as the Spirit’s work, and also for the *fruits* of that faith, by showing that

their conversation is such as becometh the gospel of Christ; for we have no sympathy with the man who, while he contends loudly for the sovereignty of grace, shows by his walk that that grace does not teach him to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts. We drop this, because we perceive that the most solemn of all evils (on the side of the church) is the laxity and recklessness of many who profess to be her sons.

To our *Correspondents* we say,—We thank you for your many kindnesses shewn to this little work, and we wish you still to receive her stores, and furnish her with such treasures as you may be privileged to dig from the mines of revelation and a divine experience. But, be careful, beloved brethren, that you do not attempt to fill us up with mere rubbish: we keep a fire in our cabin to burn up useless things; and an alembic in our dispensary to extract the essence of bulky matter. Nevertheless, we often painfully perceive that more diligence, prudence, and sound judgment is needed in fitting out the *Vessel* from time to time. In order to make this little messenger more acceptable to the real church of God, we pray, beloved brethren, that the bread you send be hot from the oven, and not mere dry, mouldy collections, which has been the ruin of some periodicals. Let your furniture for the king's house, be nicely made—your garments for the poor, clean and white—your wine new—your oil fresh—and your flowers and fruits just plucked. May your experience be choice and savoury; your doctrines unctuous; your knowledge heavenly; your views of prophecy chaste and humble, and your pens dipped in the love and blood of the everlasting covenant. To our real brethren in the ministry, or any private christian possessing gifts for edification, we say, by dropping your pieces in the *Vessel*, you preach to a congregation of some thousands: but do let your subjects be short and pithy—striking and solemn—suitable and serviceable—salted with savoury sentences, and spiritually interesting. We speak thus in love and meekness, because we desire that faithfulness and utility should mark our course.

To our *Readers*. To you, as to a vast congregation every month assembling, we say, before the Lord, we sincerely desire your edification and comfort. And that our little visitant may not prove a snare to you, we add, let it not rob you

of that profit to be derived from meditating on the Scriptures: for great as are the facilities of the press to convey truth, yet, as Satan has a stern hatred to the Bible, so will, and so does, he endeavour to control this mighty engine as to make it a means of robbing the saints of their holy bread; even as Saul, by his interdiction, robbed Israel in the day of battle: since he well knows if they fast in this respect, weakness and sickness must ensue. And as we know that children are fond of spending their time in the little vessels by the river side, so we say, seek to spend more in the treasure house of Zion, and in the picture gallery of inspiration; and follow not the *Vessel* any further than it and your souls follow Christ. For, knowing that idolatry of a religious kind now awfully abounds, and is putting power into the hands of the devil, we are jealous over you and ourselves with holy jealousy, lest we should be prejudicial instead of beneficial to the church. Be awake, then, beloved, be awake, and trim your lamps, and see that you obtain a good supply of oil from the Lord's olive trees now standing in the Bible; and when indulged with a melting soul before the mercy seat, as far as you can, remember us, and all who with us are aiming to glorify God.

As to *its Editorship*. What shall we say? We will frankly confess that we *feel* our ignorance, our weakness, and unfitness. We have not shining talents, nor minds furnished with literary lore. At most we possess but as the seventh part of an editorial gift; therefore, while standing alone and unaided, our judgment, our scrutiny, and our work must be imperfect. This must be the case, even could we devote all our time and energies to this one object; how much more so then when our time is wholly occupied in other business, either in the church, or in the world? We crave sympathy of those who walk in the path of tribulation. We crave patience and pardon of all who, by oversight and hurry, may be neglected. And concerning any rubbish or dross, or fruitless contention that may appear, we ask gentle advice and admonition which shall provoke us not to wrath, but to love and good works.

As a closing word, we would say, may we all be united in one bond of unity; and there contend for the faith of Jesus, the teaching of the Spirit, the hidden meaning of God's word, a clear know-

ledge of the signs of the times, the crucifixion of the flesh, and a consistent walk and conduct for the glory of God. And then, whatever may be the troubles of 1848; neither life nor death, angels, nor principalities, nor powers, things present, nor things to come, shall ever be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

THE EDITOR'S FRIEND.

Another Poor Prodigal Returned.

Dear Sir,

As I have felt unusual union and communion with you in reading your writings, I feel at liberty to use great plainness of speech, and I will attempt, in some measure, to lay before you a few of the things I have felt in my soul:—

“It was in the seventeenth year of my life when God first found me in a barren land indeed, and immersed in sin and filth; an open enemy to God and godliness. When he had laid some solemn checks upon my soul, and made me to tremble before him in secret, and to cry for mercy; sin was so strong in me, my love to it so great, and my hatred to anything serious so powerful, that at times I felt as if I would live in sin, though I perished for ever. And I went on sinning openly and repenting secretly, (though at times I could hardly conceal it,) until one Sabbath I had been at work; nay, I was then at work with some more persons; and at that time the Lord shewed himself to me in such majesty, power, glory and justice, that I felt as if I was sinking into hell before him; with this impression upon my mind, that if I looked upward, there God appeared as a consuming fire; and, if I looked down to the earth, (as I did) I thought I saw hell beneath me ready to receive me; yea, I thought I was sinking into it; and this impression was powerfully upon my mind, ‘if you die to night, hell will be your portion;’ and from it I saw no way of escape. Though this made an impression never to be erased; yet, that very Sunday when I got with my companions, I went into a wood to get nuts, but not without a trembling heart; and when night came that I got alone, I cried for mercy and sighed deeply to Him that sits upon the throne. I could not indulge in secret sins, but was often overtaken with outward temptation, and fell a prey to my lusts. For some time, temptations, my lusts, and the wrath of God revealed from heaven in my conscience against sin, made my outward man to decay, and

to all human appearance, I appeared to be pining away in my sickness. All my sufferings at this time were for my actual transgressions. Soon after this the Lord appeared for me as a God of providence in answer to prayer; and by that I clearly saw that he heard prayer, which much encouraged me to call upon his name. At this time I found my heart and soul much in the things of God. I could read and pray with much pleasure, and often found my soul drawn up into the presence of God, and have had such a consciousness of his presence, that I have rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and found my heart burn with love to Christ. I thought at the time that all the world might have Christ if they would, he appeared so accessible to me. I could get into a feeling of his presence at any time; the Lord appeared so willing to receive me. In this state I made a public profession, and joined a Baptist church, and went on comfortably in the things of God for some time, and lived as though there was neither sin nor temptation; and undoubtedly I felt much power to withstand evil, but alas! I fell from my excellency into such a state of sin, misery, and woe, as no tongue can tell. In the first instance I found a trifling with temptation until my soul was so far overcome, as almost to be deluged. I lost all my knowledge of Christ, and there appeared no way of access to him, yea, though I cried and shouted he shut out my prayer, and withheld the face of his throne. I wrestled, begged, sighed, groaned, and cried to him, but all to no purpose; my awful and dreadful condition which lasted for about three years, I have no ability to describe. At the end of that time I was sharply tried and worn out with prayer and strong cries to him that hath power to save, and when I had given up all, and felt as if I must sink under my sin, he spoke these words with power to my heart, ‘As far as the east is from the west so far have I removed thy transgressions from thee.’ Immediately light broke into my heart, and I saw clearly how my sin was put away by the sacrifice of Christ. Before this time he spoke many sweet words to me to encourage me to hope in him, but now I felt him to draw nigh to my soul, and fill me with peace and a knowledge of salvation, and since then he has endeared himself to me times without number, and frequently under circumstances the most painful and trying.

Oakham.

H. HERCOCK.

THE GOD-DISHONOURING LIFE, AND
GOD-GLORIFYING

Death of Anna Catherina Merks.

OUR attention has been particularly called to a little work entitled, "*Jesus Triumphant in the Conversion and Death of Anna Catherina Merks, executed at Rotterdam, in Holland.*" The work is published in London, by Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., and is one of the most powerful witnesses of the free, unmerited, super-abounding grace of God, that has fallen under our notice for a length of time. We are creditably informed that a very signal and effectual blessing has attended the publication of this work; and we are fully persuaded that testimonies of this description will be owned and honoured of God the Holy Ghost to many precious souls. We not only heartily recommend the work, but, knowing as we do, that many of our readers cannot afford to purchase it, we shall make such extracts from it, as will, in some measure, justify us in speaking so highly of it.

Before we enter upon the narrative, (lest it should be forgotten) we make one prefatory remark; and it is this: Ministers of the gospel especially should read this work. More faithful dealing, more wisdom manifested, we never read, than was exhibited by the minister whose office it was to converse with this poor prisoner. Certainly he proved himself to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; and most wonderful was the honour which God put upon his labours. He was indeed an *instrument* in the hands of God the Holy Ghost of plucking a brand from the burning, and of bringing a poor wretched sinner into the fulness of Christ's pardoning love, and sin-atoning blood. Oh! ye heralds of salvation! read ye these tidings of love and mercy! and may the Almighty Spirit fire your souls with increased zeal; nerve you with fresh power; fill you with pure heavenly love, in the great work to which ye are called, being assured your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

Anna Catherina Merks was executed in the city of Rotterdam, in Holland, when little more than twenty years of age. She was left an orphan, and cast upon the world at a very early age. After living some few years in service, she was seduced by a soldier, by whom

she had children; and being forsaken of him, and left destitute, she commenced thieving, and went on from that sin to others, until she became a most vile and worthless character, and at length, we find her under sentence of death. Our first extract is descriptive of the first visit which the minister above referred to paid this wretched woman in the prison.

"Tuesday, the 5th of June, about five o'clock in the afternoon, a minister was ordered to visit a young woman in the prison, and placed there in the Mourning chamber, which woman he found unconcerned asleep. The Mourning Chamber is a place where no persons are confined but those whose crimes are found capital, to whom the first intelligence that they are to die, is given by a minister purposely sent to them by the court; the sentence of death is pronounced long after, and but a few minutes before the execution.

"He desired she should be awakened, saying, that his intention in coming there was to speak about matters of the utmost importance. Consequently she was awakened, when the minister desired to know her name, which she said was Anna Catherina Merks, her religion she said was the Roman Catholic. Upon being asked the question, Why he found her in so sad a place? She answered, she had committed such deeds as had brought her there.

"Upon this the minister told her that he was not at all surprised at her answer, because it is always a bad omen when a minister is desired to visit a person in such a place; such persons indeed, said he, thus sent unto, can have no long expectation of life. Oh! (cried she aloud) must I then part with my young life? The minister gave her a few minutes time to weep, replying only, that she must part with that young life, because she had spent it so wickedly, inquiring at the same time in what manner she had got her living? Upon which she replied, that she had been a servant. Inquiring if she always had been a servant, she answered, if it had been so, she should not be now in such a place.

A long conversation here ensued concerning her previous manner of life. After this, the minister began to interrogate her, respecting her views of her present awful condition, preaching to her most solemnly the holy law of God, and the consequences following upon its violation. Her answers only proved her gross darkness and ignorance. The writer then says:—

"The minister beholding her great ignorance and being moved with compassion

thereat, sought to know if she knew anything of the holy Scriptures. She declared she knew nothing of them, and her reason was, she could not read.

"The minister then desired the goal-keeper to let him have a Bible, out of which he read to her deliberately the whole law of God, questioning her, and commenting on each section of the same. The whole law thus being read to her, and she having declared herself to be guilty on every commandment thereof, the minister told her, that she being found guilty on the whole law of God, she must know that the breach of one single commandment deserves temporal and eternal death; how much the more in her case, she being found guilty on all. Instructing her out of the third chapter of the Galatians, and in the tenth verse, that she lay under the curse, which curse consisted, 1st—In a separation from God, and remaining so without hope of being saved, and without communion with, or part in God, but must be banished from his face everlastingly miserable. 2. In an alienation from the promises and covenant, that she could not now, or hereafter, expect to have the least part in any of the promises promised in God's word, and without a covenant with God, through all the ages of eternity, should be and remain, the property of him with whom she was in covenant. 3. As you are dead in trespasses and sins, consequently you never can enjoy eternal life, for nothing unclean can enter heaven. 4. You are a child of God's wrath, which wrath of the most high and dreadful majesty, everlastingly will be poured out upon you, you being separated from the face of the Almighty. Do you think, said he, as you are dead, all will be dead? No, said she, I believe not; but, proceeded he, do you know the difference betwixt men and beasts? And she answered, no. Which question he cleared up to her; and she believed, she said, that after death there remains a soul of us, which he shewed her further out of Matthew x. 28. Pray, said he, tell me if you can, how many ways there be after death? She answered, eternal glory, but spoke nothing (which was very remarkable) of a purgatory.

"There is (replied the minister, in answer to his own proposed question) not only an eternal glory, but a hell, a place eternally burning of unquenchable fire, wherein all the damned are cast. Pray, said he, look now upon the life you have led, and tell me which of those two places you think will be your portion.

"I have hope, said she, because God is merciful: that he will forgive my sins for my youth's sake.

"Will your temporal judge, replied the minister, pardon you for your youth's sake? She answered, no. How much less, replied

he, the Judge of heaven and earth, God, the righteous God himself! You can have no hope at all upon this foundation: it is certain God is merciful and willing to forgive, but he is righteous also, and neither can nor will let sin escape unpunished; the ungodly shall surely see no life, and if you die in this condition, there is no hope for you, nor other expectation, but to be cast and kept in the flames of hell, with the devil and all the damned."

From this, in a most consistent and cautious manner, he went on to preach to her the only way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and left her with fervent prayer. On another occasion the minister opened to her the falseness of that empty and deceitful form of prayer to which she seemed to be clinging. The first manifestation of deep conviction is thus expressed:—

"The minister again visited her, and desired to know how she did. I am, said she, in great distress; I am afraid I shall be lost for ever! and concluded, she was certain she should die very shortly, and if I die, I shall be miserable everlastingly; you and that other gentleman's words lay as a heavy burden upon my heart, and I see clearly I have sinned against all God's commandments exceedingly, and every time I prayed I did surely mock the Lord, and now I know I cannot pray, because I am a sinner, and my very prayer must be a sin to me: I do not know, proceeded she, from whence I shall obtain pardon for my numerous sins, and without that pardon my damnation is sure; this is the cause of my distress; oh, I do not know where to fly for help!

Thursday morning another gentleman coming to see her, asked her, if she rested well the last night. Oh no! said she; and the reason being demanded, she answered, O, sir, I have something else to do than to sleep! I lie under God's wrath, and under the curse! if I die, I am lost for ever! oh, to die is nothing! but for ever, for ever to be lost is dreadful! She spoke those words in great earnestness; fear and anguish was visible in her countenance.

"The gentleman feigned not to believe that her concern and anguish proceeded from the fear of the second, but rather of the first, the temporal death. Does not, said he, the fear of death, and the shame that will attend it, force you to speak such words? She assured him that it was not that, but the fear of being eternally lost; this laid heavy on her heart. He desired to know if she had been in prayer? She answered, that one had been reading for her, and that she had been praying the Lord to give her a right sight of her sins: do you think, said he, there can be

any possible deliverance for you? and her answer was, I don't know, I hope so; if I was only guilty, said she, before the world, my fear should not be great, nor my anxieties so many; I do clearly see myself to stand guilty of the breach of every commandment of God, and if I remain so, I am lost and undone for ever, and that to be lost for ever, is too heavy for me."

Several pages are occupied in a lengthened detail of the slow but certain work which was carried on in her soul, in bringing her to a deep and painful acquaintance of her condition as a guilty sinner in the sight of God. The following sentences which we extract from the mass, are sufficient to give the reader some idea of her sufferings. So sure it is, that God *kills* before he makes *alive*.

"Saturday morning the gentleman coming to her, desired to know how she did. Oh, said she, I am most miserable; I lie under the wrath of God, and under the curse! I shall be lost for ever! But, replied he, what may be the reason thereof? Oh, said she, I have no redeemer! The following Lord's day, the other gentleman came to visit her in the morning, inquiring how she did, and if she had a good night's rest? Night's rest! said she; can I sleep when I see myself to be so guilty and damnable before God? Oh, I had work the whole night betwixt God and my soul, more important than sleeping! The gentleman seeing her labour under the guilt that lay on her conscience, endeavoured to arrest her thereby. He found she had lost a deal of bodily strength that night, and the persons that attended her declared, she was the last night, at least ten times in prayer. On another occasion, after conversation with her, she began bitterly to weep and to bemoan herself, crying out *that eternity*, and therein to be lost, brought a distress upon her which she was not able to bear; and falling down on her knees prayed earnestly, crying out, being all in tears, O God, convert me! O God, convert me! repeating that several times.

Thus she continued, until one Monday morning, the gentleman asked her—

"How do you do? said he, as he entered the room. I am very well, sir, replied she. Wherein consists, said he, your being very well? I will tell you, sir, said she; last night, after the other gentleman departed from me, I fell upon my knees (the people who attended her that night declared she was three quarters of an hour upon her knees) praying God to be pleased to give me a right sight of my sins, and God gave me to see my sins; the sin wherein I was born, and all

my sins through the whole course of my life; the places where, the manner how, and the people with whom I committed them; it was just as if they were written and hung up before mine eyes; I felt my sins, and the smart thereof caused me to be inwardly so heavy that I could not bear them; it was as if the wrath of God should have consumed me; still I cried unto the Lord: O God, here lieth a great sinner, with a multitude of sin and guilt which I cannot bear! and oh! if thou wilt punish me for my sins, there can be no punishment in eternal damnation which I have not deserved! By this I was brought into darkness; it was as if I was blinded, and I was afraid I should have sunk away in that darkness; but still I cried unto God, O pardon! pardon! and execute not thy judgment against me!

"Here came into my heart, as a voice, 'The Redeemer liveth.' O God, said I, should there live a Redeemer for such a one as I am, who is then that Redeemer? And now it was as if a voice said in my heart, 'That Redeemer is none else but the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour who hath shed his blood upon the cross, that your sins should be forgiven thee.' I said thereon, Oh! wilt thou then redeem me? and thereon came as a voice inwardly in my heart, 'I am yours, and thou art mine.' It was as if the Redeemer stepped in for me at the bar of God's righteousness, and that all my guilt and sin was laid in one scale or balance, and Jesus' righteousness in the other; but that Jesus' righteousness was far the heaviest, even more than all my sins. Then came I out of darkness, and the light broke in upon me, and the Redeemer took away from me all my sins, and my heart melted into ardent love, and my whole soul was drawn out to the Redeemer.

"The gentleman being amazed, said to her, but Catherina, are you not afraid that you deceive yourself? I can scarcely believe what you now have told me.

"Oh no, sir, said she, because the Redeemer will not reveal deceitful things to me; besides I did not know there was a Redeemer. He recommended her to pray to the Lord for discerning light, in order, if she had deceived herself, not to venture her soul upon eternity on any imagination; do it, said he, continually; if your experience is genuine, the Lord will lead you further, and clear you up in what he has done already. And after he had prayed to the Lord for that purpose, he departed. When the minister repaired unto her in the evening, the first thing he observed in her was, she never before looked a person in the face that spoke to her, but now she straightly fixed her eyes upon him, and appeared outwardly as one in a serene and calm frame of mind."

So great and marvellous a change ex-

cited much jealousy in the breasts of the minister, and those concerned for her eternal welfare; and by various ways did they try to shake her faith; and she was not without seasons of severe conflicts; but so glorious and abundant was the mercy manifested unto her, that nothing could effectually daunt or drive her back into despondency. We subjoin a few of her expressions after pardon was sealed home on her conscience.

"You must know, replied the minister, the heart of man is very deceitful, and the devil is very subtle; he knoweth a great deal of the Bible, and is acquainted with the phrases thereof; he has used the same frequently in old times, and to this very day he is the prince of darkness, and it is easy for him to deceive men, and lead them (under God's permission) to eternal destruction; can it not be, think you, that he has deceived you, in order to make you careless, and to drag you to hell with an imagination?"

"The devil, said she, never taught me anything but wickedness; I was brought up in the Roman religion; the sins are my own sins, but God hath over-ruled it so, that I must come into this prison to be instructed in the way of salvation, and to have the Redeemer revealed unto me.

"Have you, said he, an inclination to call upon the Lord? She answered, yes; and being upon her knees before, she began prayer, and praised God, saying, O God! I thank thee that thou hast been pleased to grant such great mercy to me such a great sinner, and have revealed to me the Lord Jesus Christ, who has shed his blood upon the cross for the forgiveness of my sins, and has stepped in for me at the bar of thy righteousness, and hast paid all my debts: but if I deceive myself, and if my way is not right in thy sight, let me not go on in blindness, but give me a right sight of my sins. After prayer, she said, when I pray the Lord, in case I deceive myself, to give me a right sight of my sins, the Lord stops me therein.

"Tuesday morning the minister coming to her, inquired how it had been with her since last night; did anything particular, said he, happen to you; did you rest well in the night? Pretty well, sir, said she; I slept very well, but not long. How can it be, said he, that you can sleep sound? Because, said she, I had an inward peace, and as I awakened, sweet communion with the Redeemer, and it was even as if I saw him. But, said he, the Redeemer revealeth himself not in that manner, that we can see him bodily. Oh no, sir, said she, I don't mean with my bodily eyes, but inwardly, and it was as if the Redeemer said to me, 'You in me, and I in you.' But, replied the minister, what must I understand by those words?"

"With these words, 'You in me, and I in you,' said she, the Redeemer meant, you shall not be lost. Oh, it was as if the Redeemer called to me, 'Fear not death, and the punishment you shall suffer, neither the devil, nor everlasting damnation; I have delivered you from all.' Those words, said she, dropt so sweet in my soul, that through the same an inward joy arose in my heart; I was constrained to rise from my bedstead to praise my Redeemer for it.

"Tuesday morning being the day of execution, about nine o'clock, both gentlemen came to visit her: finding her upon her knees in prayer, as soon as she arose they desired to know how it was with her; and her answer was, *very well; I am glad my time is at hand; I have been rendering thanks unto God, because he hath enlightened me again. I don't fear death at all! be not afraid concerning me; and if you see me weep, don't imagine it is out of sorrow, but of joy and gladness, because death shall not be death to me, but an entry into eternal life, to be for ever with Jesus, my most precious Redeemer, who bought me freely with his godly blood, and has paid for all my sins!*

"The minister said to her, Catherina, in three hour's time you shall be in that fathomless eternity! Yes, said she, that is true; I know not yet what great mercy God hath given me; but then I shall know it perfectly. I am full of joy inwardly, because there comes an eternity to glorify and praise God in, with all the blessed angels, in an everlasting blessedness. I cannot rightly do it here below, and if I lived ever so long, I could not perform it as I wish.

"The other gentleman said, what is the ground of your confidence upon which you believe that? Because, said she, I have an interest in Jesus, the Redeemer of sinners and of me, who calleth now at present inwardly in my soul, 'Fear not, I have redeemed thee; thou art mine.'

"The gentleman told her, they would let her alone a few minutes by herself, but they should soon return to her again; she declared her desire was to be alone with the Lord, the few minutes she had to live. Both the gentlemen went again to the prisoner, and found her in the same blessed situation as before; and after they had been for the last time with her in prayer, they staid a few minutes with her; and the minister said, have you still anything to say to us, because we do not know if we shall have any opportunity to speak with you? She said, she hoped to have an opportunity to speak to them till the very last moment, concerning the ground on which she stood, and on which she hoped to enter eternity. But both the gentlemen pressed her strongly, if she had anything to say, to do it presently. She answered, sirs, I thank you for all the love

and labour bestowed on me, such an unworthy one. The Lord God shall reward you! The minister said to her, Catherina, we desire no reward; our reward will be great, if we have been the means, in the hands of God, of plucking you, as a brand out of the fire of eternal destruction.

"You are, said she, clean of my blood.

"The gentlemen pressed her again, if she had anything to say, to do it now before they departed. I hope, said she, opportunity will be given to me to speak to you; but if not, I wish you a good night till eternity comes; and then I hope to dwell with you both in everlasting glory to praise our God, and to speak of Jesus, and his glorious redemption! She spoke these words with a great deal of affection, and with a flood of tears. Whereupon the minister answered, if these things are so, and God hath mercifully given unto you so great a salvation, we wish you also a good night till eternity cometh; and then you shall be our crown and rejoicing in the day of Jesus Christ, when he shall appear. The other gentleman spake to the same purpose, and so departed from her, greatly affected.

"She was fetched up directly, to hear her sentence pronounced at the bar; and both the gentlemen went into the antechamber to wait for her. When sentence was pronounced, she was led to the gentlemen by two officers; she stood in a blessed and perfectly serene frame of mind before them. The other gentleman spoke first to her, saying, Do you stand fast in the expectation that your end will be peace? Yes, said she; now are the moments that I stay here tedious to me! O now I see Jesus, with arms stretched out, waiting for me!

"The minister replied to her, Catherina, the sentence of death will be executed on you this moment, for all your trespasses against the law of your country: rest therein. But this moment, you shall stand before a God who is of spotless holiness, and of majestic righteousness, before whom nothing can stand that is unclean; do you think to stand before him? Yes, said she, because that God hath given to me his Son, and he hath paid righteousness for me at the bar of his holy justice. The question being put to her, if she saw no sin in herself? She said, I believe, sir, I shall sin as long as I stay here, but Jesus has covered the same.

"Now she was led to the place where, according to custom, public prayer was to be made for her. The other gentleman was in the antechamber, being so much affected; and it is very remarkable, that she told him the Monday morning before, that she believed he should not attend her to the end. The minister followed her, and when she kneeled down, public prayer was made for her.

"When she arose from her knees, the minister desired to know if she had anything more to say. Yes, said she, I have a desire to speak a word to the spectators; and it being permitted her to do it in that place, she said, O good people, take example from me! and fly from the sins I committed; that you may not come under such punishment; but my sins are forgiven me, and my trespasses are blotted out.

"Now she was led to the scaffold, erected against the back front of the mansion house, and having communication therewith: the minister looking behind him, saw the executioner lay hold on her, tying her hands together, which she suffered with the utmost quietness, laying her hands together of her own accord; and walking on after the minister, she said, Now am I going to my salvation! One of the officers that led her, reported afterwards that she said to him, you lead me away, but I am happier than you.

"Coming upon the scaffold (there being a multitude of several thousands of spectators) she lifted up her hands, speaking the same words as she spoke before; O good people, take example from me, &c. As soon as she came to the stake on which she was to be strangled, she beheld the place with a wonderful quietness of mind; then turning herself towards the judges there present, she made a gentle compliment with her body, and stepping with a surprising freeness of mind upon the footstool, placed herself against the stake as one that prepared herself to die.

"The minister feeling himself mightily strengthened, said to her, Catherina, I take now heaven and earth to witness, that we set before you the blessing and the curse, death and life; what is now your choice? and she answered, Life. Upon what ground? said he; and her answer was, Only upon the perfect righteousness of Jesus, who hath paid for all my sins.

"The minister replied, is this then the only ground upon which you shall enter eternity this moment? and her answer was, Yes, sir. Whereupon the minister, under great affection of mind, said to her, Now, then, Catherina, depart in peace, and the God of peace be everlastingly the God of your wonder and rejoicing; and sing before the throne the song of the Lamb, 'Thou hast redeemed me to God by thy blood!' Catherina being now no more able to speak, the cord being tied, bowed as it were twice, nodding with her head, as a sign that she understood what he said, and as with an Amen, answered.

"How gloriously shineth then the grace of God in the person of Anna Catherina Merks! Most evidently is this truth manifested in her, that God is no respecter of persons, but that he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy."

The Day of Judgment.

No. II.

AND now we will name a few of the men, women, &c., seen in the mystery of God. There is that mystical man, Abraham,—the second Adam—the everlasting Father, husband, priest, shepherd, and king of the church! There is that mystical prophet of Israel, the one ministry of Jesus, acting as ambassador, steward, interpreter, and cup-bearer to the queen, and royal family of heaven. There is that mystical man—the man of sin, sitting in the seat of God, as Lucifer, (*i.e.* the bright and morning star,) giving out that he is the Christ of God, so that he is worshipped as God in the holy city—the city of the great king on the sides of the north. There is that mystical false prophet, the ministry of the above, transforming itself into the ministry of Christ, and acting as cup-bearer to her majesty, whose golden cup is presented to the kings and great men of the earth. There is that mystical woman, daughter of the great King, with the moon under her feet, her person in the sun, and on her head a crown of twelve stars: now nourished in the wilderness with the bread of heaven. This is Zion, the outcast, with her sons as fugitives in the world. Something like her is another mystical woman, Hagar by name, and mother of the bond-children: *properly* the handmaid of Zion; but *improperly*, a rival and traitress, teaching her babes to persecute those born after the spirit. By her side sits Jezebel, the mystic prophetess *Idolatry*, troubling all churches, and seducing the servants of God. And these two last, *when agreed*, are the maids of honour assiduously waiting upon that mystical woman, Babylon, the grand rival and captress of Zion and her sons, till Cyrus, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, shall come and build Hephzibah's temple, and let go her captives, not for price nor reward. These are the principal persons figuring in the mystery, besides which are several more of lesser note, as two prophets, seven shepherds, ten kings, many angels, warriors, harpers, virgins, &c.

Also we have beasts and creeping things: as a mystic red dragon, the crooked and piercing serpent and leviathan, the king over all the children of pride; another beast of similar shape is the shell or house of the above, in which he hides his head, just as a soul is hidden in the body, so that thousands see him not, though they lay their hand on his scaly back! Another mystical beast with two horns, or powers, forcing all but the saints to worship the above, and sell themselves to the devil, by receiving his mark into their foreheads. Besides these, we have horses, lions, frogs, locusts, and other creep-

ing things of fearful ravaging power, seen and known only by the solemn teaching of the Holy Ghost. And the principal and grand scene of action of all these is on mystical ground, not confined to any earthly locality, which ground is, and must be trodden under foot by the Assyrian, according to Isaiah xiv. 24—27; Micah v. 5; which read and compare with many other passages, and bear in mind the fact of antichrist's treading doctrines and ordinances under foot, as he is now doing.

The above is only a sample of things seen; for the time would fail me to tell of all particulars found in that province, where faith, with dove-like eyes, is allowed to soar, and feed on the solid substance of things hoped for, as wrapped up in the promises, and hidden in the ark of God.

But as we have not forgotten the solemn word at the head of this paper, so we say that here, and here only in the mystery, are the true features of the pending judgment seen and understood. But what are they? They are the concomitants of a struggle most profound, of a battle such as never was! We look back to Calvary, and behind the curtain we behold a fight betwixt the two strongest persons in the mystery, at which the earth quaked, the sun mourned, and creation groaned! That was a duel—a personal contest between the two heads of two respective bodies, as pictured forth by the event of Elah, where you see the head of the giant in the hand of the victor. And this contest was the central point of the battle field stained by the blood of Abel; and the sure earnest of the grand issue as shall be sealed by the blood reaching to the horses' bridles, when the enemies of Jesus shall be his footstool, and the wicked as ashes under the feet of the righteous! Yes, the conquest of Calvary was the same—the glorious earnest by which we know that we are more than conquerors, so that we have not the atom of a sigh—or doubt as to which side victory will declare! Hence we cast no die of uncertainty—we hazard no loss! The enemy may be many, very lively, very fierce, and very confident; but we are sure! And therefore we may even now quietly sit upon our observatory and behold the battle of Armageddon closed, the great chain on the neck of the foe, and the two-edged sword in the heart of the beast! Such is in the power of faith.

We said the personal contest was betwixt the heads of two bodies. It was so; but the contest of the judgment day is betwixt the bodies themselves, which for worldly bulk, and massy confusion will as much differ from that, as the scenes of Waterloo would differ from those of a duel betwixt the two heroes of that memorable day! And we must take Christendom from its utmost limit to its centre as the area of the conflict, and the field

through which the swift-winged arrows of heaven shall thickly fly. Earth will hear the din, and quake! men's hearts will fail them for fear; and the sea and its waves will roar. The dread commotion will affect mountains and hills; and nations and churches shall totter to their base! Kingdoms and peoples confederate against the Lord and his anointed shall be gathered together; and Satan by his unclean spirits shall stir up all the forces of his strength to give the last and final shock. O my soul, the alarm of war already awakes thy powers! The sound of the trumpet, and the snorting of the horses by way of Dan (*judgment*) bids thee gird on thy harness, and lift thyself up in thy brigandine. Stand—stand; and having done all, still stand; for the Assyrian is coming out with rage, because he knoweth he hath but a short time.

But to notice "the beginning of sorrows," we translate ourselves back to the days of Jeremiah, and we see judgments taking a grand and circular sweep. They begin at Judah, the house of the Lord, and go round through Moab, Ammon, Edom, Philistia, Tyre, Egypt, and Syria, till at last they come to Sheshach, i.e. Great Babylon! Now, if it begin at us, as the Apostle says, what shall be the end of them that *obey* not the gospel of God? Let one apostle answer another; "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." Now the obedience here is not that which is the *sure* effect of a new covenant operation, but that only which men are bound to render under the influence of first principles by the aid of natural conscience in that reformation of life effected by repentance from dead works; which is that ground of responsibility on which we attach blame to one another, and God to us all, as we infringe on practical holiness, and abuse the ordinances of the house of God. And as disobedience to known and easy statutes was the crime of typic Israel, and the cause of judgment on the nation: so now Jehovah does not enter into judgment with us for those things we cannot help, but for those only in which we are wantonly and stubbornly wicked, by departing from the plain statements and directions by the gospel made known. Thus the Arminians are wicked on the side of *doctrine*; Anti-Arminians on that of *practice*, both of which are in the *letter* of the word plainly set forth. And thus we see the truth of what one has said, 'I have for years silently beheld two things:—First, the great zeal and good practice there is to be found among those who are not manifested as being clear in doctrine or experience: second, the careless, reckless, unspiritual and inconsistent conduct of many who have been very bold

for the truth, and have insisted on a deep experience, and full assurance of interest.' And thus we have the house of God divided against itself, and how then can it stand? We have doctrine divided against practice, and practice against doctrine; and the few that stand in the narrow path betwixt, are in danger of being jammed to death! One side wantonly and palpably errs on the ground of doctrine, and whether Wesleyans, Independants, Baptists, &c., no matter; the other, however, sound in doctrine or experience, on the ground of practice; and this is disobedience of the same kind as that for which God will punish the ungodly: so that the judgment though beginning at different persons, is the same that will end in the extermination of them that obey not the gospel.

This disobedience then on the side of us who profess to fear and serve God is that wickedness in Judah, that iniquity in Israel, that sin in Zion, which must be visited with stripes, and purged away with a fiery trial; for only by judgment will the sanctuary be cleansed; and by fire shall the gold, silver, and precious stones be purified. After which the holy seed shall return and be eaten, and Judah shall dwell safely, according to the following:—

I will bring my hand again upon thee,
I will purify thy dress in the furnace,
And take away all thine alloy;
And I will restore thy judges as at the first,
And thy counsellors as at the beginning;
Afterwards thou shalt be called
The city of righteousness—the faithful city.
Zion shall be redeemed with judgment,
And her converts with righteousness.—Isaiah.

My next will shew if the judgment is not already begun. I am the servant of the Church, and of her Lord.

Brenchley, Nov. 25, 1847. W. C. P.

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST

The best Antidote for Zion's Sorrows.

DEAR EDITOR,—I send you another prayer, partly suggested to my mind by that sweet and precious text, which stands at the top as confirmatory of the truth which the lines are intended to convey. I trust I know something experimentally of its meaning, though I can still see a depth of experience in it, of which I know but little, and, which it appears to me that few are concerned to know anything about in the present day. Oh! for more fellowship with a bleeding, dying, broken-hearted Christ! Oh! what a cure would it be for the dearth and barrenness of our own souls, and for the division and strife which, like a festering cancer, is preying upon the health of Zion, and causing many of her children to go mourning all the day long! Oh! thou ever living,

loving, and exalted Lord! when wilt thou appear and heal the breaches of thy Zion, smite away her desolations, and band together the hearts of her divided sons? Oh! for more of that love which 'beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; then shall we again rejoice in the prosperity of thy children, and realize the truth of thy promise that is—' Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.'

We live in troublous times, dear brother, and all connected with the ark of God need much of that wisdom which cometh from on high. The proud and self-willed are sure to stumble and fall. I have thought that the best way to reconcile a lot of little wrangling children is to make a *feast* for them, that so they may forget their differences while partaking of, and admiring the wonderful love that could spread such a table for their entertainment. Brother, there is one truth, if we look closely at the state of Zion, we cannot fail to learn. It is this—'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' Some of the Lord's servants should have learnt the truth of this declaration by this time, or they are dull scholars, and God will bore their ears more painfully than they can imagine, or would desire. 'Hear the rod, and him who hath appointed it.' God does not forget our *hard speeches*, if we do. Oh! that with David we may set a watch upon our lips, that we sin not with our tongue, nor with our pens. It is a solemn affair to interfere with a sent minister of Christ. 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' We live in a dark and cloudy day, and a still darker night seems to be gathering upon us; still the Lord has his bleating sheep who, amid the confusion and strife which abounds, with anxious minds and many fears, are *feeling* their way to the kingdom. Try and throw in a word of encouragement for such, dear brother, and the Lord will bless your endeavour. Scatter the gospel grain freely, never mind a few evil birds running away with a little, they will be caught by and bye. The Lord will weed his own garden. The angels will gather out the tares; we need not be *chiefly* concerned to have them in bundles to their hands, but to see that the growing corn is healthy.

May your little magazine be instrumental in the peace and welfare of Zion, and may you be abundantly blessed in your labour, is the prayer of

JUVENIS NERFLAB.
Hammersmith, Dec. 4, 1847.

The greatest scholars are not always the best men; the reason is, because their gifts are gotten by industry and diligence,—their gifts may be high when their graces are low.

Fellowship with Christ.

SIGNS OF A PILGRIM, OR POETICAL PRAYERS
FOR THE WEAK.

"And they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born, Zech. xii. 10.

Jesus have I ever wept,
Has my heart thy sorrows felt?
Has indeed thy love revealed,
Made this selfish heart to melt?
Have I ever gazed on thee,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane?
Gazed, O Lord, I often have,
Cold and lifeless I must own;
But O Lord thy word declares,
All thy saints shall gaze and mourn;
Mourn and weep while viewing thee,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.
True it is I often weep,
And as oft mistrust my tears;
So deceitful is my heart,
That, O Lord, I often fear
I have ne'er by faith viewed thee,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.
Here I would not be deceived,
Lord, my life is in this plea;
For I know thy saints redeemed,
Each and all in this agree,
Fellowship they have with thee,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.
Knowledge, merely, Lord is vain,
All thy chosen peoples,
From thy dolorous cup of woe,
That they may esteem the bliss,
Flowing dearest Lord from thee,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.
'Tis for this, dear Lord, I seek,
Short of this I would not rest;
This, and this alone can tell,
That my soul in thee is blest;
Chosen, known, and loved of thee,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.
Many sighs men love below,
Grieve, pollute, and pain the eye;
But there is a sight I know,
Which can raise and purify;
'Tis to gaze my Lord on thee,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.
Lord, 'tis here my soul would dwell,
Gaze and wonder and adore;
Lost as in a sea of love,
Without bottom or a shore;
Weeping, gazing, Lord on thee,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.
This I know alone can break,
Thaw and melt the rocky heart;
Free me from the reign of sin,
Holy peace and joy impart;
Feeling, Lord, as one with thee,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.

JUVENIS NERFLAB.

It is storied of a martyr; that writing to his wife, where she might find him when he was fled from home; 'Oh my dear,' said he; 'if thou desirest to see me, seek me in the side of Christ, in the cleft of the rock, in the hollow of his wounds; for there I have made my nest, there will I dwell; there shalt thou find me, and no where else but there.' In every temptation let us look up to a crucified Christ, who is fitted qualified to succour tempted souls: oh my soul, whenever thou art assaulted, let the wounds of Christ be thy city of refuge, whither thou mayest fly and live.

Mr. Sidders concerning his Views of Mr. Philpot's Public Acknowledgment.

How great a matter a little fire kindleth! Who could have thought that the little fire-brand which Mr. Tryon threw out in Zoar pulpit would have burned as it hath done through the length and breadth of the land? Nothing of late has more surprised us than did the publication of Mr. Philpot's Acknowledgment in the GOSPEL STANDARD; but, surprised as we were, there appeared to us so much in it that was calculated to be useful in warning the people of God against such snares, that we copied the substance of it into our pages; fully believing that here the matter would rest! Instead of this, we had letter after letter from different parts of the country, and from persons too professing great attachment to the gospel of Christ, who seriously questioned the propriety of Mr. Philpot's acknowledgment. We, at the first, threw them all aside; but at last finding many minds were agitated upon this question, we were induced to give a portion of Mr. Sidders' letter, in the hope that something conclusive and satisfactory might (in answer) be drawn forth. And this has been done. We now give the following valuable letter, written by Mr. Smith, a member of York street Chapel, Leicester; and with it we feel determined to let the matter rest, as far as we are concerned.

As to the charge brought against us of "giving countenance to Antinomian principles," we will only say—"The Lord forbid,"—We are for TRUTH and PEACE; but there is such an uproar and confusion in the streets of Zion now, that it seems impossible to get through without becoming entangled. Oh, what wisdom, grace, and firmness is needed in these perilous and distressing times! Our brother Smith says:—

MR. EDITOR,—In your last month's number of the *Vessel*, appeared some strictures upon Mr. Philpot's Public Acknowledgment, signed S. Sidders. Believing those strictures to be entirely repugnant to the genius of the gospel, I take the liberty of animadverting upon the same.

Mr. S. appears to me, throughout the whole of this piece, to reason upon wrong premises, and as he takes the liberty of calling Mr. P.'s confession confused, he must bear with me, if I add, that in my judgment, his is worse than confused. He commences by expressing his sorrow that the pages of the *Vessel* were smeared with Mr. P.'s acknowledgment; and then goes on to reason that if Mr. P. is really called, and sanctified to the Lord, he has no occasion to fear that he has taken any wrong step in the matter under consideration. He then argues that if we are the peculiar care of the Lord, and are ever watched over for good; we have no reason to doubt but that we are directed right in all our engagements and concerns. This is false reasoning altogether, and reasoning, if fully carried out, would subvert the whole gospel of Christ. What! is there no reason to fear that we may be left to take a wrong step, act contrary to the gospel precepts, wound our own consciences, and dishonour the truth, and cause of God? Verily, if we know anything of our own hearts, or of the history of the Church of God, we shall at once conclude that there is much reason to fear these

things. David proved the truth of this by experience in the matter of Bath-sheba; he commits adultery with her, and then to gain her as his wife, he becomes *accessory to the death of her husband*. There was a complication of evils, voluntarily committed by a saint of God, and we read 'the thing displeased the Lord.' Did not the Lord bring good out of evil in this case? Assuredly he did. But did that take away the sin of David? No; or he never would, in the grief of his soul, have penned the 51st Psalm, and so we might go on to notice the sin of righteous Lot, Gen. xix. 33—35; of Judah, Gen. xxxviii.; of Peter, and many others. Divines, distinguished (and I think rightly) the will of God, into secret and revealed. Thus, it was God's revealed will that Pharaoh should let the Israelites go; that Abraham should sacrifice his son, and that Peter should not deny Christ; but it was his secret will, as the events proved, that Pharaoh should not let Israel go. Exodus iv. 24. That Abraham should not sacrifice Isaac. Gen. xxii. 12. And that Peter should deny his Lord. Now, I would ask, was the sin of Pharaoh or Peter lessened on this account? I answer, in the words of Zanchy, the Reformer, 'Because God's will of precept may appear to thwart his will of determination, it does not follow, either, first, that he mocks his creatures; or, second, that they are excusable for neglecting to observe his will of command.' And the venerable Bucer, after taking notice how God hardened Pharaoh's heart, adds, that 'although God has at least the same right over his creatures, and is at liberty to make them what he will, according to his sovereign and secret determination, yet it by no means follows that they do not act freely and spontaneously, or that the evil they commit is to be charged on God.' Mr. S., after saying, it is no thanks to himself, that he did not marry an unbeliever, adds, 'The Lord acts sovereignly, and deals with his children according to his eternal purpose.' Right; but can we make God's eternal purpose a rule of our actions; can we pry into the secret rolls of heaven, and thereby determine our transactions? No, Mr. S., secret things belong to the Lord our God. We have his revealed will, his written word, for our rule and guide, and whosoever breaks one of these least commands, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven.

Whatever good may at any time result from evil, (and God often brings good out of our evil actions) we must not do evil that good may come. And if Mr. P. did not break the precept, I would ask what occasioned that

feeling of guilt, and grief which he expresses? Mr. S. intimates that it was prompted by pride, and the reproaches of the ignorant. I ask, was it not rather prompted by the Spirit of God inwardly convincing him that he had taken a wrong step? This proves that his conscience was made tender in the sight of God; he was humbled under a sense of sin, as all the children of God assuredly are after backsliding; and thus humbled, he makes a public confession, which commends itself to the consciences of God's enlightened children, and which no spiritual person could read without deeply sympathising with the author.

Fellow travellers to Zion! we have need to pray continually 'hold thou me up and I shall be safe;' but if God suffers us to fall into transgression, to humble us, and to teach us to know ourselves, shall we rest contented under these things, and say with S. Sidders, it was the will of God, or it would not have taken place? Thus charging our sins and folly upon the ever blessed God. Truly, if this is not twisting God's decrees to the worst of purposes, I know not what is! S. Sidders argues that because Mr. P. has an excellent partuer, that therefore he has acted right and consistent, adding that the Lord seeth not as we do naturally, for what we call evils, the Lord sendeth them for good. We might as well argue that, because the Lord brought good out of the evil committed by Joseph's brethren in selling him for a slave, that therefore they were guiltless in the affair; or that because Christ was delivered to be crucified by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, that therefore the actors in that nefarious tragedy were perfectly guiltless!

Mr. S. introduces several passages of scripture, such as 1 Cor. vii. 14 and 17 verses, which have no reference at all to the matter in hand. Paul is there advising the Corinthians to remain together, such of them as were already married, notwithstanding the difference the Lord had put between them, in calling some of them from idolatry to the worship of the true God. But let us come to the precept itself, (and if words convey any meaning, never was a precept set forth in a clearer manner.) 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers;' and the inference the apostle draws, plainly shews his meaning. 'For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness? And what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?' By what sort of reasoning this precept can be looked upon as analogous to the yoke spoken of by our Lord, in Matt. xi. 30, I am at a loss to find out. If such wild argument as this passes current, Mr. Editor, truly we may sit down and prove anything.

S. S. evidently compares words instead of things. What, I ask, has Christ's yoke to do with believers and unbelievers being

yoked together? Just as much as I have to do with the king of Prussia. Paul in this chapter is giving practical instructions to the Corinthians: very unlike preachers in our day, he writes in this, and almost all his epistles, the doctrinal and experimental with the practical; and he that would separate the latter from the former in his ministrations, puts assunder what God has joined together. Come, come brethren, human nature is now what it was in the apostle's days, and he found occasion to warn them that were unruly, (1 Thess. v. 14;) to walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise, (Eph. v. 15;) but whether or no, this passage has any reference to believer's marriage (and it has always been considered so), we have the point settled by Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians vii. 39. He says 'She is at liberty to be married to whom she will, only in the Lord.' This certainly is enough to teach us that it is unlawful for believers to marry with any but such as make a credible profession of Christ as believers in union with him. And what, I ask, tempted the Lord to bring down his chastisements upon his beloved Israel of old, so much as their union and their marriages with the nations, of whom God had said, 'Thou shalt not go in to them, nor they come in to thee?'

But setting aside scripture precepts, if it were lawful for believers to marry unbelievers, I ask, would it be expedient—would it be sound wisdom? I trow not. The marriage undertaking is a solemn and serious one. It is a step, which thousands, having taken unadvisedly, have had to bewail in their after life, and it becomes all who are about to enter into that solemn engagement, to think seriously and soberly, to make it a continual matter of prayer to Almighty God, for his guidance and direction; and, above all, to examine whether they are acting in accordance with the revealed will of God in so important an affair.

Perhaps some one will say, I have made it a subject of prayer to the Lord, I have asked his direction, and I cannot but see that I am right in marrying such an one who is an unbeliever. Ah! perhaps you have done this, but has your eye been single in the affair? you have implored the Lord to direct you, but have you been willing to be directed by him, if he should thwart your choice, and baffle your determinations? This is the point. Have you asked the Lord in sincerity, willing, if it was his will, to give up the object of your earthly affections? If you have not, you have only gone to the Lord with a compliment like a churlish boy to his father. 'May I have this father, I want it?' 'No, boy,' is the answer, 'it will be for your hurt.' 'But I will have it, it is so suitable to me,' says the child. 'Well then, says the father, 'if you are determined, take it, and suffer the consequences.' And what are the consequences?

Why, suffering to be sure; and if I know anything of divine teaching, the Lord often lets us have our will, even in what is sinful, and hurtful, and when our perverse wills are choked, (as it were,) then comes on the punishment, for this is sure to follow. Sometimes the eagerly-sought blessing itself becomes a curse, as was the case with Rachael. But, my dear friends, we cannot lay the blame of this upon God; as well might the boy who had his will, and suffered for it, blame his father for letting him. We must say with Job, 'I will take my complaint upon myself,' and as Mr. P. says in his confession, 'We cannot sin without suffering, for though it be delayed for a time, it will surely come. But it is a mercy to know that though we are chastised for our folly, we are not given over unto death.'

I would then say in conclusion,—To God's unmarried children, even if there were no precept in the word of God relative to this undertaking, it would be folly in the extreme to couple with unbelievers. When two persons are married, they become one flesh; the union is close and binding. But what union is there without communion? and what communion, I ask, can there be without an oneness of spirit, without each are taught of God? We will imagine a believer and an unbeliever are joined together; the husband is a believer, he has the love of God in his heart, he loves to keep company with those who can say, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.' Can his wife relish such company—is she happy in their society? No. In fact, his aim, his desires, his principles, his prospects, are essentially different from those of his wife; he may love her, and they may live happy together, as the case in re-consideration proves, but where there is one case that turns out favourable, there are many others that are a constant source of regret? It will not do to say afterwards, it was the will of God, or it would not have taken place, for all the evil that is committed in the world, is in some sense in accordance with God's will, or it could not have been permitted. Still, God's permission does not excuse the perpetration, and I am heartily glad to see Mr. P. recognise this principle; a principle self-evident to every right thinking mind: take away this principle, and you take away the moral responsibility of man, and thereby unHINGE the whole state of moral affairs. I come then to this simple conclusion in the words of the learned reformer, Zanchy, 'Secret things belong to God, but those that are revealed belong to us; therefore, when we meet with a plain precept, we should simply endeavour to obey it without tarrying to enquire into God's hidden purposes.

T. SMITH.

Leicester, Dec. 4, 1847.

The late Caroline Morgan.

My Dear Sister in the Faith—The following is the substance of what I said at the grave, when we laid the cold remains of Caroline Morgan in the dust. I have two objects in view in recording these things. First, you may now and then call to remembrance some of the happy moments which you have spent with your sister who is now in glory; and, secondly, that 'the weaklings in faith,' may hereby learn that it is indeed true, that our Lord does neither break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. The words I read were these—'I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.' (Job. xxx. 23.) I simply said, there are some things connected with death that are *very certain*; and there are some things *uncertain*. First,—it is very certain that death is the consequence of sin. 'Sin entered into the world, and death by sin.' There is a three-fold degree of sin, *original, natural, and practical*; so is there a three-fold degree of death, *spiritual, natural, and eternal*. It is also certain that unto this solemn point we must all come. There is no escaping death; there is no other passage out of time into eternity. You will say the Bible records *two ways* of departure out of this world, where death has not absolutely come upon the body—First, in the case of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; there the Lord made 'a new thing.' The earth opened her mouth, swallowed them up; and they 'went down quick into the pit.' (Numbers xvi. 30.) Body and soul went down into hell together. This is an awful passage indeed. So you will say that ENOCH and ELIJAH did not see death. That is true: but, as all new-covenant blessings were shadowed forth in the Old Testament, so I believe the extraordinary and mysterious departure of Enoch and Elijah were typical of two things belonging especially unto the church of Christ. Of Enoch it is said—'he walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.' This preacheth unto us the secret and mysterious passage of the ransomed soul from time into eternity. Death to the believer, is God's gathering home the ransomed spirit to himself; but as it is a mystery to us how Enoch was taken; so is the soul's departure out of its mortal tabernacle. Elijah's was a visible and glorious ascent into the highest heavens. After the Holy Ghost hath declared that there *appeared* a chariot of fire, and horses of fire; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind *into heaven*; then he adds—'AND ELISHA SAW IT.' This glorious and manifest ascent of Elijah sheweth us, how, at the last, God will take up the church in one perfect body,

gloriously conformed unto the image of Him who is over all, God blessed for evermore. I must not enlarge. Think on these things.

Secondly,—Connected with death, there are some things very *uncertain*. First, it is uncertain, *when, where*, or under what circumstances you or I shall die. Here is a young woman taken out of the world by death, at an early age, while thousands live and grow old and hardened in sin. In many cases, it is very uncertain *where* the soul goes to, after it has left the body. I have talked to some on their death-bed who could give no satisfactory evidence of union to Christ, and yet we dare not say that they had no living faith in Jesus. But as regards our sister Morgan, I feel no uncertainty about her eternal safety; although in so solemn a matter I would not speak rashly. In the first place, Caroline Morgan, was, for a long time before her death, a very silent but sincere waiter upon God, and a very constant and anxious hearer of the Gospel. Her heart was really concerned to know her own interest in Christ; although it was but seldom she seemed to have any hope. The Lord says, blessed is the man that heareth ME, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors; now this certainly was the case with our departed sister, therefore do I feel persuaded she is not cast away. Again, there was, as she approached the swellings of Jordan, a calm resignation, yea, a desire to depart; and a solid reliance on the person and work of Christ alone. She was not favoured with bright manifestations of the Lord's presence; she cried earnestly for these; but as they were denied, she said to me, nearly the last words I heard her speak—'I WILL HANG UPON HIM TO THE LAST.' This was said with such vehement sincerity and firmness, that I said, 'Then you can never perish.' From that moment I felt persuaded all was right between a holy God and her soul. The day before her death took place, her father requested her, if, in the article of death, she saw the Lord, to give them a sign to that effect. The father and mother had gone to sleep. An aunt was watching over her; when all at once poor Caroline lifted up her almost lifeless arm and waved it round and round. The aunt not understanding what it meant, ran to call the parents: but just as her father reached her bedside, she breathed her last. Poor soul! her afflictions were great beyond description; but her warfare is ended; her spirit is before the throne. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Esther—It will not be long before we follow into the same kingdom. The Lord bless you, prays your companion in tribulation.

C. W. BANKS.

THE PROPOSED SETTLEMENT OF
Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure, at Hadlow,
IN KENT.

IN order to set a fair EXAMPLE before the churches; and also to make an APPEAL to all wealthy Christians, we give insertion to the following letter. As an example, we say, let churches and ministers try one another as the church at Hadlow and John Bunyan M'Cure have been enabled to do. In the settlement of young men as pastors, the greatest care, watchfulness, and caution should be exercised. In the case before us, this has been done on both sides, and we seriously believe that the good hand of God is now directing the steps of our brother to a settlement among the people where his labours have been so abundantly owned of God. We trust the appeal that is here made, will fall into the hearts of some, who have it in their power to help a widowed and afflicted church, that it may again be favoured with the oversight and stated ministrations of a laborious workman in the gospel field. One of the deacons in addressing us, says:—

"Dear Brother in the bonds of everlasting love, grace be unto you and peace be multiplied.

"In looking on the wrapper of the *Earthen Vessel*, we see you express a hope that the Lord will be pleased shortly to settle our brother John Bunyan M'Cure over the church at Hadlow. This, dear brother, is what we have long desired (if God will). But why do we desire it? Because the Lord has blessed his testimony to our souls. We can but view the hand of God in his coming among us. When our late beloved pastor was laid aside from preaching, a friend who was intimately acquainted with our brother M'Cure, spoke highly of him as a faithful minister, and one who was consistent in his life and conversation, and wished us to have him to preach to us one Lord's day, kindly engaging to bear all charges; this we thankfully accepted. When he came, the Lord was pleased to bless the word in an especial manner to the reviving and establishing our souls, so that we could say, the word came to us, not in word only, but in power, in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. As we were obliged to have supplies, we wished him to come again. Our friend, by our desire, engaged him for two Lord's days in the month, which is now about fifteen months ago, and we can truly say the Lord has often been with us, and has blessed the word to

our souls. Our congregation has greatly increased, and the Lord has owned our brother's ministry by giving him souls for his hire, and seals to his ministry, as many of us can testify, so that our love to our brother increases more and more, not for anything in him, but we esteem him highly in love for the truth's sake. Some good-meaning people have given us some gentle hints not to think too highly of him as he is a young man, lest we should make him proud. Some of us have been in the way long enough to know, that whether young or old, nothing short of grace can keep a minister or a private christian humble at the feet of Jesus, to learn of him who is meek and lowly in heart. Our late beloved pastor used to express his gratitude to the Lord for the sending such a minister to us. As a church, we are *unanimous* in wishing our brother to be settled over us; for which we desire to bless our covenant God, and which we esteem no small mercy in this day of awful departure from the truth, when we hear of such sad divisions in many churches. Not unto us, not unto us, but unto our covenant God, we desire to give all the praise.

Then you may say, why not have him, as there is an increasing love between you? The reason is, we are a poor church, and have it not in our power to keep our dear brother and his family, without his doing something to help bring in a living; neither does our brother wish to be wholly dependant on us, but wishes to labour with his hands so that he may not be burdensome to us. Nay, he is determined never to be a burden to any people. Though our congregation has increased, they are among the poor; sometimes our old Adam nature wishes that some of the rich were sent among us, but the new nature sees it is all right, and sometimes we are enabled to bless the Lord because it keeps us more dependant on him, and we are not so much exposed to that domineering spirit which is too often manifested in those that are rich in this world. How then can it be accomplished for our brother to come and settle among us? We know not, unless something can be raised to enable him to set up in a small way in his business; he has not the means, and we are poor, but willing to do all we can to enable him. Should some of our sister churches, which have members that have it in their power, and feel disposed to subscribe something to so desirable an object, we should feel deeply indebted to them. May the Lord in mercy stir them up, remembering he has said, 'inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my little ones, ye did it unto me.' Your unworthy brother in covenant bonds.

GEORGE CRITTLE.

P.S.—By desire of the friends I write this to you; I should much rather some one else had done it, for I feel my own inability.

The Communion of Saints;

OR THE LOOP AND TACHET BECOMING ONE.

"And he made fifty taches of gold, and coupled the curtains one unto another with the taches; so it became one tabernacle." Exodus xxxvi. 15.

SOME years ago an English gentleman, by a particular providence, had occasion to be in North America; where among other adventures, the following circumstance occurred to him, which is thus related in his own words:—

"In one of my excursions while I was in the province of New York, I was walking by myself over a considerable plantation, amused with its husbandry, and comparing it with that of my own country; till I came within a little distance of a middle aged negro, who was tilling the ground. I felt a strong inclination (unusual with me,) to converse with him. After asking him some little questions about his work, which he answered very sensibly; I wished him to tell me, whether his state of slavery was not disagreeable to him, and whether he would not gladly exchange it for his liberty? 'Massah,' said he, looking seriously upon me, 'I have wife and children, my Massah takes care of them, and I have no care to provide anything; I have a good Massah, who teaches me to read; and I read good book, that makes me happy.' I am glad replied I, to hear you say so; and pray what is the good book you read? 'The Bible, Massah, God's own good book.' Do you understand, friend, as well as read this book? for many can read the words well, who cannot get old of the true and good sense. 'O Massah,' says he, 'I read the book much before I understand, but at last I felt pain in my heart; I found things in that book which cut me to pieces.' Aye, said I, and what things where they? 'Why, Massah, I found I had bad heart; Massah, a very bad heart indeed; I felt pain that God would destroy me, because I was so wicked, and done nothing as I should do; God was holy, and I was vile and naughty; so I could have nothing from him but fire and brimstone in hell.' In short, he entered into a full account of his convictions of sin; which, indeed, were as deep and piercing as almost any I had ever heard of; and what scriptures came to his mind, which he had read, that both probed him to the bottom of his sinful heart, and were made the means of light and comfort to his soul. I then enquired of him what minister or means he made use of, and found that his waster was a Quaker, a plain sort of man, who had taught his slaves to read, but who had not, however, even conversed with this negro upon the state of his soul. I asked him likewise how he got comfort under all his trials? 'O

Massah,' says he, 'It was Christ gave me comfort by his dear wounds. He bade me come unto him, and he would give me rest, for I was weary and heavy laden.' And here he went through a line of the most precious texts in the Bible, shewing me, by a most artless comment upon them as he went along, what great things God had done (in the course of some years) for his soul. Being rather more acquainted with the doctrinal truths, and the analogy of the Bible, than he had been, or in his situation could easily be, I had a mind to try how far a simple, untutored experience, graciously given without the usual means, could carry a man from some speculative errors. I therefore asked him several questions about the merit of works, the justification of a sinner, the power of grace, and the like. I own I was much astonished at, as I admired, the sweet spirit and simplicity of his answers, with the heavenly wisdom which the Lord had put into the mind of this negro. His discourses (flowing merely from the riches of divine grace, with a tenderness and expression far beyond the reach of art,) perfectly charmed me. On the other hand, my entering into all his feelings, together with an account to him which he had never heard before, that thus and thus in mercy the Lord dealt with all his children, and had dealt with me, drew streams of joyful tears down his black face, and we looked upon each other, and talked with each other, with that inexpressible glow of christian affection, that made me more than ever believe, what I have often too thoughtlessly professed to believe, *the communion of saints*. I shall never forget how that poor excellent creature seemed to hang upon my lips, and to eat my very words, when I enlarged upon the love of Christ to poor sinners; the free bounty and tender mercy of God; the frequent and delightful sense he gives of his presence; the faith he bestows in his promises; the victory this faith is enabled to get over trials and temptations; the joy and peace in believing; the hope in life and death, and the glorious expectation of immortality. To have taken off his eager, delighted, animated, air and manner, would have been a master-piece for a *Reynolds*. He had never heard such discourse, he seemed like a man who had been thrown into a new world, and at length he had found company. Though my conversation lasted at least two or three hours, I scarce ever enjoyed the happy swiftness of time so sweetly in all my life. We knew not how to part. He would accompany me as far as he might; and I felt on my side such a delight in the artless savour, the solid, unaffected experience of this dear soul, that I could have been glad to have seen him often then, or to see his like at any time now. I therefore took an affectionate adieu, with an ardour equal to the warmest and most

ancient friendship, telling him, that neither the colour of his body, nor the condition of his present life, could prevent him being my dear brother in our dear Saviour, and though we must part now, never to see each other again any more in this world, I had no doubt of our having another joyful meeting in our Father's home, where we shall live together, and love one another throughout a long and happy eternity. 'Amen, amen, my dear Massa; God bless you, and poor me too, for ever and ever.'

Ministerial Encouragement.

Lines addressed to Mr. J. Gwinnell, Pastor of London-street Chapel, Greenwich, by a member of his church, when his mind was exceedingly depressed under a deep sense of the importance of preaching the word of life.

To you, dear sir, this grace is given,
To shew to man the way to heaven;
To preach a Saviour crucified,
And point to him who bled and died.

To cry aloud—behold the Lamb!
Who was for guilty sinners slain;
To make them kings and priests to God,
And wash them in his precious blood.

Exalt your Lord, and lift him high,
And sinners in the dust shall lie;
Proclaim to man, 'free grace abound!'
And may they hasten to the sound.

Then give not up: but still go on;
Proclaim salvation through the Son;
Salvation free to guilty man,
Oh! how amazing is the plan.

Fear not the trials of the way;
Strength shall be equal to your day;
Though trials may your steps surround;
'Tis the right way to Canaan's ground.

Hath not your kind Redeemer said,
'On me, let all your cares be laid!
'For lo! I'm with you to the end;
'Your ever kind and constant friend.'

Then why afraid and sink so low?
Your God will equal strength bestow;
And grace sufficient to your day;
To guide you in your doubtful way.

Be faithful, till your Lord shall come,
To take you to your heavenly home;
Saying 'Come ye blessed of the Lord,
'Come and receive your full reward.'

Oh! may I meet with you above,
To bless and praise redeeming love;
With countless myriads round the throne,
Join in the everlasting song.

Then at his feet we there will fall,
Tho' the unworthiest of them all;
And through eternity will praise,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

It would be foolishness to apply a remedy where there is no disease. Christ came 'not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.' He says, 'The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.' The physician does not come to tell the sick man to remain in his sickness.

The Place where Two Seas Meet.

My dear Friend,—The Lord teaches you with the rest of his blood-purchased people, that 'he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.' Your experience, under the divine teachings of the Holy Ghost shows that nothing but a full, free, finished, and everlasting salvation will suit you. You feel that you are a great sinner, and that none but one mighty to save, can save you; this, divine sovereign grace has made you to feel; the Lord is continually showing his people that here they 'have no continuing city,' no rest, no quietude, peace or safety, but in Christ Jesus, the rock of ages. Without Christ, the soul of a believer is like a vessel upon the boisterous deep, when all is dangerous and stormy; yea, the believer is often brought into a place where two seas meet; he has often to experience a sea of external trouble, temptations, and afflictions; but this is not the greatest; it is the sea of internal conflicts, afflictions and sin, which is the most stormy, tempestuous, and dangerous. But what an unspeakable mercy that sometimes, when wave after wave of trouble rolls in, that the *great*, the *red*, the flowing and cleansing sea of Immanuel's blood drives all away; then all is peaceable, joyous, and safe: the trials you are now passing through often find you an errand to the throne; and, mark, it is a throne of grace, high and lifted up, that no Pharisee or mere formalist can approach unto: but it is so low that the poor, the needy, the tried, have often found that it is indeed a mercy seat—a throne established (through grace) to show mercy and favour to the suppliants; and I feel assured that you can (by experience) give your unequivocal or unqualified testimony to the fact that it is indeed a mercy seat. Trials are needful for us, though they are not pleasant to us; they are appointed by him who is too wise to err, and too mindful of his people to be unkind. Your journey may oftentimes be rough, dark, and trying, and it is really requisite it should be, or you would have no use for the promise, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass.' Surely those shoes were never intended for a smooth, easy, and comfortable path! But again, what an unspeakable mercy that Jehovah can and does make the rough places (in our experience) plain. He levels down the hills; he removes the mountains; he regulates the fire; he rebukes the winds, and to the storm he says 'Bestill' and there is stillness, safeness, and smoothness. These are some of the things that I have learnt, (if I am not deceived) in the path in which I have been called to travel. May the Lord help us to see, while all is rough, teasing, and perplexing in and about us, that in Christ all is peaceable, safety, and perfect freedom!

No condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, they are perfect in him, comely through

the comeliness placed upon them; the Lord says to such 'Behold thou art fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.' What endearing words—'my love, my undefiled;' she is but one, the only one of her mother. Jesus saith to such, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' United to him, they shall live for ever—'beholding his glory.' Seeing him as he is; being like him; singing 'unto him that hath loved them, and washed them in his own blood.' But am I interested in these solemn realities? have I tasted that the Lord is gracious? have I felt my sinnership? Sometimes I fear, as the cloud overcasts; at another time the sun shines, truth is precious, the promises are suitable, the name of Christ is as ointment poured forth, and the desire of the soul is, 'Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth.' Yours to serve in the gospel of Jesus. J. E. BLOMFIELD.

Townsend Place, Cheltenham.

AN ACROSTIC

Presented to W. Bidder, after supplying the Pulpit at Mount Zion Chapel, Devonport, in 1827.

W e now must part; and may the Lord
I mpart a blessing on his word
L eft with us here by you;
L ong may it prove a source of joy,
I n each our hearts, when foes annoy,
A nd doubts and fears our peace destroy,
M ay it our faith renew.

B e God's electing love to man,
I n saving him, O wondrous plan,
D esign'd before he fell!
D eclar'd by you where'er you go;
E xalt our Christ, and we will too
R ejoice, and add farewell!

Additions to the Churches.

London Street Chapel, Greenwich.—On Lord's day, October 3rd, the ordinance of believer's baptism was administered to eight believers, after a very suitable address by brother Oliver, of London, from 'What mean ye by this ordinance?' when Mr. J. Gwinnell led the candidates down into the water. They sung with a sweet feeling,

Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

two of the candidates had been with the Wesleyans for years, and another was an old member of the Independents, and two were daughters of our sen. deacon, Mr. W. Fisher. In the evening they were received into our church, with four more from other churches, when our dear pastor, Mr. Gwinnell, related their experience before all the congregation, and we have a number more saying, we will go with you for we perceive God is with you. Our chapel is well-filled every Lord's day.

This is the Truth.

Two questions have of late been dividing and distressing the church of God in Christendom: the first is, whether one brother in the ministry is *divinely* authorised to hold up, preach against, and publish another brother's faults and infirmities? The second is, whether doubts and fears in poor believer's hearts are to be *acknowledged* or *denounced*? We shall not attempt to decide upon these weighty matters; but we shall let others—through the *Earthen Vessel*—speak on both these points. With reference to the former question, a very sober, and truly spiritual brother in the ministry writes as follows:—

“Alas! in some quarters of late the envy of Ephraim, and the vexation of Judah have broken out with a most bitter and humiliating rancour, which must make work for deep repentance at some time or other. Had some parties been in a furnace as intensely heated as that into which the polluted worm now addressing you has recently and aforesaid been put, they would have other work to do than discerning ‘motes and beams’ in their brother's eyes, and their doubts and fears would, perhaps, have had an infinitely greater concentration on the reality of *their own* christianity than on that of *others*; while their apprehension that they were the chief of sinners would have prevented them from throwing a single stone at others. This will be their spirit yet, if they are what I hope respecting them.”

BUT, IS THIS TRUTH?

Upon the second question, we give an extract from a sermon preached at Eden-street chapel, Hampstead-road, by Mr. Mackenzie, and which is reported in the last number of the *Zoar Pulpit*. The preacher said (speaking of some ministers):

“They seem to have a deep antipathy to the tried, afflicted people of God; a determined enmity and hatred to everything like the painful, deep heart-harrowing exercises of the people of God; they cut and stab at doubts and fears, gloom and despondency, as if it were some capital crime, and as if the people of God took pleasure in them. This is also a mistake and error. I will tell you where the string of it lies: it is doctrinal free-will. There are two kinds of free-will: first, thorough arminian free-will, which totally denies the doctrines of grace; and secondly, doctrinal free-will, which holds the doctrines of grace, but carries free-will into experience. Neither of these will God own or bless; nor will they profit the tried and exercised of the Lord's family. Such per-

sons will tell you, ‘God's saints make a hobby of doubts and fears:’ but I deny it, and say it is a libel on God's saints. I do not know one in London, or in England, who does so. It is an insult to the church of God. Can a man make a hobby of his wants, his distresses, or his afflictions, when they come? Surely not. And I do not envy the man who can hear it comfortably, or the man who can preach it. Doubts and fears are the infirmities and weaknesses of God's saints; the same as abscesses, wounds and fevers are the infirmities and diseases of our mortal bodies. But when a man is wounded, diseased, or afflicted, are we to stab, to cut, and to whip him, because of these infirmities? Are we to tell him to heal his wounds, and that he is dishonouring God by having them? He knows he has wounds; he feels his distresses, afflictions, and sorrows; his heart cries, groans, and sighs over them. But are we therefore to say ‘he makes a hobby of them?’ I say, no: I never met with such christian men; if there be, they are unknown to me. I have been from end to end, and from side to side of this land among the churches, and I have never met with any but those who have felt doubts and fears to be a source of pain and grief to them.

“But can you rid the Lord's family of doubts and fears by troubling and grieving them? Is a man saved from drowning by pushing him into the water? Can you whip God's people out of their distresses, or scold them out of their fears? What says God? ‘Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God: speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.’ (Isa. xl. 1, 2.) So then, though subject to doubts, fears, and soul exercises; though thus dark, blind, and obscure, at times; tell them, that it is the leper, the halt, the lame, and the blind, that God saves. What indeed has made Job's trials so sweet to the church of God? Is it not being plunged into the same fire, and passing through a measure of the same trials? This is the way to raise up hope, and put down unbelief; this is the way to comfort and bless their souls,—by preaching the truth to them; by plentifully declaring the thing as it is,—and not by trying to flog them out of their doubts and fears with legal whips, as some attempt to do. We are, therefore to ‘try the spirits;’ and examine every man's doctrine and preaching to see that it be in accordance with the Lord's testimony, and the teaching of his Spirit in our souls.”

We fully agree with all that Mr. Mackenzie says with reference to the trials of God's saints; but where the ministers are who cut, stab, and whip the people of God on account of them, we are at a loss to conceive.—ED.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE FRANCIS,

Of Snows Fields Meeting, Southwark.

WE commence our notice of the death of this dear and aged servant of Jesus Christ, by reiterating the words of THOMAS STRINGER, who spoke over his grave. "The question generally asked, (said Thomas) is *How did he die?*" 'I will tell you—he died in faith—he died in peace—he died in Jesus.' Glorious death this; come when, and under what circumstances it may. Of George Francis, it is not only true that he died in faith, he also *lived in faith*; he not only died, but he *lived in peace*; he not only died, but he also *lived in Jesus*; and, like a shock of corn fully ripe, he has at length been gathered to his fathers: and has entered into that rest which is secured unto all the people of God.

We see no occasion for grief or sorrow in the removal of this dear saint from the church below to the church above. His ministerial labours have for some time past been finished: and having been literally worn out in the great work to which he was called, the Lord laid him gently and carefully aside until the number of his days were accomplished, and then, dropping his earthly tabernacle, and drawing aside the veil, he took his ransomed spirit into the mansions of immortal glory, where millions of the redeemed together meet, and together sing the honours of their heavenly king.

Free grace he preached; free grace is now his song,

He's shouting victory with the blood-bought throng,

At Jesus' feet they fall.

May we, like him, be ready to appear,
He saw in Christ, his title good and clear

To joys that never end;

Then we shall shout the glories of the Lamb,
And wonder at redemption's glorious plan

As well as our dear friend.

But our design is, to place upon record, all that is calculated to be of use and interest to the church of Christ: we proceed, therefore, to lay before our readers the following sketch which has been prepared for us by our esteemed friend and brother, Henry Watmuff.

The earthly career of George Francis, the long respected minister of Snows Fields Chapel, has at last terminated, whose death

I heard announced by Mr. Jones, at the anniversary of Surrey Tabernacle; he died on the morning of January, 5, 1848. He was one of the three at my settlement, said Mr. Jones, 35 years ago. In taking a brief survey of the life and ministry of this servant of Christ, I cannot do better than let his own works and words speak for him: 'he being dead, yet speaketh.' Mr. Francis was a plain, upright, meek, and humble minded man of truth; a sincere lover and follower of Christ, his people, and his ways,—and a faithful preacher of the everlasting gospel, as was also his brother, James Francis, who died three years and a half before him. The two brothers, James and George Francis were much alike. James lived to his 79th year, George to be 80. The trials of George were but as to the ankles, compared with James, which were of a very overwhelming kind till nearly his 70th year. But his latter days were *his best*. It was my privilege to be more acquainted with James; I was with him within a few days of his departure; he left behind him an honourable testimony of his having served the Lord before he fell asleep.

At the early age of *ten years*, Mr. Francis says, 'The Sun of righteousness began to shine into my soul: I know of no particular portion of Scripture or sermon from which this took its rise, but this I know, that at this time I began to feel a great concern about my soul, and whether there was any ground for me to look for happiness after death.' He then goes on to state—after failing in his resolves to seek the salvation of his soul, on the principle he was seeking it, says, 'I got worse and worse, and now to think of setting out again would be vain: I therefore made a resolution that I would never pray any more; this was one night while I lay on my bed, but thanks be to God, I was no more able to keep this bad resolution, than I had been the former good ones. I was soon drawn to seek him again.' In a very obscure state he continued until he was permitted to hear Mr. Romaine; 'I heard,' says he, 'as I never heard before; I found it to be the word of God, from the power which attended it. I remember hearing him once in particular, his text I do not remember, neither do I think I could repeat ten words of it in its proper order; but this I can well remember, that his subject was how a sinner could be justified in the sight of God, which he shewed clearly to be by faith, without any of our works or deservings, and which he made appear clearer than I had ever heard done in my life before, or at least had never so well

understood it. He repeated these words over and over again; 'that a sinner brought to feel his lost, helpless, miserable state, and casting himself at the feet of Christ, Christ was the Saviour of every such soul.' And I think if ever I paid attention to anything, it was to *this*, which I thought the best news that I had ever heard.' He then proceeds to describe the joyful reflections these statements gave rise unto in his soul, accompanied by a painful yet gracious sickness which at this time he laboured under. When at about seventeen years of age, the prison doors of his soul were thrown open under the ministry of the honoured Romaine. I must make another extract from these early days, and then close. 'Soon after this, the Lord was pleased to revive, and at length to restore me; and I was now inclined to think the battle was won, and the conflict over; that I had nothing to do but to ride smoothly on till I got to heaven; but, alas! I knew but very little as yet of what was very necessary for me to know of the evil of my own heart: the corruption, unbelief, and filth, that lay at the bottom of that *dirty puddle*, which only wants stirring up, to be felt as well as seen; and also of that host of enemies which I then had, and even to the present moment have to grapple with,—enemies who are daily trying to stop me in my heavenly course. My experience down to the present day, is a composition of light and darkness, joy and sorrow, life and death; thus I am brought to prove the truth of Paul's account of himself: 'To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not.' I would love him above all things, but oh, how frequently do I find that the least thing that presents itself, steals away my heart from my best friend. I would speak of what he has done for my soul, with a view to his glory, but alas! when I attempt it (and that sincerely too), before I am aware, I am drawn off from him, that my soul is concerned to exalt; Christ is forgot and self creeps in, and thus I learn the truth of Newton's words:—

When I would speak what thou hast done,
To save me from my sin;
I cannot make thy mercy known,
But self-applause creeps in.

Mr. Francis's call to the ministry seemed to him of a more wonderful and important character, than his call by grace, and which certainly was not after man's teaching; he says—'My general retreat was my bed-room, where I had a table, a chair, and a few books, chiefly consisting of Romaine's Life, and Walk of Faith, two or three Hymn books, and a Bible; this place he says was my chief retreat, where I obtained such precious interviews with my beloved, that could *they* speak, the very walls would testify to the sacred business transacted between the Lord and my soul. At this time, I knew but one

or two persons, that I could venture to speak to upon soul matters, and I began to proclaim aloud God's goodness to me; which it seems, went to those who did not wish to hear about it; but,' he says, 'I was too heavy laden with divine treasures to be able to live without *vent*, in consequence of which I was driven the more to my favorite room, at which time, I used to tell my Lord everything which befell me, and to unbosom my very soul before him; I said, O my Lord, bring me acquainted with some of thy *blood-bought people*, that I may have the *soul pleasure* of talking about thy wondrous works; rejoicing with them that can rejoice, and attempting to comfort them that mourn; which cry God having implanted, he has evidently *heard* and answered abundantly above what I could ask or think. As I was led on in the divine life, I became more acquainted with myself; saw more my weakness, felt my total unfitness, and, as *I thought*, the impossibility of any such thing taking place; when judging it to be nothing but a temptation, I poured out my soul before God earnestly, that he would be pleased to banish the thought for ever from my mind. In this way I got rid of it for months together, and I was thankful for it; when again it would return with the greatest force, bringing great distress, and, at times almost distraction into my mind, then away to my divine friend I flew again, and told him what had happened,' and concludes his prayer thus:—'Never, never let me live to see the day when I shall be left to run without *mission* or *commission* from thyself.' As soon again as I had got a little over my trouble and hoped it was buried to rise no more; some person or other would speak to me, and say, 'they wondered that I did not attempt to speak in the Lord's name.' This I suppose has occurred more than twenty times, from different people, and at different *periods of time*, this would sometimes awaken up all my former anxiety of mind; but blessed is that exercise, or even temptation, that urges us to a throne of grace.

'Here I would make a remark, that when God intends to make a man publicly useful, he will endue him with a gift in some *measure suitable thereto*. If a man is destined to be a teacher, he will possess him with an aptness to teach; in this way God blessed me years before I came publicly forward, and there are many living witnesses to prove it. But my trouble and fear sprang from looking to what we call a *pulpit*, in which place I supposed my work was to begin, when, as I have just observed, it had already commenced; here I remained, nor could I move forward, any more than I could create a world; several of my friends said I should be ordained a par-our preacher at any rate.'

Doors one after another, in providence, now opened to Mr. Francis. An important one, we

must notice, he says, 'Things remained in this state for some months, when one day a godly man, a minister of the gospel, called at my house, and after some pleasant conversation, asked me to walk a little way with him; I did so: he had not gone many yards, before he said, he had long thought that I had a preaching gift, (as he termed it) and if that be the case, said he, however much preaching there is in the world, preaching Jesus is much wanted still.' I remained silent, and could not answer a word; '*now I want you to preach for me.* I do not expect you to answer me at present, but I shall leave you for about a fortnight, in which time you will go and tell the Lord what I have been requesting of you, and I shall meet you at the same throne; after which time I shall call for your answer.' Thus he left me, and I came home with a heavier load than ever; my sleep departed from me, my fear and trouble being so great, lest it should not be found to be of God. However, at the appointed time, he called for his answer; but I could not give him any, observing which, he said, 'well, my dear friend, this is the very way in which I wished to be answered. I perceive your conscience will not allow you to say *no*, and your fears will not allow you to say *yes*; that is enough; I shall give you out to preach, the Lord bless you,' and so he left me. I forbear to say any more respecting my inward distress and anxiety; but I verily thought it would be my death. The time arrived, I went to preach, and wondered when I was done at what had transpired. A person came up to me, as I came down the pulpit stairs, and addressed me thus:—'Aaron thy brother can speak well, you must preach here again this day fortnight.' I smiled, but made no answer. Thus I found my troubles were not at an end, and I had about a fortnights' grace in which to recruit my strength as I thought; instead of which about two days after, through the death of a certain person, the minister was obliged to go directly into the country; and before he set off, an agreement was made with the managers of the place, that I should supply the two following Sabbaths. This was entirely unknown to me, upon hearing which, I said, I cannot and will not; this preaching business will *surely kill me*; alas! what a fool was I ever to make an attempt in such an important work, since I have every evidence to believe I am not equal thereto.'

Our limits forbid us entering into the exercises of his mind respecting this trial; Mr. F.'s going to one of the managers begging to decline the engagement, wishing him to get another supply, all of which proved unavailing; he was compelled to go; and was comfortably helped through, though he says, 'I mounted the pulpit as white as a sheet, witnessed by many, and took my seat there in such a situation as I should think scarcely

any one ever did before, crying to the Lord for help; every joint in my body appearing to be loosened, and I sat on the seat as one afflicted with an ague. When I stood up to pray, I felt rather more composed, but that being over I sat down and the same sensations returned; the congregation sang, and I rose up to preach, and took for my text these words, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,' &c. Here then was one of the most fearfully dejected mortals that had ever lifted up his head in a pulpit, about to comfort others from these words; this I suppose must have struck them with surprise, as it has since, upon reflection, done me. I had no sooner named my text, than all fear, timidity, and everything like it, was in one moment taken away, and a holy boldness with sweet liberty of mind, and flow of speech followed, nor did I feel any concern except for the Lord of glory, and the soul's good of the people. When I had done, I believe both parson and people were filled with a divine surprise; and upon reflection, I hardly knew what I had been about. This was my *first attempt in London*, I could not help saying, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?'

After thus opening his mouth for God in London, and two or three times before in the country, Mr. Francis received a ministerial commission from his pastor, *Mr. Chin, of Walworth*, being then in the meridian of life, which ordeal occasioned him much sorrow of heart; he describes himself, when he came to the meeting, 'like a poor criminal in irons to take his trial.' The business having closed, he was sent out by the voice of that church. Mr. F. says, I had a roving commission, and I went East, West, North, and South; and I think I may safely add, God went with me confirming the word by signs following, as many now living can well witness.' Mr. F.'s temporal trials now set in upon him; the adversary charged him with many things, as 'having a large family, business declining, filled with engagements for preaching, the devil tempting, fears increasing, my heart sinking; glad would I have been to have run away from the work of the Lord; and often have I come to a resolution that I would fulfil my present engagements and then preach no more; but before this was accomplished I was sure to receive fresh invitations, either by message or post, which I durst not refuse. At this juncture I well remember my wife coming to me one day with an account of certain things that were wanted for the family. My heart almost sank within me as she spake. I said, do not worry me, I cannot get them at present; I hope you will have them before long. She replied, 'I think you will go on preaching, until you preach us all into the workhouse!' This completed my distress, I turned away, and could say no more.'

But the God whom he served kept on remarkably appearing for him both in providence and grace in his extremities. He gives a remarkable instance of a poor sin tormented, iron-bound child of God being brought into the glorious freedom and liberty of the gospel under one of his sermons, preached in great distress of soul respecting his own preaching abilities before alluded to, for engaging in this work. But in which he saw, as with a sun-beam, the Lord's hand towards him. After relating her great deliverance from very deep distress of soul through his instrumentality, she said to him, 'she had got something further to say, at which she hoped I would not be offended, which was, that she had been long impressed in her mind that she must make some small acknowledgement to me for the blessings instrumentally conferred upon her by my means. She said she had been to the Lord about the matter, and had asked of him to direct her what to bring, after which she followed the dictates of her mind. She then presented us with a bundle, upon opening which it was found to contain the very things, article for article, which I had just received in the former catalogue of wants from my wife! Thus I stood again confounded at the marvellous goodness and loving-kindness of my wonder-working Lord. In this and similar ways, I have proved, in instances out of number, that my Lord had designed me for high life after all. 'They shall dwell on high: their place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given them, and their water shall be sure.'

I now notice the settlement of Mr. Francis in London, with the formation of the present church in Snows Fields. "About this time a few individuals talked about my preaching in the Borough or City, and expressing their desire for it; it was mentioned to me, I smiled, and said that would not do. It was mentioned again, and the flame kept increasing, until at length they finally resolved to seek a place. Finding them serious about it, I became serious too, rather doubting in myself whereunto this might grow; as I heartily disliked the idea, nor could I bear to think of preaching in or about London. At length, however, I was obliged to go and pour out my heart before God concerning it, heartily begging of him, that he would not leave me to the actings of flesh and blood; lest through pride and unbelief, I should be left to resist his will, and that if there were any poor soul in or about the Borough, who stood in need of my labours, he would succeed their endeavours in giving them a place; and that if that was not the case, that he would bolt and bar every door, and keep them out from every quarter; in this sweet way of prayer I passed about two hours, as sure that God would hear my prayer, as that I was then living; and indeed the doors appeared fast

closed enough, since no place could be found for me to preach in, though many proposals were made for the use of a pulpit, once on a Lord's day, and on a week day evening, but all in vain, which was as I heartily wished. When unexpectedly a place offered itself near London Bridge, which appeared suitable; it was taken at a rent of 40 guineas, the fitting up came to upwards of £50, and I was in possession of such a small stock of faith, that I thought the place much too large, and heartily pitied my dear friends that had engaged it; but before ten months had elapsed, without any extraordinary exertions, the rent was paid, and the whole debt discharged; and together with this, the most indisputable testimony of the blessing and presence of God among us. I could then only stand astonished, and say, what has God wrought? The place was a large commodious room up one pair of stairs, at a *tavern* or coffee house; the ground floor was occupied as coffee rooms, the first floor by us for the worship of God, and the second floor was a billiard room; and each was employed very frequently at the same time within hearing of each other. It was opened on a public fast day, but I think it was found a feast day to many; three sermons were preached, that in the morning by Mr. Stevens, that in the afternoon by Mr. Bailey, and that in the evening by myself." Mr. Francis had painful exercises of mind on this occasion owing to the circumstance of Mr. Bailey's preaching from the same text, he had been occupied a fortnight to get clear views of, Exodus xx. 24; he says "After service, I went to him, and said, Oh, my friend, you have ruined me! you have taken my text out of my mouth; I have no text for this evening. He replied, never fear, God will give you another. His was the prophetic part, mine was to believe the prediction; and here I made as poor work of it, as I had done in former times. However I left the company as soon as I could, and fled to the throne of grace, and there told the Lord what had happened, and heartily prayed that he would give me some other text; after a little time, these words came into my mind, 'And I am sure that when I come unto you, I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.' A difficulty, however presented itself to my mind; that such a text as this seemed too pompous and unsuitable for me, so that I knew not how to give it out, or frame my lips to pronounce it, but as I could get nothing else I was compelled to take it: the time arriving, I ascended the pulpit, and stated what had happened as an apology for taking the text, adding that should there be any one that might feel any objection to my choice of such words, to him I would propose a question: Can you do with anything less than the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ? if not, then I hoped

he would join in prayer with me, that the very text itself, in its fullest sense, might be fulfilled in me while labouring amongst the people. Entering upon my subject, light broke in upon my mind, life into my soul, and the gift of utterance was afforded; and I believe many, yea very many, found it good to be there."

Mr. Francis being thus fixed in the Borough, and in this very singular place, where, in one part were the worshippers of God, and in another the frequenters of the ale house, each, after their will, amusing themselves; the next step was the formation of themselves into an organized Baptist Church, which took place in August, 1813, and in this, as in previous matters, George Francis, was most backward in moving. He says, "Having in these and many other instances had my infidelity confounded, and unbelief silenced, it might have been supposed that these things would have made a man of me: but no, Gideon was Gideon still, though there was a succession of miracles to encourage him. I was repeatedly asked, whether there was to be a church formed? My answer was, 'I thought there would before long, but dare not move in it myself, from a powerful sense of my own unfitness; nor do I believe I should to this day, if God had not disposed others to make the first motion.' At length a few came and requested that the matter might be forwarded. I believe it was God's motion, and God's number, the whole amounting to seven: a church book was accordingly procured; a few articles of faith drawn up, and unanimously subscribed to; the union being witnessed by two members of other churches; *I was then invited to take the charge of them, which I dared not refuse. This act of their's I cannot behold without gratitude to God, and love to them, as I have reason to believe they did it with the fear of God in their hearts; though constrained to follow them in the outset, they were still obliged to lead their leader, or he never would have gone forward.* From that time to this we have continued together, and I can summon your consciences to testify to this truth, (worth more than ten thousand worlds) that God has been with us. Our number has increased from seven to seventy (this was in 1816); and from the commencement of my pastoral labours, I trust I can say, God gave me a pastor's heart, which convinces me that God will fit us for our callings in the very work, *and not let us see our qualifications first.'*"

Mr. Francis's people removed from the room and settled in Snows Fields Chapel, in the Borough, where a Mr. Samuel Mansell had been, a popular talented minister, a man who sadly disgraced himself and gave up preaching, but who afterwards resumed it

in a licensed house in London. He then went to Liverpool, and was popular there for a time, but at last ended his days in a cellar, as I am informed. I have heard it said that Mr. Huntington, in his work, entitled, "Forty Stripes, save one," indirectly aimed at him, though he had formerly preached for him. Other popular ministers shone in and about the Borough. About this time there were some great lights who painfully exhibited the works of darkness in their lives and walk, yet, were brilliant stars for ministerial talent. But we see in Mr. Francis a rich vein of gospel humility and simplicity running throughout. Look at his call by grace! Nothing extravagant in this. Look at his ministry, and there is the same as in his calling; no superior light, or great revelations from God; all is simplicity, and according to God's common method of working and raising up; always backward in engaging. His ministry was full, clear, and explicit. Christ the Alpha and Omega shone forth; not preached in the pride of strife and contention. He had very mean and poor views of himself, keeping close to the word of God. He says, 'Thus I have endeavoured to give you a detail of the leadings of divine providence, in as plain a way as I can, as in the sight of God, daring not, as the apostle saith, to speak of anything which God hath not wrought in me to make you obedient by word and deed. My view in this is not to make myself appear something; no, verily, *but laboring hereby to prove that I am nothing*; that all things are of God; our creation, new creation, effectual calling, call to preach, with the door of utterance, and the opening of every door of providence, where these things are to be uttered, *that the hand of the Lord may be seen in the whole.'*

May we not say of some, 'strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not.' If I am asked what strength? I answer that which arises from sensible weakness, and not making use of the Lord continually. 'He knoweth it not,' because *wisdom* hath deceived. Persons may have great conceptions of the majesty of God, have sublime expressions on the Person and work of Christ, yet be only as 'sounding brass,' and not 'refined silver.' It was said of Babylon, 'Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee.' Men may become *great* easily, but not so easily become *nothing*, or, have that *faith* which is described by Christ as only a poor menial servant, acknowledging after all, its own unprofitableness. See Luke xvii. 6—10. 2 Chron. xix. 6, 7. 2 Chron. xx. 12.

Mr. Francis, as we have seen, entered very slowly and circumspectly into the ministry, and wanted proof upon proof for it. In his circumstances, he was a poor shoe maker by trade, occupying a small shop, still remain-

ing in Hampden Street, Walworth. His learning was small; he was not cumbered with many books; was no controversialist, or scholar; was diffident about himself; but was a grace taught, humble walker, one that was richly anointed with the Spirit of truth, and in private life long preached Christ from house to house, and at prayer meetings, before publicly called forth to it; and whilst those bright lights, to which I have referred, went out one after another, or their latter days were darkened by their own ways and works, George Francis continued to shine forth from first to last with unabated ardour, until the breaking up of his mind by imbecility, between about the age of 76, and 77. He, for about thirty-five, or six years, in one neighbourhood, blew the certain sound of salvation through the blood and righteousness of Christ to lost, poor, ruined, and hell-deserving sinners, feeling so in themselves; and by grace maintained the ordinances of the Lord's house, as set forth in the New Testament, accompanied by the Lord's blessing to as many as the Lord ordaineth it should be. Mr. Huntington remarks, "that it had long been an established point with him, that no man, let his gifts be what they may, unless he be born again of the Holy Spirit, can be a minister of the Spirit to another; men (he says) may be converted to men's notions; but they are never the better for that." In proof of this I will record a circumstance, narrated by Mr. Francis of himself, which doth well serve to illustrate his character in one prominent aspect of it, and that was, as a visiting man among the sick; for George Francis was not a gentleman parson, but one to the best of his given ability, that laid himself out for *usefulness* in that sphere which (and that only) he was called to occupy. He has published a very interesting account of some of his visits. Every minister of the sanctuary would do well to do the same. The following is one:—

"Sometime after I had entered upon the work of the ministry, into which I was brought by a singular way, and by an unseen hand, (though by the bye, I had been employed therein long before I ascended a pulpit,) I began to find while pointing out Christ as a Saviour to poor guilty, miserable sinners, though a delightful employment, there were some things connected with it, that prove that a call from God to the work of the ministry constitutes him that is called a real labourer, and exposes him to a thousand trials that others know nothing of; but he that brings him into it will happily support him under, and eventually bring him through it, which I have proved to this day. Glory be to his name.

"At this time I was the subject of more soul exercise and travail than tongue can describe; and among other things I was in want of a Concordance, as I had none, nor had I the money to purchase one, while in my constant labour I seemed to need it as much as a carpenter does his hammer. I therefore told my heavenly Father about it, and begged that he would enable me to purchase one, or send it in some other way. After waiting a considerable time, and seeing no sign of its coming, it came into my mind to seek after a second hand Butterworth's Con-

cordance, which I thought might be got for a moderate sum. I accordingly enquired for it at a number of book shops, but to no purpose, being assured by all, 'it is out of print.' This produced rebellion in my mind; and I often thought the Lord dealt hardly with me; but all our sin and rebellion never adds a cubit to our stature. In this state I continued till God appeared for me, which fell out in the following way,

"A person called on me with whom I had some slight acquaintance a long time, but whom I had not seen for two or three years. Upon entering the door, he said, he had called upon me to ask me to come and see his sister, who was then dangerously ill. I complied with his request and went. When I entered the room she was sitting in an arm chair; a serious spectacle to look upon, being little else besides skin and bone: and what was worse, all the horror and despair of her mind were manifest in her countenance. As soon as she saw me, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. F. my state is one of the most awful! I have long sat under the gospel, but to no purpose; I have been a hearer, but not a doer of the word; I have been a professor, but not a possessor; I am gospel-hardened; I am an awful character! Oh, what an awful character I have been! I am just upon the verge of eternity and am going out of the world without hope.' Thus she went on for some time; when, after a pause, shocked at her appearance, and more so at her language, I said, 'You have been crying out much against your sins, but I would remind you of one which you seem quite to overlook, and is much greater than all those you have mentioned; your greatest crime is lifting up your sin above the merits of Christ, which you have been doing ever since I have been in the room; and this you do not see to be sin. Do not the merits of Christ cleanse from all sin? Does he not say, 'Look unto me, and be saved?' After a little further discourse, I said, 'We will turn the whole into prayer. After which I left her, promising to see her again, but before I could repeat my visit she was removed into an eternal world.

Shortly after her decease I called on her brother, and said, 'I hear that your sister is gone.' He replied, 'Yes, oh, that you had but seen her once more!' I enquired, 'Did you hear any hopeful thing from her lips, before her departure?' He answered, 'Oh, yes! the very recollection of which is more precious to me than all the gold and silver in the world.' On my asking what it was, he said, he would read it me. He then produced a sheet of paper, and read what he had heard drop from her lips. The substance of it was as follows:—'I am, indeed, a vile, wretched miserable sinner; but oh, for ever blessed be the Lord for sending one to point me to a sin I did not so much as think of—lifting up my sin above the merits of Christ. Yes, surely, his blood cleanseth from all sin.' Blessed be his name! and so it will mine.' She then prayed for me—'Lord spare his useful life; be with him when he stands up in thy dear name! Bless him in his own soul! Give him seals to his ministry and souls for his hire. Send him to many others with the very same message he brought to me.' Then adverted again to her own case she blessed God that ever I was sent with such a message of love to her. Thus she continued till the last hour of her life."

After this pleasing recital of God's dealings with the soul of his sister, my friend continued—"I shall never be able to make a sufficient acknowledgment for this acceptable visit; but this I say, she had a new Butterworth's Concordance—if you will accept of that as a mite of acknowledgment, and keep it for her sake, it is your's, and you are most heartily welcome to it." Struck with astonishment, I took up my concordance and brought it home; and gave thanks to my kind, condescending, and wonder working

God, and could not help thinking that never man was supplied with a concordance in a more sweet, unexpected, and gracious way. My way was to buy one—God's way was to give me one. My way was to get an old one—his way was to give me a new one; and the salvation of the woman's soul in the bargain. "O, how great is thy goodness to them that fear thee, which thou has wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of God?" "Who is a God like unto our God?"

It was the comfort of Mr. Francis that his lot in the ministry was cast among a people that loved him, and with whom he was much at home; and could talk and walk so many years, some of fifty years' acquaintance still living. All ministers are not equally endowed for visiting and conversation; but this seemed the element of George Francis. The church upon the whole have been preserved from separations and discords, though not without their trials. The fruits of the spirit having been graciously showered amongst them. And of this they have given abundant proof to their pastor for the last four years of his life, whom, though he hath lain heavy upon them by his afflictions, yet have they supported two pastors, and only a small congregation, and it has been cheerfully done by some: and the Lord hath blessed them in return.

In conclusion—what has been the great secret of this close union, walk, and preservation? I answer, the *purity* of the gospel preached amongst them. It has been remarked to me, that Mr. Francis's preaching was only like *talking*; perhaps not; but it was of that nature that my soul has been watered several times under it: the last time I have an account of hearing him is October 4, 1843, from 2 Cor. xiii. 5.—"Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith." Mr. Francis was certainly not very argumentative, or deep in his subject; but he spake of what he enjoyed and fed upon in his own soul, the preciousness of the work of Christ, and set it forth in his way. Nor was he led to make the chief topic of his ministry the depravity of the heart, or the deserts of hell, death, and damnation to believers in Christ: nor did he dwell on mere *outside* formal things: he seemed to me anxious to keep the whole truth of God *together*, without rending or disuniting the glorious harmony of the Spirit's chain: by together, I mean, he was anxious to open the mystery of Christ, the truth as it is in Christ, *the covenant* for the people, to open blind eyes, to bring the prisoners from the prison houses, by setting forth Christ before those that needed him, in his doctrine and reign; Christ and the church personally together, and not apart from each: and made manifest as such in reality by the operation of the Holy Ghost which kept them together, the body with the head, without discord in the body: thus, christian fellowship was based on

right principles. He would speak to them as a father to his children in his ministry, especially on the Monday-evening Prayer Meeting, which were sweet opportunities, probably the happiest public meetings in London, it being his usual way to go over the leading features of the previous day's subject then. Few, if any ministers that I have heard, preached the gospel in greater simplicity than he did: his method was very plain; he would go on commenting until he reached his text on preceding verses; and then, part by part, break it open, with the parallel passages, in a brief and concise way, giving you the full subject of his text. Thus he continued to travel on from the first to the last of his ministerial days, to the latter end of 1843, when I heard a Mr. Carpenter there on the Friday evenings for a few months, and afterwards Mr. Stringer was appointed, who has continued to the present, whose ministry, I trust, will be as useful as his whom he has followed.

We have another gracious minister in London, who has moved for nearly thirty years in this humble way (almost unknown) now laid aside by sickness and probably will preach no more, Mr. Wright. It was pleasing to see at the interment of George Francis, so many of the Lord's *young* servants, and others in the vigour of life present, as well as an aged father or two who must shortly bid adieu to earthly scenes. John Bunyan M'Cure I returned home with, who interested me, in relating the Lord's dealings with him in the ministry, and the probability of his soon settling at Hadlow. Thus, one has put off the harness, of the ministry, and another I trust, may be as useful, in putting it on.—H.W.

THE FUNERAL.

THE remains of Mr. George Francis was removed from his residence in Long-lane to Nunhead Cemetery, on Thursday-afternoon, January 13th, where a freehold grave had been provided. The procession consisted simply of the hearse and four mourning coaches. The corpse was taken into the Dissenters' Chapel in the Cemetery grounds, followed by some members of the deceased's family; his deacons; and several ministers, among whom we noticed Mr. John Foreman—Mr. James Wells—Mr. David Denham—Mr. George Moyll—Mr. Wyard—Mr. Stringer, and others. The service commenced by Mr. Moyll giving out an appropriate hymn; Mr. James Wells then addressed the Throne of Grace in a very suitable and solemn manner; Mr. Foreman spoke to the spectators assembled; Mr. E. Mote gave out one verse of a hymn, and the coffin was then removed to its last resting place. Mr. Thomas Stringer spoke over the grave, and concluded the services by a short prayer.

On returning to the Chapel, several of the ministers and friends drank tea

together; after which, a service was held in the vestry of the Chapel; which was opened by Mr. David Denham, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Moyll, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Mote.

The whole of the funeral arrangements were admirably conducted by Mr. E. Mote. The church were at the expense of the burial. They have given Mr. Francis £70 a year since his imbecility of mind has rendered him unfit for preaching; and intending giving the widow £30; according to appearances it cannot be long before she follows her late beloved partner to the same place.

THE FUNERAL SERMON

Was preached by Mr. John Foreman, at Snows Fields, Lord's day evening, Jan. 16. who, after a few introductory remarks, read an account of Mr. Francis's last days as written by one of his daughters, from which the following extracts are made.

"About two years ago (says his daughter) when reading to my father the account of the death of a minister who had been laid by from preaching; but was restored again for some little time previous to his death; which took place while he was preaching; I said, 'Would that not be your wish, father?' 'Well, my dear,' he replied, 'perhaps it might; but his will be done.' I said, 'It is a comfort to me that you do not grieve about it.' 'No,' he answered, 'I can truly say, I do not.' At one time he was sitting and looking very bad, I thought he did not notice me; which caused me to shed tears. He quickly perceived me, and said, 'It is all right; do not weep. The reins are in his hands.' At another time I asked him if there was any text from which he should wish his funeral sermon to be preached. He replied, 'No, my dear; there are so many precious texts; and so many precious promises; the Lord will supply the speaker with one.' Although at this time he was very troubled to speak; he used (up to the last week of his life) to ask the blessing at meals; and in such an impressive manner as astonished many.

"October 16th, being his birthday, (his eightieth year) we had a few friends to tea; and though unable to take part in the conversation; he joined in singing the hymn, (which was a particular favourite of his):

'Rock of ages, cleft for me, &c.'

adding, at the conclusion, that he wanted it, and no other shelter. He then wished them to sing—

'Salvation, Oh, the joyful sound.'

and he struck the tune to it. Mr. Harris used to pray with him frequently; and when he rose up, he used to repeat aloud—*Amen.* The last few times, however, he was unable to do so. On Christmas day, when a friend was wishing him good night, she shook his hand and said, 'Oh! Mr. Francis,

There shall we see his face,' &c.

'Will not that do?' 'Yes, Mary! yes,

Mary!' he replied. On the Monday preceding his death we were reading some lines, and I found that he heeded every word of it, and when we had finished it, he said, *Amen.* His face beamed with pleasure, and he said, 'There's a glorious finish—read it again.' It was one of Kent's hymns. The verse he so loved was this:—

*'His heart all compassion,
Redressed all their woes,
And silenc'd each heart-rending
Sorrow that rose:
The grace was so mighty,
So large and so long;
That all their hard cases
Were lost in a song.'*

"The day before he died, he ate dinner as heartily as usual; at five o'clock, he said he should like to go to bed; and soon went to sleep, but awoke again at nine o'clock, when he took his supper; slept well again till six o'clock in the morning, when he awoke with sickness, but still remained sensible and was so up to the last. I said to him, God is with you, and never will forsake you; and reminded him of his favorite text of scripture—'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' He opened his eyes wide, smiled sweetly at me, and in a few minutes we found his happy spirit had fled."

Thus ended the peaceful life and happy death of George Francis.

"It was in the summer of 1824, said Mr. Foreman, that I first became acquainted with George Francis. Twenty years ago, last Christmas day, my dear departed brother attended, with others, at my settlement at Mount Zion Chapel. Mr. Coombs was another; and Mr. Thomas Cotton of Cambridgeshire, another. Mr. Coombs is gone; and now George Francis is gone. So one after another has left the world. Perhaps some would have liked him to live a little longer, but he lived to a good old age. I call it a good old age, when a long life is connected with a good one. I have remarked one feature in the account just read. He particularly fell back upon the divine government of God; and it was this that rendered his affliction tolerable."

(Continued on Page 41.)

"Where grace is, there will be no eminent mercy gotten without much struggling; but there will be a particular thankful remembrance of it a long while after with much enlargement; and as prayer abounded, so will thanksgiving abound also. Great blessings that are won with prayer, are worn with thankfulness. Such a man will not ask a new, but he will with all give thanks for old. Thankfulness, of all duties, proceeds from pure grace. Prayer and thanks are like the double motion of the lungs. The air that is sucked in by prayer is breathed forth again by thanks."—*Goodwin.*

"A gracious soul looks and lives more upon God in prayer, than upon his prayer. He knows, though prayer be his chariot, yet Christ is his food."—*Brooks.*

THE CHRISTIAN LOOKING AT THE CROSS.

IN the sufferings of Christ, as in a gospel-glass, you may see the odious nature of sin, and accordingly learn to hate it, arm against it, turn from it, and subdue it; sin never appears so odious as when we behold it in the red glass of Christ's sufferings. Can we look upon sin, as the occasion of all Christ's sufferings; can we look upon sin, as that which made Christ a curse, and that made him forsaken of his Father, and that made him live such a miserable life, and that brought him to die such a shameful, painful and cruel death, and our hearts not rise against it? Shall our sins be grievous unto Christ, and shall they not be odious unto us? shall he die for our sins, and shall not we die to our sins? did not he therefore suffer for sin, that we might cease from sin? did not he bear *our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sin, should live to righteousness*? If one should kill our father, would we hug and embrace him as our father? no, we would be revenged on him: sin hath killed our Saviour, and shall we not be revenged on it? Can a man look upon that snake that hath stung his dearly beloved spouse to death, and preserve it alive, warm it at the fire, and hug it in his bosom, and not rather stab it with a thousand wounds? 'Tis sin that hath stung our dear Jesus to death, that has crucified our Lord, and shed his precious blood, and O how should this stir up our indignation against it: ah how can a Christian make much of those sins that killed his dearest Lord! how can he cherish those sins that betrayed Christ, and apprehended Christ, and bound Christ, and condemned Christ, and scourged Christ, and that violently drew him to the cross, and there murdered him! It was neither *Judas*, nor *Pilate*, nor the Jews, nor the soldiers, that could have done our Lord Jesus the least hurt, had not our sins, like so many butchers and hangmen, come in to their assistance. After *Julius Cæsar* was treacherously murdered in the senate-house, *Antonius* brought forth his coat, all bloody, cut, and mangled, and laying it open to the view of the people, said, 'Look, here is your emperor's coat, and as the bloody conspirators have dealt by it, so have they dealt with *Cæsar's* body;'

whereupon the people were all in an uproar, and nothing would satisfy them but the death of the murderers, and they ran to the house of the conspirators, and burnt them down to the ground: but what was *Cæsar's* coat, and *Cæsar's* body, to the body of our dear Lord Jesus, which was all rent and torn for our sins? Ah, how should this provoke us to be revenged on our sins! how should we for ever loathe and abhor them! how should our fury be whetted against them! how should we labour with all our might to be the death of those sins, that have been the death of so great a Lord, and will, if not prevented, be the death of our souls to all eternity. To see God thrust the sword of his pure, infinite, and incensed wrath, through the very heart of his dearest Son, notwithstanding all his supplications, prayers, tears, and strong cries, is the highest discovery of the Lord's hatred and indignation of sin that ever was or will be.

In all ages and generations, they that have been born after the flesh, have persecuted them that have been born after the spirit; and the seed of the serpent have been still a multiplying of troubles upon the seed of the woman. Would any man take the church's picture (saith Luther) then let him paint a poor silly maid, sitting in a wilderness, compassed about with hungry lions, wolves, boars, and bears, and with all manner of other cruel hurtful beasts, and in the midst of a great many furious men assaulting her every moment and minute; and why should we wonder at this, when we consider, that the whole life of Christ was filled up with all sorts and kinds of sufferings? Oh, where is that brave spirit that has been upon the saints of old? Blessed Bradford looked upon his sufferings for Christ, as an evidence to him, that he was in the right way. 'It is better for me to be a martyr than a monarch,' said Ignatius, when he was to suffer. 'Happy is that soul, and to be equalled with angels, who is willing to suffer, if it were possible, as great things for Christ, as Christ hath suffered for us,' saith Jerome 'Sufferings are the ensigns of heavenly nobility,' saith Calvin.

Hath Jesus Christ suffered such great and grievous things for you? Oh, then,

in all your fears, doubts and conflicts with enemies within or without, fly to the sufferings of Christ as your city of refuge. Did Christ endure a most ignominious death for thee, did he take on him thy sinful person, and bare thy sin, and death, and cross; and was made a sacrifice and curse for thee? Oh, then, in all thy inward and outward distresses, shelter thyself under the wings of a suffering Christ. I have read of Nero, that he had a shirt made of a Salamander's skin, so that if he went through the fire in it, it would keep him from burning: Oh, sirs, a suffering Christ is this Salamander's skin, that will keep the saints from burning in the midst of burnings, from suffering in the midst of sufferings, from drowning in the midst of drownings. In all the storms that beat upon your inward or your outward man, eye the sufferings of Christ, lean upon the sufferings of Christ, plead the sufferings of Christ, and triumph in the sufferings of Christ. Let us learn in every temptation which presseth us (whether it be sin, or death, or curse, or any other evil) to translate it from ourselves to Christ; and all the good in Christ, let us learn to translate it from Christ to ourselves. Look, as the burgess of a town or corporation, sitting in the parliament-house, beareth the persons of that whole town or place, and what he saith, the whole town saith; and what is done to him, is done to the whole town: even so, Christ upon the cross, stood in our place, and bare our sins; and whatsoever he suffered, we suffered; and when he died, all the faithful died with him, and in him. I have read of a gracious woman, who, being by Satan strongly tempted, replied, 'Satan, if thou hast anything to say to me, say it to my Christ, say it to my surety, who has undertaken all for me, who hath paid all my debts, and satisfied divine justice, and set all reckonings even between God and my soul. Do your sins terrify you? oh then, look up to a crucified Saviour, who bare your sins in his own body on the tree. When sin stares you in the face, oh then, turn your face to a dying Jesus, and behold him with a spear in his side, with thorns on his head, with nails in his feet, and a pardon in his hands. Hast thou wounded thy conscience by any great fall or falls? O then, remember that there is nothing in heaven or earth more efficacious to cure the wounds of conscience, than a frequent and serious meditation on the wounds of

Christ: Doth death, that rides upon the pale horse, look gastly and deadly upon thee? oh, then remember that Christ died for you, and that by his death, he hath swallowed up death in victory: oh, remember that a crucified Christ hath stripped death of his sting, and disarmed it of all its destroying power: death may buz about our ears, but it can never sting our souls. Look, as a crucified Christ hath taken away the guilt of sin, though he hath not taken away sin itself; so he hath taken away the sting of death, though he hath not taken away death itself. He spake excellently that said, that is not death, but life, which joins the dying man to Christ; and that is not life, but death, that separates the living man from Christ. Austin longed to die, that he might see that head that was crowned with thorns. 'Did Christ die for me,' saith one, 'that I might live with him? I will not, therefore, desire to live long from him; all men go willingly to see him whom they love; and shall I be unwilling to die, that I may see him whom my soul loves?' Bernard would have us, never to let go out of our minds the thoughts of a crucified Christ; 'let these,' says he, 'be meat and drink unto you, let them be your sweetness and consolation, your honey, and your desire, your reading, and your meditation, your contemplation, your life, death, and resurrection: certainly, he that shall live up to this counsel, will look upon the king of terrors, as the king of desires. Are you apt to tremble when you eye the curse threatened in the law? Oh, then, look up to a crucified Christ, and remember that *he hath redeemed you from the curse of the law, being made a curse for you.* Doth the wrath of God amaze you? Oh, then look up to a crucified Christ, and remember that Christ hath trod the winepress of his father's wrath alone, that he might deliver you from wrath to come. Is the face of God clouded? Doth he that should comfort you stand afar off? oh, then look up to a crucified Christ, and remember that he was forsaken for a time, that you might not be forsaken for ever: are you sometimes afraid of condemnation? oh, then look upon a crucified Christ, who was condemned, that you might be justified: *who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? it is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? it is Christ that died.* Ah, Christians, that you would, under all your temptations, affliction, fears, doubts,

conflicts, and disputes, keep a fixed eye upon a crucified Jesus; and remember that all he did, he did for you, and that all he suffered, he suffered for you: and this,—in the hands of God the Holy Ghost,—will become a strong cordial to keep you from fainting under all your inward and outward distresses, according to that saying of one of the Ancients, I may be troubled, but I shall not be overwhelmed, because I remember the print of the nails, and of the spear in the hands and side of Jesus Christ. Oh, that Christians would labour under all their soul-troubles to keep a fixed eye upon a bleeding Christ; for there is nothing that will ease them, settle them, and satisfy them, like this. Many, may I not say, most Christians are more apt to eye their sins, their sorrows, their prayers, their tears, their resolves, their complaints, than they are to eye a suffering Christ? and from hence springs their greatest woes, wounds, miseries, and dejection of spirits; oh, that a crucified Christ might be for ever in your eye, and always upon your hearts.

THOMAS BROOKS.

TWO LETTERS, BY DR. HAWKER, RESPECTING

The late Henry Fowler.

BY REFERENCE to pages 41, 136, and 183, of our 3rd Vol., some interesting particulars connected with the Life of Henry Fowler will be found. We here give another portion of that dear man's life. He says:—

"I shall now return to my narrative. I proceeded to Birmingham, as before observed: this was about the latter end of August, 1813, and was most affectionately received by a worthy family, with whom I took up my abode during my visit. The first time I preached, I found much help from the Lord; and after I had done, a person came to me in the vestry, and said to me, 'Do you think, sir, that you have preached the truth to-day?' I said, 'Yes! as far as I know, and to the best of my ability. But (I said,) why do you ask that question?' This person replied—'You said, sir, that when God was about to bring to pass his purpose, he poured out a spirit of prayer on his people; and if they were enabled to find access to God, they might conclude that God was about to grant them their request: do you really think that you spoke the truth?' I said, 'Yes, I am confident of it; for God would never help our infirmities in prayer, without intending to answer prayer.' Then said this person, 'I am confident that God will settle you over us as our minister.' I

said, with surprise, 'You judge too soon; you are in too much haste; you don't know enough of me; you don't know how I am situated.' 'That is true,' said this person; 'but I can tell you, that you are brought here in answer to the many prayers that I have put up to God for these six months past; and God gave me a promise, and faith to believe the promise; and don't you think that he will fulfil his word, and answer the prayer of faith?' I said, 'you seem very confident, my friend, but you don't know how I am situated, and what difficulties stand in the way.' This person replied, 'I care nothing about difficulties, God has given me the promise, and I can believe it; besides, I know it will come to pass; for you have expressed my whole desires to God in prayer, and brought out all the exercises of my mind, and repeated the very promises that God hath enabled me to plead in prayer this day.' 'Well,' I said, 'time will shew how far you are correct.' The feelings of many others were very much like this person's. Having spent three weeks among them, I was obliged to return home. But before I left them, they had met together, and came to the determination to give me a call, which they did before I left them. I could not give them an immediate answer: it required due consideration and much prayer. But I told them they should hear from me in about a month. In the meantime, I said, 'I think, my friends, that you have given me a call too hastily. You know nothing of me, or of my moral character. I wish before you proceed any further that you make every enquiry about me, that you may not be deceived as many have been.' They said, 'we feel satisfied for ourselves; and who could we write to about you?' I said, 'write to Dr. Hawker. He does not know that I am here, nor have I seen him for some time; but he knows me well:' and to this proposition they agreed. The managers wrote, and Dr. Hawker promptly answered in reply to them. They requested permission to print the letter, but the Doctor put a negative to it; I think it right, however, now the Doctor has joined the general assembly above, to insert the letter in this place; and his second letter, for I think they will be read with pleasure by many of my friends.

"*Plymouth, Charles Vicarage, Oc. 5, 1813.*

"DEAR SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace, be with you, and with the whole Israel of God.

"In answer to your letter respecting Mr. Fowler, I can only say that I have long known him, and long loved him, because I verily believe he hath loved, and doth love my Lord and Master. And should it please the great Head of his church to employ him, that he may go in and out before you in the

ministry of the word, may the Lord who sends, bless his services, so that Jesus be glorified, the church edified, and his own soul refreshed.

“ If he be with you give my love to him, and tell him that I hope and trust that he will go on to exalt Christ Jesus. And I beg you to tell him that as a faithful servant should honour a kind master, so I hope he will prove himself a faithful servant by honouring the Lord our righteousness: the best, the kindest, the most blessed, the most dear and precious of all masters. It is high treason to the Majesty of heaven, to preach anything but Jesus in his person, offices, character, and relations. And my poor prayers will follow my letter, that my dear Mr. Fowler will above all things honour him, whom Jehovah delighteth to honour: and that he will make the Lord Jesus what Jehovah hath made him, the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the author and finisher of salvation.

“ And if you will allow an old man hastening on the close of his poor ministry, to say a word to the church which is among you on the subject of your minister, I would say as Paul did, ‘ receive him in the Lord’s name (not his own), and esteem him very highly in love for his works sake;’ pray for him, and pray with him. It is a blessed sign of good when the Holy Ghost sets his people to pray for a blessing on the labours of his servants. That blessing and that promise is as good as received which God the Spirit teacheth the faithful to ask in prayer. My poor soul hath found, yea, often found, the Lord’s blessings in answer to his people’s prayers. And you will find a fulness of blessing from the Lord’s blessings on his ministry to your hearts, when the Lord hath enabled you to hold him up to the Lord, in seeking by prayer his grace upon him.

“ I commend both you, the church, and him, the church’s minister, to the Lord for blessing; and pray the glorious Head to bless both together, to his glory and your joy in the Lord.

“ This from the unworthiest of his servants,

“ Your’s in the Lord Jesus,

“ ROBERT HAWKER.”

“ Plymouth, Oct. 27, 1813.

“ DEAR SIR,—I beg to make a tender of my christian love and affection to you, and the church of God which is with you, praying that all grace may abound in the covenant faithfulness of God our Father, through the dear Son of his love, by the blessed influence of God the Holy Ghost.

“ Indeed, indeed, I thank the church of God with whom you are one, in that you so kindly and affectionately received my poor letter. It was written (if I know anything of my own heart), in the brotherly love of one that desires (at least) to love the precious

name of our dear Lord exalted and extolled, and to be very high. And where Christ and his cause are concerned, there would I feel all that Paul felt, when to the church of the Thessalonians he said, he was so affectionately desirous concerning the people that he would have imparted unto them not the gospel of God only, but also (said he) our own souls, because y^e were dear to us. And surely all that a faithful servant of such a master as Jesus is, all he hath, and all he is, and by every way, and in every thing, his one, yea, his only object is, and ought to be, how to promote his Lord’s glory in his church’s happiness. And though I know not what I wrote to you on the occasion for which you wrote to me, yet certain I am the whole tendency of my letter must have been to this purpose: let the Lord Jesus and his cause be glorified, and it matters not by what instrument, or by what form of words.

“ I pray you, therefore, my dear brother in the Lord, tell the church which is with you, how very highly I prize their affectionate acceptance of my letter. But having said this, there let it rest. Kindly as you all have read it, it cannot be fit for print. It was written in the moment of your question, and no further. Besides, though I have a very high regard for dear Mr. Fowler, and have said no more of him than I believe, yet it would not be suitable or becoming in me to send forth his character (according to my views) to the world. The Lord grant that he may be found faithful, and may my God, (if it be for his glory), bless you and him together. And if the sweet savour of Jesus, in his person, grace, and favour, be among you, the account of this, from time to time, will be more refreshing to my soul, than though my poor letter was framed in gold. Be assured, my dear friend in the Lord, that my poor prayers will follow Mr. Fowler to Birmingham, and go up before the mercy-seat for you, and him, as oft as I think of you all, that Jesus’ love may cement you, and cause great soul prosperity among you: and like the flock of Christ coming up from the washing, every one may bear twins, and none be found barren among you.—Song iv. 2.

“ I beg you to give my brotherly love to your pastor; and once more say to him, from me, that as my Lord and his Lord hath advanced him to great honour, he and I ought to seek increasing grace from the Lord, to reflect all that honour back again with great thankfulness to the Lord. It matters not what becomes of such poor worms as we are, provided Jesus is glorified; and the souls of Christ’s people are precious to our Lord, yea, very precious; so ought they (and so will they, I trust,) be very precious to us also. And do tell my brother to be looking out for opposition from without, in proportion as the Lord Jesus makes him useful within. The servants most employed by

Jesus will be sure to have most of the devil's grudge; and especially if Jesus employs them in soul comforting and soul-strengthening his people. The more Jesus smiles on them, the more hell will frown. But it is Jesus who must bear up and bear through all opposition; this is his work, and not our's; and his is the glory to make more than conquerors all his redeemed, while going on as one is described, 1'salm lxxi. 13, 14, 15, 16; and always on the look out, as another is represented, 2 Timothy iv. 5, 6, 7, 8.

“Brethren! the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

“Your's, in the best of all bonds in Jesus,

“ROBERT HAWKER.”

“This journey very much improved my health and shattered nerves; but the greatest mercy was, the cloud went before me, and the angel of the covenant to keep me in the way. Having returned to Plymouth in safety, through the Lord's preserving mercy, I made known to my wife the result of my journey; and I told her, it appeared now that the Lord's time was come for me to leave Plymouth, and to be engaged wholly in the ministry; and my wife was quite willing that I should pursue that course which I thought agreeable to the will of God. After laying the matter many times before God for direction, I came to a determination to accept the call from the people in Birmingham. I then called on Dr. Hawker, who most affectionately received me. ‘I thought,’ said he, ‘that you were at Birmingham; for I have received a letter from there on your account.’ ‘I judge so,’ I said; ‘I made free to refer them to you for my satisfaction as well as their's.’ ‘I have written to Birmingham,’ said the Doctor, ‘and was glad of an opportunity so to do on your account.’ After I had stated my motives, and many things relative to the exercises of my mind respecting the ministry, and satisfied the Doctor's many enquiries relating to my temporal prospects, he bade me God speed. I may say, though I never was ordained by what is called a bishop, I was ordained by Dr. Hawker in his study; and the charge I received from him I shall not soon forget. He suggested to me many things as to word, doctrine, manner, and behaviour, both in the world and in the church of God, that did credit to his judgment as a venerable and judicious servant of God. At the conclusion, he said, ‘Now, my brother, I beg you to write me without the least reserve, if you should be under any difficulty, either in spirituals or temporals, and I shall be glad to have an opportunity to render you any service that lays in my power.’ I thanked him for his many kindnesses to

me in this instance, and for many others heretofore. ‘My prayer,’ he said, ‘to my covenant God and Father, shall be, that he may make you a blessing to the poor people where you are going.’

“Dr. Hawker shone bright as a preacher; but he shone much brighter by his humility, condescension, and brotherly kindness.”

(To be continued.)

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, EXPERIENCE,
AND

Happy Death of William Upton, Of Leicester.

Whom God, in his infinite mercy delivered from the miseries of this sinful world, on Sabbath Morning, Dec. 20, 1846.

THE subject of the following memoir was born in East Bridgford, Nottinghamshire, on the 24th of January, 1789; and at the age of 13 years, was apprenticed to the trade of a ‘Frame-work knitter.’ Like other youths, he lived in sin, and sought the gratification of his fleshly desires, being by nature a ‘child of wrath, even as others.’ Nothing particularly occurred during his youth, except a dream which he had. He says:—

“I dreamed that the devil came to my bed-side, and ran a muck fork into my bowels, and then ran down the street with me to throw me into hell-fire; I felt in such an agony, that the sweat ran off my face in large drops. I well remember I screamed and cried aloud; and all in a moment this thought struck my mind, ‘Pray to God!’ I did so, as well as I could, in my dream, and then the devil ran away and left me. This dream made an impression on my mind, and brought me seriously to think of my soul's salvation; but having no one to speak to me, and my friends being ignorant of God, laughed at me, and in process of time these convictions passed away.

“When I had served my apprenticeship, I entered into the army, the ‘Rifle Brigade;’ this was in 1810, and was sent the same year on the Peninsula war, under Wellington; and the first night we landed, we were engaged with the French and Bonaparte; and six out of the nine that enlisted with me, fell in the field of battle, and thousands of human souls were hurried into eternity in a short time; and yet I was spared. I have had my right-hand man, and left-hand man shot from me several times in a day; also my fore-rank man, and hind-rank man wounded at my feet, verily God will take care of his elect children, though in the midst of danger, he ever has done, and he ever will to the end of time. From that time, and up to 1814, we continued sometimes fighting, sometimes marching, for three or four months, without anything to eat except a few green

beans we got as we marched along the road; this, with the rum we had, kept us alive. We marched through various parts till we reached the Pyrenees Mountains; there we suffered severe hardships. We was out at camp that very hard winter, 1813; the time there was 13 weeks frost in England. We lay all this time exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and was almost literally starved to death with cold. We continued our march till we arrived at Toulouse; we were engaged with the French on the 10th of April, from 3 o'clock in the morning till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when we took Bonaparte prisoner, and set sail for England.

"After resting at Plymouth one month, the news reached us that war had broken out in America. We were ordered immediately to set sail for New Orleans; we had a very bad passage over the gulf of Mexico, being three days crossing it, and our gun-brigg was lost, and all hands perished in a watery grave. When we arrived at New Orleans, we had to fight for our landing; when we landed we were 700 strong, and when it was dark at night, the Americans came down on us; we were fighting all night, and in the morning there were but 150 of us left, all the rest were killed and wounded. When I think of the goodness of God to me a hell-deserving sinner, it constrains me to cry out, What hast thou done, O my God, in preserving me in the midst of so much destruction? From America we took shipping for the West Indies: this was in 1815. When Bonaparte got his liberty from Elba, we received orders immediately for Waterloo; but providence so ordered it, that the wind was contrary, so we were obliged to lay in the Downs all night, and therefore could not get soon enough for the battle. We were so near the scene of desolation that we could hear the roaring of the big guns, as if it was thunder in the heavens. I have often felt grateful to Almighty God, (while looking back at this important crisis,) that he caused the winds to blow contrary, and thus to keep us from rushing into imminent dangers; truly there is an all-wise God, and the winds and the seas obey them.

"We landed at Dogie, and then marched to Dover, from there to Shoreham Cliff, in Kent; our stay there was three months, and then the route came to embark for Ireland. From there we marched to Ramsgate, we then set sail for Dublin, stayed there two years, and then marched to Bun, in King's county; after staying there half-a-year, orders came for our regiment to be broken up; and thus, after about eight years toil and labour, I was sent home (without a pension) with the root of the complaint in my constitution from the effects of which I am suffering to this day."

Hitherto the poor old man has with his own hand given a short detail of his course of life, a period which which was, in after

life, a source of regret on the one hand, that his youth was spent in such debasing frolics, and yet on the other a source of thanksgiving to the beneficent author of all his mercies, who had so kindly preserved his unworthy life, whilst so many of his companions were cut off in their sins, and sent to that place where hope never enters. And he would say to me, 'Thomas, why was I spared; why was I not cut down as well as the rest? The only reason, I find in Ephesians ii. 4th and 5th verses, 'the great love wherewith he loved us, when dead in trespasses and sins.' We will hear a little now from his own pen:—

"As soon as I arrived home—this was in 1818—I got work at my trade, and in twelve months after I entered into a married life, and lived in my native place for six years. Here I was taken severely ill, and this affliction was a mean, in the hands of God, of convincing me of my sins. The remembrance of my former dream was powerfully laid on my mind, and I thought that I must begin to alter my course of life, and attend to the duties of religion; but these convictions being only natural, they soon wore off, and I fell back again to my old state till 1824, when I began again to serve the Lord as well as I could, with such a religion as I thought would do to go to heaven with; I began to attend the Methodist chapel every Sunday. One Sunday evening while sitting under a sermon from the barren fig-tree, 'Behold these three years I come seeking fruit, and find none, cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?' I began to think the preacher meant me, for I felt myself to be a barren tree. I tried to improve myself, and to think more about my soul, attend more to the duties of religion, and so on, till providence removed me and my family to Leicester, and being strangers, we used to go from one place of worship to another to see which we liked best; at length, living near the Arch-deacon Lane Chapel, which is General Baptist, we attended there, and both me and my wife were soon baptised and joined the society; but I being unsettled and unstable in my mind, went to hear the Ranters, and thought I should get the most good amongst them: well, here we settled, and both me and my wife continued members for seventeen years; after which period the Lord laid his afflicting hand on me for good. I then began to think there was something more for me to know and experience before I could reach the kingdom of God. And after my dear brother Smith came to visit me, I began to search the Scriptures with more diligence, and to examine myself as to my state and standing in the sight of God, and soon, with the help of God, and my brother Smith reading to me, and explaining to me the word of God, by prayer and supplication, I became more acquainted with the truths of the everlasting Gospel; and that blessed

word does often give me consolation and comfort when all alone—did I say all alone? no; I am, at such seasons, not alone, for the Father is with me; glory be to his name, I am not alone, for the Father is with me! He is a friend that loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother."

Thus far, christian reader, the poor old man has given us a short detail of his life and experience. It is true he has not related much of what he experienced, either under the Law or Gospel; but it must be remembered, that what he wrote was upon his bed, when he was drawing near the gates of death, and, at my request, as I informed him I should write a brief outline of his life and experience. After his death, and during the time I was acquainted with him, which was four years, I had an abundant evidence of his deep conviction of sin, and when I look back to the commencement of that fellowship which, though begun on earth, will be consummated in heaven. I cannot but admire the all-wise providence of God, who, in his infinite wisdom, disposeth of all times, and circumstances, and places, for the mutual good of his beloved people.

It was in November, 1843, that circumstances of an earthly nature led me to the humble dwelling of this afflicted man. He appeared then to be fast approaching that place from whence there is no return. I had a little conversation with both him and his wife, and soon perceived that he had a greater acquaintance with the Scriptures than many professors of religion in the present day. I perceived also, that he was in a measure taught by the Spirit of God, though he appeared in great darkness, as to many of the truths of the everlasting gospel. Our conversation turned upon experience, and though I found he had been a member of the Ranters seventeen years, yet I felt a union of soul to him, while relating something of God's gracious dealings with him; there seemed to be a sincerity and honesty in what he uttered, and as far as he knew and had sight into the doctrine of God's unchangeable love in Christ Jesus our Lord, he spoke with firmness and decision. These were his words: 'I have been amongst the Ranters many years, but I could never see with them, that I could be a child of God one day, and a child of the devil the next; I believe when God put his love in my heart, it was that I should not depart from him, and (says he) I have had many debates with them on this subject, but could never come to their point.' I spoke to him upon the attributes of the divine being—particularly upon his unchangability. During our conversation, Mr. Philpot's printed sermons were mentioned; I was rather surprised when he informed me he had read some of them, and liked many things he said in them, but thought the doctrine of election and reprobation was a hard doctrine; and, says he,

'There has been a man here to see me, whom I am acquainted with, (mentioning his name) who believes there are children in hell not a span long.' I asked—upon what does he ground his belief? he replied, 'I don't know, without it is on the ground of election.' 'But,' says I, 'this is a wrong inference from a true doctrine, and whoever the person may be, you may depend upon it, he is filled with airy notions about religion, without any grace in the heart. If he had indeed been humbled by the mighty hand of God, he would be employed in profitable conversation instead of vapouring with these terms. It is by such men as this, that the great and glorious doctrines of the gospel are made to appear contemptible in the eyes of the weak and wavering. We have no warrant for such an assertion in the Scriptures, and I never remember to have heard such a sentence come from either the lips, or pen, of a man of God in my life.' We read that by sin came death, and that all Adam's posterity fell in him, he being their federal head and representative; consequently all, whether young or old, are born in sin, and by nature children of wrath, and heirs of hell: but by the second Adam, the second head and representative, an innumerable company of Adam's fallen posterity are delivered from curse and condemnation, from original and actual transgressions, by virtue of their interest in their public head, the second Adam, the Lord from heaven; as we read, as in Adam all his natural offspring died, so in Christ all his spiritual offspring, (who are his by his spirit being communicated to them, by virtue of their interest in the everlasting covenant,) all his are made alive; and we believe that children who are taken away from the evil to come, are taken to that eternal rest which remaineth for all God's people by virtue of the obedience and death of Christ. They do not go to heaven, as some affirm, 'because they are innocent little things,' but on the score of God's everlasting love. There is not two ways of being saved, one for babes, and another for adults, but one new and living way, which is consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his death. How the grace of God, (which all must receive who enter heaven,) is imparted to babes, we cannot tell, any more than we can tell how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child. This is a secret which is hid in God, who is the fountain of all secrets, and is called 'the only wise God.' I remember seeing engraved on a gravestone in a church-yard, a pertinent verse, which illustrates the subject:—

"Behold Infidelity, turn pale, and die,
Beneath this stonè two infants' ashes lie;
Say, are they lost, or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinn'd, for they lie here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they cut appear;
Ah! sacred reason, how depraved!
Revere the Bible's sacred page, the not's untied,
They died, through Adam's sin, but live, for JESUS
died."

The poor old man seemed pleased with my conversation, and wished me to call and see him again. I promised him I would, and a week after this, I again entered his humble dwelling. I commiserated his low condition, and yet felt that I was visiting one who was rich in faith, and an heir of immortal glory. The poor old man sat by the fire-side, and his countenance indicated he was an object of pity; his complaint was a gradual consumption. He welcomed me by his fire-side in a chair, when our conversation was again resumed; he said, 'Thomas, I have plenty of people come to see me, but their talk is all light and trifling, and I would rather have their room than their company; I like those whom I can converse with to edification. You know I have nothing to look for from the world, and I wish to be secluded, and separate from it; I have lived in it for many years, and have proved that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. My desire is to have the few remaining days of my existence here profitably spent. I have many professors of religion come to see me, and sometimes their conversation is anything but edifying.'

During these early seasons of my acquaintance with him, I used to take some book to read to him, as his eyes were so weak, he could not see to read for any length of time himself: here I must remark, that for some time I could not bring my mind to pray with the poor old man; I had never opened my mouth in prayer in the presence of any one in my life, and yet I felt it to be my duty as well as privilege; I felt condemned every time I left him, and yet I could not overcome my timidity. I prayed for him when alone, yea, all the way home, every time I left him; but this would not satisfy. I felt constrained to pray with him, and I felt determined to attempt it; but O, how I was tried in my soul, no one knows but God above. The old tempter tried all methods to scare me, and says he, 'You will not be able; if you attempt, you will fail.' In this way, for some time, he caused me to desist, but I prayed to God to enable me, and to keep the devil from tempting me. When my fears were well nigh vanished, I determined the next time I visited him, to attempt to pray with the poor old man. After having some conversation with him on my next visit, I read a Psalm, and then thought to conclude with prayer; but Satan shut my mouth, filled me with confusion, and caused such an uproar within, that I went away filled with shame and confusion of face. And yet I could plead with the Lord, and tell him that I wished in sincerity and truth, to open my mouth in prayer with the poor old man, but was deterred through timidity and the temptations of satan.

THOMAS SMITH.

Leicester, 1847.

(To be Continued.)

The Church of Christ

HIDDEN IN THE SECRET PLACES OF THE STAIRS

"O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs."—Canticles ii. 14.

Hark! my soul, tis Jesus cries,
Behold the grace that's in his eyes.
"My dove, thou art in the rock;
My dove thou art; for thou art clean,"
No spot or wrinkle can be seen
In Jesus' lovely bride.

Though sin may now be felt within,
Yet sin can never get between
The husband and the wife;
By law the dove is now accepted,
God's church can never be rejected.
Fear not, my precious dove.

I am the great and mighty Rock,
A glorious refuge for my flock.
Go smile at Satan's rage;
My dove is in the precious cliffs,
Jehovah's love. Who can doubt this?
My dove, be not afraid.

Eternal grace and free election,
Ensure the church's safe protection.
What glorious cliffs are these!
The flesh of Christ was rent in twain:
The promised land my dove shall gain,
Thou'rt in my wounded side.

The stairs we know do form a way,
The dove shall hear Immanuel say
Thou art in the secret place;
T' the chambers of his covenant love
The stairs will lead Jehovah's dove,
Immanuel's blood-bought race.

Regeneration is a place;
A secret in the stairs of grace;
Ye must be born again;
When hope divine is in the soul,
You'll hear the new man cry and groan,
For pard'ning love and blood.

Repentance, wrought by God the Spirit,
Proves grace the soul doth now inherit,
The secret of the stairs;
I loathe myself before the throne,
And look to Christ to bring me home:
This is a secret way.

For Jesus Christ I pant and cry,
For pard'ning blood and love I sigh:
Christ's dove is in this place.
A secret place is hope in Christ,
Who by his blood has paid the price,
Redemption full and free.

Faith is a secret place indeed,
Wrought in the elect, dear Israel's seed,
By God the Holy Ghost;
The soul looks then to Christ alone,
'Tis his dear blood for sin aton'd,
To wash them clean and white.

Assurance is a secret thing,
The dove declares that Christ is King,
And claims him for her own;
Assurance full, without a waver,
Triumphant in eternal favour,
Walks daily with the Lord.

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURR.

Hadlow, December, 1847.

OUTLINE OF THE
Funeral Sermon for Mr. Geo. Francis,
(Concluded from Page 32.)

Mr. Foreman then read for his text, Heb. xiii. 7, 8. "Remember them which have the rule over you; who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever;" noticing it as follows:—

1. The occupation of the church in the ministers of God; in which I would notice four things,—1. Their position. 2. Their labour. 3. Their faith. 4. The end and intent of their conversation.

1. *His position.* "Remember him that hath had the rule over you. Apply this to our dear departed brother. Not with a lordly dominion—not as lord of your faith. No: you know better than that. It was in August, 1813, that the church was formed; and it was in that very same year that I was baptised, and admitted a member of a church in Suffolk. His position was that of a ruler—not of a lordly imperious tyrant, nor a ruler of our conscience, so as to deprive us of our liberty; as is the case now a day. A friend of mine, a barrister, was conversing with the late Mr. Daniel O'Connell; and he asked him, 'When do you think of religion?' 'Religion!' exclaimed Mr. O'C., 'I have no time to think of that, that belongs to the priest, and he's paid for it.' But the position to which our text refers, is to preach the gospel of Christ, and to minister the laws of Christ. He must be a watchful shepherd. And has it not been thus with George Francis? And has not the Lord given him success? Yes.

"I congratulate you upon your honourable conduct; in that, when you found he could no longer work; you did not say he should not eat; but have provided for him in the manner that you have. I don't believe you'd have done it though, if the Lord had not ordered it so. Our dear brother never introduced any of the new fangled fooleries; but kept on in the good old way. It would have been no good if he had. I have never heard of anything that could draw a veil over his character.

2. *His labour.* Oh, say you; there is no labour in talking. Well; I've been in the farming line; I've mowed, and I've reaped, and I've been in harvest field from morning till night; but I never knew what it was to go to bed so tired, as I have since I've been in the ministry, both body and mind. Great labour is attached to the ministry, or it is of little good. A minister once said to Mark Wilks, of Norwich, that he wanted no studying; he only wanted to look at his text, and it all came to his mind at once. 'Well,' says Mark, 'if you can get your sermons as easy as that, they can be of little profit to the people.

3. *The faith.* Now there are many kinds of faith in existence, but as the Lord has but one way of saving his people—one par-

don, and one sacrifice; so their faith is uniform. There may be some trifling difference, but they are one. It is Christ in the beginning, Christ in the middle, and Christ at the end; and a man that does not know something of this for himself, is not fit to preach salvation to others. George Francis admitted that he was a sinner; he could not live without eating as well as others; and he found that none other than the bread of life sent down from heaven could satisfy his hungry soul. He believed in the discriminating mercy of God; he believed in election as the grand spring of all; he believed in predestination—'Whom he chose, them he also did predestinate,' &c. He believed in redemption. As he paid the ransom; he'll have the ransomed. He believed that none went to heaven that were not redeemed by the blood of Christ; and that none were lost who were interested in that blood. He believed in justification; and he believed in regeneration; that, let a man belong to any sect he might, unless he had been born again, he could not enter the kingdom of heaven. He believed in sanctification; for he knew that Christ was made unto us wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification; while final perseverance, and ultimate glory were grand things to him. Faith is a conviction on the mind that makes the man to disbelieve what he once believed; and to believe that which God impresses on his mind which he formerly disbelieved. This faith it was which George Francis cherished, and what he believed.

4. *The end and intent of his conversation.* It was 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' For if he was not the same at all times, our salvation would not always be the same. He takes the same care of his people now, as he did of old, for he is the same Jesus Christ now as he was then, and ever will be. Was there ever a man aimed more to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ than did George Francis?

"11. The counsel, or advice given. 'Remember them which have the rule over you; who have spoken unto you the word of God.' Has not our brother done that? Well, remember him, then. Did he aim to exalt himself? no: it was Christ. Then remember this; and no other will do. And though he is dead, you are the same; and I hope that you have a man that preaches the same. Your dear departed brother don't want your prayers or your thanks—remember what he preached unto you. Whose faith follow."

In conclusion, Mr. Foreman addressed the aged widow; and the other members of the deceased's family. When Mr. Foreman had finished, the congregation sang a hymn composed for the occasion by Mr. Thomas Stringer, which we should here insert; but want of room compels us to omit it.

The chapel, which is small, was thronged to the doors; and very many were unable to obtain admission.

The Day of Judgment.

No. III.

WE have now to inquire if the judgment has not commenced—if the evil has not already began? And if it has not, what means that cessation of power confessedly known and felt among churches? That famine of the word so keenly experienced by many, even where they have the pulpit filled with what they think and call a good—a first-rate man! And why that rottenness and disunion that make little bodies of Christians look more like a decayed post than a green olive tree? more like a dilapidated house than a little temple of the Lord? And why, too, that loathing of the heavenly manna in its native purity, and a hankering after something wonderful and marvellous; if in smiting with judgment the Lord hath not made the church sick, as he saith, “I have wounded thee with the wound of an enemy; with the chastisement of a cruel one, for the multitude of thine iniquity, and because thy sins were increased against me. And now, why criest thou for thy afflictions?—thy sorrow is incurable—thou hast no healing medicines.” And can a heavier judgment happen to us than the suspension of divine power?—a greater evil, than to have the anointed—the breath of our nostrils taken from us? Surely not. Persecution is nothing to this, as that will keep the soul healthy, and the cheeks of Jacob like roses; but this makes his face to wax pale, his knees smite together, his loins to be unhinged, his belly to tremble, rottenness to enter into his bones so that he staggers in the street, and falls down like a drunken man.

And this judgment has begun at us! the wine cup has been held to our mouth, and we have drank thereof; and we have eaten the roll of lamentation, mourning, and woe, so that our belly is bitter with the bitterness of death! And this fearful internal evil has been going on for some time, and we even yet wax worse and worse. We may have had glimpses of our wound, and sights of our sickness, but in our ignorance and sottishness, we have turned to physicians that could not help: for we have called to Egypt (the world) as though money could cure the malady. And then, on the other hand, we have sent to King Jareb, and had conference with anti-

christian powers, as though Satan transformed, would or could assist us in the breach wherewith the Lord hath broken us! Thus matters have gone on till they have brought us to the eve of a fearful crisis—to an outbreak—to an open rupture betwixt truth and error, betwixt Christ and Belial: and sure I am that on the one hand our strength being gone from the public ministry, and on the other, by the encroachments of civil authority, the weakest must go to the wall, and to the wall of Babylon too, in whose temple our goodly pleasant things must for a short space be hidden!

Now, from the prevalence of this first step of judgment, we see the saints sinking fearfully into the flesh, so that there is scarce a soul or place clean from the nausea of death! Experience is wrapped in filthy mire; doctrine is corroded with dross; and prophecy, like windows of agates, are hidden with curtains within, and shutters without; and the mere humble attempt to withdraw the one—(the ignorance of the mind,)—or remove the other, (the letter of the word) is frustrated with the charge of presumption and conceit! And being sunk in the flesh, the saints say, ‘prophecy unto us smooth things;’ just such things as agree with our fleshly judgments, and lie straight with our traditional notions, so that the very man who, in some humble measure, has been qualified to take the lead, and return to the Lord, is counted an offender, and his name cast forth with contempt; so that he finds the case of Jeremiah and Ezekiel best to match with his own, and his only comfort to consist in turning from man, and appealing to his God. He sees that iniquity is the cause, and he would cry aloud against it; and that sweeping judgments are the effect, and he would set the trumpet to his mouth, and warn the people, but he is turned upon, and almost buried under heaps of obloquy, sarcasm, and reproach! and thus truth falls in the streets, and equity is so barred and bolted out, that it cannot enter!

Then, as the saints sink in the flesh, we find fleshly principles spring up like gaudy flowers on a dung-hill, or as weeds in a garden, and these are called the fruits of righteousness! Judgment is but hemlock; and knowledge is but wormwood! Watchfulness is but prejudice; courage is but envy; zeal is but maliciousness; charity is but self-love;

humility is but legality; and valour for the truth is but cowardice! and the greatest men are but the greatest babies, ever in fear of being kidnapped by a fellow man. Wisdom is arrant folly; and faith is unbelief; and thus flesh rules instead of spirit: and the old man preaches, writes books, and guides the people, instead of the new. And surely our turning of things thus upside down, shall be esteemed as the potter's clay; and the Lord shall wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish; wiping and turning it upside down, so that *after* the judgment the crooked shall be made straight, and the filthy be made clean. (See Isaiah xxix. 16; 2 Kings xxi. 13.)

Then, again, as we see Zion sinking into the flesh, we see her children all in motion like a disturbed ant hill, like bees vindictive when their hive is shaken; or like citizens, when they have heard that their city is taken at one end, some flee to hide themselves in the secret chambers, some to the house tops, and some one way, and some another. One cries, Lo, here! another, Lo, there!—flee, flee, haste, save your lives! Thus all is confusion and ferment! so that with the prophet we may cry, "What aileth thee now that thou art gone up to the house tops? thou that art full of stirs—a tumultuous city—a joyous city: thy slain men are not slain with the sword, nor dead in battle!" they die not by persecution, either in prison, or at the stake." (Read Isaiah 21 and 22, and think of Zion in our day.)

Here then is the first step of evil on the part of Jehovah, a withdrawing of the power of his Spirit, which leaves us to the vacancy and emptiness of flesh and blood, so that Zion becomes like a cottage in a vineyard, a lodge in a garden of cucumbers: yea, like a besieged city. Her husband has gone from her, and given up the dearly beloved of his soul into the hand of her enemy; and as her house is left desolate by the departure of power, the vacancy has been coveted and seized by another, who saith, 'I am thy husband,' and through his cunning craftiness, he has entered the temple of God! The bodies of the saints, equally purchased with the soul, are the temple of God, and here enshrined in misguided natural affection and judgment, we discover the false covering cherub in Eden, the paradise of God, and see him there emplaced both by the natural and the

perverted first principles of the oracles of God. Else how can we account for those many little papacies which we see around us, and that universal confusion, of which Satan is the author, spreading out its ground, and laying its basis even in the circles of living saints: and be sure that in this situation he holds doctrine and promise under control! Don't start, reader, but look well to thyself, and see if the cockatrice egg is not laid in thy bosom; or, what is worse, hatched out into a fiery flying viper, beauteous, and fawning, and equally treacherous, as that which beguiled Eve! Art thou a believer? then all the powers of thy mind, the passions of thy soul, and the faculties of thy mind, are consecrated ground, which, by bewitchment becomes enchanted, and forms the very pavement of Lucifer's pavilion! Look at certain good men—manifestly good men; what contraction of mind, what narrowness of judgment, what bitterness of spirit, what grovelling of hope, what declamation of speech, what hiding from their own flesh and bones, what hankering for mammon, what assimilation to the world, what jealousy of their own popularity, what coldness of charity, what laxity of life, and what enmity to unity, do you behold! And whence comes it? from heaven, from men, or from devils? If the latter be the agents, then that which happened in type to Israel of old, is happening to us; the Chaldean robbers have spread themselves over our land, and are taking up the angle and net to catch men, and we ourselves are as the fishes of the sea before them; and like trees and herbs are we infected, and preyed upon by these flies, bees, palmerworms, and locusts, till we are become barren and unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ! And these are that great—that hasty—that bitter nation that cometh up from the bottomless pit, with the *destroyer* at their head, which God will bring over his land to possess the dwelling places that are not theirs, and to gather unto them all nations, and heap unto them all peoples, so that the whole world shall wonder after the beast. And concerning this judgment it is we have this astounding exclamation, 'O ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I will work a work in your days, which ye will not believe, though a man declare it unto you; for lo! I will raise up the Chaldeans, (*literally, robbers or devils*),

and these constitute the Lord's great and wondrous army, as made known by the prophet Joel, which shall usher in the great and terrible day of the Lord.

Seeing then that we equally come in contact with these, and are subject to their power, as Daniel and his fellows were, when by the Chaldeans they were carried to Babylon; we pause and ask, Is there no way of escape? Yes; and that is spiritual knowledge, as discovered by the light of God's truth, relative to the signs of the times. But if we do not know ourselves, then these religious devils cling to us like burs, by reason of our ignorance, and our darkness, which is their element; for the true light of revelation they can no more endure, than bats or owls can endure the light of day. And I know that I myself am not, and by no means can be, free from their withering paralysing touch, only as the clear light of God's truth shines upon the eyes of my understanding: but *this truth* is my little sanctuary to shelter me, should I flee before them, and come even to Babylon, so that they cannot hurt me—cannot devour me, should I go into a furnace lighted up by them, and heated one seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated.

Thus the judgment has set in; the Spirit of God is deserting us in public ministrations; the flesh no longer under restraint, with all its pernicious fruits, is growing rampant in carnal reasoning: and this flesh—the flesh of the believer, is seized on by the 'spirits of devils,' and the whole course of nature is set in flames with anti-christian fire, so that the fruits of righteousness are consumed; the fields yield no meat, and joy; heavenly joy is withered away from the sons of men, so that the great bulk of the Lord's people are the most miserable and unhappy of Adam's race! And as a mystical fire, burns before this infernal army, and after them a flame, so, though the land be as Eden, it becomes a desolate wilderness. (See Isaiah lxiv. 9—12.) I am one of Zion's sons, and the reader's willing servant.

Brenchley.

W. C. P.

There were five monks that were studying what was the best means to mortify sin: one said, meditate on death; the second, meditate on judgment; the third, meditate of the joys of heaven; the fourth, meditate on the torments of hell; the fifth, meditate on the blood and sufferings of Jesus Christ; certainly, the last is the choicest and strongest motive of all to the mortifying of sin.

A WHOLESOME LETTER

To a Brother in deep Affliction,

By a Minister of Christ's Gospel.

My Dear Brother in Zion's tribulated path, and companion in the varied discipline of God's chosen family, elected, loved, and precious to Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bound up in the bundle of life, in and with thy loving and loved Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; predestined to all the blessings of salvation; appointed to endure—not the soul-destroying judgments of absolute sovereignty with all the non-elect—but the gracious, fatherly chastisements of Zion's chosen sons, whereof all are partakers, more or less, one way or the other, and all for their profit and the Lord's honour and glory. This is the preordained track of all that are gone before; hence, then, it will be our mercy, and our honour indeed, to be followers of those who through faith and patience are inheriting the promises; and to endure chastening under the most gracious anointments of the Lord the Holy Ghost;—being brought in reverence and humility of soul to the divine footstool, with—'It is the Lord, let HIM do whatsoever seemeth HIM good,—even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight,—the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his name.' That this way is rough indeed, I need scarcely tell my dear friend, but most surely it is right, 'For he led them forth by a right way to a city of habitation,'—blessed leader—blessed object, and blessed end,—but still the promise is, 'When thou passest through the fire, I will be with thee,' which truth was most sacredly fulfilled in the experience of the three Hebrews, for 'I see four, and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of God;' and so I see from your letter it has been the same with you, for most truly must the loss of a dear, tender, and beloved wife, leaving an infant family, together with contracted means, embarrassed circumstances, the claims of dissatisfied creditors, together with the fangs of the law taking everything within its grasp, surely this must be a seven-fold heated furnace; and yet my brother has had the dear fourth with him—a most blessed companion indeed—he that cried out 'Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' He can do what I and many more of the dear family cannot—go feelingly into the furnace with you,—for, with all my trials, I have never yet lost a dear partner, and been brought into a state of real pecuniary insolvency, which from your letter appears to be your present situation, as you say you have surrendered all for the benefit of your creditors; and if there were no probable means of satisfying all their demands, I should say it is the best step you could have taken, for,

be assured, in my estimation, an honourable insolvent that gives up his all to the claims of the law, is much more to be respected than a monied rogue that has the means to pay, and yet by all sorts of trickery and shifting, evades the just and lawful demands of his creditors. To be poor, my dear brother, is no harm, but to be roguish is a disgrace to morality and truth; therefore, try and cheer up, my dear friend, 'the Lord sitteth upon the clouds, and reigneth king for ever. The beasts of the forest are his, and the cattle on a thousand hills; the gold and silver is his alone, and he can, and I doubt not, will in his own time open up something that will prove a means of furnishing you with enough of the bread that perisheth to satisfy your absolute wants, though perhaps in such a way as you may little think; should the brook dry up, and the ravens cease to bring their necessary supplies, the prophet shall not starve, but be directed to a poor widow with nothing in her house but a little oil and a bit of meal, just enough for her and her son, and both to die; but no, the hand of the Lord was in it, 'and the meal did not waste, or the oil fail, till the Lord sent rain on the earth;' and be assured, my Brother, there is the same God now to supply thy real wants, and he will, 'for my God shall supply all your needs.' R.

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY

The late Mr. John Stevens,

When at Gravesend, dated July 15, 1847.

MY CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—Grace and peace be with you and yours, and with all the brethren in Christ Jesus. I trust I may say that my inward strength is still improving, though walking is hard work to me, and never was very easy. I thank all my friends at Salem for the friendly interest taken by them in my welfare, and especially for their fervent prayers on my behalf. In my apartment, and when rambling in the fields I bear them in remembrance. The good Lord be with you on the coming day of our Lord Jesus; may the Holy Spirit rest upon the good men who may officiate among you, and render Salem the seat of peace and joy in the Redeemer's name, and through the eternal Spirit of our God.

I hope to return next Thursday, and may the mercy of God attend my future labours among you: he can work by feeble means I know, and this is some encouragement to his feeble servant, less than the least of all saints is my experience; the greatest of all blessings is my hope. My mercies seem too large for me, but I know they are not too large for my Lord to give. O how great is his goodness! but how poor and frail are all my services for him and his cause among men!

Had he not placed me under grace, I must have been for ever undone. I was born a captive sold under sin, and should have died in my chains, if the Prince of Life had not taken pity on me, and found a ransom for me; at the price of his own life he ransomed me, and I feel that all I am, and can do, and suffer, are justly his right. I can never be my own, being thus bought with an immense price. My happiest moments have been engaged in his service, when he has deigned to accompany me in my employment. I am glad to belong to him, and to know that he does not turn away his old servants when their weakness is increased.

Please to assure all my dear friends of my remembrance of them in my affections and prayers. My desires are for their best interests, and my hope is that I may be strengthened a few days to assist them in their duties and enjoyments. To yourself and all my esteemed brethren in office I would affectionately present my sincere thanks for the interest and labour taken by you all in the peace and welfare of my beloved flock in the day of infirmity.

Your grateful pastor,

JOHN STEVENS.

'I have waited for thy salvation O Lord!'

The Death of John Strachan, OF CHELSEA.

READER!—How thin is the partition between this world and another! How short the transition from time to eternity! nothing but the breath in our nostrils; the transition may be made in the twinkling of an eye. In the December number I observed recorded the death of Mr. Walter Strachan. I write a few lines respecting the death of his father, Mr. John Strachan, who left this vain world to join the assembly of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, December 23rd, 1847: aged 68. About eight years since, the good Lord was pleased to turn his feet Zionward; he was baptized and joined the church at Beulah chapel, Chelsea, Feb. 28, 1841. Since that time he has been constant to the means of grace; a warm friend to the cause; much beloved by his brethren and sisters in the Lord; a steady walker, not much elated with joy, but was led by degrees to find Jesus precious, and to fix his soul's salvation entirely on him who never casts away his people. In his last illness he was very composed; never heard to murmur or complain; his mind was fixed on this motto, '*The Lord does all things well.*' When the writer saw him in the last stage of his affliction, he had no doubts or fears, and when I said '*darkness may return;*' he warmly answered me, '*My Lord will never leave or forsake me.*' He lived by faith on the Son of God; when asked, if he

knew what Job said; he answered, 'yes.' He said, '*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*' And so I can say it without a doubt. And therefore I have not the least fear. The same blessed testimony he invariably made to his family and friends. His christian life was short compared with many; for brevity's sake, I omit the former part of his experience, although, like others, he was then subject to changes, from hope to fear, and from fear to hope. He was interred in Brompton cemetery, January 2, 1848, in the same grave in which his son and wife were laid—the latter, about twelve months ago, and the son last November; there they rest in hope until the resurrection morn, when all the dead in Christ shall rise to life and joys divine;

Yes, he is gone, and gone to be
For ever with the eternal three,
His mansion is above;
Chosen, redeemed, and sanctified,
He dwells with Jesus glorified,
Absorb'd in covenant love.

Mr. Wallis, who is supplying at Beulah Chapel, spoke over his grave, and preached the funeral sermon from his last words—'*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*' J. W.

Restoration of Mr. Samnel Milner.

DEAR SIR:—As you have noticed in your last number the dangerous illness of our esteemed pastor, Mr. S. Milner, of Rehoboth Chapel, Ratcliffe Highway, I will now state that in the beginning of December, he was brought down so low, that death appeared inevitable; and when this sad news reached the church, the deacons proposed a special prayer meeting to call upon the Lord on his behalf; and on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 5th, the church met, and a solemn meeting it was—for I believe it was a prayer meeting; for each one felt the solemnity and importance of the expected death of a faithful and a beloved minister. But, the Lord in his tender mercy heard our united supplication, and granted our petition; for on the following week, he blessed the medical means resorted to, and thus he rebuked the disease, and said, live; and declare the goodness of God. Hope now sprung up in every breast when the doctor said there was hope of his recovery.

Mr. Foreman, Mr. Wyard, Mr. Hewlet, Mr. Bonner, Mr. Killen, and others kindly supplied the pulpit during his illness, and on Jan. 2nd, Mr. Killen preached the new year sermons; his text in the morning was "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever," and in this sermon he spoke of the eternal security of every one of God's elect, and that they were saved with an everlasting salvation, and that Christ as their surety was responsible for every one of them, being called and regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and of their final appearing with him in glory; and that their salvation is as sure, and as cer-

tain as the throne of God. And in the evening he preached from "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose," and he entered very sweetly into the mysterious workings of providence in the history of the ancient saints; particularly with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Joseph's dreams, of his being sold, and sent down into Egypt; there falsely accused, and put into prison; there being delivered, and raised to that eminent station of being lord over all the land of Egypt; then his brethren coming before him, and Simeon being taken; while poor old Jacob is crying out all these things are against me, but at length he was enabled to say "Tis enough, Joseph my son is yet alive, I will go down and see him before I die;" and many other circumstances he spoke of in a christian's experience, which was made a blessing to many souls, and I for one could say it was a feast of fat things to my soul; and after the sermon about 150 sat down to the table, and Mr. Milner broke bread, and in his prayer and address, he pathetically spoke of the mercy, and the consoling, and supporting presence of God, which he had experienced during his illness, and he spoke of the difference between the painful and ignominious dying of Christ while suspended on the cross, and of the Christian lying on a sick bed; for a Christian had many little comforts, while Christ, when parching with thirst, was denied a drop of water, and to aggravate his painful sufferings, they gave him vinegar mixed with gall; and in all his anguish he had no friendly hand to wipe the sweat from his agonizing and distorted brow; while a Christians had friends to assist and sympathize with them in all their sufferings and pain; and, more especially the all supporting hand of God being with them, and giving strength equal to their day, by speaking comfort and consolation, and placing beneath them his everlasting arms, and giving them resignation to his unerring will, and to rest in his embrace, saying—"Let the Lord do what seemeth him good, I will trust and not be afraid." Thus we truly had a very solemn, but a very blessed time at Rehoboth Chapel on January 2nd, 1848.

And now may the Lord's blessing attend this humble attempt to exalt his name, is the prayer of one who feels himself daily to be the least of all saints, and the chief of sinners. THOMAS HALL.

Limehouse, London..

NINTH

Anniversary of Surrey Tabernacle.

MUCH of a condemnatory character has been said against Anniversaries; and we must confess that very frequently an unholy use is made of these occasions by many. Nevertheless, we can see no reason why

churches and ministers should not meet together to celebrate and to acknowledge the goodness of God towards them; to unite in proclaiming the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel; and to encourage, to comfort, and to edify one another in the good old ways of our Gospel Zion. We are told that we have no scriptural authority for these annual meetings. Indeed! Let us turn for a moment to God's word, and inquire if this statement be correct. To say nothing of the various festivities under the law; we find it distinctly said in Judges xxi. 19—that "There was a feast of the Lord in Shiloh yearly; in a place which was on the north side of Bethel (*toward the sun rising*—margin) on the high-way that goeth up from Bethel to Schechem, and on the south of Lebonah." If viewed in a spiritual, gospel light, what a striking and blessed scripture is this! It was a feast of the Lord's; so is the gospel; it was held in Shiloh:—(in Christ) and so on. Surely, this scripture is not against saints meeting to worship and to declare the wondrous works of their covenant Triune Jehovah. Again—How beautiful a description of such gatherings in Zion, is that cxxii. Psalm:—"Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together: *whither the tribes go up*: the tribes of the Lord; unto the testimony of Israel; to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.' Is there anything here against the holding of meetings by the living in Jerusalem? Certainly not! In the Acts of the Apostles abundant proof might be adduced in favour of these annual assemblies—but our space forbids us saying more than this, that it is our humble opinion anniversaries should be held with a three-fold design. First—to exalt, to worship, and to adore our most glorious and blessed Lord. Secondly—to give the different members of the different churches an opportunity of speaking one to another of what the Lord has done for their souls. And, thirdly—to unite together for the help, encouragement, and temporal benefit of such poor ministers and churches as really are in necessitous circumstances. As, for instance, if "*No Collection*" is required at the Surrey Tabernacle, for itself, how consistent with gospel principles would it be, if a collection was made and sent to such of the poor *servants of Christ* as are in depths of poverty and distress; and many such we know there are. This would, to say the least of it, be commendable, and strictly in accordance with the apostolic rule. But, we forbear saying more at the present. Letters and testimonials which have reached us from various parts of the country, expressive of the destitution of many churches, and acknowledged ministers of Christ urge us onward in our contention for *practical charity* among the churches and ministers holding and preaching the doctrines of sovereign grace. A correspondent has furnished us with an outline of the proceedings at the Surrey Tabernacle on the

5th of January last. We would gladly insert the whole of it: but it is impossible; We make an extract or two. He says—

"Three sermons were preached—the minister of the chapel with his accustomed zeal, spake from Isaiah lxi. i., of the glorious warrior; his victories, and triumphs coming from Edom, in his having magnified the law 'with dyed garments from Bozrah.' Here Mr. Wells dealt at considerable length, and with much ability, in shewing that Bozrah was the key to Edom; not its principal city, but its great military fortress, and which must be subdued and taken, before possession of the country could be had. This, to us, appeared a fine figure, shewing that sin was the great key, strength, and fortress of the Edom Christ came unto; which he took, and conquered. He was indeed 'glorious in his apparel' as an intercessor in his Aronical garments, and judicial authority—'travelling in the greatness of his strength.' For the work he had to do, the battle he had to fight, required his Almighty strength. He gave all his strength, yet suffered no diminution of it. He travelled forth in all his wisdom and gave it all, yet all his wisdom remained the same as before. He travelled in the greatness and power of his own person, and left behind no debt of weakness in doing it." "The morning sermon at the Surrey Tabernacle," (says a writer) "was a truly gospel discourse; and fully proved two things: first, that James Wells is a most diligent reader, not only of the word of God, but also of sacred history in general. It also proved that his researches are turned to the best of purposes, that is the elucidating and exhibiting (in the most striking manner) the glories of the gospel of Christ."

"In the afternoon, we heard the long known, and old weather beaten J. A. Jones. In speaking from Rev. ii. 1., 'He that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks,' he observed that George Francis saw Christ that morning unclotted. There were three ministers at my settlement thirty-five years ago, he was one of them. I am the only one left. When I first went to Hartley Row, one of the members said to me, 'Well, Master Jones, I did not hear you on Sunday, nor did some others of the members;' this gave Mr. Jones much uneasiness. He said, 'I determined to give it up and go to London, which I did; and on the following Sunday I went to hear John Martin, but being a baptizing sermon, I got nothing there. In the evening, I went to hear John Keeble; in his prayer, he said—'Lord, I pray for thine own ministers. I pray for thy labourers; but, if there be one here that is loitering, Lord, send him back again with a cat-o-nine-tails.' I went home again to my work, and in a few weeks no less than five or six members came forward to testify what God had done for their souls.' In a dark night the stars will shine brightly:

what will break the back of the men-made parsons—only serves to invigorate those whom God sends. 'He holdeth the stars in his right hand, he holdeth fellowship with them;' being in his right hand, shews his strength and power in holding them (John x. 28). By the candlesticks, are meant the churches. Their material is gold, golden candlesticks, and you must not call them *gilt* ones; there are many gilt ones now. A golden professor you may scrape, punch, cut, and put him into the fire, but gold he is; and gold he comes out of the fire. The real christian will bear rubbing and scrubbing, inside and outside; he is real gold. But the candlesticks are of little use without the light, they are for the light of the everlasting gospel to shine in.

"In the evening we had the pleasure of hearing John Foreman; whose spiritual prosperity and usefulness, we pray may be long continued, and that he may shine forth in rich grace in this part of the heavenly firmament. Mr. Foreman spake from John iii. 12—'If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you heavenly things.' Great argument was used in the discussion of this important passage, endeavouring to shew that the meaning of the *earthly things* referred to the Jewish dispensation. In opening and illustrating 'heavenly things,' Mr. F. shewed himself a workman, and no mean scribe instructed in the things of God. These heavenly things are revealed unto babes, and they are the special gifts of heaven; they are the deep things of God in distinction from the common things of nature.

Christian Reviewer.

"*A Biblical Lexicon of two-thousand five-hundred names of men and places in the Bible; being a spiritual interpretation and laying open of the untranslated Hebrew and other characters. A work of great use to all Ministers; and of deep interest to all Bible Readers.* By SAMUEL COZENS, L.F.R.S., Minister of the Gospel, Langport, Somerset." London: Houlston & Stoneman, Paternoster-row.

In the compilation and production of a work of this kind, we consider Samuel Cozens has rendered very essential service to all the lovers and readers of that most precious and invaluable book, THE BIBLE. It is true, perhaps, that there is nothing in this *Biblical Lexicon*, but what may be found in a variety of other works of a more extensive character; but, in no one work that we have ever met with, have we found so complete, and so comprehensive a collection of Scripture names, as our author has here furnished. We have been in the habit for years past, of using, and referring to *Cruden, Hawker, Taylor, Brown*, and others, but, in many of our references, we have been disappointed in the works referred to, and without the fear of contradiction, and without any desire to under-

value the labours of those good men, we say they are exceedingly imperfect. Samuel Cozens has laboured hard to supply the various deficiencies of these great authors who have gone before him, by bringing into one neat portable volume, a vast multitude of Scripture names, places, and characters, so that we believe it next to impossible for a Bible Student to require an explanation of any name of person or place (in the Bible), but, by reference to this *Biblical Lexicon*, his necessity is at once supplied. The work being printed in a large, clear type, it will be found to be an excellent, useful, and interesting Companion for the aged Christian; and, being published at so low a price as Half-a-crown, it comes within the reach of the most humble student of the Scriptures.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE NORRIS,

Of Harwich.

Another of the Lord's servants has been called home. The affliction of our brother Norris has been extremely long and severe; but on Tuesday morning, Jan. 25th, the door of his prison house was opened, and the willing, waiting, longing soul was carried into glory. The following letter will shew in some measure the distress and destitute condition of the poor widow and eight children. Something must be done for them. The Society for the relief of Poor Ministers has twice contributed to the necessities of poor dear Norris, while on his long bed of affliction; but we fear their funds are now so low as not to enable them to do much for the distressed family. We, therefore, trust some of our brethren in the ministry, as well as other christians will come forward to their relief. The following is the letter referred to:

Dear Brother Banks,—In anguish of soul I write to say my dear husband is no more; he resigned his soul to God who gave it, this morning, three o'clock. I may say with Paul, he fought the good fight of faith; and now he is crowned with glory; his sufferings were great, but he had a steady faith in the blood of the covenant; he often blessed the Lord that nothing moved him from the rock Christ Jesus; he was frequent in prayer for the Lord to take him home: his last moments were excruciating through pain; but he exclaimed "*blessed Jesus! take me to thy precious bosom; thou art more than a thousand worlds to me. My God, my Saviour, take me!*" his eyes were then fixed in death; and he expired in a few minutes, supported by myself and two daughters. O I am bereaved! I am bereaved! my eight children, who are at home, could scarcely be pacified. My boy Gregory (12 years old) said he would rather the Lord had taken him than his father. O dear brother, pray for me; and if you can come, do; we fear he cannot be kept longer than Saturday. I shall send for brother Pook, from Ipswich; for I cannot bear the thought of not having a christian minister present. Do write to me, and tell what I had better do; farewell for the present.

Yours, S. NORRIS.

WHO, AND WHAT WAS NEBUCHADNEZZAR?

"This matter is by the decree of the watchers, and the demand by the word of the holy ones: to the intent that the living may know that the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will, and setteth up over it the basest of men." Dan. iv. 17.

SURELY this is a most solemn and weighty scripture! and on reflecting upon it for a moment, I would look, 1. At the matter referred to: 2. Endeavour to shew who are the *watchers*: 3. The *instrumentality* employed in working out the matter—'the demand is by the word of the holy ones.' And, lastly, the design of the whole—'to the intent that the living may know that the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will, and setteth up over it the basest of men.'

1. There is something exceedingly emphatical in the first sentence—'THIS MATTER.' It comprehends the whole history of Nebuchadnezzar; which is an Old Testament story full of mystery, rich in heavenly matter, and declares in the most solemn manner, the Almighty power and the sovereign purpose of the eternal God.

But *who*, and *what*, was Nebuchadnezzar? that is the question. I know that there has been much controversy about that very singular character; but I will not stop to notice what *men* have said, but I will keep to that which the Holy Ghost hath said; neither will I presume to decide whether Nebuchadnezzar was a vessel of mercy, or a vessel of wrath; but simply declare what I have been given to see: and it is this; in the character of Nebuchadnezzar, you have, first, *what human nature is*, and *what human nature will do*, when left to work out its fallen and debased principles. You have, secondly, *the fallen sinner brought under the discipline of divine teaching*: and, thirdly, you have a wonderful display of the *operations of God's grace in a poor sinner's soul*. And, if after you have contemplated these things, you can really believe that they were wrought in Nebuchadnezzar, and yet, after all, that he is not in glory, I can only ask, 'Who then can be saved?' There are twelve peculiar features in the character of Nebuchadnezzar, which I wish you to look at, and to ponder over.

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First: He was the *King of Babylon*. The building of the tower of Babel fitly represents what human nature will do when left to itself. It will be independent of God: it scorns the mysterious and sovereign way of going to heaven by Jacob's ladder; it says, (with all the pride, and pomp, and presumption imaginable) 'Come LET US build a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven: and let us make us a name.' Oh, yes; poor fallen man, blind to his real condition; and ignorant of his utter helplessness, sets to work to build up and to carry up himself to heaven. But *confusion and destruction* follow close upon him. Every son and daughter of Adam, who has not the certain work of God's law, and God's gospel within him, is in a confused and uncertain state. The law, (in the hands of the Spirit) kills the sinner outright: the gospel, (in the hands of the Spirit) gives him life, light, liberty, pardon, peace, communion, and consolation: and where these things are, there is that *perfect love* which casteth out slavish fear; and there is a holy confidence, that however rough and dark the journey may be, yet that the righteous shall hold on his way, and at last enter into rest. But man, in his natural state, *knoweth nothing*—all is confusion, uncertainty, and death, even though he wear a crown, occupy a pulpit, represent the people, or plead at the bar. Reader! What is the state of thy soul? Has God done any certain work within thee, delivering thee at once, and for ever, from the horrible pit; or art thou in Babylon—in ignorance, in confusion, and altogether uncertain whether heaven or hell will be thy portion?

Secondly: Nebuchadnezzar was a maker and worshipper of idol gods. This is the one great business of fallen man; the world is one mighty workshop where Adam's sons are forging idols; and the professing church is one mighty conventicle where these idols are set up and worshipped. From the proud Romish priest, down to the wildest Arminian ranter, all is idolatrous worship. The Romish mas—the Protestant altar—the Independent talent—the Wesleyan multitude and manœuvre for getting money; the Quaker's peculiarity, and all the rest

H

which make up the outward court; all are worshipping idols of some kind or other. "We are the people:" "Our's is the minister:" "This is the true church:" Here is the standard of a divine experience:" and soon. Lord, have mercy on us, and dash all our idols to atoms; open our blind eyes; humble us in the dust; give us a living faith in thy dear Son! Then, and not till then, shall we be of the true circumcision, who worship GOD in Spirit and in TRUTH.

Thirdly—Nebuchadnezzar was a bitter persecutor of the saints—"Whoso falleth not down, and worshippeth the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar set up, was to be cast into the burning fiery furnace." Human nature, for the most part, is full enough of what is called religion: and this so-called religion is growing faster than ever. We are building churches and chapels in every corner: hosts of men and women are running, or are anxious to run with tidings: the land is inundated with professedly religious publications; and attempts are made to form societies to evangelize and harmonize the whole world. All this looks very well in the outward show of it; but just come behind the curtain for a moment, and I can shew you one or two of the secret springs of all their mighty movements, which powerfully proves that dress up human nature in what kind of religion you will, she is a bitter persecutor of the true saints of God after all. First—I will take you inside of a new church just erected in our neighbourhood. Do you see that neat looking gentleman there? Yes. Well, he is the intended officiating priest for this new building; and the whole management of the concern is in his hands. Do you see that poor careworn woman standing waiting to speak to this reverend divine? Yes. Well, she is come to try to earn a sixpence by cleaning out the church. Just listen for a moment, and hear what he says to her. "Woman! what is your business here?" "I am a poor char-woman, sir, and understanding you required some one to clean out the church, I have taken the liberty to ask if you would allow me to do it?" "What place of worship do you attend?" "The Baptist chapel, sir." "Oh go along then; you can have nothing to do here." Nebuchadnezzar like, if she will not fall down and worship his image, he will either cast her into a fiery furnace where she shall be burnt to

death; or he will cast her into a dungeon of poverty where she shall be starved to death. Oh, cruel religion this! I shall pass by many of the secret workings of human nature in the garb of religion, and just step into the parlour of a friend of mine. That tall, stout, grave looking gentleman which you see in the arm chair, (and to whom all the friends are so intently listening,) is a Calvinistic preacher, and is supposed to be a man of a very deep experience; and I believe he is so; but, he is withall a bitter persecutor of many of God's dear ministers and saints.

"Is it possible that he can persecute the saints? Why, I have heard him preach many times; and from the tenor of his ministry, I have always considered him to be one of the kindest, compassionate, loving-hearted men I ever heard."

That is true, my friend; in the *pulpit* he professes to be nothing short of a good Samaritan. He would do anything—and go anywhere to help a poor sinner; at least, so he says. But in the *parlour*, he is known to be most bitter, censorious, and unkind; casting away and condemning all ministers and all men, who do not fall down to his image, and worship at his shrine. *This is human nature*: and I can tell ye, my friend, I am often led to think that Nebuchadnezzar is still in existence; and lives in many a man, talks in many a christian's house, and preaches in many a pulpit, where you would little expect to find him. In these three things, Nebuchadnezzar was a type (as I believe) of the church of Christ in her fallen, depraved, unregenerate condition. Coming now to

The *fourth* feature in the history of Nebuchadnezzar, we enter upon things of a more solemn and important nature. Nebuchadnezzar was favoured with a divine revelation of the Son of God. How often is it the case that a vessel of mercy is left to go the most awful lengths in sin, and in the midst of his mad rebellion against the God of heaven, he is arrested by that Sovereign, Omnipotent, yet merciful arm, that only can either break down or raise up the fallen sons of men. Nebuchadnezzar in the hot rage of his wicked heart, commandeth that the dear saints of God be bound by *the most mighty men* in his army; and that they be cast into *the midst of the burn-*

ing fiery furnace. How full of interest is this part of the history! "These three men," (saith the Holy Ghost,) "fell down into the midst of the burning fiery furnace." They fell down—expressive of their own weakness, and their inability to deliver themselves. Well, one would think Nebuchadnezzar need not stop to see what became of them; for, seeing that the men who threw them in, were slain by the flames in *only approaching* the furnace, he might be sure that the fire would soon extinguish these noble champions for the true God. But, no! he must abide by the furnace: and, behold, in an instant he discovers these men in an upright position; and, as though they were in a beautiful garden or field, they are walking and talking with all the calmness and pleasure that possibly can be enjoyed. "What can be the meaning of this?" roars out the furious king of Babylon. The meaning is just this, Mr. Nebuchadnezzar, that when the Lord is with his people, neither floods can drown, nor flames can burn them. But do just look at the king. With what astonishment he rises up; and turning to his counsellors, he says—"Did not we cast THREE MEN BOUND into the midst of the fire?" "True, O, king!" His mind is arrested; his fury is abated; he comes nearer to the furnace; he distinctly beholds Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego unbound—and unhurt:—they are walking at liberty; and, what is more wonderful than all, a fourth person is with them: "and the form of the fourth is like THE SON OF GOD!" Who made known to him "the form (or person) of the son of God?" I believe it was a revelation from heaven by the power of God the Holy Ghost. So that

Fifthly—you see the enmity and rebellion of the king receives hereby a most dreadful wound; he seems to forget his golden image: his boiling rage against the saints has ceased; he draws near to the mouth of the furnace—and says—"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, YE SERVANTS OF THE MOST HIGH GOD, come forth, and come hither." Why, the man seems full of the deepest sympathy for those very men whom before he would have destroyed—"Come forth, and come near." He desires to embrace them. And, wonderful to relate, they came forth; and all the princes, and governors saw that not a hair on their

heads were singed, neither had the smell of fire passed upon them. Is not this a wonderful display both of the sovereignty and of the faithfulness of God! The mighty men who threw them in, are devoured by the flames; but the king is spared, the saints preserved, delivered, and exalted, and the most high God is glorified. See, from hence, a revelation of Christ in a sinner's heart, will give him union of soul unto the people of God. I know this from both past and present experience.

The sixth feature in Nebuchadnezzar's history is, the confession he makes, and the secret fears with which he was exercised. The fact is, hitherto "the strong man armed had kept his palace: and his goods had been in peace:" as the king confesses: he says, (Dan. iv. 4.) "I was at rest in mine house, and flourishing in my palace." Yes, indeed; and a desperate flourish it was; for he would have burned up all the saints; set himself up for a god; and at last have sunk into an eternal hell; but, now, "a stronger than the strong man armed has entered in;" and now the once blustering and flourishing king is scared with dreams, and troubled with visions, so that neither night nor day can he get any rest. Oh, what a storm in the soul is found when God the Holy Ghost lays siege to a sinner's heart! "The arrows of the Almighty (says Job) are within me; the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me." So have I found it in days and nights that are past, my very frame, body, soul, and spirit, as it were inflamed with a dreadful fire, terrifying and alarming, and breaking me down in darkness and dismay. Oh, how I could enlarge upon this, this solemn spot in the experience of God's quickened family; but I must not occupy the room. Reader! knowest thou the meaning of that strange speech of Job's, "I am afraid of all my sorrows" ? Think seriously upon the matter. Before you pass away from this head, look at Nebuchadnezzar, under the influence of these secret fears, sending for all the magicians, and astrologers, and wise men, and a whole host of blind guides and unholy dogs, to whom he told his trouble; but not one of them could interpret the same. How simple he seems to speak. He says—"I told the dream before them; but they did not make known the interpretation thereof.

How simply and sincerely will a poor quickened sinner tell out the troubles of his soul to any man that mounts a pulpit, and pretends to be a minister of Christ; but how frequently is it the case that these pretended ministers are ignorant of the longings and breakings of a travailing soul, and hence, are either dumb, or, consider the poor enquiring sinner to be a subject more fitted for a straight waistcoat than for the consolations of the everlasting gospel. "*But at the last, Daniel came in.*" Yes; in the poor soul's last extremity, he shall be directed to some one; or some one shall be directed to him, who shall be a *Daniel* unto him; who shall come with "*the judgment of God*" into the poor soul; and shall so shew him where his uprightness is, what his real condition is, and what his ultimate end shall be, that faith and hope will spring up in his soul. Cease from running to men, poor troubled sinner. Be found waiting upon God, and he shall surely send a Daniel to thee, who shall faithfully and affectionately tell thee all the truth. In coming to

The seventh feature in Nebuchadnezzar's history, we find, that, notwithstanding the revelation he had seen; the confession he made; the solemn warnings which had followed him, still he is again filled with pride and vain glory—strutting about his palace with "*Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?*" Oh, what a proud, pompous, foolish creature is man! How often is it seen that even a good man's success in any of his movements, puffs him up; and makes him more like a swelling peacock, than a humble saint. I remember well, a little time since, a certain man who keeps a chapel to go and preach in, had a present made him—a friend calls in on a little business; up stairs the parson leads the friend, and round and round the room he struts—"There," (pointing to a handsome *something* on the sideboard,) "What do you think of that? *My church presented me with that!*" Oh, poor Nebuchadnezzar! before God can be really glorified in thee, thou must be pulled all to pieces, and humbled down to the very dust. Really, it is enough to make one's blood run cold to see and hear so much empty boasting and fleshly foolishness in men who stand up as the servants of God. "*My church; and my chapel;*

and *my* people; and *my* ministry," until one is disgusted. But enough; come to more solemn things. "While this great swelling word was in the king's mouth, *there fell a voice from heaven*, saying—O, Nebuchadnezzar—the kingdom is departed from thee." And he was driven out from men, and did eat grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven." What a dreadful transition! Thrown from the highest earthly glory, to dwell with the beasts of the field, as one for ever cast out and forsaken both of God and man. Here you have a strong figurative representation of God's dealing with his children, sometimes *spiritually* in a deep killing sense of the wrath of God in their souls, as Heman describes it in the 88th Psalm; sometimes *literally* (as well as *spiritually*) as it was with Job. Oh, my reader, beware of a proud, haughty, vain spirit. It has preceded the temporary downfall of some of the greatest men ever Zion had; and I am persuaded the furnace is still needed in Zion, and its flames will presently burst out to the astonishment of many. Before the church said she was *comely*, she frankly confessed she was *black*; and do just see how Paul *writes out*, and carries out, the true spirit of the real christian—"Unto me, *who am less than the least of all saints*, is this grace given." Oh, Lord, hide pride from our eyes, and keep us near thy feet.

The eighth feature is to me a blessed one. It is *the preservation of the root*. "Nevertheless *leave the stump of his root in the earth*, even with a band of iron and brass." David says, the Lord will "never suffer the righteous to be moved;" and he had some experience in this matter: but Solomon seems to enter more into the secret of this mystery, and says "the *ROOT* of the righteous shall not be moved;" and if we come to Isaiah, he lets us a little deeper still into this great truth, for he says that CHRIST is the believer's root; "and in that day there shall be a *Root of Jesse*, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; *to it* shall the Gentiles seek, and his rest shall be glorious." But there is none of these come up to Paul. He was a bold man in the precious truths of the Gospel. He never minces the matter, but deals it out positively as it is—"Your life," (says he to the church) *is hid WITH CHRIST IN GOD!*" What a sentence! What a secret place! How eternally secure must

be the church's life! "*With Christ in God!*" I do not believe there ever was a sentence written or uttered, respecting the security of God's elect to beat this. But while you admire the secret and eternal security of the church in Christ; do not forget how possible it is for a vessel of mercy, like Nebuchadnezzar, to be cut down, and scattered, stump, branches, fruit, and leaves, all driven to the winds through the weakness and wickedness of the flesh on the one hand, and the violence of Satan on the other. John Bunyan says, (speaking of Jerusalem) that it had two walls: an outer and an inner wall; the one prefigured God's predestination of the church unto eternal life, which never can be broken down; the other, God's special providence towards his own elect in time. These are John's words, and I think there is some truth in them. "Those two walls stood a little distance from each other, and had a ditch between them, which was to signify, that though they had the wall of salvation about them, with reference to their eternal state; yet the wall of God's providence and special protection was not yet so nearly joined thereto but that they might for their foolishness have that broken down and they suffered to fall into the ditch that was between them both." For myself, I humbly think the outer wall set forth Redemption by Christ, which did encompass the church in all her sin and defilement; which wall can never be removed, nor one vessel of mercy thrown outside of it; but the inner wall, I believe, denoteth the hidden work of God the Holy Ghost, which, sometimes *appears* to be dashed all to pieces; and the poor soul falls again into the ditch. Not that a regenerate sinner can ever finally lose what the Holy Ghost giveth, but all the peace, power, and pleasantness of it may for a time be lost, to the great grief of his sin-entangled soul. Pray be careful how you deal with poor fallen souls. Of all men on the face of the earth, I think they are the most miserable, and mostly need the church's pity, sympathy and prayers.

The ninth feature in this man's history, is recorded in Daniel iv. 34. "At the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven; and mine understanding returned unto me; and I blessed the Most High; and I praised and honoured him that liveth for ever." What a miracle of grace! This poor

beast of a man lifting up his eyes to heaven—praying to, being accepted of, and enabled to bless and adore the covenant God of salvation! See, there was a time for this:—*at the end of the days*. There shall be an end to every poor living soul's captivity; and with prayer, faith, and adoration, shall he return to his Father's house.

I will but mention the tenth, eleventh, and last features—He was brought to acknowledge the Sovereignty of God; he honoured and gave glory to God; he was exalted to, and established in his kingdom; and *excellent majesty*—(ah, there is something in that word *excellent majesty*,) was added unto him.

Reader! what think you of Nebuchadnezzar? I had fully intended to finish this subject at this time; but, though a *little one*, I am a long winded one; and cannot pack things in so close a compass as some men. I am resolved, however, to wind this up next month, if spared: but there has been so much work of late among the sick, the afflicted, and the perishing poor, that I have scarcely a moment's ease. They tell us that the doctors, undertakers, and grave-diggers never had such a winter before; and I can tell you us poor parsons have had no small share of extra labour. Many a sick chamber and house of death have I been called to enter; still, blessed be God, I am not tired of the work; and so subscribe myself,

Your willing servant in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

The Good Work of Grace

IN THE HEART OF A POOR SINNER.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—

I will, as the Lord shall enable me, give you, (according to your desire) a brief account of his dealings with me, a poor hell-deserving creature! and how he saw me sporting on the brink of hell, and snatched me as a brand from the burning. Four years ago I went to a ball, and it pleased the Lord to meet me there with this solemn thought—"How many in this room will go to hell?" which filled my soul with horror during the time, I was taken with a pain in my inside, so that I thought I should have died, and the consequence would be, that my soul would be cast into hell! Oh, thought I, what an awful place, to die in a ball-room! Oh, if I can get out of this room, I will never come into it again! I went home and told my dear mother; and she blessed God that he had heard her

prayer. She was one of God's dear children, and is now in glory. I went on in a most distressed state of mind for a long time, and could not find any comfort or peace to my soul, though I sought it with carefulness, fearing that I was too bad a wretch to be saved. My dear mother and sister tried to comfort me, by telling me that it was the Lord who had put those thoughts in my heart, and that he would in his own time reveal himself to me. But no comfort could I receive from any one during this distress of mind. I read my Bible, and often tried to pray, and asked the Lord to apply some precious word of his to my soul, that I might have a hope. This promise was given me, "I have engraven thee upon the palms of my hands." But I was tempted and thought it was not for me. So I went on in a most doubtful manner with such dreadful thoughts as these, "Ye are of your father the devil, and his works ye will do." I felt that I had done the works of the devil, but now I wanted to get rid of them, and to serve the Lord, walk in his ways, love and praise him, and I sought the company of the Lord's people, and went to hear this and that man preach, but no comfort could I draw from any one. Yet this scripture was made somewhat precious to me, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Had it not have been for that text, I felt as though I could have no hope, but that text caused me to have a little hope. Then again this portion would come into my mind, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." I did not know where these words were, nor the following words, "for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure." I mentioned my sad condition to my dear teacher, whom I love in the Lord, she told me it was God's work, &c., which gave me a little hope. At this time this hymn was precious to me:—

'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?

Then I had a most awful dream. I thought the world was at an end, I saw all in ruins, and thought it was come to my turn to die, I was in great distress of mind in my dream fearing every moment that I should be in hell; when I fell back, and I saw the Lord Jesus as plain as ever I saw any one, he patted me on the shoulder and said, "Fear not, thou art mine;" that took all fear from me in my dream; and being so overjoyed it woked me. I called out, it is only a dream, so that afterwards it afforded me but little comfort; I went on poorly, and often tried to pray but got no answers. One day as I sat in my room at work, I took up the Onley Hymns, and read the 61st and 62nd, which was as though a voice had spoken to me especially the 3rd and 4th verses of the 61st.

I have seen what you were doing,
Though you little thought of me :

You were madly bent on ruin,
But I said—it shall not be!
You had been for ever wretched
Had I not espoused your part,
Now, behold, my arms outstretch'd
To receive you to my heart.

Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
All your inward passions move;
I could crush thee with my thunder,
But I speak to thee in love;
See your sins are all forgiven,
I have paid the countless sum!
Now my death has open'd heaven,
Thither you shall shortly come.

Some time after this I joined the church with much fear and trembling, lest after all, I should not be a child of God. When I first took the bread and wine, I thought, well, now I have ate and drank my own damnation; so I went on with the fear of hell in my conscience, when it pleased the Lord in his tender mercy to bring dear Mr. L— to preach in a school room, where I heard him from these words—"Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." O, how I trembled when he read his text, and said, there is nothing for me again to night; but that night was the Lord's time to deliver me from bondage: he set Jesus forth in such a beautiful manner, that it filled my soul with joy and peace in believing. From that time I got many a draft of pure wine and milk, and experienced many refreshing moments, and have had many sweet and precious words from the Lord, through that dear man of God; which so knit my heart to him that when it pleased the Lord in his providence to remove us to Manchester, I thought it would have broken my heart; and besides, I so greatly feared Manchester, imagining it to be such a wicked place, that I should not find a gospel minister in it. But the Lord gave me this promise—"I will be with thee in all places, whither thou goest, I will give thee a pastor after mine own heart, &c." Yet little did I think that I should find the gospel so soon, and hear such a precious sermon as I did the first I heard in Manchester; the Lord directed my steps to Oldham Street Chapel, where I heard dear Mr. Foreman, of London, preach: O, thought I, the Lord is in Manchester, and his gospel also; the sermon was blessed to my soul so much that I could not help going again and again to hear him.

As regards baptism by immersion, I could see it clear in the word of God, but wanted to believe it was not necessary for me to attend to it; but the Lord would not let me rest here; I got a knock here, and a blow there, and could not rest in the night for thinking about it, especially when I heard Mr. Stringer, (who supplied after Mr. Foreman,) say 'that some people would not see it. I said that is just my case, and from that time I asked the Lord to make it very plain to me, if it was his will that I should be baptized. Again, I was afraid that I was not a child of God; and I said to myself, many a time, I know the baptists are so particular who they re-

ceive, that they will pronounce me nothing but a hypocrite; and again, I greatly feared to offend my dear friend whom I loved in the Lord. This word was given to me—'If ye love me keep my commandments;' which words were rivetted on my mind; nor could I take them in any other way than that I should be baptized; then again, I thought of all my dear friends, and these words came powerfully into my mind—'If ye love father and mother more than me, ye are not worthy of me;' by which I saw that I was not to be afraid of my dearest friends, but that I must please my Lord before any one. 'If ye love,' &c. would come again to my mind. The example of Jesus and his disciples were before my eyes, and I said, 'if he was baptized why not I, for if I do not love him, I desire to love him?' And these words came to my mind—'By this we know we are passed from death unto life because we love the brethren.' I love the Lord's people, they are the only people I can enjoy myself with. I love his ways and his word. I have often said, I will try and find a gospel minister in the Church of England; but I thought if I went any where I should miss a beautiful sermon this morning, and perhaps the Lord has got a word for me. One morning the Lord gave Mr. Corbit a word for me; he named the very thoughts which had been revolving in my heart, and said, 'Well, poor soul, from whence came those thoughts? The Holy Spirit put them in thy heart.' I feel as though I could not thank the Lord enough for his kindness to me in placing me under such a blessed man. May the Lord strengthen and bless him more and more, with his Spirit. I said at the church meeting, that I had not had it clearly manifest that all my sins were forgiven me. But, oh, my dear brother in the Lord, you will be thankful to hear me say that when I was baptized I felt that all my sins were forgiven me, and that I was buried with Christ in baptism. I could say a great deal more, but will forbear. Suffice it, that I am thankful I am joined to a people whom I love in the Lord Jesus Christ; and hope that the Lord will knit our hearts together, in love to him, and to each other. Believe me to be your sincere friend and affectionate sister in the Lord.

A. S.

Manchester, Feb. 10. 1848.

A GOOD OLD AGE.—Died on the 6th of January 1848, good old John Saunders, aged 91 years; upwards of 70 years a labourer in the Lord's Vineyard, 40 of which he was situated at Hadleigh Heath, Suffolk. His little church there are now destitute of an under shepherd. Lord send help.

Waste Howling Wilderness. ZURISHADDAT.

[We know a faithful, loving, and experimental preacher of the gospel, who has lately been persecuted & driven out from a church where for some time he had been settled. It strikes us he would well suit Hadleigh Heath.]

A USEFUL HINT FOR ALL FAITHFUL MINISTERS.

An Anecdote of the late Rev. Wm. Tennant, of Freehold, New Jersey.

WHEN Mr. Whitfield was last in this country, Mr. T. paid him a visit as he was passing through New Jersey, and one day dined with other ministers, at a gentleman's house. After dinner, Mr. Whitfield adverted to the difficulties attending the gospel ministry, lamented that all their zeal availed but little, said that he was weary with the burdens of the day, declared that his great consolation was that in a short time his work would be done, when he should depart and be with Christ; he then appealed to the ministers if it was not their great comfort that they should soon go to rest? They generally assented, except Mr. T. who sat next Mr. W. in silence; and by his countenance discovered but little pleasure in the conversation. On which Mr. W. tapping him on the knee, said, "Well! brother Tennant, you are the oldest man amongst us, do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand, when you will be called home?" Mr. T. bluntly answered, "I have no wish about it." Mr. W. pressed him again, and Mr. T. again answered, "No sir, it is no pleasure to me at all; and if you knew your duty, it would be none to you; I have nothing to do with death; my business is to live as long as I can—as well as I can—and to serve my master as faithfully as I can, until he shall think proper to call me home." Mr. W. still urged for an explicit answer to this question, in case the time of death were left to his own choice? Mr. T. replied, I have no choice about it. I am God's servant; and have engaged to do his business as long as he pleases to continue me therein. But, now brother, let me ask you a question, What do you think I would say, if I was to send my man, Tom, into the field to plough, and if at noon I should go to the field and find him lounging under a tree, and complaining, 'Master, the sun is very hot, and the ploughing hard, I am weary of the work you have appointed me, and am overdone with the heat and burden of the day; do, master, let me return home, and be discharged from this hard service?' What would I say? Why, that he was a lazy fellow; that it was his business to do the work that I had appointed him, until I should think fit to call him home." The pleasant manner in which this reproof was administered, rather increased the social harmony of the company, who became satisfied that it was very possible to err, even in desiring with undue earnestness, "to depart and be with Christ," which in itself, is "far better" than to remain in this imperfect state; and that it is the duty of the christian, in this respect to say, "All the days of my appointed time, will I wait till my change come."

THE SILVER TRUMPET AND THE CERTAIN SOUND.

MY BROTHER:—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you and yours from the fountain fulness of the Son of God, our adored Lord, and Covenant Head, in whom we have oneness, union, interest, and eternal relationship. What an age since we saw each other last! Well! all is right! How can it be otherwise? He can make no mistake. We may find fault; but it affects nothing. He works his sovereign will; bless his name! who can hinder? Who can stay his hand—Who disannul his counsels—Who blast his purposes? NONE. Therefore, hedoeth all his pleasure, and we exclaim, AMEN.

I am at the present in this vast metropolis, this gigantic town, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ—an endless subject! a boundless theme! and to lift him high, is my glory. His person, love, blood, and rich salvation; nothing equals this! Down, down with the creature, together with all his trumpety rubbish! Up, up with our precious Christ! No mistake here; too low the worm cannot be humbled; too high his majesty cannot be exalted. An unequalled subject this! How well it suits poor bankrupt sinners like we, who are over head and ears in debt, and yet owe not one farthing! Having nothing, and yet possessing all things! All over wounds, yet perfectly whole! At war all day long, and yet in perfect peace! Depraved altogether, yet pure and clean! Naked, yet clothed with a garment without seam throughout! Hungry, yet fed to the full! Thirsty, yet drink at the wells of salvation! My brother, these paradoxes you well understand. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; a stranger meddleth not with such things;" the household of faith only travel here.

The Holy Ghost the Comforter, give us the unction of these truths daily, until mortality is swallowed up of life.

Ever, and always yours in the only durable relationship, very affectionately,
W. BIDDER.

8, Albert Place, Union Road,
Rotherhithe, London.

Christian Sympathy.

"He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper."—Psalm lxxii. 12

DEAR BROTHER,—One line or two in answer to your kind and affectionate letter; dear friend and brother Shepherd did certainly begin to think it somewhat strange that you had not answered him nor me, but I felt quite sure it was from being overmuch engaged, as dear old Gadsby has it, you had your head full, hands full, and heart full, and it must be so; God will see to it that every one of his sent servants have enough to fight against and struggle with, for though God never sends them to warfare at their

own charges, and he does not send them that they may sit down in their easy chairs, or walk to heaven in their silver slippers, and as a true token of the road's being rough, rugged and thorny, and hedged up with besetments on either hand within and without, there are the shoes of iron and brass prepared: yes; and by him who has also said 'as thy days so thy strength shall be,' and, believe me, my brother, if it were not for this promise, I should sink; but as the poet says,—

How can I sink with such a prop as my eternal God?
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And shakes creation with a nod.

As regards the vine and its flourishing, Christ as you are fully aware, is the true vine on which grows to perfection the grapes of Eschol, and this vine, I feel I can say, does at times most blessedly flourish in the soul's experience of the living branches; thus God the eternal Spirit enables his living family at times to go up in faith, hope, and desire into the blessed Palm tree, and lay fast hold of the boughs thereof, thus proving the truth of these words,—

'Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.'

As regards the ministry, in myself I see and feel myself to be a greater ignoramus and fool every day, and am led to believe it must be so, since God has promised to stain the pride of all human glorying. Still, God does own his word and bless his work; living souls can and do testify to this. Dear Brother, I had the case of the poor weavers impressed upon my mind a fortnight ago; with the impression a desire also sprang up in my mind to send them a nite, the which I have done, and will therefore trouble you to get it and cast it in on Wednesday evening. May the Lord bless your work and labour of love, for the honour of his own great name, and good of his dear children, is the sincere desire of your affectionate brother in the bonds of the Gospel.
I. SPENCER.

Guildford.

ENQUIRY—Mr. C. W. Banks.—Dear Sir, I happen to know several good men, or men of God that would feel a pleasure in joining with your church, but your discipline being what is called strict Baptist, they are prevented; will you, through the columns of your useful publication, give the church at large the best reasons that can be adduced to support this exclusion on gospel principles? I think it would do good; for I am unable to satisfy these friends myself; and I think you would not wish to continue in any matter by which the hearts of your brethren were hurt. Yours, a constant reader,
Southwark, Jan. 20. 1848. APOLLOS.
[We cannot this month answer Apollos: but, hope to in our next. In the meantime, will any brother endeavour to give Apollos a satisfactory answer? We believe it is not far to fetch.]

THE EXPLOITS OF A SAVING FAITH.

THE way to Jesus Christ is clogged with many difficulties, or natural discouragements. No sooner does a man begin to look after Christ, but difficulties and natural discouragements do arise; and they are pressed by Satan with violence. When the children of Israel began to make out of Egypt, Pharaoh doubles their task, and labours to make their way grievous and troublous. And as soon as a soul begins to look after Christ; Satan and the world labour to make his way troublesome. The devil is the great hunter of souls; so long as the game goes well with the hunter, and is going into his snare, he makes no noise; but if once the hare or the game begin to decline the snare, and go another way, then he hoops, and hollows, and makes a noise, that he may scare it into the snare again. And so, as long as men are going into the devil's snare, he makes no noise; but if once they begin to turn aside from his snare, then he raises town and country, and a great noise is made to scare the soul in again; he knows that a candle may be easily blown into light, when it is new put out. Paul met with no buffetings of Satan till he had been taken up into the third heavens, and seen the glory there. So long as Paul went on his pharisaical way, he met with no opposition: and so long as a man goes on in the way of the world or in some pharisaical devotional way, that is not the way of the gospel, he meets with no opposition: but when once the Lord takes him, as it were, into the third heavens, and shows him the glory of Christ, then Satan begins to buffet him. Nature within us stands and says, Will you go to Christ? It is impossible that ever you should get him. And the world without; Will you go to Christ? you will lose all your friends; Will you become a fool too? what with the world, and what with the flesh, and what with the devil, the way to Jesus Christ is clogged with many difficulties.

Though the way to Jesus Christ be clogged with many difficulties, true, saving, justifying faith, will carry us through all difficulties, discouragements, and natural impossibilities to Jesus Christ. It is that grace the Apostle speaks of; he being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body, he staggered not; the word you translate staggering, in other places is translated doubting, nothing doubting; but the same word is translated also, discerning; *not discerning the Lord's body*. 1 Cor. xi. 29. And so the word will fully bear that signification. When a man looks upon things with an eye of reason, he makes a discretion or judication of things: some things are facile, easy; some things are hard. But when a man looks by faith upon the

power of God, there is not that discretion there. All things are easy to the eye of faith, that looks at the power of God.

Faith can go into the whole Testament, and run as high as Adam, and come back again to the soul, and tell the soul, I have seen a man whom God hath pardoned that damned all the world, and why may he not pardon thee? Faith can run up to heaven, and come home again to the soul, and say, I have seen the glory there; be of good comfort, there is enough in heaven to pay for all. Faith can run unto God's all-sufficiency, to God's omnipotency; and having viewed that well, it returns to the soul home again, and says, be quiet, there is enough in God alone: and faith having placed and seated itself upon this high tower and mountain, God's omnipotency and all-sufficiency, it hath a great prospect; it can look over all the world, and look into another world too; but now reason, it gets upon some little mole-hill of creature-ability, and if it can see over two or three hedges, it is well. And therefore, oh! what a pain is it to faith, to be tied to reason. I suppose you will all say, that if a man were able to go a journey of two or three hundred miles afoot, he were a very good footman: yet, if you will tie him to carry a child of four or five years old with him, you will say it would be a great luggage to him; and the man would say, pray let this child be left at home: for though he may run along in my hand half a mile or go a mile with me; yet notwithstanding, I must carry him the rest of the way: and when I come at any great water, or to go over any hill, I must take him upon my back, and that will be a great burden to me. And thus it is between faith and reason; reason, at the best, is but a child to faith; faith can foot it over mountains and difficulties, and wade through afflictions, though they be very wide; but when reason comes to any affliction, to wade through that, and to go over some great difficulties; then it cries out and says, oh! faith, good faith, go back again; good faith, go back again: No, says faith, but I will take thee upon my back reason; and so faith is fain to do indeed, take reason upon its back; but oh! what a luggage is reason to faith? Oh! what a burden is reason to faith? Faith never works better, than when it works most alone. The mere rational considering of the means, and the deadness thereof, is a great and special enemy to the work of believing.

When the apostle Peter was in prison, the angel comes to him, strikes off his chains, and bids him go out presently. Peter does not say thus, what should I stir for? there is an iron gate to go through, there are so many guards of soldiers to

pass through; Peter does not say so, but rises in a way of believing, comes to the iron gate in faith, and when he comes at it, the iron gate doth open: and so it will be with you; indeed, if you come unto that which seems a contrary means, in a natural way, the iron gate still continues shut; but oh! if you would use your faith, come up unto that which you look upon as the most contrary in the way of believing, faith hath such a power from God, to put life into that means that lies dead before you.

What an abundance of difficulties did Noah's faith carry him through? The Lord commanded Noah to build an ark: Noah might have said thus: Lord, thou hast now commanded me to build an ark: I was never brought up to that trade; I have been a preacher many years, but I never yet was a wheel-wright, never yet a ship-carpenter; and, Lord, if I do go about to build an ark, the whole world will jeer me: What will this old man do? Will he ride in a ship upon the dry ground? and when I have built the ark, Lord, how shall I do to get in all the creatures into the ark? and if the creatures do come, they will tear me in pieces; the lions and the bears they will prey upon me. Yea, Lord, and if they come into the ark, and into the ship, the very stench of all the beasts will poison me: yet, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and all these discouragements, Noah prepared an ark: why? for he believed, and he believed with a saving, justifying faith.

You will say to me, What is there in this saving, justifying faith, that is able thus to carry the soul through all difficulties and discouragements, and natural impossibilities to Jesus Christ? how does faith do it?

Give me leave to stay here. First, faith shows the soul the glorious, invisible things of God, and of his grace, and brings them near unto the soul. It was a hard thing for Moses to leave all the pleasures, and profits, and preferments of Egypt; he did it, though choosing rather the afflictions of Pharaoh with God's people; why, Heb. xi. *He saw him that is invisible.* But how did he see him? *by faith, says the text, by faith he saw him that is invisible.* Faith opens the eyes for to see that a man hath more with him, than against him: and the works of God, in Christ, are not seen by the world: God's pardoning mercy is not seen by the world: the union with Jesus Christ, and the privileges thereof, are not seen by the world: the satisfaction of Jesus Christ for a poor sinner, is not seen by the world: the great power of God is not seen, or only at a distance, so that it does not much affect. *Faith is the substance of things not seen:* Heb. xi. 1. It not only shows a man things that are otherwise unseen, but brings them near; salvation near; pardoning mercy near; the privileges of union with Christ near; Christ's satisfaction near; and so when difficulties and discouragements arise,

the soul says through faith, why should not I be satisfied with any condition, seeing Christ hath satisfied for me? I am one with Christ, Christ is a common person: when Christ died, I died: when Christ rose, I rose: when Christ ascended, I ascended: Christ sitting in heaven, I sit there. Thus faith, it elevates, and raises up the soul into heaven, it carries it over all the difficulties and discouragements that it can meet with.

Bridge.

Memoir of the late George Clark,

Many years Pastor of the Baptist Church at Ivinghoe, Bucks.

THE Christian reader is here presented with a very short account, only a few memorandums, respecting a very poor, yet very rich disciple of Jesus; an humble unassuming follower of the Lamb: of one who, though illiterate in worldly learning and science, was yet well taught of God in things that are divine; and who, in a very remarkable way and manner, was sent and conducted by him (who directeth all the movements of his own ministers) in his own time, to the small town of Ivinghoe, in Buckinghamshire; where he was the honoured instrument, in the Lord's hand, of first introducing the preaching of the everlasting gospel; and where subsequently a good sized meeting house was erected for the Lord's worship, and a church of Christ was formed, principally composed of persons whom the Lord had given to him as seals to his ministry.

George Clark, of Braunstone, in Northamptonshire, was born June 21, 1762. He was brought up to the business of a tummy weaver. About the latter end of the year 1788, it pleased the Lord to call him by his grace, and to awaken him, under the ministry of Mr. John Simmonds, pastor of the Baptist church at Braunstone; and, on the 2nd of June, 1789, he was baptised, and joined the church of Christ in that place. In the year 1797, the church encouraged him to the exercise of his gifts in the work of the ministry. Accordingly he began to preach occasionally in four or five surrounding villages, under the sanction of the church. But soon after, the Lord in his providence began to prepare a way for his removal from Braunstone, having a work for him to do at Ivinghoe. His trade of a weaver declined, and having a wife and family of four small children, and no visible means of support for himself and them, he was obliged to seek after some other employment. Accordingly he went to work for about six months, as a navigator, on a navigable canal then forming in Warwickshire. Being again without employ, he heard of a canal that was going on near Tring, in Hertfordshire; and felt it much impressed on his mind, that, if he went to seek for one Mr. Thomas Andrews, whom he knew, and who was a master on the Grand Junction Canal, that he would give

him work. Before he set out in quest of this gentleman, as he lay one night musing on his bed, he thought he heard some one call, 'George Clark,' more than once. On this he arose in his bed and answered, as he supposed, the person who called. On laying down again, it seemed to him as though he heard some one say, 'Go to a place between Stony Stratford and Chesham, and you will be told what you shall do.' Stony Stratford he had heard of; but never before, to his recollection, of Chesham. In a short time he set out on his journey; directed, no doubt, even as Abram was, to a place which the Lord would afterwards shew him. Coming to Stony Stratford (about 30 miles from home), he enquired for Mr. Andrews, and was told that he was somewhere near Tring; but, that if he went to a place called *Ivinghoe*, a person there, named Jarrett, could inform him more particularly. To *Ivinghoe*, under divine leadings, he came towards the close of the day, wearied with his journey. Finding, on enquiry there, that he must go on to Tring to see Mr. Andrews, he endeavoured to obtain a bed at *Ivinghoe*, at some of the lodging houses, but without success. All he could get was permission from a gentleman, at the request of one of his men, for him to sleep in his stable for the night. When just at this instant, Mr. Jarrett, who was clerk to Mr. Meacher, a respectable brewer in the place, took him to his house to tea. Here at his friend's house, he met with two or three ladies, who professed to be Dissenters. They began to converse with him, to enquire if there were any Meetings where he came from, and if he ever went to any of these? To these queries his reply was, 'Yes.' Then they asked him if he could read; and if he would read a chapter in the Bible to them? He did so. They then asked him if he could pray. He replied that, 'hesometimes tried to pray.' They said to him, 'then perhaps you will try to pray with us now.' 'Yes,' he said; 'I will try;' and so he engaged in prayer with them to the Lord of all his mercies. As soon as he had done praying, one of the ladies said to him, 'you shall not sleep in the stable, but you shall have a bed at my house.' When he arose in the morning, he had but sixpence left, which he gave to one of the servants in the house, and cast himself again entirely on the providence of his Lord and Master. Those ladies in the house where Mr. Clark read and prayed, were almost all that made any profession of religion in the whole place; and they worshipped at New Mill Baptist meeting, under the ministry of Mr. Clement.

Mr. Clark succeeded in obtaining employment at Tring; and on coming to his work, he soon met with some religious friends, one or two of whom knew him before. They invited him to go to Chesham to hear Mr. Sleep; which he did. And having engaged in prayer with the friends at their prayer meeting before public service, when he had finished, Mr. Sleep, who

then stood by him, said to him, 'You shall preach for me to-day.' Mr. Clark replied, 'I cannot.' But you shall (said Mr. Sleep), and I will give it out.' Which accordingly he did after the morning service, that 'a friend, a navigator, would preach that evening.' Mr. Clark was very unwilling to engage in this service, and seemed as it were determined in his own mind to avoid it, by not staying the evening service at Chesham. But his two friends, who came along with him, held him like a prisoner, and would not let him go out of their sight until they obtained his promise that he would stay. He preached in the evening from Col. iv. 2—'Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving;' to a numerous auditory: many brethren from the other dissenting places of worship in the town being there. This service of his in which he was so loath to engage, was not in vain in the Lord; for thirteen years after, Mr. Clark received information that a person had come forward and joined the church, declaring that the Lord first met with her under that discourse.

The circumstance of his preaching at Chesham soon spread abroad; and the female friends at *Ivinghoe*, with whom he first read and prayed, having now heard that the man was a Preacher of the Gospel, as well as one that could pray; they laid claim to him, called him their Preacher, and were determined to send for him to come to *Ivinghoe*, to preach Christ and him crucified. This was acceded to very reluctantly by Mr. Clark, who had made it up in his own mind to preach no more; but the Lord had otherwise determined respecting him. The neighbouring ministers invited him to preach for them, and encouraged him to go forward in the work. Mr. Meacher also, of *Ivinghoe*, said, he wished the gospel could be brought into that neighbourhood; and that if Mr. Clark would preach in *Ivinghoe* and the surrounding villages, he would try to obtain houses, and licence them for preaching in. Places were at length obtained at *Ivinghoe*, *Pitstone*, *Cheddington*, *Horton*, and *Ivinghoe-Aston*. In all these places Mr. Clark stately preached, and also continued working as a navigator upon the canal, about a year and nine months; when the above named gentleman took him into his employ, in which service he continued about four years. During this period, good had been done through the word preached; and on Mr. Clark leaving his employ, the people were not willing to part with their preacher, and the poor preacher was not willing to part from his people; they were dear to each other. So he got work again upon the canal; and the people opened a collection for him on Easter Sunday 1804, which they engaged to continue quarterly. Nine of them also said, that they saw baptism to be their duty to attend unto; and wished Mr. Clark to baptise them, which he did. 'Feeling it incumbent upon us (he writes) to walk in all the ordinances of God, we desired to be formed

into a church." Mr. Clark was invited to take the pastoral charge over them. On the 13th of November, the church was formed, and Mr. Clark ordained over them as their pastor.

"On March 9, 1813, we held a meeting to conclude whether we *could* build a meeting house at Ivinghoe. When our neighbours came forward and subscribed £50 2s 6d and fifty persons entered into a club, to pay a penny a week till the building was paid for." May 3, 1813—The dwelling house of William Watts of Ivinghoe, with the garden, and a piece of orchard on which to build a Meeting House, and have a Burying Ground for the use of the particular Baptist Church at Ivinghoe, was purchased by a committee for £300.

The meeting house was immediately built; it was opened for worship on July 21st, 1813. The chapel cleared from debt, Oct. 1825.

The work on the navigation being finished, and as the church and congregation at Ivinghoe continued *very poor* generally; so Mr. Clark's income being always *very small* from his people, and his family large and increasing, he was obliged to look out for work again in his *weaving* business, which he obtained at Tring; but little help could be obtained by it; so that he was often much straitened in his temporal circumstances. About this time he had contracted a *small debt* with two persons at Ivinghoe, who were no friends to the religion of Jesus. They laid a plan to put both the sums together, and thus to make it sufficient to cast him into prison. This was a great trial to him; he felt for the cause of Christ, and for his family. And the enemies of religion said that, 'When they had sent him to jail, they should get rid of the Dissenters, *Parson and all together.*' These things lay heavy on his mind, and caused him to pour out his soul to God in earnest prayer. On the Lord's Day previous to the day fixed by them to put the business into an attorney's hand, he went into the field, and under an hedge he wrestled hard with his God for deliverance; and then went and preached (as he thought) the *last* Lord's day he should be permitted, to the few despised people that seemed inclined to hear him: but the God of all grace and mercy overruled things far otherwise to his expectation. On Monday morning Mr. Clark arose first, and proceeded to provide the breakfast; and when both were at the table partaking of the same, Mrs. Clark said, 'I think we shall be provided for *now.*' Mr. C. observed, '*why?*' 'O (replied Mrs. C.), I have had *such* a dream since you went down stairs; I thought I saw a man coming down the park with a letter in his hand (the park was before Mr. C.'s house), and when he brought it, there was *money* in it.' 'O nonsense,' says Mr. C. But surely when breakfast was over, as Mr. C. was sitting at his *loom* at work, he cast his eyes towards the window which looked into the park, and sure enough he saw a man (the

postmaster) coming down the park with a letter in his hand. And when he came to the door he said, 'Mr. Clark, I have brought you *two* letters; they came *yesterday*, but as I knew you was not at home I did not bring them till this morning.' The postage was 2s. being both *double* letters; which small sum Mr. C. had not, at that time, as much in the house to pay. On opening the letters, there was £5. in one, and some pounds in the other. So that the dear man of God was delivered from this great trouble; for he had enough money sent to pay his creditors, and some to spare. Reader! remember *Him* who hath said, 'Call upon *me* in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' Psal. 1. 15. When Mr. Clark paid the two persons their respective demands, they directly became his friends; and continued so until the day of their death: and one of them, there is great reason to hope, died triumphant in Jesus.

But Mr. Clark had many trials all his journey through life; and the dear man used to say, that, 'he hoped the Lord would bless him with a contented mind, for troubles, trials, difficulties, and tribulations were left as *legacies* to the servants of the Lord.'

On Lord's day morning, the 14th August, he seemed not so well as he lately had been; nevertheless he went into the *House of God*, and entered on his beloved work. Having read a portion of the Word, he engaged in prayer; and while so engaged was taken with *excessive pain*, and prevented from proceeding. Being conveyed home, and to his bed, he suffered much through the day; deriving no benefit from medical aid. And so continued in the pains of death until 5 o'clock next day (Monday) afternoon, when *he fell asleep in Jesus*, August 15, 1831, in the seventieth year of his age; having been pastor of the church of Christ at Ivinghoe 27 years.

George Clark of Ivinghoe, was an honest man: he began, he continued, he ended *well*. He was faithful unto death.

THE HAPPY DEPARTURE OF Mrs. Mary Dixon, of Portsmouth.

THE separation of the choicest of friends is truly painful to the flesh, particularly so, when death makes its inroads into a family, and takes away a dear relative, and the reflection that the place that knew them once, will know them no more for ever, cannot be reconciled, unless the bereavement is sanctified by the God of our mercy and salvation. When the messengers announced the doleful tidings to Job that the house in which the children were, was blown down, and his children had perished therein, he cried out (under the sweet influences of the Holy Ghost), '*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.*' David, when news was brought him that his child was

dead, exclaimed, '*He will not return to me, but I shall go to him.*' Thus the promises of a covenant Jchovah, which are all yea, and all amen, in Christ Jesus, are sure to all the heirs of salvation. And he has sweetly left upon record that in all our afflictions, he himself is afflicted, and that he is an high priest which can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities.

Again, when the Lord Jesus is pleased to come down into his garden (the church militant) to gather a lily, and transplant it in the heavenly soil (the church triumphant), we are expressly told not to sorrow as those without hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him,—thus, there remaineth a rest for the people of God. Therefore, from these and many other portions of God's most holy word, and also from the sweet manifestations, and the heavenly confidence that possess the minds of the children of the living God in a dying hour, we have reason to bless, praise, magnify, and adore the matchless love of him who giveth grace, and most assuredly will, when we lay down these confines of mortality, also give glory, by wafting our immortal souls into the realms of everlasting joy and felicity.

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings, and soar away;
To aid the song—a palm to bear,
And bow the chief of sinners there.

These remarks have been suggested to the mind when musing on the happy departure of a beloved sister (Mrs. Mary Dixon) in the faith, who took her happy flight from this vale of tears, pain and sorrow, to join the chorus of the just made perfect, December 18, 1846, aged 53 years.

The Lord was pleased, in his sovereign mercy, to shew Mrs. D., in her very youthful days, the necessity of being born again, when sitting under the ministry of the late Isaac Carter, of Portsea, of whose little church her father and mother were, for many years, honourable members, and who left a sweet testimony behind,

When called the vale of death to tread;

that they were interested in the blessed covenant of grace. Mr. Carter used often when petitioning a throne of grace, to beg of the Lord to give the people 'the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the wise and understanding heart, and the tender conscience.' These inward pre-requisites Mrs. D., have often told me she knew she did not possess, and without a knowledge of them, she felt persuaded she had no assurance she was a vessel of mercy, consequently could have no hope she should ever see the realms of eternal glory; and after having the killing letter of the law brought home to her conscience, by which she discovered she was a child of wrath, even as others—thus stripped of every supposed good work or deed of her own, and not having anything to lay hold of to appease the justice of an offended

God; the holy Spirit was pleased to lead her to the Rock, Christ Jesus, and here she found that peace that passeth all understanding. After which, notwithstanding many were the allurements held forth from time to time, to divert her mind from her high calling in Christ Jesus, Mrs. D., like one of old, 'chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;' esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of this world; for she had respect unto the RECOMPENSE of the reward.

The dear Lord was pleased to bless Mrs. D. with a clear discerning eye into the truth as it is in Jesus, therefore, nothing short of the Father's everlasting love—the Son's complete atonement made known to the heart and conscience by the holy Spirit could satiate her heaven-born soul. In the providence of God she was sometimes brought into contact with those who, although they make a profession of godliness, yet being destitute of a knowledge of the great plan of salvation, could give no evidence of a real work of grace upon their hearts; to such her theme would ever be a precious Christ and his great salvation, nothing short of which would yield solid comfort in a dying hour.

On the Lord's day previous to her death, the Lord was pleased in much mercy to give her a sweet visiting time when sitting under the word, preparatory to taking her to the banqueting house above. She expressed herself to Mr. John Osbourn who has lately been called to preach the word of truth in this dark corner, that she had found it good to hear of that precious rock, Christ Jesus; for she knew by heart-felt experience she was founded thereon, and could rejoice with joy unspeakable, for the great love the dear Lord had been pleased to impart to her. The following is a copy of a letter I received from a dear relative who was with her during her illness:—

"DEAR SIR,—I send you these few lines to inform you, agreeably to my daughter's wish, of the latter testimonies of our dear departed sister in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. She was taken ill on the 16th of December; during her illness I visited her every opportunity I could; she had an easy dissolution, retained her senses and her speech, till within two hours of her departure into eternal glory. She was not in raptures during her illness, but was composed and enabled to maintain a strong and lively faith. My daughter Mary was with her, who also witnessed the power of faith, and the faithfulness of the Lord enabling her to triumph over the approaches of death, it having entirely lost its sting. On Thursday, previous to her death, she told me the enemy had been harrassing her so, that she had been under a cloud, but she said, '*he may worry, but he cannot devour;*' for the Lord blotted out all my sins, and hath manifested himself to me more than once. 'Blessed are the dead which

die in the Lord! Blessed are they who know whom they have believed, and when death comes can cheerfully rest their hopes on him who died that we might live! Mrs. D., saw reason to renounce her own goodness, as also all her sins, as to the point of acceptance before a holy God, and determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

"May the Lord's presence be with us in that awful hour, then we shall bid adieu to all doubts and fears, and join the blood-bought throng in singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb who was slain, to receive glory and honour, and power, and riches for ever and ever.' Amen.

"Your's in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Portsmouth, April 11, 1847. "C. S."

"Why is thy Countenance Sad?"

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I received your kind letter, and will now embrace the opportunity to write to you a few lines in answer to it; you take shame to yourself for not writing before, but I think I ought to take more shame to myself, as you asked me when we parted the morning you left town to write to you, but this I never did, and yet, for all this, I am glad to find my dear friend has not given me up. You say, if I saw you as you are led to see yourself, I should not be surprised at your not writing, by this I understand that you are led to see yourself full of sin and iniquity; your heart sometimes seems to be hardened against God, and the things of God, and no mind to write or to speak on anything spiritual. Well, this is how I often see and feel myself to be, and I can assure my friend, if he could see me as I really am, and as I am sometimes led to see myself, he would see nothing better than a walking hell—a monster of iniquity; and if he could look into the secret workings of my depraved, wicked, heart; I almost think he would not write me another letter. I would not say this much to an ungodly man, nor to many professors, because I know they would not understand my meaning; they would suppose a man must live in all kinds of outward acts of sin, to be such a base sinner; but I know my friend, and every one that is led to see their inbred depravity, and sinfulness of their own heart, knows better. Yes; we daily find a law in our members, warring against the law of our mind, and bringing us into captivity to the law of sin which is in our members; and seeing and feeling these things makes us cry out, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!' But when we are led by the Spirit to look off this body of sin and death, and captivity in ourselves, and look by faith unto that complete deliverance there is in Jesus, then we can say, we thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord; for when we look by faith unto Jesus, (notwithstanding the old sinful flesh

serves the law of sin) we serve the law of God, because, when we thus look and believe in Jesus, we look and believe in the fulfilment of the law; for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' The cause, you say, that has in part hindered you from writing has been, 'I have, and do daily feel such coldness, deadness, darkness, and want of spirituality of mind, I often cry with David, 'my soul cleaveth to the dust, but quicken thou me, O Lord, according to thy word,' therefore I cannot better express my feelings than in these simple lines,—

My soul doth now in darkness mourn;

Thine absence, Lord, I grieve;

O when wilt thou again return?

My anxious mind relieve.

I long to feel thy pardoning love,

Melting my heart of stone;

My affections drawn to thee above,

Up to thy heavenly throne.

But O, so cold and dead I feel,

My soul to earth does cleave;

O come, dear Lord! thy love reveal,

And help me to believe.

I long to feel as I have done,

In days and years that's past;

When thou, dear Lord, was my all song,

And thou my sweet repast.

Yes; I can look back to many past enjoyments of my dear Lord, when I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and found him very sweet to the taste of my faith; but I have often been constrained of late to say, 'O that it was with me as in days that are past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon me.' Oh, my friend! what a mercy it is, that though we may change, and our love grow cold to our covenant God, yet he cannot change, nor his love grow cold towards us. He is of one mind concerning us, and that is, to save us through the blood and righteousness of Jesus; and none can turn him, not all our base sins, though they may at times cause him to withdraw the manifestations of his love from our souls, and leave us to walk in the dark. You say you feel like those the prophet speaks of that is 'walking in darkness and having no light.' Well, then, my dear friend, I am bold to tell you from the same word, that you are not only one of God's beloved and chosen people, but you are one of his called and quickened people; the prophet first describes them as fearing the Lord and obeying the voice of his servant; this, no man dead in sin ever did, nor ever will do, none but those that are made alive to God will ever fear the Lord, and obey the voice of his servant, and if you never had light and life imparted to your soul, you would never feel and mourn over your own darkness; and to you and all that feel their own darkness, whether it be internal darkness of soul, or darkness in providence, is the latter part of the verse spoken, as an encouragement 'to trust in the name of the Lord, and to stay upon their God.' You say you do not find this very easy to put in

practice; I don't think you do in and of yourself; but when the Lord the Spirit shall send it home with power to your soul, then you will find it very easy; for he confirmeth his word unto his servants, whereon he causeth them to hope. I have no doubt the Lord has made this blessed portion of his word a prop to many of his people, (when walking in darkness, and neither sun nor stars, for many days appeared, and no small tempest in their soul, and all hope of their being saved seem to be gone,) by bringing of it home with power to their souls, and enabling them to trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God. But why are we told 'to trust in the name of the Lord,' and not in the Lord? for, in other places it is said, 'trust ye in the Lord for ever.' Why, to me there is something very blessed in it. When we compare scripture with scripture, it appears to me to point out God as a God in covenant relationship to his people, pledging his eternal verity for their salvation, and possessing all wisdom and power to accomplish all his promises concerning them. If you will turn to the third chapter of Exodus, you will find when the Lord sent Moses into Egypt to deliver the children of Israel, Moses wanted to know when he was asked what his name was, what he should say unto them; and the Lord very blessedly told him—'and God said unto Moses, I AM that I AM; thus thou shalt say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you. And God said moreover unto Moses, this shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, the Lord God of your Fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you. This is my name for ever; and this is my memorial unto all generations. Yes; and a blessed name it is; for a triune God stands engaged by oath and by promise, for the eternal salvation and deliverance of all the spiritual seed of Abraham, although they may, like their old father, at times, walk in darkness, and have no light; yet this is the name they must trust in, for he will surely perform all his promises concerning them: he will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight, these things he will do for them, and not forsake them.

I am yours, truly, JOB M——.

London, Oct. 1831.

ANSWER TO MR HALL'S LETTER

Concerning Mr. Milner and Mr. Meeres.

YES, Mr. Hall, so far as I am able to judge I was sincere in my principles, in writing that which I did concerning the Ordination Service of Mr. Meeres, and I now see nothing particularly wrong in my remarks. True, my dear brother, (for I perceive you are such,) it is scriptural and right to first speak or write to the erring party. But as the mistakes of those ministers were made public in the magazine, it really appeared most practicable to answer them through

the same medium, especially as there had been so much dissatisfaction heard from many quarters concerning the affair; and when such errors are publicly made known, they certainly require a public refutation, for the general satisfaction of the church, and readers of the *Vessel*. He that publicly errs before all, (and it was before all the congregation and readers of the *Vessel*) should be rebuked before all. A private letter was then not sufficient.

My zeal may sometimes burn beyond prudence. We are all fallible. But errors like these must not be passed by. And whatever you may see wrong in my reply bring it to the light of God's word. Bring my errors out, let the elders in Zion stone them to death publicly in the gate. And then, no doubt, there would be some crying out, rashness! rashness! It is done rashly! Thus when any of our errors are brought out to be stoned to death publicly in the gate, the parent of the rebellious child, (our poor proud flesh) generally cries out for its own offspring; and some standers-by will say the same as you have done of this error, O, it was only a little one; and that such conduct is rashness. But, remember, my dear brother, that king Saul was expelled from his kingdom for sparing the bleating cattle and king Agag. And, beside, if we spare little foxes, they will grow to great ones, and little errors of ours, (these little Babylonians) will grow to great kings, like Agag, and conquer us, if we do not conquer them when young.

You say that I should first have written to Mr. Milner. I acknowledge the justness of your argument, had the case been different. But should not friend Milner have been first to correct his error himself, if conscious of it, and had seen it in public print? And if he, or Mr. Meeres had done this, the noise would have immediately ceased. They might be sure if they did not take up these little evil brats, that some other person would have them taken up, and publicly stoned to death—'And happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth these little ones against the stones.' Ps. cxxxvii. 9. Therefore, I cannot see that either 'Theophilus Celestus,' or myself have done much wrong in this case; and what evil little ones you may see of ours, serve them the same, and happy shall ye be; 'so shall ye put away evil from among you.'

Hearing the murmurs of many, and seeing the evil, I felt a zeal rising up in me for the truth, and against the errors, and, indeed, a zeal for our *Vessel*, I did not like to hear it calumniated on account of those things, so I sat down and wrote, and sent it off there and then; and I do not repent for writing against the error, for I did not consider them little ones, if you did. But if I have offended any of the Lord's little ones, or wounded the souls of brethren, I do sincerely repent for that, and ask forgiveness. As I said before, I have always heard a good report of friend Milner, as a minister of the glorious gospel of Christ, therefore, did not do it wantonly

or maliciously, to injure his mind or reputation in the gospel; but was sorry to see such words of his recorded. But if Mr. Milner and Mr. Meeres, are the beloved and called of the Lord, according to his purpose, all these things will work together for good; make me careful of what I say, and what they say and preach in future. Nevertheless I still consider Mr. Meeres's but a vague account, and if he had but half an hour, he should have made the best of his time; but perhaps he is young; and time may more fully shew us the best is to come; and if he is called by love, and called to preach, I would not hurt a hair of his head, but wish him God speed.

Brother Hall, I fully agree with you in much of your statement, concerning a brother falling under the power of temptation. In these sad days if a brother falls, there appears to be a shout in the camp, and a determination to crush him, and sink him, rather than help and comfort such an one, lest he should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow. This, I trust is not the mind or spirit that is desired should move the *Vessel*. No, no; there have been too much of that in contemporaries already. Doubtless, if poor fallen David, or Lot, or Peter were living in these days, and gave the most manifest account of their repentance and restoration by marvellous mercy, many ministers and congregations would deny them their pulpits, and say they never ought to preach again, although they will now preach from David's Psalms and Peter's Epistles. But, brother Hall must consider that there is a wide difference between a brother fallen into sin, suddenly, by temptation, and a man standing up in high and holy places, preaching error. The former, if true repentance is manifest, should be restored and comforted; the latter if not confessed and retracted, should be rebuked sharply that they may be sound in the faith. Nevertheless, I am willing to believe it was a slip of the tongue with brother Milner, only as he followed it up with unwarrantable expressions, it had a bad appearance with many; and he well knows that truth, holy truth is too precious to be sacrificed on the altar of error, or human infirmity.

And now friend Hall, to conclude, I will assure you that I should be sorry to injure the mind, reputation or influence of any of the Lord's ministers or little ones; neither did I intentionally write for that purpose. But certainly our brother Milner laid himself open to animadversion, and certainly must be as much to blame as we who took the matter up to correct it, especially as he did not correct himself. I tell you what, my brother, we are all to blame; may we be humbled enough to confess our faults one to another, and amonish one another in love; for we can only be found right in Christ, and blameless before God in love. There let the matter rest.

Your's sincerely,
OLD SINCERITY.

VERSES WRITTEN AFTER READING AN
ARTICLE IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER,
HEADED

“What is His Name?”

“Let all things be done unto edifying.”—1 Cor. xiv. 26.

Well! what is his name, but the name of a man? We cannot make more of it, try what we can; But whether 'tis Peter, or Andrew, or 'John,' I care not! the reason I'll tell you anon.

Add 'Bunyan' to 'John,' it will still be the same; (Tho' th' former I own is a wonderful name) For whether 'tis 'John,' or 'John Bunyan' together, Is as little to me as the weight of a feather.

If to these two names should be added 'M' Cure,' By which his identity we can ensure: I'm still as indifferent (as doubtless are many) If he has got three names, or has not got any.

After all he has told us, his is not the name To eclipse those enroll'd in the annals of fame, Who shone in the church, who their memory love, And who now are shining in regions above!

But yet I rejoice to know that my brother, Besides his three names possess another; A new one, and one that shall ever remain, And which thro' eternity he shall retain.

Now dear Mr. Editor, pray do not blame, (Though I have apparently slighted his name,) If I am regardless of what his may be, And wishing to hear one much dearer to me.

Well! 'What is HIS name, and the name of HIS Son,*

Which now my attention is settled upon: Surpassing all names of both angels and men, And which I'll exalt with my tongue and my pen?

Blest Spirit of wisdom my verses indite! And guide me while writing, if good in thy sight, The praise of Jehovah the Father to sing, While humbly adoring my heavenly king!

His glorious perfections—Amazing!—profound! Are an ocean too deep for my plummet to sound: With rev'rence I hear what the Scriptures declare, But, of full comprehension of God I despair.

Yet in Jesus, His Son, his perfections I trace, His justice and holiness, mercy and grace; In Him and Him only, resplendent they shine, And a glimpse of them there, fully prove them divine.

Then Jesus I love! for in him I behold The Love of the Father most sweetly unfold; In giving his saints unto Jesus their head, And in giving them Jesus to die in their stead.

In Christ I discover the Justice of God, Which flaming, could only be quench'd by our blood; Or the blood of a surety, so He in His grace, Did carry our sorrows, and die in our place.

In Him I can see how the Father is just, Yet justifies sinners who in him can trust; How mercy can pardon the wretch who rebels, And grace brings him safe to where happiness dwells.

His name then I value, I love and adore, So precious it is to the weak and the poor; That I think that his ministers should make it known[†] In preference to telling the church of their own!

Then pray, Mr. Editor, let me include Yourself in my verses: may you be endued With wisdom and caution your “VESSEL to fill With that which will profit,

Yours truly,

GOODWILL.

* Proverbs xxx. 4.

The Hidden Glory of the Church of God.

Part of a Sermon by the late Mr. J. Stevens.

A GOOD minister of Jesus Christ brings forward, for the nourishment of his charge, the wholesome words of sound doctrine, and encourages the hungry to eat and live. Their necessities and appetites are known by him, and he is led by the Spirit, who has anointed him to his office, to set forth the very things which their heavenly Father has provided for them, and which from their very birth-state, they are moved to desire. While he labours in doctrine, the Holy Spirit applies the testimony, and they are fed with knowledge and understanding, and grow up into Christ in all things, who is their Head. They are taught to discover their election in their spiritual conversion, and to know the love of God towards them, by its drawing power within them. They are instructed to know, that a tender conscience, and a hatred of sin, a Christ-receiving-faith, and a loving heart towards him and each other, are the effects of vital and endless service to Jesus, and fruits of the Holy Spirit of adoption. They seek an inward experience of the doctrines of peace, as those doctrines are opened in the understanding, and written in the heart by the Holy Ghost. Experience without the inward possession of truth by faith, must be only natural, and hearts that hate the doctrines of peace, are at enmity with God, and are not subject to his law. This is not the case with all men who profess religion, for God has made some to differ; and this difference is designed to manifest his sovereign pleasure. He hath done whatsoever he hath pleased. Again: some of God's chosen are gradually drawn to know themselves and the Lord, and never experience very great terror, nor any extraordinary ecstasy of joy. These are brought to the same God, and to the same glory; but they are wrought upon in a different manner to what many are, whom they meet within the gates of Zion. If these are not so deeply convinced of the wrath of God against sin, as some others are, yet they are convinced of sin, and grow in useful knowledge of the human heart, by increasing light shining into them from the throne of sovereign love. Some of the Lord's people have very little knowledge of the corruption of nature at the first, to what others have; and some are

greatly impressed with a sense of it, before they have any good hope of salvation. In general, we find that, as the regenerate sons of God advance in the life of faith, they discover more and more of the evil of their own hearts, detect the hidden workings of the sin of nature, in many ways of which they before were utterly unaware. As their light increases their imperfections become more fully manifest to themselves; so that they seem to themselves to be more ignorant and carnal after they have journeyed for many years, than they were when they first set out on pilgrimage. Much has been said against the idea of persons being drawn by love, and some have called it a cant word, and reckoned it to be the language of hypocrisy; but we know it is the language of inspiration, and therefore to be treated with reverence. And I am apprehensive that we should find as many hypocrites among those who profess to have been brought under great terror, were examination to be made, as we should among those who profess to have been drawn by love. In hell, the greatest degree of terror prevails, but no holiness is found there. Judas felt much of it, no doubt, when he took back the thirty pieces of silver, which he had received by his treacherous conduct towards his kind master. A guilty man may be filled with terror, and the ministration of condemnation may entirely destroy his former ease; but as love is the root of the ministration of the Spirit, so it must be necessary to the formation of the Christian character, that the sinner be drawn by love. Neither is any man brought nigh to God, until the love of God is shed abroad in his heart, by the power of the Holy Ghost. It is common to say "some are driven to Christ;" but the propriety of the thought may be reasonably questioned; for, if a guilty man be driven, so long as he is under this driving power, and dread of harm, he wants a refuge from the danger he fears; but he wants no Christ. Nature affrighted, will long for a shelter, but will ever seek it in her own way. So long as a sinner remains destitute of the drawings of infinite love, he turns to the deeds of the law, and promises himself peace and safety, favour and eternal happiness, by his own improvements, performances, and good intentions. He never becomes truly dead to the law, as a rule of justification, until conquered by the heart-melting charms

of love divine. While a man's face is towards hell, and instead of attracting his eye, and turning him round, you fall to driving him, the greater the power by which he is impelled, the further he hastens to the point before him; and if unprevented by sovereign grace, extended to his heart through Christ Jesus, he will pursue his course, according to the ruling principle of his own mind, until he arrives at that gloomy dwelling where hope never comes!

True religion is the reign of love, and all its subjects are sons of freedom. Nothing will cast out servile fear, which hath torment, but the manifestation of the love of God in Christ Jesus, as our law-fulfiller, by the Holy Ghost. It has too often been the manner of good men to insist upon certain degrees of terror, as essential to the evidencing of a gracious state. To this they have been led by a wrong use made of their own experience. Suppose one man is shook over hell, as some express the matter, and feels the wrath of God to that degree that he cannot rest; and is so distressed that he is ready to choose strangling rather than life, and so sensible of divine anger that he is afraid to die, and falls to wishing he had never been born; it does not follow that every child of God must needs be exercised this way. I am well assured that neither the great degree of terror, nor the great length of its continuance, will prove anything satisfactorily as to the state of any man; except it be this, that such a sufferer must be a sinner. By imprudent affirmations on this subject, many of God's elect have been perplexed, and made sad without real cause. And we find, by observation, that while one is tempted to conclude that he is no Christian, because he has not felt all that terror which he has heard some notable character speak of, as having been his experience; another is tempted to think that he is deceiving himself, because he has not experienced the liberating power of divine love upon his mind, as he hears some of his friends declare they have; though with respect to terror he is fully satisfied, that of that he has had as much as he could well sustain.

Now, God is a sovereign, and he will call his people as he hath pleased to determine. He that is brought through a raging tempest is found at Calvary, and gazes with serenity and pleasure on his crucified surety and deliverer! And he

that but slightly heard the thunder at Sinai, and tarried not in the smoke, nor saw much of the awful lightning, but was by speedy steps hastened forward to Zion and Calvary; he also is saved into an enjoyment of redeeming love, and takes his seat at the foot of the cross with his brother, who, as well as himself, finds his home and his happiness in the Lamb that was slain, to redeem the elect unto God. Now, why should these brethren fall out, because they have been brought in different ways, as to the dealings of God with their souls, in the degree of fear experienced, of sufferings endured, or enjoyments granted? Rather let such unite to sing of sovereign grace, that brings its favourites near in different manners, the more to shew that the work is of God, and is done altogether as he hath pleased. It is true that in the manner of conversion of these brethren, we find some difference; but in essential points and things that must testify the saving nature of their conversion they are agreed. They both believe the doctrines of Christ, and that the law in its requisitions, extends to the inmost powers of man; that nature is in a state of vileness and death through transgression; that mankind are as weak as they are wicked, and as unworthy as they are vile and frail; that the law against which we have all offended is irrevocable and inexorable; that without perfect righteousness no man can be justified; that a sinner can never perform such righteousness; that Jesus Christ has finished a perfect righteousness, and is therefore the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; that this righteousness is well-pleasing to God, and is imputed to all the elect in Christ their head; that it is received by faith and yields peace to the conscience; that the Holy Ghost has witnessed to its justifying virtue, and seals remission on the hearts of all the sons and daughters of God Almighty; that Christ is the head of all vital influence, and the source of true sanctification to all his members; that regeneration and conversion are of God, and not of man; that he who is converted is dead to the law, as a rule of justification; that he shall not come into condemnation, but shall hold on in the life and walk of faith, and finally inherit the kingdom of God. Now, as these, with other relative points, are believed and enjoyed by those brethren who arrive

at Calvary as their refuge and rest, though by different degrees of impression, there appears no reason why they should suspect each other's right to the Christian name. Let each, therefore, unite to extol the unexpected and unmerited grace by which they are saved for ever and ever: for, however, in some things, their experience may differ, in the main things they are agreed, seeing they both have received the atonement by faith, it becomes them to walk as brethren in Christ and give unto God the praise of their certain salvation.

Life of the late Henry Fowler,

AND THE CONVERSION, SPIRITUAL CHARACTER, AND TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF
JONAS EATHORN.

(Continued from page 31.)

HAVING settled upon removing to Birmingham, I had now to wind up my business; this lay weighty on my mind; I was obliged to cry mightily to God for wisdom and direction; for, though the winding up of my affairs neither required an accountant or solicitor, yet I was as much perplexed as a tradesman who had carried on a business of a much greater magnitude. I was in debt about as much as I had on my books, and several sums I considered lost.

My unbelief now began to work, and my carnal reason said you will be obliged to leave the town in debt: and so it appeared to me, which brought me into great perplexity for several days; but I gave myself to prayer, and waited for God's answer, as a child would wait on his parents for bread; nor did I pray in vain.

As I was returning from a village where I had been to preach, begging the Lord's direction in regard to the insurmountable difficulties before me, I was stopped in a moment by—I will not say a voice, but it was equal to it; and it was this—'Has not God made all things straight hitherto? Has not God given a spirit of prayer to the people at Birmingham for you, and a willing heart to receive you? Is not the gold and the silver the Lord's? Are not the hearts of all men in his hands? Is there anything too hard for God? Take and make out all your bills, good and bad, and deliver them; leave the Lord to manage for you.' These impressions completely delivered me from all anxious care from that moment touching my debts. I set to work the next morning, and delivered all my bills as fast as I could make them out; and I told all my debtors, as soon as I delivered the bill, that I was about to leave that part of the country.

Now, reader, you will observe, that though many impressions on our minds may mislead us, some impressions are from God, and the event proves it. As fast as I gave in my bills, so fast they were paid; and some that I considered lost, were paid as promptly as the rest: such as had not money borrowed it of their neighbours to pay me, and expressed many good wishes for my success. Thus I got in, in the course of a few days, the whole that was owing me, except *one half-crown*, and that I think I might have received if I had had time to find the party. Whether my impressions came from God, let the reader judge. Few men ever wound up their affairs so easy, and with such little expense. I was enabled to discharge all my bills, which is a great relief to the mind of every honest man, and make preparations for starting with my wife and four children.

These events may be uninteresting to some who have not been situated as I was. But I could not pass by the kind interpositions of Divine Providence; nor am I justified by the word of God to impute my smallest mercies to blind chance; but to acknowledge God in everything, and for everything.

I left Plymouth about the 22nd of October, and never was a poor prisoner more glad to escape from prison than I was to turn my back upon Plymouth. I had, indeed, had mercies there, and for which I desire to bless God: but I was kept twelve years in continual conflicts, crosses, and disappointments, neither did I feel much union to many in that place; for they had plenty of religion in their heads and upon their tongues, and very little real faith 'well tried by fire,' in their hearts.

I must here interrupt my narrative; and before I proceed, give some account of Jonas Eathorn. This man was the *paralytic*, concerning whom Dr. Hawker has given an interesting account in his 'Zion's Pilgrim.' I wrote an outline of the *paralytic's* life from his own mouth, at the request of Dr. Hawker, but it was never printed. I shall devote a few pages for the purpose here, as I judge many of my readers will read the history of my worthy Brother, Jonas Eathorn, with much pleasure.

Jonas Eathorn was by trade a barber and hair-dresser. He attended close to his business, and when he went from home to attend upon gentlemen he used generally to be seen in a full trot: but such a lover was he of *white ale* (a beverage I never saw but at Plymouth), that he seldom passed a public-house without hastily taking half-a-pint. This he continued in the practice of many years; and as the day closed he was generally in a state of intoxication. He resided very near a meeting-house, called the Old Tabernacle, in Plymouth, but was not in the habit of attending any place of worship: he

followed his hair-dressing up to a late hour of a Sunday, and then finished the day, a beastly drunkard. In a state of intoxication one Lord's day evening, he entered the afore-said meeting-house, and got into the gallery facing the minister. Just as he was settled, the minister, Mr. Shepherd, of Bath, gave out for his text these words: 'know ye not, that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.' The preacher in a strong and solemn tone immediately added, 'And thou, drunkard, art the man!' The words had such effect on Jonas, that in one minute he was quite sober, but in the greatest terror of mind imaginable. He left the meeting-house with a dismal hell before his eyes, groaning and weeping. When he got home, he exclaimed to his wife, 'I am a lost man! I shall certainly be damned, as sure as there is a God in heaven!' His wife was quite alarmed; 'What!' she said, 'am I to be plagued again with another methodist?' Her first husband was a godly man, and she was opposed to everything that had the appearance of religion. When her husband died, she was determined, if she altered her condition again, to marry a man that was no methodist; she was therefore quite content to be married to Jonas, the proverbial tippler in the town, that she might not be plagued with religion. This I had from her own mouth.

Now began Jonas's trials. He could no longer continue carrying on his business of a Lord's day; consequently, he lost the best part of his income, which drove him to great straits; and this increased the rage and malice of his wife against him and his religion. But he bore with great patience all her cavils and contentions, and used often to say, 'Who maketh me to differ?' Jonas now became a steady follower of the Lamb, and a regular attendant with the people of God, in the place where he called him by the preached word. He was not brought to taste the sweets of redeeming love for nearly three years after the Lord first convicted him; but was striving and labouring under the yoke of Moses, as most poor convicted sinners do; some for a greater length of time than others. As he was tried without, so the Lord abundantly blessed him in his own soul. He was often destitute of a penny to buy food for his family.

One day when he came home, his wife said to him, with an angry tone, 'We have neither bread, butter, nor tea in the house, nor any money to get them; you see what your religion has brought you to.' Jonas said to her, 'Put over the kettle, we shall have some-

thing by-and-bye.' 'What use is it to boil the water?' she said, 'I cannot see where anything is to come from.' Jonas retired, and for some time poured out his soul to God in prayer; and he begged of God to appear for him as a God of providence, that his poverty might not open the mouths of the ungodly to reproach his cause. Jonas told me that before he left praying he was quite satisfied by the freedom he had in prayer, and by the sweet promises the Lord gave him, that supplies were on the road. He came down stairs in that strong confidence, and had not been down many minutes before a knock was heard at the door. Jonas went to answer the door, and saw a young woman, who said, 'I was directed to deliver the contents of this basket to Mr. Eathorn.' 'Who sent it?' said Jonas. 'I am not to tell you who sent it,' said the woman. Jonas delivered the contents of the basket to his wife; 'Here, Mary,' said Jonas, 'did I not tell you we should have supplies? here is bread, butter, tea, and meat. God is a God that does hear and answer the cries of his children, and he has now confirmed his faithful promise to me, as he has often done.' His wife was struck with silent surprise; and this and many other like striking providences stopped her from persecuting Jonas, as she has told me.

I forget how many years Jonas was with the people at the Old Tabernacle; but I imagine it could not be but a few years before he was seized with a paralytic stroke. This affliction of his puzzled all the medical men in the town; for it only extended to the lower half of his body; so that he quite lost the use of his legs and thighs. In this state of affliction the Lord continually made his goodness to pass before him both in spirituals and temporals. He was confined on the bed of affliction up to the close of his life; a period of near *twenty-seven years!* But I cannot dismiss the reader without giving him some account of my worthy brother Jonas.

Soon after Jonas was taken ill, some one requested Dr. Hawker to visit him, which he did. But at that time Dr. Hawker was little better than an arminian, as Jonas found by his conversation. On this occasion Jonas stated very freely to Dr. Hawker his views as respects the justification of a sinner before God; and he told the Doctor how the Lord had dealt with him, with which account the Doctor was rather struck. Before Dr. Hawker left Jonas, he asked him if he was willing to receive the sacrament. Jonas said he was quite willing. 'Then,' said the Doctor, 'when shall you be prepared to receive the sacrament?' 'Prepared, sir,' said Jonas, 'I hope, sir, you know the meaning of Solomon's words, 'The preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue is from the Lord;' I am quite ready, sir; I am a

poor, needy sinner, saved by grace.' Many other observations Jonas made, which I believe Dr. Hawker never forgot.

From this time the Doctor used frequently to visit Jonas, as well as many others of the Doctor's acquaintances. There was also a prayer-meeting established in Jonas's room, where twenty or thirty godly persons met two or three times a week, and the Doctor used to meet with them at times; and for many years he used to break bread once a month to Jonas and the brethren, and truly it sometimes was to me the house of God, and the very gate of heaven! Jonas generally gave out the hymns, and very appropriate they were to the occasion. By the help of a rope fastened at the foot of the bedstead, Jonas used to sit up in the bed and read the hymns; while his countenance bespoke the inward joy of his heart.

When first I became acquainted with Jonas, I used to write his letters to his numerous friends: but at length it struck me that I would try to bring him, by degrees, into the practice of writing. When I proposed it to him, he seemed terrified at the thought: 'Oh, no!' said Jonas, 'I have not had a pen in my hand for some years, and I cannot think of attempting to write again.' At length I prevailed on him to try. I guided his hand as I would a child's, and when he found that his letters were well formed he was greatly pleased; and after a few lessons he could write a bold hand. My chief object was, that he might be fully employed, and much gratified by correspondence with his christian friends, both for their edification as well as his own; and indeed his letters were full of Christ, if I may so speak. Jonas also collected from various authors about five hundred hymns which he left in manuscript, but were never printed. This new employ of his used to beguile many of his solitary hours. Jonas was generally lively in conversation; for his mind displayed all the vivacity of youth, but free from levity. I have indeed sometimes found him very much cast down by a sense of indwelling sin, and by darkness of soul. But when I began to tell him of the wretched state of my mind, Jonas would lose sight of himself, and his troubles, and begin to preach to me of the stability of the promises, amidst all our darkness, deadness, guilt and sin; of our complete justification in and by the imputed righteousness of Christ, until his gloom has been changed into a smile, which indicated the peace of God in his heart, which passeth all understanding.

About 1807, Jonas was deprived of his wife by death, which greatly shook him; he had now lost his tender nurse, and partner of his joys and sorrows. I have reason to hope she died in the Lord, though her mind was much beclouded the most of her days, as

many of the Lord's family are. I have often heard her complain of her sin-polluted soul, and of her many fears and unbelief. Soon after her death, Jonas was removed to his only daughter's house, which in a great measure destroyed his pleasure in having frequent meetings with the children of God; this he found the loss of much. But he was often visited by the best friend, and I have often seen him, in his new station, longing to depart and be with Christ.

Jonas survived his wife about three years. Dr. Hawker had a particular desire to be with him in his last moments. Jonas had lain for many days before his death in a kind of torpor, taking little or no food, nor speaking to any one. At length the summons, long expected, and often wished for, came. His attendants round the bed perceived a visible alteration in his countenance, and watched with anxiety his parting breath. He had not moved in bed for some days; but, now, without any human assistance, Jonas arose in the bed, and, with an heavenly smile, waved his hands, and exclaimed with holy rapture, 'The victory is won! the victory is won!' and, without a struggle, fell asleep in Jesus. Thus Jonas realized the truth of his favourite promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

When the friends perceived a change in Jonas, they sent for Dr. Hawker, but he was engaged at church, and was a few minutes too late—Jonas was gone: and the Doctor, on entering the room, fell on his knees, with the friends present, and poured out before God thanksgiving and praise, for his faithfulness, mercy, and love to Jonas. He was interred in the church yard of Charles, Plymouth. Dr. Hawker, after reading the usual service in the church, delivered a short, but sweet discourse from the desk, on the occasion; and towards the close he made this remark respecting Jonas: 'Though I never preached to him, he has preached many sweet sermons to me.' I gave out over his grave that fine funeral hymn chosen by himself—

'Why do we mourn departed friends?' and the Doctor joined with his noble bass voice.

I make no apology for this digression: travellers ought to relate what they see. I will now return to my narrative.

(To be Continued.)

OLD TRANSLATION OF JER. XXXI. 20.—
"Upon this complaint I thought thus by myself: Is not Ephraim my dear son? Is he not the child with whom I have had all my mirth and pastime? for since the time that I first communed with him, I have him ever in remembrance; therefore my very heart driveth me unto him gladly, and lovingly will I have mercy upon him saith the Lord."—Jer. xxxi. 20.

Panting for Power.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—May the good Spirit of life, love and power accompany this to your precious soul, if it be the Lord's will, Amen.

My soul is still kept in anxious and earnest pursuit after the blessed object of my heart's affection, Jesus Christ, the sinner's only friend; to find him whom my soul loveth, and desires to love more and more; but he hideth his face, and I cannot behold him, He is in the light, but I am in the dark, and rarely do I get even a slight glimpse of his sweet and blessed person; but you know if he hideth himself no one can behold him. 'He dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto.' He can see through the darkest cloud, but the cloud must be taken up from us, or we cannot go on our journey. I want to see him in his beauty, and to behold the land of promise. I long for some of Eschol's grapes, some honey and butter; I should be glad of a sight by faith of the rivers and streams, the brooks and springs of living water which flow out of the good pleasure of God the fountain head and source of all real happiness. My soul would fain bathe in those holy waters which issued out of the temple, called a river to swim in—a river that could not be passed over. Having tasted, I trust, that the Lord is gracious, it is no wonder my soul should desire the sincere milk of the word, that I may grow thereby; but there is a great lack of life and power, it is indeed seldom the word comes home to my heart with power, and this tries me exceedingly, because the kingdom stands in power, and only so far as power is felt can we set to our seal that God is true; quite sure I am that nothing short of the Almighty power of God can demolish the infidel kingdom of Satan in my heart; every branch of God's precious truth is opposed, contradicted, and blasphemed by the enemy of my soul, therefore I need to be taught of God, for unless my soul knows the certainly of the words of truth, by God our blessed teacher; unless the doctrine drops from his mouth like rain, and distils as the dew, it will never do me any good, it is experimental knowledge that I crave; but the alphabet in the school of Jesus is hard and difficult to understand, and the unction of the Holy One is much needed to anoint the eyes; for I cannot make out even the beginning of a work of grace in my soul only as my eyes are anointed. I want eyes to see Christ, ears to hear Christ, hands to handle Christ, feet to walk to Christ, a mouth to eat Christ, and love to embrace him. I am blind, and deaf, and lame, a limping, hobbling beggar; no power to knock at his door, no patience to wait for his coming only as he gives it; but still through mercy he keeps me to it, and will not let me give it up. My heart gets fresh courage and strength, and his drawing power inclines my

will to follow him, and once he said to me, 'He that followeth me shall not abide in darkness,' and as my soul loves light, I sincerely hope ere long that he who made the seven stars and Orion, will turn the shadow of death into the morning, saying, 'Arise! shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' Nothing but the light of his countenance, the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness, the transporting sight of interest in his precious blood and merits can bring me fresh into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Thursday morning. I often rise from my bed with a conscience fresh loaded with sin and guilt, being weak as water; like Reuben, I am troubled with sickness and faintness of heart.

I am troubled with a sin-sick soul,
Which makes me groan and sigh;
The blood of Christ can make me whole,
Without it I must die.

Sold under sin, I often fall
A prey to my own lust;
This makes me fear, that after all
I've felt, I perish must.

Press'd down with guilt, I try again
To lift my heart in prayer;
And sometimes this seems all in vain,
For Jesus is not there.

'Tis only in his precious blood,
My soul can anchor cast;
I have a hope—I trust 'tis good—
I shall be saved at last.

But oh! what tossings to and fro
Amidst this troubled sea;
Now up, now down, now high, now low;
How strange a mystery.

Yet wonder all, there's life divine
Which covets holiness;
Not in a wicked heart like mine,
But in Christ's righteousness.

I want to see myself complete,
Wash'd in the Saviour's blood;
Clothed in his garment at his feet,
As Joshua once stood.

Gosport, August 7, 1844.

A. H.

Christian Reviewer.

Wilderness Mercies; being a series of letters addressed to a Daughter. By the late James Groom. To be had of Mrs. Groom, 26, Great Turner Street, Commercial Road; and at our office.

IN the first place, in taking a brief review of this work, we would notice its price has been reduced to two shillings: in the second place there are a great number of the work laying on the widow's hands, and as the whole proceeds go towards her support, it is very desirable that a sale for them be effected. But is the work of any value? That is an important question. If the Lord's dealings with a dear child of his, both in providence and in grace, from his earliest years down to the close of his life—(and that life a most eventful one, and recorded in a simple, savoury, and interesting style,) can be of any benefit to the church of Christ, then this is indeed a most valuable testimony. We hope to make an extract or two from the work in our next.

"*The Justification, Perfection, Preservation, and certain Glorification of the whole Election of Grace in Christ Jesus.*" The substance of a sermon preached at the Particular Baptist Chapel, Bradford, by S. Lane, Minister of Christ's Gospel, Hull. Goodwin and Lawson, Hull.

THIS is certainly the most comprehensive gospel sermon that has fallen under our notice lately. In doctrine, it is *strong and sound*; in experience, it is *discriminating*; and on practice it is *clear and decided*. We never heard the venerable author, but from what we have read, and from the valuable correspondence with which we have been favoured, we are persuaded he is one of the most fearless, fervent, and faithful champions in the northern parts of our British Zion. For this, we have no one to thank and praise, but the Lord, himself. We are anticipating that Mr. Lane, if spared and permitted, will visit London early in the spring, and in this mighty Babylon once more preach Jesus, the sinner's hope. But more of this anon.

"*The Funeral Sermons preached at Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho, on the death of the late Mr. John Stevens. Also, four Sermons preached by the deceased at his own Chapel.*" Carefully revised by JOHN ANDREW JONES, Pastor of Jireh Meeting, Brick Lane. London: James Paul, Chapter-house Court.

HERE is (beyond all question) a good shilling's worth of interesting divinity; and the friends of the late Mr. Stevens will, no doubt, feel grateful to Mr. Jones for having collected, revised, and published so choice a remembrance of their late pastor. Beside the Funeral Sermons by Mr. Geo. Murrell, and Mr. John Foreman—which are given in full) here is, 1st—The discourse which Mr. Stevens preached at the Eighteenth Anniversary of Salem Chapel from these words—"Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Then, 2nd.—here is a sermon on "The Lord's Accurate knowledge of his people, and his perpetual care over them;" from the words—"O, Israel thou shalt not be forgotten of me." 3rd.—"Christ the Son of God, the only Way to the Father;" from the words—"No man cometh unto the Father but by me." And, lastly—a discourse on the all-important subject of REGENERATION. We have no interest in the publication of this work, but we must say, here are sixty-eight pages of sterling matter; free from any contention for peculiar points, but full of those things which stand connected with the vital and eternal interests of the believing sinner.

Wreck of the Brig Phœbus. A Solemn Dirge on the awful Wreck and loss of the Crew of the Brig Phœbus, on the morning of January 9, 1848, near Aldboro', Suffolk. By WILLIAM SKELTON, Pastor of the Baptist Church, at Aldringham. London: Houlston & Stoneman, Paternoster Row.

IT appears that our esteemed brother Skelton was led to preach a sermon on the occasion of the awful wreck of the Phœbus, whereby many souls were plunged into a watery grave. After this, he was constrained to write a Dirge on "LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION, JUDGMENT, & ETERNITY." This Dirge, together with the particulars of the Wreck, has been put into a very neat tract, (sixteen pages foolscap octavo,) and is now published with a two-fold design: first, in hope that the perusal of reflections on so solemn an occurrence may be owned of God to the arresting of some poor (as yet benighted) sinner; and secondly, that from the proceeds of the sale some pecuniary aid might be rendered unto the deeply impoverished believers in Christ among the Spitalfield Weavers. The Dirge is written in a style that is well calculated to be useful. We trust the sympathies and energies of the benevolent will be drawn forth in the circulation of the tract. Let each friend send for 100 copies (7s. 6d. ꝯ 100, or 1d. each). They will find no difficulty in obtaining a sale for them—and thereby they will assist the Committee who have now for some weeks past been arduously engaged in relieving the starving poor of Spitalfields.

Scriptural Election not in harmony with General Redemption. By W. HOLMES. London: Nichols, Milton Press, Chandos Street, Strand.

WILLIAM HOLMES is one that has been turned from darkness to light, and from the awful trammels of infidelity unto a deep rooted, experimental conviction of, and acquaintance with the precious truths of the everlasting gospel. *He believes with the heart unto righteousness*; and not only so, but he is evidently under the influence of a strong desire to be instrumental in leading others to a prayerful examination of the Scriptures in order that they may, under God, be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. We believe his labours will not be in vain. This pamphlet on *Scriptural Election*, (containing twenty-two octavo pages for two-pence,) contains some excellent matter: it is written in a plain and easy style; and presents Scriptural arguments which never can be overthrown or set aside. We shall feel a pleasure in helping to send this tract far and wide. To enquirers after truth, it is likely to be exceedingly useful.

"*An Answer to the question—Are good works meritorious, or will they add to our degree of future Glory?*" A Tract for the Times, by the Rev. Richard Shutte, M.A., Rector of the united parishes of St. Augustine and St. Faith, Watling street. London: James Paul, Chapter House Court.

We heard the question asked the other day—"Is there any Clergyman in London at this time who is really preaching THE GOSPEL?" We believe that the author of this tract is a real gospel preacher, and an

earnest contender for the faith once delivered unto the saints: and from what we have heard and read of him, we feel much union of soul to him for the truth's sake.

This *Tract for the Times* is, to us, a very sweet and savoury morsel, and we therefore make an extract or two. Our esteemed author says: "If, all the elect are justified by the death and obedience of their surety, even the Lord Jesus Christ, it follows that all their good works can have in them no merit at all. And good works can only be performed by those who are previously justified, or in the Apostle Peter's words, such as are 'elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.' And as everything which a believer possesses is the result of God's eternal purpose, and everything which he does in the way of obedience arises from the Spirit of God working in him, his good works can have no merit in them, or entitle him in the most remote degree to God's favour and acceptance. His language is that of the prophet, 'Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us: for thou also hast wrought all our works in us.' Are good works then unnecessary? Certainly not. They are insisted upon throughout the scriptures as *evidences* of a lively faith, inasmuch as a true believer is as surely known by them, as a tree is discerned by its fruits. In consequence of the union which subsists between Christ and his people, the 'spirit of holiness, the spirit of life and of power, of love, and of a sound mind, the Spirit of God—with the fulness of which the Lord Jesus their head was anointed by the Father,—dwells in them and descends upon them, producing in them the *fruits of holiness*—even that cluster of every heavenly affection which is all declared to be the 'fruit of the Spirit,' 'love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' And these fruits are produced in them by their being kept 'abiding in Christ,' '*living by the faith* of the Son of God, who hath loved them, and given himself for them."

That is good. But again:—

"All this is in close connexion with the question before us—whether the good works of God's children (none other can perform them) are meritorious, or will add to our degree of future glory? I am of opinion they will in one respect; in the millennium or personal reign of Christ—a day will dawn when a period shall be put to every disorder under which nature at present labours; and the earth will become just what it was before sin destroyed its harmony. 'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption to wit, the redemption of our body. Now the accomplishment of the predestined restoration of this disordered state of things is largely and explicitly foretold in Rev. xx. where we read

that the apostate angels shall be restrained by the coercive power of God, and confined to their own place for one thousand years. That those of mankind who are Christ's, and especially such of them as have been, or are yet to be slain for his name's sake, shall reign with him upon earth during that period, and that the bodies of the reprobate dead shall not be raised, until after that period. Without a full conviction of this doctrine, I should be utterly unable to reconcile the Parables of the ten talents, the nobleman and others, with the doctrines of grace. In the reign of the Lord Jesus Christ on earth, there will be different degrees of glory: and every man shall receive his own reward according to his labour."

The tract closes with the following most consolatory remarks—"When the number of the elect is fulfilled, and the last of them gathered in, this world then will be as the lifeless carcase, upon which, wherever it is, the birds of prey fall, 'the eagles are gathered together.' It was so in the days of Noah. It was not till the day of Noah's entrance into the ark that the flood came. It was so in the days of Lot. It was so in the days of Jerusalem's judgment. And 'even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed.' And his coming shall be suddenly, in an instant—as the lightning that lighteth out of the one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven;—'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.' How wisely and graciously is this ordered and revealed! All the vain speculations are thus put down which would lead us to calculate the particular time of his appearing; and with them all that *agitation*, that *commotion* of mind, now so prevalent, which the idea of its *immediate* arrival would necessarily occasion. Our utter ignorance also of that day and that hour impresses on disciples, every day and ever hour, that salutary monition, 'Watch, as men who wait for their Lord, watch.'

"In the heavenly glory, however, which will succeed the millennial state, the doctrine of Scripture is, to my mind conclusive, that all the elect will be exalted to an equality of happiness: for all are made the 'righteousness of God,' all are the purchase of Christ's blood, equally the objects of the Father's love, and all regenerated by the same Eternal Spirit; made partakers of the 'faith of God's elect, and filled with all the fulness of God.' In that glorious state, the language of all will be, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake. Every glorified saint shall discard altogether the merit of anything that he has done, and ascribe all to the riches of Sovereign grace. Therefore in the state of ultimate glory, there will be no different degrees of reward: all shall be upon an equality with regard to final blessedness; and, as the parable expresses it, 'Every man shall receive his penny.'"

A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM.

TO MY FELLOW TRAVELLER AND LABOURER IN THE KINGDOM AND PATIENCE OF JESUS CHRIST:—May the grace of God, the presence of Jesus, and the supply of the Spirit be with thy soul continually, and with mine too, while I attempt to go as far as Bethlehem to see this great thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. (Luke ii. 15.) And in order to do so, we must go back to where good old Jacob found a precious Christ; for he found HIM IN BETHEL; and there HE spake with us. (Hosea xii. 4.) Let us look at the meaning of this word:—1. BETH-EL, that is, *the house of God*. Here the Father dwells in his everlasting love; here the Son dwells in his eternal fullness of grace and truth; and here the Holy Spirit dwells in his blessed unction of life, light, and power; and it was here where poor Jacob found a dwelling when he was persecuted and driven out from his earthly house and home by the fury of his brother Esau; it was here heaven was opened to his soul, and the mystery of the incarnation of the Son of God seen by the eye of faith in the ladder set up; and *behold* a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and *behold* the angels of God ascending and descending on it; and *behold* the Lord stood above it, and dropped such a divine blessing into his heart that made him leap for joy and exclaim, ‘this is none other but the house of God and the gate of heaven.’ (Genesis xxviii. 10—22.) Oh, my brother, what an unspeakable mercy to have this gate in any measure opened to our souls by the Holy Ghost. This is the gate of the Lord by which the righteous *shall* enter into God’s house, and find rest for their souls; but it seems almost presumption for such a vile, black, hell-deserving sinner ever to expect; and but for that blessed Scripture which the eye of faith beholds written over the gate of Bethel, I should be in black despair—“*Him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out.*” My faith is hanging to that sweet portion still. But (2,) the word BETHLEHEM signifies, *the house of bread*: so that God’s house is a house of provision, which he has promised to abundantly bless, so that all the household of faith shall be satisfied with bread; that is,

the bread of life, which came down from heaven, which if a man eat, he shall never die; that bread is the precious flesh of Christ, who became incarnate; who was found in the manger of Bethlehem, to shew that he was become the food of beastly man: but not until man has been changed by the mighty operations of the Spirit, for no unregenerate man can feed upon a crucified Christ, but the poor prodigal, who has felt a mighty famine in his soul, and begun to be in want of the bread of his Father’s house, will mourn, cry, sigh, and groan for a crumb of this precious bread of heaven. My brother, the Lord help us to see to it, that we get our bread for the king’s household, only from the king’s own store; not from Bethlehem, as I fear there is much cursed leaven mixed up in the day in which we are called to minister in the name of the Lord; and those who eat of this leavened bread are as full of pride, contention, vanity, presumption, and vain jangling as they can well hold, which I can attribute to no other cause than eating this poisonous bread; while on the other hand those who are fed upon the pure, sweet bread of Bethlehem, will be found to be humble, meek, poor, and needy sinners, sitting at the feet of Jesus with a thankful heart for the least crumb that falls from the Master’s table. (3.) This place is called BETHLEHEM ΕΦΡΑΤΑΗ, that is, *abundance in bearing fruit, or increasing*; and methinks those who have been into God’s house, and seen God’s Christ, have been ready to exclaim with David, ‘My cup runneth over,’ and ‘Christ shall be my palace and portion for ever.’ My soul has been led to see such an abundance or fullness in the atonement of Christ that it has covered all my black spots, drowned all my sins, banished all my fears, and buried all my infirmities by the abundance of peace, goodness, mercy, truth, grace, and glory, revealed in the day of his power; and, moreover, where Jesus is, there is fruitfulness to such a vast extent that it beggars all description to attempt in any measure to set it forth, for he is not only the ‘branch of righteousness,’ the ‘fruitful bough by the well, whose branches run over the wall,’ the apple tree among the trees of the wood; but ‘the tree of life

in the midst of the garden of God, rising infinitely above sin, death, the curse, the fall, and the grave, richly laden, and completely covered with the most rich, delicious, and celestial fruit, that ever man tasted, or angel saw. And when this tree is planted in the soul of a poor sinner, he will then soon know what it is to increase with all the increase of God; and I am well persuaded the more I am enabled to set down under the deep and refreshing shade of this tree, the more will my faith increase, my love abound, my hope be firm, my heart be full, and my tongue constrained to bless, praise, and glorify a Three-one God, who led me to this fruitful spot. (4.) Historians tell us that BETHLEHEM was situated in the acclivity of an hill. Hence, we read of going up to the house of God at *Bethel*. So, in order to go spiritually into the house of God and eat the bread of life, we must be raised above the love of this world by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, so as to come out of the valley of the flesh and of corruption; for, the way is above to the wise, that they may depart from hell beneath; but it is only as the dear Lord is graciously pleased to bring us up out of the horrible pit of self and the clay of legality, that we are elevated to the sacred spot of Bethlehem, so that a child of God has not as yet reached the *summit* of the mount, neither is he as before in the *world*, but living as it were between the two, and at times longing to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. (5.) There were some wells by BETHLEHEM'S GATE out of which David longed to drink. 'Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate!' (2 Sam. xxiii. 15.) But the Philistines had a garrison there, and David's three mighty men broke through the host of the Philistines and drew water out of the well by the gate. In like manner, God's sent servants now, have to break through an host of opposition, and various enemies both within and without, in order to draw water from the wells of salvation for the thirsty in the wilderness, who are longing to drink of the fountain of the water of life freely; and when they receive this water, like David, they pour out before the Lord, a drink offering of prayer and praise for opening rivers in high places, and fountains in the valleys. But may not these three mighty men of David, in this noble act, resemble the

three mighty graces of the Spirit, called, *faith, hope, and charity*, armed with the power of Omnipotence, and impelled with the feeling of deep necessity, braving all opposition, pressing through every difficulty, overcoming every foe, travelling to the gate of heaven, and drinking of the water of life, and then pouring out that very life thus received, before the God of all grace, in prayer and praise. The Lord help us, brother, to wait at this gate for the springing up of this well, for we shall find it to be very deep, and no man, by nature can draw here. (6.) There are five persons of note mentioned in Bethlehem, who do set forth the Christ of God, who was born here. The first is ELIMELECH, *my God is king*, setting forth the Lord Jesus as the sent servant of the Father to accomplish the great work which he gave him to do, in obeying and magnifying the law, making satisfaction for sin, bringing in an everlasting righteousness, and raising up the scattered tribes of Jacob's house. He acknowledged God the Father to be the Sovereign disposer of all things, 'it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom,' said, he to his little flock, and to hide the secrets of his covenant from the wise and prudent, revealing them unto babes; and at last, as his servant, Son, and equal declared, 'I have finished the work which thou gavest me do;' and does not Elimelech also set forth all the children of God who are conquered by his grace, brought under his dominion, made his willing subjects in the day of his power, and who acknowledge him to be their king for ever. Secondly, there was IBZAN, that is *weapons of war, or armoury*; typifying the great spiritual warrior who came from *Bethlehem* to fight the battles of his poor oppressed people; and oh, how well qualified was he for this mighty work, whose name is called Wonderful. For he put on righteousness as a breast-plate, and an helmet of salvation upon his head, and he put on the garments of vengeance for clothing, and was clad with zeal as a cloak, girded his sword on his thigh, and thus went forth to meet the old serpent and overcome him, to meet sin and put it away, death and destroy it, spoiling principalities and powers, and triumphing over them in it, going forth conquering and to conquer, taking possession of the throne of David, and reigning over the house of Jacob for ever, whose children are brought to know what it is to war with

the flesh, the world, and the devil, having put on the whole armour of their God and king. Thirdly, we have BOAZ, that is, *in strength*. He was a mighty man; and, *behold, he came from Bethlehem* (Ruth ii. 1, 4,) to bless the reapers; he had compassion on poor Ruth, the Moabitess, gave his young men a charge concerning her, and fed her with parched corn. So our heavenly Boaz came forth in the fulness of time from Bethlehem, (Micah v. 2.) and blesses his people with all spiritual blessings, and feeds his flock in the strength of the Lord, and in the majesty of the name of the Lord his God. For as he is the branch made strong to bear all the load of the church's iniquity, strong to wade through the floods of the wrath of God, to drink the cup of death, and to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself; for, 'it is finished,' said his dying breath, and shook the gates of hell; so, all his redeemed family go forth in his strength, name, and authority, shouting victory through the blood of the Lamb. Fourthly, there was ELHANAN, *the grace, gift, or mercy of God*. He slew the brother of Goliath, the Gittite. (2 Sam. xxi. 19.) Does not this at once point to the free gift of the Father, in giving his only begotten Son, full of grace and truth to his beloved Hephzibah, the church? Oh, how wonderful the grace and mercy of the Father appears in this unspeakable gift, which comprehends all other gifts which we shall need in time or eternity. "For, he that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Rom. viii. 32. Fear not, then, brother, for godliness has the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come; so that possessing a blessed interest in the free grace mercy of God, we shall be found not only conquering Goliath's brother, but treading upon the old dragon, and shouting. 'Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.' Fifthly, you have DAVID *the beloved, the sweet singer of Israel*. And what is all religion without *divine love, the root of all true* GODLINESS in the soul, the main spring of all spiritual obedience in the life, and the blessed bond which unites all the real citizens of Bethlehem to their glorious Captain: this constrains them to leave the valley of this world, to come up to the house of God, to feed upon Christ,

the bread of eternal life, and to drink of the precious water of the well, by the gate; Jesus is the beloved object of their hearts, the chiefest among ten thousand to their souls; he is the beloved of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles; he is the beloved of the Father and the Holy Ghost, together with all the angelic host. Oh, that we may be more than ever constrained to cry him up in his lovely characters as Prophet, Priest, and King! cry him up in his blood to cleanse, in his righteousness to justify, in his power to save, in his mercy to deliver, in his balm to cure, in his grace to conquer, and in his willingness to receive every poor, lost, ruined sinner, that sighs under the curse of a broken law. Oh, to such a one I would say, '*he is willing*, doubt no more; for, I well know that thy heart, thy sins, thy doubts, and fears, and the devil will do all they can to cry him down.' Oh, that the Holy Ghost may cry him up in our souls more than he ever yet hath done, that we may say, 'My beloved is mine, and I am his.' While I remain, thine in him,

AN UNLEARNED PREACHER.

Reading, January, 1848.

The Bible—What is it?

IT IS THE BOOK; *i.e.* as though there was no other: it is the only book (in the strictest and most prominent sense of the word,) that is worthy the name *Book*. It is *the Holy Book*; and the *only* holy book: its origin is holy; its contents are holy, being the holy mind and will of an infinitely holy God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost revealed; it was written by holy men of God as they were moved and inspired by the Holy Ghost; it points out a holy way into the holy enjoyment and immediate presence of a holy God for ever and ever. It is written to an holy people, for their holy use and spiritual instruction, (even God's elect;) and by the teaching and leading of the Holy Ghost, through it they are brought into a vital and saving acquaintance with its holy truths and solemn realities; and thus they prosper, grow, and thrive; going from strength to strength until they appear before God, holy and complete in the holy of holies at his right hand where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. Its matter is weighty as eternity, and solemn as the grave; it is the glory of our nation; the gospel is the glory of the Bible, and Christ is the glory

of the gospel. The sovereign line of demarcation between the church and the world, (or the elect and the reprobate,) is plainly discovered by a spiritual eye and an enlightened mind, as running completely through it in solemn decision and awful grandeur, as drawn by infinite and unerring wisdom, mysteriously exhibited and brought into one focus in the matchless language and important words of Abraham to Dives. (See Luke xvi. 26.) Its various appellations by which the saints are distinguished from all others under the canopy of heaven, are beautiful, grand, great, and glorious; their state, standing, and destiny shines therein effulgently; their paths, plagues, pleasures, and prospects are correctly described and delineated, together with the character, features, conduct, doom, and destiny of the ungodly. (See Jude.) The imagery of the Bible is matchless: its subjects, paragraphs, and ramifications, are instructive and various: its doctrines are glorious; its promises precious; and its precepts profitable; the ordinances, laws, rules, and regulations it contains, both for the household of faith, and for kings, rulers, and magistrates, are good and excellent beyond compare, (though awfully departed from.) Its examples, encouragements, and invitations to the saints are unparalleled; its judgments are heavy; its mercies are numerous; its correction is solemn; its reproofs are valuable; its harmony is sweet; its connection is sacred; its threatenings and denunciations are majestic and awful; its warnings are many; and its cautions are constant. Its author is indescribably glorious; and his ways and works in creation, nature, providence, and grace, as therein described, are great and wonderful. His decrees and purposes are therein fully declared; his immutability, greatness, and goodness clearly made known; also his covenant oath, work, and worthiness, his unspeakable gift, his perpetual gifts, his grace, and his graciousness: his name, his nature, and his nation. Moreover, the will of the Father, the victory of the Son, and the work of the Spirit; the destruction of sin, death, and hell, by the atonement; the awful end of error, and erroneous men; the glorious triumph of truth, and the lovers thereof; the death of the body; the immortality of the soul; the resurrection of the body; its reunion with the soul; the day of judgment; the appearance of

the judge; his awful tribunal; the wicked cast down to hell; the righteous welcomed into heaven; the end of time; the disappearance of the world, and all, all absorbed in vast incomprehensible eternity! O, then, what a book! What a precious book is the Bible! O ye Christians! dispense with your newspapers, (except where required in business,) and search the Scriptures. Your Bible is a magazine of rich stores, a reservoir of heavenly treasure, and a body of eternal truth. Meditating in it, contemplation on it, and, prayer over it will not prove labour in vain. Its prophecies are numerous, weighty, and wonderful; and their fulfilment is absolutely certain; many have been fulfilled to the very letter, and the rest shall be at the time appointed. Its description of heaven is glorious, its definition of hell is awful, its account of idols and idolaters, impostors, and apostates, is sound and solemn: its relation of the characters, titles, offices, and names of Christ, are grand and majestic. Yea, this is its marrow and fatness; such as satisfies the heaven-born soul when explained and applied by the Spirit. Blessed be God for the Bible! My soul thirsts for a more vital acquaintance with, and saving realization of its sublime, divine, and glorious contents. Centuries past, when its copies were scarce, and large sums of money were required for a single page, it was highly esteemed as a wonderful book; but, alas! now, because this precious volume can be obtained for one shilling, it is much despised, as of very little or no importance: yea, almost, if not quite laid aside, (even by some professors,) for the preference of a play book, or novel. My soul, come not thou into their assembly! look up for grace to enable thee to stick to God's testimonies: and abide in this field, constantly tarrying by the stuff.

Christian brethren, may we never know the value of our Bibles by the loss of them! but while we have them, may our God enable us (*especially ministers,*) to meditate upon these things, and give ourselves wholly to them, that our profiting may appear to all. The Bible is our statute book; our map of the journey; and our directory to heaven; and the end of the world will proclaim (to the horror and distraction of the deist and infidel,) its unsullied holiness, and divine authenticity.

THOMAS STRINGER.

The Stone with seven Eyes—the Candlestick with seven Lamps—the Book with seven Seals.

To my beloved Brother William Shelton, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Aldringham Suffolk.

COMPANION IN TRIBULATION.—It is laid with much weight upon my heart this morning to write you a few lines, just to inform you that I am not yet wholly swallowed up—nor cast away—nor without hope—although so heavy have been my temporal afflictions of late that sometimes I have almost sunk into despair. I have seen the heaviest clouds gathering around my heart; and hurl me into darkness and death, I have thought they certainly would. Up to the present moment, however, a little help has been granted, so that I still continue to proclaim the glorious gospel of the blessed God with all the power and ability the Master is pleased to give me.

I will just lay before you one instance somewhat descriptive of the path in which I am now walking, and which I hope may be called a fair sample of the Lord's dealings with me.

I awoke rather early yesterday morning—(Lord's Day, March 12th.) and you must know that I have so often determined and desired and prayed to get a text on Saturday for Sunday, without being able to do so, that I now most frequently arise on the Lord's Day morning entirely ignorant of what subject or text I may have to bring before the people; and yet, although I frequently preach seven times a week, hitherto I have never been forsaken. Well, yesterday morning when I awoke instead of having my mind occupied with the best things, I was carried back in a train of most unhappy feelings to the time of my apprenticeship—five and twenty years ago; and there I was led to see, that through one temptation which then assailed me, and led me astray, I had had, more or less, five and twenty years right down hard and heavy trouble. Oh, dear William, you can scarcely conceive how condemnation, self-pity, and unbelief began to work. I arose: but "five and-twenty-years trouble" was staring me right in the face. I came down into my room, and lighted my fire, but "five-and-twenty-years trouble" was distressing my poor soul: and, something kept on telling me—"this trouble will be your ruin at last!" Well, I felt really a wretched man; and I was walking across my room, when these words were gently whispered in my soul, "*Is this thy kindness to thy friend?*" Again, "*Is this thy kindness to thy friend?*" Why, think's I, I have never sought nor thought of the Lord this morning. Up to that moment, William, I had not so much as thought of prayer; so entirely absorbed had I been in my trouble. But, the Lord Jesus Christ, (said I to myself) certainly has been my friend: how many years has he blessed me; and helped me; and comforted me. Then,

in came that precious word, "When my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I." This softened my hard heart; this brought tears into my eyes; this sent me down on my knees, and with some fervency I really did cry unto the Lord to come down and deliver and bless my poor soul, and lead me to something that might be for his glory and for the good of his people. And, certainly, William, do you know I am constrained to believe that the Lord answered me; for this word was fastened upon my soul—"In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock." This brought me upon my feet: my five and twenty years trouble melted away like snow before the sun; and my mind was fixed upon the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth verses of the twenty-seventh Psalm. "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life; to behold the beauty of the Lord; and to enquire in his temple: for in the time of trouble, he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy: I will sing; yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord." Here I saw was my text and my subject for the day; and with this I went up in the morning, and began to speak about the nature and objects of a living soul's desires. I told the people, William, (I don't know what you will say to it—) that *Limitation* runs right through the scriptures, and through the history of the church, and through the experience of the believer. In the Antediluvian world, when the deluge came, *only* Noah and his family were saved; when fire and brimstone fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah, *only* Lot was taken out; of all the sons of Jesse, *only* David was chosen—Oh, what solemn things are these! Because you cannot help thinking—"What became of the rest?" So I noticed limitation is oftentimes expressed as regards a believer's experience: David says, "*One thing have I desired of the Lord.*" The man in the gospel said—"One thing I know whereas I was blind, now I see." Paul said—"This one thing I do, I press toward the mark," and so on. I was led to shew that true believers did pre-eminently desire *Spiritual* blessings; and each one often appears of such value and importance, that they think if they could but be sure of that one blessing all would be well. Then I came on to speak of the fruitfulness of living desires; they are sure to lead the soul to prayer: "*that will I seek after.*" I said something, too, respecting the objects of a living soul's desires; but I leave that. The morning service being ended, I came home, and returned again

to my room, and began to meditate somewhat further upon my text; but for a length of time, all seemed confusion, so that although there appeared to be plenty of precious matter in the text, yet I could not see how I was to speak from it.

Presently, this thought struck me—"Upon one stone shall be seven eyes: behold I will engrave the graving thereof, saith the Lord of hosts." What can that mean? thinks I. Then: "behold a candlestick all of gold, with seven lamps thereon." And again:—"a book written within, and on the back side, sealed with seven seals." What can all this mean? said I to myself. Something said to me, "the stone with seven eyes; the candlestick with seven lamps; and the book with seven seals, are all in your text." I then saw that this stone with seven eyes was a figure of the *foundation stone*, the elect precious corner stone which God lays in Zion, in the hearts of his people, which is CHRIST JESUS, the Lord, and the *seven eyes*, that seven-fold degree and seven-fold perfection of divine grace which God the Holy Ghost works in the hearts of elect sinners. I saw the Candlestick all of gold figurative of that vital and manifested union which the Church has unto Christ, and to one another, and the *seven lamps*, that seven-fold degree and seven-fold perfection of divine knowledge which the Lord the Spirit leads quickened sinners into! and I saw the Book as an emblem of the whole Mind and Mystery of Zion's Covenant (Triune Jehovah; and the *seven seals* illustrative of that solemn exclamation of Christ, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." By the Holy Ghost the children of God have revealed and made known unto them the Mysteries of the kingdom; for so the Master spake, and so his people find, that "Unto them it is given to know the Mysteries of the kingdom."

Thus I saw, the mystical design of the *stone, the candlestick, and the book*. But the question was, how am I to find these in the text? Well,

First—Here is the grace of a *living desire*: "One thing have I desired of the Lord." Here is one of the eyes in the stone, for no one will ever desire that which he has never seen. Unto the blind, unenlightened sinner, there is no beauty in Christ that he should desire Him—no glory in the gospel that he should desire it: but when spiritual life and light is given unto a sinner by the Holy Ghost; when, after a sense of sin and condemnation has been felt, Christ, as a SAVIOUR of sinners is revealed in the soul; it is then a living desire springs up. This living desire sometimes is felt and brought into exercise by coming in contact with a child of God, as in Ruth's case. She saw a something in Naomi that drew out her heart towards her; and go with her she would. Therein, if you examine Ruth's

history, you may see how strong a living desire is; and how sure it is to prosper. First—Ruth desired to go with Naomi; she went: then, she desired to glean in the fields of Boaz; she went: then she desired communion with Boaz himself; and this was granted: and, at last, Boaz took her to wife. So growth a living desire; first, the poor seeking soul takes a liking to some dear old saint; goes with them to hear Christ preached; there the poor soul falls in love with Christ's person, Christ's ministers, Christ's gospel, Christ's ordinances, and a union between Christ and this desiring soul is sure to take place. "The desire of the righteous shall be granted." Peter makes it quite certain that this living desire is a divine principle wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost; for he says they that desire the sincere milk of the word are *new-born babes*. Come, poor doubting sinner; black and barren as you may be, is there not a living desire in thy soul after the Lord Jesus? Where this desire is, there is a living lamp lighted up, and the secret mysteries of grace are beginning to be opened.

Secondly—Here, in the text, is the grace of fervent prayer—"that will I seek after." There is a *permanence—a life—and a mystery* in prayer that is not easily described. But see it in practice. Prayer is a living "eye" that looks to God through Christ: it is a bright and shining "lamp" that adorns and beautifies, and throws much light upon the church of Christ: and it is an open seal which discovers and makes known the hitherto hidden experience of the soul, and much of that unveiled glory of the Majesty of Heaven, which none but heaven-born sons can either see or declare. Prayer will go in unto the king, though it should perish. Prayer will arise, and bring the Prodigal to his Father's house, though he has greatly sinned; prayer will persevere, and make its way through thick and thin, though a mighty crowd oppose it. As Christ is the great Representative of the church before the throne of God, so prayer is the representative of the soul's desire before the throne of grace.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Thirdly—Here is the grace of *communion*: "That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life; to behold the beauty of the Lord; and to enquire in his temple." To dwell with the saints of God; to gaze upon the beauties of Christ's person, work, grace, and salvation; and to look into and experimentally to learn out the mysteries of divine grace; these are the elements of the believers' happiness and communion while on the earth; and I do firmly believe these things—in a higher and more perfect sense—will constitute much of our glorified happiness in a better world. Let a living spiritual soul be shut out from all communion with the saints—let them be en-

tiroy debarred from going to God's house; let darkness veil the mind; and all the glorious mysteries of grace be hidden from the eye; and, then, oh, how wretched, how unhappy will the soul be! Therefore he desires and prays to "dwell in the house, to behold the beauty of the Lord; and to enquire in his temple." Had he any suspicion or fear that he should ever either be forsaken or be driven from the Lord's house? Ah, the seeking soul may have many such fears.

"To behold the beauty of the Lord." There was a three-fold beauty in the temple of old. It was very grand and beautiful in its porch and entrance. (2 Chron. iii. 4, 5, 6.) It was beautiful for its stability, being ceiled with fir-tree, and overlaid with gold; and it was beautiful for its internal grandeur, being "garnished with precious stones for beauty," and having cherubims on the walls. The beauty of the Lord is seen in the Gospel temple, when Christ is preached clearly, boldly, powerfully, and savingly. When the minister stands well, and preaches well, and God the Holy Ghost gathers in sinners who can declare what God has done for their souls; it is *then* the beauty of the Lord is seen in the porch or entrance. And when saints are established in grace, and walk and live as becometh the gospel; and are not entangled, or easily offended, or drawn aside; it is then you see the stability of the house. And when the hidden stones of grace, and faith, and love, (with which the inside of the temple is garnished,) come out in labours of love, and a life devoted to the glory of God; it is then you behold the beauty of the Lord in the rich and genuine experience of the dearly beloved spouse of Christ.

Fourthly—Here is the *grace of faith*. "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me." Here is a time of trouble anticipated; and preservation in that trouble expected. It is impossible but that the believer must have trouble. His constitution, (flesh and spirit,) ensures it; his circumstances, (being subject to the fiery darts of the devil, and the envy of wicked men,) ensure it, beside which, the word of God declares it. But precious faith runs in front as a protection and guard to the soul, and it says, "God is our refuge, and strength, a present help in trouble." Faith is not always in exercise; so that the believer sinks under troubles; but still it is true, he is hidden in the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High. In the attributes of Deity, in the Covenant of grace, in the Person of Christ, in the arrangements of God's providence, as well as by the judgments of his hand; all these form the pavilion wherein God hides his saints, and brings salvation near.

In coming to the fifth eye in Zion's spiritual foundation—that is, "Christ in you the hope of glory," I must be very brief. It is the grace of ASSURANCE and establishment in the truth and ways of God. "HE SHALL SET ME UP UPON A ROCK."

I know, William, and so do you, 'it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace.' Why, bless your heart, Satan and professors together would frighten my soul out of its very existence, if they could. I will just give you two specimens of this. A minister said to his friend the other day—'As to Banks, the devil sent him to preach at first—and now he has sent him again; and it is the devil's work altogether.' Well, really William Skelton, this has made my very soul to tremble, for I have thought—'Suppose it is so! who can tell, but I have been deceived all along! Oh! how awful to think a man, who never knew me only by report; never saw nor spoke to me in all his life, should undertake to say, my ministry is the devil's work altogether. Ah, William, I have painfully learned that many of these very deep experienced, and very faithful men, as they are called, are the greatest back-biters, slanderers and persecutors in existence. If you were to see a man in the streets take a poor dog, and kick him, beat him, cut his throat, and then cast him away, why you would say—'what a cruel brute!' But some of these great ministers make nothing of taking half-a-dozen of us poor gentle sinners, not only to stab us in the dark, but also to send us to hell withal! Why, my dear lad, if it were not for something strong and powerful in my soul, keeping me in a knowledge of, and love to, the things of God, I am sure I have seen and heard enough of ministers in London, and felt enough of my own heart, to make a world brim full of infidels. Oh, it is painful. I was talking the other day to the printer of a certain gospel periodical, and he said to me—'Why, I know a minister who, from the pulpit, declared that he knew you was living in adultery now, and so were many of your congregation.' I said, "Is it possible?" He said, 'It is true. My friend heard him say it.' I said, 'Who was it?' 'Ah' (said the printer,) 'I must not mention names.' Now, William, this is a sorrowful specimen of the base wickedness, and the lying spirit that there is even in some of those pretended faithful men, whose principle work is to exalt themselves on the ruins of others. But, I am kept on the Rock; bless his holy name; or into despair with a broken heart, I should have fallen long ago. 'He will set me up upon a Rock.' Be of good cheer. The floods have lifted up their voice; but the Lord on high is mightier than them all. Read Psalm, the 93rd.

Sixthly. Here is the grace of perfect liberty—'And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about.' And

Seventhly. Here is the grace of Praise. The grace of God leads the soul to praise, honour, and adore Him.

William—read these lines with prayer. If you discover anything wrong, write and tell me. For I am your Brother in the faith of the gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

A Visit to the Grave of Daniel Herbert.

"I now entered the town of Sudbury, which recalled to my mind many pleasing and painful recollections. Here rested under the 'clouds of the valley' the remains of my beloved friend Daniel Herbert; and here was the spot my once dear partner spent many pleasing and profitable days, months, and years; but now they were gone, themselves too, and their dwelling-place occupied by strangers.

"I was obliged to procure a lodging at a public-house, where clamour and noise prevailed all the night, and to us it appeared like a hell upon earth. The next morning was the Sabbath, and we walked early to visit the spot where my dear friend lay buried, there I talked with him, and fancied I heard him say, 'Dear brother G., is it you now beholding the hillock where lies the mortal body I have put off? Rejoice rather; you will soon, with me, hear unutterable things.' Sin no more clogs and discomforts me. I am now in the presence and full enjoyment of Christ. I behold you weeping in the dark valley, but tribulation's path shall prove a blessing, sanctified to all the seed. The sealing testimony of divine grace is a sure earnest of future glory. Rest satisfied to believe the promise realized; for 'My God shall supply all your need.' 'Not more secure my glorified spirit above, than yourself.' I left the spot, trodden upon and unheeded by the passing multitude, with these words on my mind, 'The Lord's portion is his saints.' He will not suffer one of them to be lost, and sure I am *one* who longs to be made like him.

"Turning away from the churchyard, and taking a last view of the house where he once lived, I bent my course to the bridge, where I had a full view of the little summer-house which stands at the bottom of the garden, near the river, where he wrote most of his hymns and poems. This little retreat had many times been a 'Bethel' to his soul. Here many an agonizing moment had been spent also; while the walls thereof inside, marked, in pencil lines, many Ebenezers to the God of Jacob. Here used to be placed his scraps and papers, with an old Bible, a chair, and table. Bless his memory! Daniel was beloved of God, and his lot was blessed. (Dan. xii. 13.)

"After breakfast we went in search of spiritual food for our souls, and turned into a small baptist chapel, hoping to find some good things; but alas! it was only to hear a poor legal erroneous discourse, which reminded me of the lines in my old friend's poems:—

'The half-and-half sort are the gospel's worst foe;
We are plagued with such wherever we go.'

He had been plagued in the same manner, and in the same old town, for more than fifty years. There was, however, one old friend whom I had known for many years

a poor fallen sheep, though restored from his backslidings to the fold of Jesus, whom no one sought or cared about. I was anxious to find him, and asked a *pious one* for him, who, repulsed at my inquiry, told me that he lived two miles out of the town. We set off and went to his house. When he saw me he burst into tears of joy, clasped my hand, and wondered how the Lord should have sent me to him that day; nor could he make it out, he said, that so great a favour should be conferred upon such a vile and hell-deserving sinner as he had been—that a man of God, as he thought I was, should come under his roof. He told me he was cast out, and looked upon as the vilest monster on the earth; but not more so than he saw himself in his own eyes to be; yet there was a poor friend or two that sometimes met at his house for prayer, and he expected them that afternoon. He said I knew them, and they would be as glad to see me as he was. One of them soon arrived, and blessed be the God, we had a refreshing season together in reading, prayer, and praise."—*"Wilderness Mercies,"* by James Groom.

[Several copies of this interesting Work are now on sale at our Office, for the benefit of the late James Groom's widow: they can also be had at her residence, 26, Great Turner Street, Commercial Road.]

Heart Religion.

MIDST all the opinions, contention, and strife,
Concerning repentance, salvation, and life,
That ring from the pulpit, and tenn from the press,
There's this consolation, we're not left to guess;
For Jesus assures us in language quite plain,
We cannot be saved unless born again.
The work of a creature, however he live,
A fitness for heaven no sinner can give:
The heart must be changed, the mind be renew'd,
An appetite given for heavenly food;
Desires implanted that never can die,
And needs made apparent that God must supply.
This change is effected by power divine,
For none but Jehovah the soul can incline,
Tho' some men assert with a positive air—
That all that is needed is reading and prayer.
While others more subtle, their opinions impart,
And tell all their hearers Christ knocks at their hearts,
And urge them to open that he may come in,
Or he may be offended and not knock again.
And then there are others who differ from these,
Who study and strive all their hearers to please,
'Tho' in what they say we see little to blame,
But in what they don't say is of what we complain.
But a 'thus saith the Lord' concludes the debate,
The vile from the precious God's servants must take,
The work of the spirit and flesh must describe,
That the living may know that they are alive:
For the mind may be moved, the man be reform'd,
The head may be right, but the heart may be wrong.
No change is sufficient but that of the heart,
To cause the transgressor from sin to depart;
The tears of an Esau, the prayers of a Saul,
The repentance of Judas doth very short fall;
A Cain may be sorry, a Pharaoh scoff,
And all this arise from the work of the flesh.
But regeneration cuts open the heart,
Dissecting the sinner in every part,
And raises him up to the image of God.
To shew forth the praises of Jesus the Lord.

BIDDLE.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE

LIFE, EXPERIENCE, ILLNESS, AND DEATH OF SUSANNAH SMITH.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER—The following interesting account was related to me by Mr. Daniel Smith, of Pent-side Chapel, Dover, whose mind has long been impressed to send to you the account of the Illness, Experience and Death of his sister Susannah. I give it you without any flourishing, and must leave it to you to put the facts together.

Your's &c.,

Dover, Feb. 1848.

W. BALLARD.

SUSANNAH SMITH was born on the 26th of August, 1827; and appeared in youth and childhood always solemn and reserved; nothing very particular occurred during that period, till she became eighteen years of age, when she went to live with Mr. A—, and whilst there was afflicted with an abscess in her hands, which followed to her legs, compelled her to leave, and again enter her paternal roof. In her illness she said she thought the Lord was dealing very hard with her, in thus depriving her of the use of her hands and other members of her body; her heart fretted and murmured against Him, because she only wanted to obtain an honest living, and not to be a burden to her parents. She told her brother in her last illness—'I continued for months in this dull, dark, and dreadful state of mind, and pain in body, finding no place for rest like Noah's dove, because I was not in the Ark: until the Lord showed unto me that I was a most awful sinner, and had sinned against him. All my secret sins appeared in the light of God's countenance, and I could see no way by which I could escape the wrath to come; hell appeared to me certain, and I could see no way of escape. I knew not what to do, nor yet where to go. I continued to read the Bible, and could see there was plenty of sinners recorded in the Word of God, as vile as I, who obtained mercy, but I could not see any mercy for me. In this state of mind, I went to a Wesleyan Chapel, and when there, something seemed to say with such force, that it sunk deep into my soul—'What doest thou here?' I sat awhile, but this had such an effect upon my mind I could not hear anything that was going on, but was compelled through anguish of mind to get up and return home. On my way thither a voice said, 'Go and read thy Bible.' I did so, and opened Luke xviii. 13, the prayer of the poor publican was mine, for I could utter no other, only 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' He answered me to the comfort of my never-dying soul; 'I pardon all thy sins and blot out all thy transgressions: the power that accompanied the words melted my soul before the Lord, I became a little child, and my soul as it were became unfettered from the chains of darkness, I could see that all my sins were laid

upon Jesus, that he was my scape goat, and bore all my sins away, I felt such joy and rejoicing in my soul which no language can utter, nor no tongue can describe. I bless God for laying this affliction upon me: my prayer became 'Oh Lord, under all this affliction, keep me from murmuring. I see myself to be the biggest fool, and worst of sinners; and yet Jesus is so precious to me, that words fail me to express it;' while in this joyful and blessed feeling in her soul, one of the Established Clergy came to visit her, and brought a book of prayers for her to use, as he thought they would just suit her. She says, 'he called again in a few days after, and asked me which prayer suited me? I told him not one in his book; for when I prayed, the Holy Ghost taught me how to pray, and what words to use; though many, very many times my heart was so full, I could not speak, and no utterance with words; so no men-made prayers would, or could, suit me: he then asked me if I did not think I was very wicked for not receiving the sacrament after I had been confirmed? I told him, 'no; for if I had, I should have been eating and drinking my own damnation:' upon which he replied, if none of the world came, no one would come at all. 'No, I said, I don't think you would get many communicants, if they knew what they were doing.' So he left me.

Her illness and affliction increased, and continued to get more severe, and thus rendered her completely helpless, but she said, though no one but God and herself knew the pains she felt in her body; so also God and I only know the happiness and comfort I enjoy in my own soul from Christ being formed there my hope of glory.—

Though bereft of my health,
Yet will I not fear,
For in all my affliction
My Jesus keeps near.

She was never heard to complain or murmur in all her afflictions, but though she longed to get home, yet she said 'All the days of thy appointed time will I wait until my change come.' (Job xiv. 14.) She told her brother that many times her soul was dark, and full of doubts and fears, which filled her with anguish, because she thought her religion was not real; but she was led to cry out unto Jesus; and when he came all was right again; the sight of him put all things right again, 'In His strength, I can tell the enemy of God's family, he is a deceiver, and a liar from the beginning.'

Her father went to see her one evening; on his asking her how she felt, 'Oh, (she said) I have had such a welcome and precious visitor to see me to day.' 'Have you, my dear?' 'Yes, Father—the Lord, my Jesus, has been here—'

'He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells me all his pain,
All this, says he, I bore for thee,
And then he smiles again.'

On the Lord's-day, 28th November, 1846, she was taken worse, and to all appearance was dying; for she lay motionless, and took no notice of any one; but all at once she began clapping her hands for a moment or two; then continued as before; till presently she opened her eyes, and said her brother Daniel was coming to see her and was just arrived. He asked her how she felt?—'very well.' He then said, where have you been to?—she said, smilingly, 'I know. The Lord has been pleased to give me a sight by faith of the heavenly mansion he had prepared for me, for *I saw him sit upon the throne, and all the angels, and the redeemed, were worshipping him, singing unto him, and clapping their hands, and so did I; but betwixt me and them there appeared a very dark dismal valley; I did so long and try to get to Jesus, that I might praise and glorify him for ever; but he told me I must wait a little longer.*' 'Do you not feel afraid at times in going through this valley?' 'No!

'In death's gloomy valley no evil I dread,
For I will be with you, my Jesus has said.'

On the sixth of December, her brother called again and observed to her, that at that time there were several of the gentry ill, and some of whom she knew. 'Ah, (she says)

'Earthly things are at their will,
And men obey their call;
Yet none I see so rich as I,
For I've got Christ with all.'

She was wonderfully supported in her illness and blessed with the presence of her dear Lord Jehovah Jesus in her soul, him whom her soul loved; and oh, the union, communion, and fellowship that subsisted between them; if any one ignorant of the truth, professing godliness, and not possessing it, having the form but not the power, called upon her, she invariably shut her eyes, and would hold no communion with them, they being of the world, did mind the things of the world, of which she desired to know nothing. Huntington's works and the *Earthen Vessel*, she much delighted in reading, and often expressed much joy in reading the account of those who had gone home to glory before her, and would say, '*I shall soon meet them there.*' Her poor body at last became so feeble and weak she had hardly any strength to move at all. In March, 1847, her bones began to appear through her skin, even then she could not complain, because she felt 'Jesus would not lay upon her any more than she could bear; they were only for this life, but what are they to be compared to his sufferings, his agony, his bloody sweat, his death, and all for me?' She then gradually began to decline. On Thursday, April 1st, her legs became cold; she told her relations who were weeping round her bed, 'not to weep

but rather rejoice; you are only grieving me by so doing; for if you felt what I feel, you would rejoice with me; for I long to get rid of this body of sin and death.' Her brother Daniel called the same evening; in answer to his salutation, she said 'I am very well; I am always well; for I have all I want and all I desire in this world of sin and misery; nothing, no nothing, is dear to me of this world, or anything belonging to it. I stand waiting for the word, and am ready to hear the words—'*Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.*' I do so long to be with Jesus;' and after that there appeared to be a struggle in her soul for between two and three hours, till about one o'clock on the 2nd of April, 1847, Good Friday morning, her brother was with her alone, she took a little weak gin and water, all the nourishment she had taken for some time; and laid for about ten minutes, her eyes fixed above, her countenance bespeaking joy and happiness, and in that position her longing soul took its flight to be ever with its Creator, Preserver and Redeemer.

My sorrows are ended—my Jesus smiles;
The land of light I see.

I feel a joy no tongue can tell,
So never grieve for me!

Thus you see, my christian brethren, the appointed time rolls on when one by one the children of the Lord our God are taken to their everlasting home, never more to be subjected to the destroying powers of sin, the temptations, snares and traps within, self, a evil and depraved heart full of iniquity and deceit which while dwelling here below is the christian's bitterness and plague. Glory to God the time is fast approaching when the Son of man shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied; when all his redeemed blood-bought family shall be safely housed in the heavenly mansion of bliss—'For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even also as I am known.' (1 Cor. xiii. 12.)

Dear old Kent, that man of God, though dead, yet speaketh, says

'This building of mercy to raise,
The councils of God were employed,
And nothing that hell shall devise
Shall ever his purpose make void;

The day, the great day shall reveal
The top-stone with shouting brought
home,

While millions triumphantly hail
Free grace from the base to the dome.'

It will indeed be a triumphant hail, a glorious shout—Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! which was, and is, and is to come. 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing for ever and for ever.' (Rev. v. 12.) Believer! keep your eye upon this glorious end; *the second coming of Jesus Christ, THE*

LORD OF GLORY; this is not you rest; do you chose rather, like Moses and the saints of old, to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season? Do you esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of this Egyptian world? Is there any idol gods in your way, which you prefer instead of Christ? Look in doors and see how matters stand; has the judgment begun at you? Are you cold, and lukewarm in your work and labour of love? Remember what God has said of and to such; reflect upon what Christ did and suffered for you, and can you be idle in the *Tent*, instead of being in the field; if you are, the Lord will visit you and correct you with his rod; and that in a way and manner you little expect; remember as dear Kent says—

'The moment a soldier these arms shall receive,
He's sworn that no quarters he'll take or he'll give;
He knows in this war no discharge is allow'd
Till the buckler and sword he exchange for the shroud.
'The more they are used in withstanding the foe,
The keener their edge, and the brighter they glow;
But if in the tent they should rust and decay,
He'll answer for this with a stopping of pay.'

The devil is never asleep; he watches his opportunity and seizes fasthold, he knows, when, how, and where, to lay the snare, to allure us from the narrow path into some bye way, but its your mercy and mine that we have a 'Great High Priest who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities; and was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin; let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.' (Heb. iv. 15, 16.)

May these few feeble lines, if it is the Lord's sovereign will and please, stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance, and unto Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, a Trinity in Unity, and a Unity in Trinity, One Glorious Jehovah, be ascribed all the glory, by his unworthy dust, and your willing servant for the truth's sake,

Dover, Feb. 9, 1848.

W. BALLARD.

Grace and Works Reconciled.

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

QUESTION proposed—How are the following passages of Holy Writ to be reconciled?—'To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Blessed is the man to whom God imputeth righteousness without works.' And, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.'

ANSWER—It appears plain from the above passages of our Father's word, that, whilst salvation is given us, irrespective of any work that we can do, there is a work which believers in the Lord Jesus are called upon to perform; for whilst the free gift of God is eternal life, the children of God, the recipients of that gift, are manifested by

their obediently walking in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless. 'Ye are my disciples,' said our adored Master and Lord, 'If ye do whatsoever I command you.' And Paul also, prays the God of all peace to make the believing Hebrews 'perfect in every good word, to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight.' As, also, in one of the texts under consideration, it is added, 'for it is God who worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure.' We are also told expressly that 'it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth.' Is there, therefore, neither willing nor running?—for Paul exhorts 'so run that ye may obtain.' I am therefore, constrained to believe, from the express declarations of scripture, that whilst our salvation is altogether the free gift of God, and entirely unconditional; yet there are works, *i. e.* duties to be performed by the believer; which being performed by the grace given to him, as an operative principle, makes it manifest that the spirit of God dwelleth in him, and that he is therefore a child of God: 'by their fruits shall ye know them.' If ye do what your Saviour exhorts you to in Luke vii. 'ye shall be the children of the highest.' It will be hereby made manifest that we have not received the grace of God in vain. Now all who make a profession of christianity are workers; but it does not follow that all are participants of the blessing mentioned by David, and cited by Paul; the blessing is to the man to whom the Lord God imputes righteousness without works; and this blessing is sure to all the seed, who are made partakers of the faith of Abraham. The children of the kingdom are workers together with him who hath called them out of darkness into marvellous light; but to them the reward is reckoned, not as of debt, but of grace freely given to them: while to all others the Lord will render according to their works.

So that the above passages are thus fairly to be reconciled: the Lord's own people are saved, because the Lord imputeth to them righteousness without works, whilst the very grace that saves them, makes them maintain good works for necessary uses, and so works in them, that they are neither barren nor unfruitful in every good word and work; to the praise of the glory of his grace, who had before ordained that they should walk in them: and, thus, they make manifest those they are, and whom they serve; and by letting their light shine before men, they glorify their Father who is in heaven, loving righteousness and hating iniquity; because they are lovers and fearers of God. May he in his mercy daily add to their number.

W. HOLMES.

DEATH was sin's daughter, and 'by sin came death'—sin was death's mother, Jesus Christ made an end of sin. 'He died our death.'—Foreman.

Brotherly Love continued

IN EPISTORARY CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER GARRARD IN OUR SWEET AND BLESSED LORD JESUS—Even Jesus who has been a Friend and Brother to both you and me, when none would help us; even him who has never failed us in the time of trouble, and I believe he will never fail us in extremities; for he saith, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Ah! my dear brother, may you and I be kept close to him in sweet communion, through the help and influence of the Holy Ghost. Oh! may he who is the Spirit of truth, lead you and me into the truth itself, that we may be taught by the blessed Teacher, the Spirit of all grace, who sweetly leads the poor soul (at times) into a sweet, heavenly, and calm rest in Christ, the glorious Head of all grace: and fills the poor tempest-tossed soul with all "joy and peace in believing" in a dear and precious Redeemer!

O, how sweet is this rest, when the poor soul has been tempted to think, under the hidings of God's countenance, that its religion was vain, and tempted to call in question all its former enjoyments. Ah, sweet indeed, when light, joy, peace, and rest, comes after these dark nights; after our spirits have been making diligent search, and saying, "Will he be favourable no more?" O, sweet sound! to hear the blessed Spirit saying in us "Fear not, I am with thee, be not afraid, I am thy God." And we find in the end, that whatever trials we are in, he is with us to help us, and bring us through them all. O, my dear brother, then let us rejoice in tribulation, knowing that our dear Lord will make all things work together for our good. He has brought me through many strange trials, and many severe fires, and I have often drank the wine of astonishment, which has made me stagger at the promises; but the kind and indulgent Saviour has drawn me, again and again, to himself, and enabled me to confess my sin, and he has pardoned my sin, times without number. Ah! blessed be his heavenly name, for his name is "a Saviour!" and sweet to me at times. Jesus hath a name above every name! and we do love that name sometimes, when he comes in love to our souls.

JOHN THORNBEE.

Bedford, Jan. 13, 1848.

GREATLY BELOVED THORNBEE—Loved of our dear heavenly lover, the Lord Jesus; loved of me, and many others who know the love of Christ. Truly, he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother; for he is the Husband and Bridegroom of our souls; and though we have played the harlot (like the church of old) with many lovers; still he saith "Return unto me, how shall I give thee up, I am married unto thee?" And the book of betrothement is the eternal covenant book of life, in

which the account stands of our souls being given to him of the Father, before the world began: and when Jesus, the God-man, came in the flesh, the nuptials were celebrated on earth, and he is only gone a short time, to prepare a place for us, and will soon come and receive us unto himself in his Father's kingdom, where are many mansions of glory, from thence we shall never be turned out. Though, indeed, if we loose the marriage certificate, we need the holy Remembrancer to renew it, and give us light and comfort in reading it. But if at any time we seem to loose it, and it be so dark that we cannot read it, the book, and the names are all right in heaven—"Rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven."

Truly, as you observed, it is sweet and delightful to be kept close to him in communion; but my careless and forgetful soul often loses sight of him, and grows very cold: "If two be together there is heat, but how can one be warm alone?" When I have lost him, like the spouse, I run about the streets in the dark, saying, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" But I find very few that know anything of him, so as to describe him to me; there is much noise in the streets, and loud harrangues in pulpits; but the major part of those who profess to be united to him, are fighting, quarrelling, and slandering one another, like drunkards at midnight: but really, I think, if they were kept close to him, and were led into the Bridegroom's chamber, they would be so blessed, comforted, and delighted, with his person, love, and communion, with him, that they would not have time to revile and abuse one another: surely they would say, "The King hath brought me into his chamber, we will be glad and rejoice, we will remember thy love more than wine." But you know him, for he dwelleth with you, and you have been into his chamber. Yes, yes, my dear brother, it is good indeed to be kept close to Christ; for when "Peter followed him afar off," some silly wench soon got between him and his dear Lord. And, O, John! what distress and anguish they made in poor Peter's soul; and if we are not kept close to the Lord Jesus in communion with him, the devil, and some foolish things, are sure to get between us, and bring us into great distress, and raise all manner of doubts and suspicions in our souls, until Jesus looks upon us, and returns again. And, O, Thornber, greatly beloved, "He will return again, he will have compassion upon us, he will sink our sins in the depths of the sea." He rose from the grave and left our sins there, and every time we rise with him in the Spirit, our sins drop off, as the viper dropped off Paul's arm. But so it is often with me, if I have a sweet visit from my Lord, either before it, or after it, I am almost sure to have a sharp conflict with the powers of darkness: not long since I had a sweet visit, a fullness of joy and peace; and soon after satan

came down upon me as if he would tear and rend me to atoms: but two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour; and Christ and the soul are so firmly united together, that if one fall the other will lift his fellow up; and he that was God's fellow was raised up from the grave; and we shall be raised up again at the last day, though we fall by death into the grave, and by the devil here into temptations—if Christ stands by us we shall be helped up. "Two shall withstand him." And I hope we are bound in the bundle of life with him, and a three-fold cord is not quickly broken.

True, brother John, "The days of darkness are many;" and when the Lord hides his face from our souls we are in darkness; we, by nature, are of the earth, and that is all darkness without the sun; and the earth breeds all manner of weeds, and worms, and snakes; and they will sometimes creep out of their holes, like Ezekiel's "creeping things;" and "every thing that both creep and fly shall be unclean unto you." But the worst of it is, dear brother preacher, that sometimes the warm sunshine in prayer, praise, and preaching, will bring out the old snake of pride and vain glory; and if Jesus bruise his head again in us, the poor proud old flesh must expect to suffer, for the old snake skulks so close in our old nature that he cannot be bruised without hurting our flesh. Therefore, marvel not at afflictions and humblings, and may we learn to bear them without grumbings.

But, after the sweetest and brightest sunshine of Christ's love in our souls, soon as the joy and sweet fragrance goes off, and the light and glory is gone, these evil things begin immediately to creep forth, as frogs and toads in a summer's evening at sunset. And in the night of soul darkness we are haunted by foul ghosts, and have distressing dreams; and the first ghost that rise out of twilight is suspicion; it says, "but are you sure that it was from the Lord?" Another says, you may be deceived!—up comes a troop of doubters out of the dark vaults, and the room is soon filled with evil spirits, which makes the soul to fear, quake and tremble; unbelief lays fast hold on you, and squeeze you like the night-mare, and the poor soul groans out "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? will he be favourable no more?" And perhaps satan stirs up some lusts or passions in the flesh, and then binds you down fast with the cords of your past and present sins. Ah! brother, it is night then. I have spent many a dark night in prison, so have you: but, bless the Lord, we have escaped many times; for when these fiends have bolted every door, and about to come down upon our poor souls and destroy us, Jesus has appeared in the room, the doors being shut, and said, "Peace, be still!" And one word of his frightens them all away, and one smile of his creates new joy, and "the joy of the Lord is our strength." Jesus opens the prison doors and we walk

out with him, rejoicing in his love. John! have not you in dark nights been distressed with frightful dreams, and for the time being, thought it all a reality? And, O how glad we are when we awake in the morning, and find it was a dream! Well, Jesus hath awakened me morning by morning; and as the prophet Zechariah says, "The angel waked me as a man out of a sleep." And O, how glad I have been when the light of Jesus' countenance hath made another morning in my soul; and then I have found it was all a dream. This life is a vapour and a dream, but eternal life in Christ Jesus, and his sweet love and presence, is a heavenly reality. In my dreams I have said, it is all over with me; he is gone and gone for ever; "Is his mercy clean gone? will he be favourable no more?" But when Jesus hath awakened me with some gentle touch and sweet whisper, I have said, sweet Lord! I thought you had been gone, but when I awake I am still with thee, and thou art still with me. O, John! when we awake from the grave to sleep no more, that will be a sweet morning—ah! "a morning without clouds." Our foolish, vile, unbelieving, doubting thoughts, all arise from the flesh, sin, and satan. But our thoughts are not God's thoughts; every time we are awaked by Jesus and his love, to morning mattins with the rising sun, we say, "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, when I awake I am still with thee."

And so, my brother, you have sometimes drank the wine of astonishment, have you? And staggered at the promises; ah, and I have drank the wine of astonishment too, and more than staggered, I have fallen down, and there was none to help me. But something stronger than this wine within me has helped me to cry unto the Lord, and he hath helped me, times out of number. But I have not staggered at God's promises, confirmed by an oath to his dear Son; they are sure and steadfast: but sin in the wine of the great whore's cup, which is poison, has made me stagger and reel like a drunken man, so that I could not keep my hold of God's promises; and I have been astonished at my sin, folly, vileness, and ingratitude, to such a gracious God after his marvellous kindness and mercy to me; and more astonished at his long-sufferings and super-abounding goodness, and astonished that I am out of hell! "It is of the Lord's mercy we are not consumed."

I understand you have been in London preaching at Zoar Chapel; well, you know that I always told you that God would be with you go where you will; and God's spiritual, experimental people will receive you into their houses and into their hearts, and esteem you highly in love for the work sake; and in truth I have esteemed you better than myself, for the grace given unto you from Jesus Christ. May great grace be with you, amen.

W. GARRARD.

Leicester, Jan. 18, 1848.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE
Life & Death of the late Thos. Gladwish,

*Minister of the Gospel, at Brenchley,
 and Lamberhurst.*

DEAR SIR — I have to return you my thanks for the kind attention you paid sometime since to my application on behalf of the distressed and afflicted Thomas Gladwish.

I am happy to inform you that his pilgrimage is ended, and his pains and sorrows and trials are all over; his body rests in the silent grave, where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;' and his soul liberated from the earthly house of this tabernacle, is 'absent from the body and present with the Lord.'

Perhaps a brief sketch of the sixty years of his life may be worth your perusal.

Mr. Gladwish was a cripple—his trade was at first a shoe maker—his mind was impressed with the importance of divine things among the Wesleysans. He soon perceived that their peculiar doctrines would not agree with the Epistles of Paul, and the Gospel by John: and consequently he left their society. He was invited to Matfield church, where he was tried, approved, and engaged. In the course of his pastoral labours he visited Lamberhurst, into which town he assisted to introduce the cause of the baptists and dissent: at that time an immoral clergyman disgraced the Church of England, which rendered exertions for the cause of religion more imperative, and opened a wide and effectual door to his ministry. At his first coming, and for some time afterwards, the annoyances and provocations he met with were most vexatious and galling; the young sparks of the village would meet him with the cry—'Here comes the devil on two sticks!' The interruptions to the services were continued so much, that he was obliged to apply for protection to the magistrate.

At this period the assemblies were held in a large upper room, which proving insufficient for accommodation—a neat and substantial Chapel was erected, and eventually paid for. To this Chapel Mr. G. came on alternate Sundays, preaching at Matfield on the other Sabbath; so that he had a plurality of livings. For about thirty years he continued his placid, quiet, even course; till an event occurred which darkened and disturbed his steady and regular habits: he had a serious trouble arising from the misconduct of some part of his family; (you remember poor Eli's trouble) the elders visited him on the subject, what passed at the conference I do not know; but he would not brook the interference, he resigned the pastorate of the church, but requested to be allowed to continue his preaching in the pulpit at Lamberhurst. This request was kindly granted. About two years after this he was seized by paralysis; which deprived him of the use of

speech, memory, and limbs; and after lingering in this sad state for nearly two years, he was mercifully dismissed from this prison of clay.—

One gentle sigh his fetters broke,
 We scarce could say 'He's gone'
 Before his happy spirit took
 Its station near the throne.

His talents as a minister were not of a shining or attractive nature: he was always happy to fraternize with those who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; and to check bigotry and intolerance he would often quote Luke iv. 49, 50, where John said, 'Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbid him, because he followed not us; and Jesus said to him, forbid him not, for he that is not against us, is on our part.'

In the earlier part of his ministry he delivered a course of lectures, at Brenchley, on the truths of the church liturgy, which created a considerable sensation; the parish clerk attended, and expressed his belief that the Methodist Parson understood the prayer book better than his own master, the Clergyman did.

When he was laid by from the active duties of the ministry, it was found by his friends that his circumstances were involved—Mr. Waterman was very kind to him—Mr. Shoobridge exerted himself on his behalf—some part of his family assisted their parent to their utmost; yea, and beyond their power—the Gospel Ministers' Relief Society gave him £3. From these various sources about 12s. a week was raised for his support: so that the barrel of meal did not waste nor was the cruise of oil entirely exhausted.

Now he has a widow left behind, her sight is very dim, and her infirmities are accumulating—surely any little kindness shewn to the widow will in no instance miss its reward. Your's faithfully,

JOHN JONES PIERCE.

Lamberhurst, Nov. 30, 1847.

The Day of Judgment.—No. 4.

It is written, 'When he cometh up unto the people he will invade them with his troops; and as sure as the judgments have commenced, so sure has the invasion began; and scenes beheld from the enemies' devastating power are most aptly described in the first of Joel. And, surely, any servant of the Lord, casting his eye over Zion's fields, gardens, and orchards, must be struck with the barrenness, havoc, and ruin that stares a man of his understanding in the face! And if he looks more closely for the cause, he will perceive that those devils of which Macgowan speaks are uncontrollably going on barking the fig-tree, eating the leaves, blasting the blossoms, and destroying the fruit! He will see that little foxes from the great den are spoiling the vines; and that the boar, the old swine of a false Christ, is turning the soil upside down! And while despisers both of

the pleasant land of glorious liberty and the warning and enlightening voice of prophecy will in no wise believe, he feels he can but believe, he *must* believe, and believing, he listens to the voice of mercy and love, which kindly shew him both remedy and security: and obeying, he escapes like a dove to the mountains, (Ezek. vii. 16. Matt. xxiv. 16, where he is to enjoy the light of the morning, according to Joel ii. 2; and Isa. lx. 2, with other passages,) and there he rejoiceth and blesseth God for the mark in his forehead—the seal of distinguishing love, by virtue of which he is entitled to enjoy a Goshen, while Egypt must be broken with judgments. And no other way of escape can I find, than that, of seeing, by God's revealed truth, the very things that now concern us! Revelation is the door through which the wise virgins shall pass away from the confusion of the dark night, go in with the Judge himself, and even sit with him on the throne of judicature, and be both witnesses and jury empanelled for the grand assize! Then, to you, O, ye wise virgins, do I call; and to the chaste virgins espoused, do I cry, and say—'Awake, and trim your lamps, for the bridegroom cometh—behold, he cometh with clouds and thick darkness, so that the sun shall not give his light, the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall fall: but to you the Lord shall be an everlasting light, and your God your glory. Therefore, fear not, but go with him into the chamber, and hide yourselves for a little moment, while the waters of Noah pass over the earth! Ye are the prudent who foresee the evil, and hide yourselves! Ye are those who fear the Lord, and tremble at his word! and therefore, ye shall have a place of refuge. Awake! awake! I say, and take your Bible, that light that shines in a dark place, and read for yourselves; and by its wholesome statutes, precepts, exhortations; judge yourselves that ye may not be judged of the Lord. Say not, I have Abraham to my father—I am one of the Lord's elect; for before the Lord I assure you that a dead and notional faith is no guarantee—no little sanctuary from the storm of judgment; and that however clear or deep your experience, sound your doctrinal creed, or great your past revelations, if your soul is not now healthy, and your faith lively, you will come in for just so much of the fiery trial as shall purge away your dross, and burn your fleshly mindedness from off your bones! Be sure of this, my brethren, we must all pass through the fire, and the more dross we have so much sharper the process of refining!' And, O, as I look around on some of whom I possess a good hope, how much of self-indulgence, fleshly gratification, do I see! How little crucifying of the old man! How little death to the world by the death of Jesus! And, how loaded with weights and sins that easily beset them!

Much, very much, more might be said as to the judgment passing over us, but brev-

ity will not allow me to run through types, nor quote prophecies; hence, I shall endeavour to sum up this part of the subject by referring to the desolation of the land—destruction of the temple—capture of our precious things—and, our own exile, till he shall come who hath promised to call us out of Babylon; and turn again our captivity, as streams to the south.'

Desolation of the land. By this I mean, not only that barrenness we now see, but the absence of the excellent of the earth from our pulpits, our churches, our ordinances; so that there is none to bring in the bread of our soul, nor any left to cast a cord in the house of the Lord. And does not desolation of this kind already stare us in the face? Are not our synagogues governed by treacherous dealers; and our chapels ruled by ignorant legalists, or damnable doctrinalists? So that if among all these we seek the first ripe grape, that our souls may enjoy a little of heavenly communion, we must exclaim with Micah, 'Woe is me—there is no cluster to eat! The good man is perished out of the earth; there is none upright among men! They all lie in wait for the life, the reputation of their brother, whom they hunt with a net.' The evil is begun, is increasing, and shall increase till the man of Israel that shall be left, shall be 'more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir.'

Destruction of the temple. 'The temple of the Lord are we. Christ is a son over his own house; whose house are we.' 'The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.' &c. But again, 'Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost:' which shews that the bodies of the saints united in church fellowship, in the bond of unity, on the ground of the truth, is the temple of God; and as that temple is defiled by fleshly and satanic pollution, so destruction is sure! And in how many places do we see that there is no temple—no ordinance of baptism, nor of the Lord's supper: so that what few stones there are, by their disjointed appearance, bear awful testimony to the dilapidations of the house of God, which shall entirely fall by one final shock, one fiery stroke; and when church communion within the pale of ordinances shall cease; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'There shall not be one stone left upon another that shall not be thrown down!' and this, 'Zion, for your sakes, shall be ploughed as a field.'

Capture of our precious things. These are not of new covenant kind, for these no man can take from us; but they are all those we value among the externals of religion—our ordinances, privileges, books, preachers, places of worship, &c.: and our wisdom and patience will consist in making up our minds to lose them, according to God's decree, and not be found fighting against him by ignorant zeal or foolish courage; for inasmuch as Jerusalem shall be a burdensome stone, our trying to support it will be at our peril. But if my mind is

made up on the ground of the divine will, I can part with externals, and rejoice in knowing that my unsearchable riches, my new covenant gold, silver, precious stones, and garments of salvation, I shall carry with me for my comfort during the days of my exile. But these other precious things shall be in the hands of Lucifer for a little space, after which they shall be brought back, and the temple builded with far more glory and grandeur than in the apostolic day.

Our own exile. This will arise not from ignorance, but rather from our knowledge and superior judgment, which teaching us to submit to the dispensations of providence, and to leave body, soul, and spirit, in the Lord's hands, we shall find ourselves surely and safely guided into that state and line of things for which, as for an asylum, we shall bless our kind indulgent Father, because here in the sweet exercise of faith he gives us to hold communion with himself, feed on the pulse of truth, and water of salvation, with our countenance fat and fair, till the set time to favour Zion shall come. Nor can I say how far, as Joseph was exalted in Egypt, Daniel and his fellows in Babylon, Mordecai in Persia, shall certain of the saints rise in pure political glory, at the very moment that they maintain loyalty to Jesus, and non-connection with any visible form of church worship! This I cannot say, but with the eyes of my understanding, I can see a channel opening up in the midst of captivity by and through which God can visit and exalt his people, and make them both happy and glorious, as Daniel was glorious before Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, and Darius.

Thus, to me it is most plain, that he who fears God has nothing else to fear; for to him the judgment day shall be a glory day—a happy day—a day in which he can rejoice, because he sees his redemption, and the redemption of the purchased possession drawing nigh! By the opening buds of the fig-tree he can see that a glorious summer and the year of Jubilee is nigh! He can see that Cyrus is about to mount his white horse, and as King of kings and Lord of lords, with his sharp two-edged sword, to come forth in all his Father's glory, and hurl Babylon to the ground! He can see that the time is near when all Rachel's sons shall come forth from the land of the enemy *Death*, and return to their own border *Life*,—life immortal, with their elder brother, whose exit from the grave was the sure earnest of theirs! He can see the day is near when Jezebel, Hagar, Babylon, and the beasts, and the dragon, shall lose all their power to oppress; and the great yoke of saint-oppression shall be destroyed, because of the anointing. But of the many sweet views he has of the glories of the future, my pen must forbear to relate, and close this paper by saying, that we have thus tried to speak of the day of judgment only as it concerns *us*, the house of God; *that* on the professional world, if surveyed,

would be found to be far more fearful and awful; and then *that* on the kingdom of the beast far more grand and wonderful. But for the present, adieu.

I am, with the testimony and patience of Jesus, a Servant in the Watch Tower,
Brenchley, Nov. 1847. W. C. P.

The Last Judgment.

HEARD ye not that dreadful thunder?
'Twas the trumpet's awful sound;
Lo! it bursts the rocks asunder,
Rends the heavens—shakes the ground!
At the call, the dead awaking;
Burst the fetters of the tomb;
And their lowly bed forsaking,
Come to hear their final doom.
On a throne of glittering brightness,
Sits the Judge of quick and dead;
Clad in robes of matchless whiteness,
Radiant glories round his head.
All the angelic hosts adore him,
Now he bids the world draw near,
Countless myriads stand before him,
And the solemn sentence hear.
First, the righteous are addressed,
Who on earth his name confess'd;
"Come! (the Saviour cries) ye blessed,
"Enter your appointed rest!"
Then the Judge, in terms reversed,
Bids the guilty crowd retire—
"From my face, depart ye curs'd
"Into everlasting fire."
From his presence these are driven,
Fill'd with anguish and dismay;
But the righteous enter heaven,
There to reign through endless day. J. J.

Waiting near the Gospel Pool.

CLOSE by Bethesda's pool there lay
A man both lame and poor,
Who long'd in it to wash away
His malady so sore.
But, ah! poor soul no power had he
To move, though well assur'd,
If in it once he could but get,
His sickness would be cur'd.
There eight-and-thirty years he laid,
And no man did he find
To give him any help or aid,
With actions that were kind.
Till Jesus came along that way,
And saw his piteous state,
And knew how long he there had laid,
But could no further get.
Ask'd him, if he would be made whole?
With pity in his heart,
The poor man said—none near the pool
Is there to take my part.
But little did he think so nigh
Cure was unto him then;
The Lord who look'd with pitying eye
Heal'd without help of men.
And will he not one day pass by
The place where I am laid,
And say, my daughter now arise,
Here long enough you've laid?
Yes! yes! I trust, tho' now oppress'd
By leprosy's disease,
That Christ one day will give me rest
From sins which sorely tease.
Though like him at Bethesda's pool,
I long may have to stay;
Yet in his own good time I trust,
Jesus will pass this way. ELIZA.

A Letter to Mr. W. Bidder,
*Minister of the Gospel, Bethesda Baptist Chapel,
 Jamaica Row, Bermondsey.*

MY DEAR SIR—I received your's, and am glad to hear that the God of Israel has placed you where you are; and I wish you prosperity in the church, in your family, in body and in soul. Your affliction seems to be of a peculiar kind; is it not for the trial of your faith? which is much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, that it may be found unto the praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ—and at the present time, stand more firm in the power of God, and shine forth gloriously in the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ? It is evident that the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and the storm, when he rideth upon the wings of the wind, and maketh thick darkness his pavilion, and rideth upon the chariots of salvation. He was ready to save me, therefore will I sing my song upon my stringed instrument: the Lord God cause you to touch every string of the gospel with the finger of faith, and let your heart sound forth his praise within, as it is written, 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, teaching and admonishing one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.' O, how sweet it is to sing the song of salvation in this strange land, and to see the goodness of God to pass before us; then we glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, &c.: and what a mercy to feel him precious, while we are exposed to the policy of devils, the craft of men, the intrigues of the world, with a heart desperately wicked, and a fallen nature full of sin; these things at times cause me to sigh and groan, and weep, and wish for death; but death flies from me, and I have asked the Lord to let loose his hand upon me—but that hand upholds me, and will not let me go; and I believe he never will, though I am nothing but a lump of rotten earth—but he can wash me and make me whiter than snow, and present me to himself without spot and blameless.

You ask me, how I am getting on amidst floods and flames, foes and friends. Let the Lord himself answer—for it appears too great a task for me; it is so high, I cannot attain unto it; so deep I cannot fathom it. I know I have a faithful God, who like the sun is not affected by changing seasons, but 'is the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.' At times my faith is firm upon this rock, and 'rejoicing in hope of the glory of God; feels a union to Christ, and joy in the Holy Ghost—then my feet stand on an even place. Salvation by grace; for of him, and to him, and through him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.'

Now, respecting deep waters. I have passed through many within and without, where I have been overwhelmed with sorrow; sometimes it has abated zeal, chilled my affections, almost stopt the breath of hope, and weakened the vigour of faith, and I should have stumbled until swallowed up in despair, had not the God of Israel delivered me: his own arm brought salvation to me; 'out of the depths have I cried unto the Lord, and he hath heard me, and delivered me from all my troubles; he drew me out of many waters. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works! What a mercy we can never drop out of God's arms into hell: but there is a succession of troubles for the righteous, yet shall he hold on his way; and 'he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger.' I find there is no drowning faith, nor is it to be consumed in the fires; and I have been tried by the fiery law, and by fiery devils, and by their fiery darts, and with fiery persecutions of fiery men with fiery passions and fiery tongues, that sitteth on fire the whole course of nature, and are set on fire of hell. 'But our God is faithful and changeth not, therefore the sons of Jacob are not consumed.' But by these things men live, and in all these is the life of my spirit. We are going on comfortably at J—, there has been some wood, hay, and stubble burnt up, and some chaff blown away, and fallow ground ploughed up, and incorruptible seed sown—so the work goes on.

No doubt you wonder I had not wrote before, but a sense of my inability, deep sorrow, suggestions of the enemy, and bodily afflictions, have prevented. I hope you will pay us a visit soon. I have some thoughts of coming to see you in the summer. C—people send their kindest love. Forget not the smoking flax.

Yeovil.

G. K.

The Lilly among Thorns.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD'S ANOINTED—Your letter of kindness I received; its valuable contents can never be sufficiently appreciated, 'as face answers to face in a glass,' so do the soul troubles of one child of God with another; and Solomon says, 'counsel in the heart of man is like deep waters; but a man of understanding will draw it out.' (Prov. xx. 5.) And somehow or other you have drawn from me more than I tell to one in a thousand; because I find so few professors in a real acquaintance with their own heart, although they chatter a great deal more about it; besides you can see as well as me how they lie in wait to deceive, and they eat up the sin of God's people, as a sweet morsel; what a mercy it would be if they could repent of

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their own, and watch against their false tongues; it would not have answered their purpose to refer to the Scriptures, nor to try to restore; the fear and praise of man guided into calumny and confusion; and I cannot help thinking that a people's folly is often the cause of a pastor's fall, to teach both the folly of living or looking short of a daily dependence on the Lord himself; for you know the great Master says, 'what I say unto you, I say unto all, WATCH!'

Now for something else,—I tried to say a little last Sunday from Solomon's Song ii. 1, 2. I believe the Lord was present; perhaps you will allow me to tell you how I carried it, and may your soul and mine be refreshed by it. I did not consider the rose figurative of the Godhead of our Jesus. I cannot see it right to compare that to a rose or anything else: 'unto what will ye liken me' saith Jehovah: but I consider it figurative of his mediatorial fullness, and the lily of his pure and holy nature; for, dear sister, had he not been holy, you and I could never be happy—but

White is his soul, from blemish free,
Red with the blood he shed for we;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun among ten thousand stars.

I tried to look at the root, stem, branch, bud, and full flower. (Read Isaiah xi. 1, 2.—Rev. xxii. 2.—Zech. iii. 8.—Hag. ii. 19.) Yes! he is David's root, Jesse's stem; and this blessed branch did spring in the fulness of time; and who could have thought that beautiful little bud in which was folded up all the wonders of the eternal Three-One-God to guilty man, should shoot out and come forth in a manger? I never heard of any poor woman being confined, besides Mary, in a stable; I never heard of a beggar's cradle made of a manger: I never heard of greater mercy, unparalleled love to the vilest out of hell, that the insulted God of heaven should ever dwell in my manger heart, surrounded with all the unclean horned filthy beasts of my fallen nature. Change the figure. Here is the lily among thorns; but he is Sharon's rose—Sharon was the place where David's flock both fed and rested: you and I can only feed and rest in this field which the Lord hath blessed; how this grew in Jordan, in Gethsemane! oh, how it opened in its bloody-red colour on Calvary! how it sprung up from under the stone of death, and ascended in all its richest foliage from Mount Olivet to glory! there is the blessed rose for ever interceding for us.

Now the beauty and property of this rose is singular—1st, you can never see a greater beauty—2nd, its smell is wonderful, it is a sweet savour to God, it is the odour of the church. Faith revives wonderfully in the garden, for where one grows the other thrives—3rd, when it is distilled, the rose water is a

beautiful scent, and it is good for weak eyes, yea it even opens blind eyes, and causes to see plainly, only it must be applied—4th, it yields a beautiful oil, called by the apothecaries, the oil of gladness.—

As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me,
And while he makes my soul his guest,
Thy bosom, Lord, shall be my rest.

Now for the lily of the vallies—1st, this is our Jesus himself, a lily in the valley of this world, I mean 'formed in the heart the hope of glory'—2nd, its scent is overpowering, what overcomes us like the love of Jesus?—3rd, how white the lily, how white the soul washed in his blood—4th, the lily is very fruitful, produces many bulbs:—from him is our fruit found: may the fruits of the Spirit be ours to enjoy;—5th, the lily is tall, yet bows its head; our Jesus bowed his, saying, "it is finished;" O that I may grow upwards in him, and bow lowest to him,—6th, lily water restores a lost voice; restore unto me the joys of thy salvation, cried David, so do I—7th, it is good in faintings—I had fainted except I had believed—8th, lily oil is medicinal—He only can give health and cure.—Now He says, "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters"—the daughters I believe to be his people, and are we not in the wilderness, among thorns, satan, sin, world, professors, and profane, and which is sharpest? Oh, the thorn in the flesh—briars, brambles, and stinging nettles are bad enough, but the thorn in the flesh pricks, shoots, throbs, and festers, and there is no getting rid of it till death; yet the lily grows among them, and by the grace of our God the thorns cannot prevent growing, but are made even to protect them; "Let my outcasts dwell with thee, Moab." Oh what a mercy, though among thorns yet a lily, for Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these; then let us sing,

"Since Jesus has sav'd me, and that freely too,
I feign would in all things my gratitude shew;
But as to man's merit, 'tis hateful to me,
The gospel, I love it, 'tis perfectly free."

Yours among thorns, T. POOCK.

Baptism by Immersion.

IS IT UNSCRIPTURAL, UNNECESSARY, OR UNBECOMING?

Extract from a Sermon by the late Mr. John Stevens.

"How lamentably does the conduct of many professing christians deny Christ! They will seek shelter in his mercy, as an atoning Priest; but His precepts as a reigning King in His church, they leave others to obey. To such selfish professors would the faithful Apostle say, 'I praise you, brethren, that ye keep the ordinances, as I delivered them to you? (Cor. xi. 2.) I believe not. And how

can any disciple shew his love to his Lord better, than in the practice which he enjoined? The honoured harbinger of our Lord was a Baptist. And it is worthy of notice, that Jesus Christ was a baptist; nor could it be said of you in the fullest sense, 'These are they that follow the Lamb *wilthersoever he goeth,*' if you remain unbaptised; though in other respects, you should act as his disciples? Did he not say, 'it becometh us thus to fulfil all righteousness?' Are any of you now present, prepared to tell Him, openly and seriously, that He errs; and that baptism is an unbecoming ordinance; indecent, unnecessary, and of hurtful tendency? Are you wiser than He? or are you more Holy?

The Apostles were baptists; the primitive churches were baptised on a profession of their faith. As to what subsequent societies have been, is not worthy of notice when we are searching into the ground of obligation, and the example of conduct acceptable to God. The word of God is the only binding rule of our conduct. There we learn that, when the Apostles found certain persons who had received the Holy Spirit, they commanded them to be baptised: and, certainly, no man has any more authority now to alter an ordinance, than he has to institute a new one. Yet, to how many has the Lord say, 'Ye have changed my ordinances.' Neither can any man living harmonise infant sprinkling with the covenant of absolute redemption, and the doctrines of our Lord Jesus Christ. *Consider this well."*

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF THE LIFE,
EXPERIENCE, PRESENT
VIEWS, AND SPIRITUAL ENJOYMENTS OF

JAMES OSBOURN,

Author of the "LAWFUL CAPTIVE."

A NEAT little pamphlet (just published by Mr. A. Charlwood, of Orford Hill, Norwich,) entitled "GOSPEL TOKENS; or, LETTERS OF LOVE, written in a good mood, by James Osbourn," came into our hands after the *Earthen Vessel* for April was "*all made up.*" We, at first sight, therefore, determined to lay it aside until next month. Still, our fingers itched to cut it open, and read it; for we are not ashamed nor afraid to declare that we feel a strong and comfortable union of soul to this steady-going, savoury, faithful, and extensively useful servant of Jesus Christ. We do believe it is his firm standing in the glorious liberty of the gospel; his being brought to live a life of faith on the Son of God; his simple, yet sincere contention for the faith once delivered unto the saints; and his *preaching up* the perfection, and beauty, and safety, of the church's standing

in Christ, instead of *preaching down* into the miseries, corruptions, and conflicts of the sinner, that has been the cause of his being treated so unkindly by many of the so-called faithful and experimental ministers in the British Isle. We feel keenly in this matter; and being fully persuaded that this dear old saint and eminent servant of God has been *more than sighted*, by many of our English ministers, and being also thoroughly convinced that his standing is good before God and men, we feel compelled to speak out on his behalf. We do not say he is a perfect man; we shall not attempt to justify *all* he may have said in the pulpit; but, we do publish it as a most solemn truth, that if those ministers and churches who have tossed their heads with an air of contempt and derision (as we have witnessed) when James Osbourn's name has been mentioned, if they did but stand in the same happy liberty as God hath given him to do, we should not have so much strife, derision, popery, bigotry, and hardened prejudice as now abounds.

But we are digressing. We cut the leaves of these "Letters of Love" open; we began to read. We found indeed that James Osbourn was "*in a right good mood*" when he wrote them. We found a rich unction attend the perusal of them to our souls; and we said, 'something must be taken out to make room for a notice of, and a few extracts from this work.

Reader! we have taken some pains to hand over to you a few scraps from these "Letters of Love." May you feed upon them as we have done; and may they comfort and console your spirit for Christ's sake. In the commencement of the work, our brother James writes as follows:

"BELOVED IN THE LORD:—At present I'm in a *right good mood*, which is not always the case with me, for my nature is foul, desperately foul, and I often fret and stew at a mad rate; but still I don't see that it does a bit of good, for not a *single hair is made white or black* by it, but so amazingly perverse and crossgrained is my depraved heart, that even 'when I would do good, evil is present with me.' But still, at present, I say, I'm in a *right good mood*, and for the same I desire to be thankful to the Lord most high."

Our extracts will, of course, be unconnected. We only select such as are descriptive of Mr. Osbourn's experimental standing, and his views of things around us. After speaking of the state of souls in bondage, he says—

"For the first three or four months after my arrival in England, I was perfectly amazed to see the enthralled state of mind that the preachers were in with whom I mingled, and in whom I expected to find

a superior state of things; and what exceeded all was, from those very persons that I anticipated the greatest things of a spiritual kind, and the most light, liberty, depth of thought, discernment of spirit, and comfort and consolation of soul, I found little else but hard bondage, great gloom, sore poverty, and a very large amount of old covenant trappings. *How great my disappointment was you cannot guess half way!*"

"In journeying through this realm so much as I do, and mingling with so many people as is the case with me, a fair opportunity is presented to me by which I may ascertain to a good degree of accuracy the real state and condition of spiritual affairs among a class of professed christians known by the appellation of 'Particular Baptists;' and I am sorry to say the picture before me is sufficiently dark, gloomy, fearful and wretched, to justify me in saying that the mildew of God is upon the churches in Great Britain; and wrangling—backbiting—evil-speaking envying one another—jealousies—disputings about words to no profit—and striving which shall be the greatest in the kingdom of God, are the things which clearly characterize the above churches at this present time.

"I must needs say that I expected to have found the churches here in a much more healthy condition than what they really are, and their pastors far more spiritually minded than I find them to be. Yes, forsooth, I thought to have found them wise and discerning men—scribes well instructed in the deep things of God, and capable of instructing others—men holding fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ—men lively and strong in the grace that is in the Lord of life and glory—men freed from the yoke of bondage by the body of Christ, and under a new covenant bias serving God in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. Such men, I say, I expected to have found here; for while I was yet in my own country, I heard of one or two public men concerning or in whom we hoped there might be somewhat found above the common level of private christians and ordinary ministers: but alas, alas, what a fearful disappointment your correspondent has met with in this respect. 'Death is in the pot!' and darkness, bondage, barrenness, self conceit, blind prejudice, cruel jealousies, and an old covenant state of things rigidly adhered to, form the scenery now in view, so sure as I am mortal; nor can we as mere men tell what these alarming things will end in; but we know they are carnal, and are indicative of barren hearts, haughty minds, and of the curtains of a broken covenant being stretched out upon the carnal rangers of the nineteenth century. Envy not these men, my brother, but let them foam, and fret, and snarl, alone. Seek thou a place at the foot of the cross

and there retire. The less you have to do with idle disputers, and those who delight in finding fault, the better it will be for your soul."

This is really the case: and because Mr. Osbourn could not sit down in the same state of things, he has by such men been considered unsound. But now for a word concerning the knowledge and enjoyment of his own interest.

"My soul has been indulged with so large and so happy a share of this immortal love, and for so long a time together, and likewise so very frequently that I have often thought and do yet think whether any mortal being on God's earth, since the canon of Scripture was closed, ever enjoyed more solid peace and comfort of soul, and all freely flowing from the Saviour of sinners, than your correspondent. By day and by night, and for months and months successively, my soul has been as if bathed in heaven, and hid from this world of sin and sorrow. And I could now just as easily make a lucid paraphrase on 'Eternity' as I could describe the felicity of mind, and the divine consolations which at sundry times I have experienced in my bed chamber, and in fields, woods, lanes, and on the banks of the Hudson river in America.

"It is apparent enough to me, that, in speaking after the manner of men, I might have been a genuine christian without enjoying a thousandth part of what my soul has enjoyed from time to time; and also have gone to heaven at last without seeing one half of the beauties and glories of the great scheme of redemption, and of the unsearchable riches of Christ, and of the fulness of the everlasting gospel which the God of Israel hath been pleased to indulge me with for these many years past. It is not a cunningly devised fable, my brother, nor yet a form of speech fabricated by me for some villainous end, when I say that with the eyes of my understanding I have seen as if the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit agreed together, and were resolved to show what they could do by way of saving so desperate a wretch as me, and as if they would spare no pains in effecting the salvation of one whom satan had done his best in trying to destroy."

"At other times however, I have sunk very low, and mourned sorely because the comforter that should relieve my soul was far from me. Lam. i. 16. Here my soul has suffered martyrdom, and I have looked back with deep regret on days past and gone, and could say, 'changes and war are against me.'

"Where mercy comes, salvation is secured; and this mercy reached my soul and brought salvation with it; and hence I now trust in the mercy of God, and hope in his salvation: and but for this lively hope, despair would soon make a woeful seizure of my soul, and drag it down to fiery deeps and end-

less night. But the fact is, hell itself cannot quench even a feeble spark of fire kindled in the soul by the Lord of hosts. An hallowed spark may be fanned into a blaze; but so far is it from being extinguished by water cast upon it out of the mouth of the old serpent that by means thereof it burns the brighter.

"While a poor mourning soul is 'waiting for the consolation of Israel,' Luke ii. 25 many fears and doubts press upon his feeble, mind accompanied with a multitude of despairing thoughts which tend much to depress his spirits and to throw his little mind into a shade gloomy and dark; and here his forebodings of worse to come are very woeful and annoying, and the pathetic language of Job is his own, 'I am afraid of all my sorrows. In this place, dear sir, your servant has lain for days, and weeks, and months, and 'eaten ashes like bread, and mingled his drink with weeping.' Yes, my grief at times has been so excessive, that 'destruction from God was a terror to me, and by reason of his highness I could not endure.' The lessons taught in this school are such as but few, even of pulpit men, know anything about. But O, sir, my deliverance from a vortex so dismal was marvellous and quite Godlike.' It was 'as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

"It is certain and beyond doubt that we cannot set anything like a full and proper estimate on the infinite mercy of God which is revealed in delivering a soul from the borders of despair. I should do it if I knew how, for mercy hath done much for me, and I would like to sound it out so loud that all the earth might hear. The Lord, however, in teaching his children, not only makes them willing to speak highly of his mercy, but also readily and frankly to own and confess their own guilt, shame and ignorance."

We must quote no more. You English ministers and people can guess what sort of a character James Osburn will give us, when he returns to America. We believe there has been no man amongst us, lately, better qualified to form a proper estimate of our condition than he is. He has done it. He has pronounced his verdict, and a faithful one it is. But this is not all. Things are evidently getting worse; but we must not trust ourselves to write of these things now. In the article following, another author has somewhat carefully looked at "The state of things at the period in which we live." Reader! pass on to a perusal of his thoughts. If you wish to see more of James Osburn's Love-Letters, they are published by Groombridges, London; Charlwood, Norwich; and Tyler, Brighton.

The State of Things

AT THE PERIOD IN WHICH WE LIVE.

WE speak not without consideration—nor without the most powerful evidence—when we say the time is come when with much propriety we may read the third verse of the ninety-third Psalm—"The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves." Yes! The floods of ungodly nations, of ungodly men, of unrighteous professors, of unscriptural errors, and of unholy spirits, like wave upon wave are lifting up their united voice—and beginning to beat with combined force, not only upon what we consider the church of God, but also upon all those outer walls which have long stood as instrumental defences to the Protestant faith of this highly favoured isle. Nevertheless, it is the christian's mercy to know that "the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; his testimonies are sure: his love to his saints is unchanging and unchangeable: He has hidden his church in the clefts of the Rock; therefore she has no real cause to fear what either men or devils may do unto her. "It shall be with the righteous WELL."

These reflections have arisen out of the perusal of a little tract which has been put into our hands, written by an esteemed brother in the ministry, 'J. J. of Birmingham.' It is entitled—

"A WORD FROM THE WATCH TOWER."

We have read it carefully and with much profit. It speaks the existence of a good spirit—a healthy state of soul—and a discerning mind in the author. We could heartily pray that this faithful, loving, discriminating spirit was to be found in thousands of men who profess to love and preach our Master's gospel. But it is not so.

From the tract to which we have referred, we make an extract or two.

Our author appears like one who with a good glass, and standing on an eminence, has been long and silently watching the movements of affairs. At last he lays down his glass; and fully convinced of the real, but painful state of things, he takes his trumpet, ascends the wall, and begins with calmness, yet with decision to sound an alarm. He says:—

"AND IS IT NIGHT? Alas! with the Church visible it is: not a 'morning without clouds when the sun ariseth;' as it was when the dispensation of life divine first opened over the Gentiles; when Pastors and Churches, through the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, preached and prayed, lived and died, testifying in all and by all, that Jesus Christ was the 'Alpha and Omega' of a sinner's salvation. Neither is it noon-day, when the sun shines in its meridian strength, giving clear and strong light, pure and animating heat beneath its rays, as Christ the Sun of righteousness hath shined on the church of God, especially since the time of the Reformation. My

soul is cast down within me when I remember how many Churches in this long favoured land, who, through the preaching of the everlasting gospel in all its rich and holy purposes, promises, provisions, and performances, were once in spiritual unity, prosperity, and power, are now no more; the candlestick, with the light of life, is removed out of that place: or, if still existing, are in the last stage of consumption. The things which remain are ready to die; coldness, weakness, divisions, desolation, and growing indifference are painfully manifested to the good old truths of Covenant love; and to the good old paths, where souls that walk therein find present and eternal rest."

"But 'tis not all darkness and decay, Bless the name of the Lord: from my watch tower' I see here and there a bright spot, where an enduring witness for the truth stands, as a Star in Jesu's right hand, a burning and shining light, and where around Him, abideth the dear people of God, unto whom His ministry has been not yea and nay, but yea, and in Christ, Amen—whose Gospel has come not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

"Night, literally considered, has many things connected with it, which strongly shadows forth the state of things spiritually at the period in which we live. Let us glance at some of them. Night declares plainly the day is over and gone, and by comparing the present with the past aspect of the Lord, in His dispensation of grace to us Gentiles, we see, indeed, it is night. God, in rich mercy and covenant love, promised long a time of salvation unto us, not to all the world, but to a remnant according to the election of grace, out of every nation. And Paul, called and ordained of God to make known this mystery, quoting the ancient promise made in Christ, cries, 'behold now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' And since then what millions of poor Gentiles have received grace and glory, and what thousands more, up and down this wilderness world—partakers of the same grace—baptised into the same body—joined to the same living head—and drinking into the same spirit, are now on their way to the same glorious kingdom? But while we thus speak, are not these souls of long standing in the divine life, chiefly aged pilgrims who have borne the heat and burden of the day? Compared to former years, how few and far between are the subjects of spiritual birth—are the monuments of saving and sovereign grace? Ask the most holy, sober, and discerning servants and saints of the Lord, who try conversions by the word of God, and who know in their own experience, what it is to be convinced of sin—delivered from the law—married to Christ—pardoned and justified through faith in his blood and righteousness—taught, led, and sealed by the Spirit. Enquire of such men what they see or know

of the momentous work of regeneration going on among lost and ruined sinners?—and their complaints, 'Who hath beloved our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?' 'Woe is me! for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits, as the grape gleanings of the vintage: there is no cluster to eat:' proving in all and by all, the Lord has nearly accomplish the number of his elect during this day of first fruits, and night has come."

"Already the clouds have gathered thick and dark over our heads as a nation, already the judgments of the Lord in famine, fever, perplexity, and pestilence, have visited us for these things, and threaten yet more and more; already a few drops from the vials of the wrath of an holy God for our national sins have fallen, and the spiritual eye seeth the angels standing ready at Jehovah's word to pour out all the rest."

"But there is something that relieves a distressed heart, and that cheers an oppressed mind while reflecting on these things, and it is the knowledge that the Lord hath ever had a remnant of a remnant whom he hath kept true to himself; lights in the world, the salt of the earth. In Ezekiel's day there were those who sighed and cried for the abominations done in the land; at the time of the Jewish captivity there were those who would not bow down to a golden image; in the trying and wrangling days of Malachi, there were some that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name, and bless the Lord he is now keeping, by an inward discipline—by an holy anointing of his Spirit, a few names in Sardis alive and awake to these things; and, while the Guides, with the gay and pleasure taking congregations, are banqueting at this midnight hour, and from the vessels of the Lord, drinking to the gods of creature merit, talent, wisdom and work, receiving honour, one from another, the pastors from the pulpits and platforms praising the people, and the people at their public meetings pouring back their hal-lujahs to the pastors, thinking it strange that ye run not with them to the same excess of riot, speaking evil of you. While I say these things are being done, there are still living souls found in sackcloth, dust and ashes, and like the prophet, crying, 'Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!' Jer. ix. 1."

"O ye ministers of the Lord 'weeping between the porch and the altar' faint not! continue the plaintive cry, 'spare thy people O Lord and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them,' and O ye seed of Aaron take the censor of all prayer, filled with the fire of the Spirit's intercession, perfumed with the much incense of Jesu's merits, Run! O run! into the midst of the camp, and while standing between the living and the dead, join the cry, 'Spare! still spare thy

people, O Lord.' And who can tell? but the united cries, tears, and confessions of the righteous, God will hear and answer; by yet sparing our guilty land for their sakes, by staying the judgments which are sweeping away thousands into eternity in other nations, and which are slowly, and fearfully approaching us—by driving back the threatening power from whence it came—by turning the counsel of every Ahithophel, for popish concessions to foolishness—by still granting to us men of God, to proclaim the truth as it is in Christ—by preserving unto us the merciful privilege of sitting under our own vine and fig tree, none daring to make us afraid."

Christian Reviewer.

"*A Voice from the Laodicean Churches, to the Pastorale.* London: GREEN, Paternoster Row.

THE author of this startling little work is evidently one of the Plymouth Brethren; although he does not plainly tell us so. It is also very manifest, that he is a well-informed, sincere, spiritually-minded man, whose heart has been stirred up to witness against much that is going on in what is called "the congregational churches."

The object of the writer is two-fold: first, to declare the disease; and then to trace out the principal causes of that disease.

With reference to the first thing, he says—
"At length it is admitted that our Churches are in a state woful enough to cause mourning in all the courts of Zion. A spiritual drought is at this moment resting on the vineyard of the Lord. The work of conversion has well nigh ceased—we are in a state of spiritual leanness—we, who have been believing and proclaiming so long, that we were rich, and increased in goods, and had need of nothing, are verily wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. It is all true,—fearfully, woefully true. We, the sheep of the Lord's pasture, are in a state of spiritual leanness, and are compelled to exclaim, woe is me! Instead of being strong men, we are mere babes in Christ. Instead of having our senses exercised to discern both good and evil, we still have need of milk. Instead of being strong in the faith which is in Christ Jesus, we are weakly. Instead of being giants in religion, we are crippled dwarfs."

Having thus confessed to the fearful state of the churches, the writer turns round, and lays the cane of censure and reproof upon the backs of the pastors in a most powerful manner. He tells them plainly that they have been guilty of keeping back the whole counsel of God; and that instead of edifying, comforting, and building up the church, and preaching a whole Christ—a glorious Christ—and a full, free, and eternal salvation by him, they have been shouting out their offers of salvation to dead men, leaving the sheep of Christ nothing but husks to feed upon. If the proud presby-

terian pastors should happen to find out who this modern Micaiah is, they will not forget him. We shall only make one short quotation, which is on a much better topic than that of thrashing the parsons, although we doubt not but that they richly deserve it. Turning then to a higher theme, the writer says—

"We open our bibles, and there we find that the two great objects on which the believer is taught and encouraged to fix his gaze, are the FIRST and SECOND advents of the Lord of life and glory. The first to ravish the eye of his faith, the second to ravish the eye of his hope. We find these two stupendous events ever present to the minds, ever conspicuous in the teachings of the inspired apostles. *The Cross and the Crown* were the lodestars to attract all eyes. *The Cross* as the foundation of, and *the Crown* to consummate the church's hopes. The Cross which Immanuel bore at his first, the Crown which he shall wear at his second coming. We find that it was in the hope of the second appearing of their Lord, those who had already fled to him for refuge, and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, were looking forward with exulting hope, as to the day when they should reap the reward of all their toils and sufferings for his sake. 'Therefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.'

"*The Workings of Divine Life in the soul.*"
By J. W. GOWRING. Ives and Swan, Paternoster Row.

'MR. GOWRING,' (said a friend of our's the other day,) 'is a thorough Churchman, but a laborious and faithful minister of Jesus Christ.' After reading this pamphlet which contains a discourse on 2 Peter i. 10, we felt assured that Mr. Gowing was also a partaker of like precious faith with all the elect of God. The following extract bespeaks the existence and exercise of a loving Christian Spirit.—"Love to the brethren, as brethren, is the distinctive new commandment given by our Saviour to his disciples, and this is a precious token of childship. It climbs over all human barriers; it knows no distinction of Jew or Greek, Scythian, barbarian, bond or free, male or female—no, nor either of church or dissent, or of any other human distinction. Where the truth in Christ is manifested in the heart, and apparent in the conversation of any, whether rich or poor it is owned and acknowledged by the love-drawn, love-encompassed, love-saved child of God. And this love going forth toward those that love the truth, is as it were reflected back to our own souls to assure us that thereby we have a sure token that we ourselves are children, called and elected."

"*Ruth's Trial and Encouragement.*" A Sermon by J. A. WALLINGER, Bethesda Chapel, Bath. London: Palmers.

THE principal and most essential features

of real Christian experience are here pointed out, without extravagance or ambiguity. Such little messengers of truth are, no doubt, useful to many of the living family, especially where the ministration of the real Gospel is not enjoyed.

"*The Two Witnesses; their Character; their Power; their Death; and their Resurrection. Being an Exposition of the eleventh chapter of the Revelations.*" By W. C. POWELL, Minister of the Gospel, Brenchley, Kent. London: Houlston and Stoneman, 68, Paternoster Row.

WE most heartily recommend this work to the attention of ministers, and all who feel desirous of rightly understanding the sublime mysteries with which the Word of God abounds. It has been to us like unto a little lamp which has thrown a light upon some of those prophetic Scriptures which have yet to receive their fulfilment. We trust this first small edition of the work may soon be disposed of, that thereby the author may be encouraged more extensively to carry out his views. (See advertisement of the work on our wrapper.)

"*A Plea for the Non-Conformists, shewing the true state of their case, in a Letter to DR. BENJAMIN CALAMY, on his Sermon called *Scrupulous Conscience*, inviting hereto. To which is added a parallel scheme of the Pagan, Papal, and Christian Rites and Ceremonies, and a narrative of the sufferings undergone.*" By THOMAS DE LAUNE. Reprinted from the edition of 1712.

SEVERAL copies of this exceedingly useful book of interest and information having been sent to us for sale, any person may now obtain them at One-Shilling each, by giving an order to any of our Agents, or on application at our office. A work of this kind requires no commendation from us; but we purpose to make a few extracts from it in future numbers.

"*Nothing to Pay.*" London: W. H. COLINGRIDGE, City Press, Long Lane.

... Lord! for such an instance of ... lost power in the heart of a ... as this noble tract contains. It is reprinted from the 'Gospel Magazine,' and furnishes an interesting narrative of the conversion and peaceful death of a self-righteous free-willer. It cannot be read by any spiritual mind without producing the most grateful and joyful sensations.

"Answers to the Question.—Have the Baptists Scriptural Authority for Refusing to Communion with Unbaptised Believers?" London: J. Paul. 12 pp.

We can truly say, we should be thankful to find that this penny tract was in any measure useful in settling a question that has so long agitated and divided the Church of Christ. The original letters contained in this pamphlet are written in a good spirit; and the arguments are well backed up by Scripture references; and some valuable extracts from able writers are given. As "Obadiah" has manifested so much zeal in the diffusion of his "Meditations" against the ordinance of Believer's baptism, we hope the Baptists will not be backward in bearing testimony to the TRUTH.

Desire at Death.

WHEN the monster death draws near me,
Then, dear Lord, be also near me,
Oh! that I may only hear thee
Say, 'My child thy Lord is here'—
Blessed Jesus!

Wilt thou listen to my prayer?

How thy presence will enlighten,
And with glory fill the place;
All my darkest prospects brighten,
When I see thy lovely face
Smiling on me,
This will every fear erase.

Let me not be found repining,
If it should not be thy will:
But my will to thine resigning,
Though in darkness—let me feel,
Great Jehovah!
Thou remainest faithful still.

As I walk the gloomy valley,
Whilst I see death's shadow here,
Bid my drooping spirit rally,
Thou art with me—need I fear?
Oh! no evil
Can affright if thou appear.

Thou hast promis'd not to leave me,
Nor forsake me to the end;
Precious Jesus, O! receive me;
Let my spirit then ascend
To my Saviour—
To my great Almighty Friend.

Cruel tyrant! though I dread thee,
And frail nature shrinks from thee;
Yet, my risen Lord hath led me,
By his death. Behold! I see
That great conqueror,
From thy sting, hath set me free!

Dearest Jesus, when I'm dying,
Wilt thou then 'Remember me?'
Keep me on thy word relying,
Keep my hope firm fix'd on thee:
Then, O, take me!
With thee evermore to be!

Thou hast trod the path before me,
And through thy most precious blood,
With a gasp I enter glory,
In a moment I'm with God;
Fill'd with wonder,
In that bright and blest abode!

In that blessed place call'd heaven;
O! the happy, happy place!
ere to have the kingdom given,
here to see thee face to face:
And made like thee—
O! the riches of thy grace!

There we shall be ever praising,
In a sweet melodious song;
On the lovely Lamb be gazing,
While eternity rolls on;
All the glory,
Be to Thee, great THREE-IN-ONE!

Edinburgh.

MARIA YOUNG.

AN ENCOURAGING EPISTLE TO A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL;

CONTAINING, HOLY HINTS, HELPFUL TO THE HUMBLE.

My dear brother in Christ Jesus:—As one of the anointed servants of the living God, you have been appointed to the ministry which infinite wisdom has ordained to bring to nought the wisdom of the wise, and to bring to pass the purposes of love, in gathering together, in one, even in Christ, the children of God which were scattered abroad. Continually bear in mind the fulness, and plead in faith the fulfilment of the sweet promise contained in Isa. xxvii. 12, “*And ye shall be gathered, one by one, O ye children of Israel.*” There are four things to be noticed in these gracious and precious words:—First, the declaration made. Secondly, the determination expressed. Thirdly, the discrimination implied. Fourthly, the demonstration intended. The declaration made, relates to the gathering of the dispersed, disgraced, distressed, disquieted, discontented, and disconsolate, whom the Lord hath hidden, and for whom he will hiss. See Zech. x. 8, for ‘*the great trumpet shall be blown, and they (even his outcasts) shall come, which were ready to perish, and shall worship the LORD in the holy mount at Jerusalem.*’ See Isa. xxvii. 13. The determination expressed, is full and firm, ‘*ye shall be gathered;*’ this is a solemn, sure, settled, sealed determination of the Most High, indicating that all the given of the Father shall be gathered by the Holy Ghost to Christ Jesus, as their rock and refuge, their Saviour and strength, their peace and portion, their hope and home, their Lord and life, their head and husband, in whom they shall be glorious and glorified. The discrimination implied, is blessedly set forth thus, ‘*one by one;*’ making known the perfection of Jehovah’s love, will, knowledge, and power, as seen in the all-discriminating, and ever-distinguishing acts of grace towards each individual of the adopted family, registered in heaven, to be redeemed by the Son, regenerated by the Spirit, and received by the Father, to reflect eternally the glory of the Triune Jehovah, as the perfected gathering of mercy, might, and majesty. They shall be gathered one by one, according as God hath loved them, and kept his eye upon them, and answerable to the

good pleasure of his will, seeing he knoweth where they are, and what they are, and hath power to make them what he is—even holy; and to place them where he is—which is happiness indeed. The demonstration intended to shew their high relationship, not only as the ‘*children of Israel,*’ the seed of Jacob, and of the stock of Abraham, but as the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, by gathering together the outcasts of miserable sinners and transgressors to the

“ Friend of the friendless and the poor,
Whom love receives at mercy’s door.”

The whole work demonstrates that salvation is alone of and in the Lord, and that sovereignty divine secures success to labours weak as your’s and mine. How truly animating and cheering are the words in Isaiah v. 8, ‘*The Lord God which gathereth the outcasts of Israel, saith, yet will I gather others to him, beside those that are gathered unto him.*’ In the verse we have been noticing, you will find that the Lord engages to ‘*beat off the enemy;*’ moreover, he engages to break down all the barriers and obstructions in the way of his people; to bring forth his prisoners out of their prison houses; to bind up the wicked in bundles to burn them; and to bind up the broken-hearted to bless them. Surely, my dear brother, we have known these mighty acts of the Lord, both in our soul and in our ministry: how oft have we found him ‘*beating off,*’ ‘*beating down,*’ ‘*bringing forth,*’ ‘*beating up,*’ ‘*burning out,*’ so that we have felt blessing bearing us up under our soul burdens, and bidding us ‘*be of good courage, fear not.*’

I desire to rejoice exceedingly that God has evidently chosen you from the beginning for himself, called you in due time to himself, and qualified you for yourself, to labour in life’s building, and love’s vineyard; may he who has kindly brought you to love his way, and learn his will, mightily and mercifully help you to labour in his work, as one accepted and approved of him. May the God of grace, and the grace of God, still distinguish you in this dark and dreadful

day of declension from the truth as it is in Jesus; keeping you scripturally and spiritually settled in judgment, sound and strong in faith, and sober and steadfast in mind; so that as an unflinching, and undaunted advocate for the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, you may remain unshaken in purpose, and unmoved in pursuit of your calling of God in Christ Jesus.

While I rejoice in, and earnestly pray for your welfare, let me, in love, throw out a few hints, which may, possibly, be helpful to you; for a word to the wise, or a hint to the humble, has often proved to be of incalculable advantage.

First, seeing that you are inwardly and satisfactorily assured that your ministry and authority are of God, you will feel sweet and sacred confidence in him, *'who maketh his ministers a flame of fire.'* Heb. i. 7. Secondly, being fully aware that your mind and its adaptation to the work of the ministry are also of God, you will readily confess that your competency for this high and heavenly vocation is alone of grace, and not of nature; sweetly joining in with the apostle in his adoring acknowledgment, *'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.'* Ephesians iii. 8. Thirdly, knowing that your manner and ability are likewise of God, you will possess and enjoy peaceful contentment with the allotment infinite wisdom has appointed you; relying on the supply, support, sufficiency, and strength of him, *'who has made you a minister of the gospel according to the gift of the grace of God, given unto you by the effectual working of his power.'* Ephes. iii. 7. Fourthly, Remembering that your matter, and arguments, and appeals are likewise from God, you will be deeply conscious of your entire dependence on divine illumination, and influence, crying continually, *'Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.'* Psa. cxix. 8. Fifthly, bearing in mind that your method of attacking the enemy of all righteousness, as well as your mode and means of defending all the gates of righteousness, are likewise from God, you will prayerfully commit the whole arrangement and ordering of your holy warfare to him, *'which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place. For we are not as many*

which corrupt the word of God; but as of God in the sight of God, speak we in Christ.' 2 Cor. ii. 14—17. Sixthly, recollecting that the measure of your usefulness, as well as the extent of your labours are also with God, you will be only concerned to *'commend yourself to every man's conscience in the sight of God,'* (2 Cor. iv. 2.) while *'contending earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints.'* Jude 3. Lastly, knowing that your manifold temptations and various afflictions and vexations are also of God who hath appointed us thereunto, (see 1 Thess. iii. 3.) you will be comforted in the delightful anticipation of that rest, reward, and rejoicing which await the suffering servants, tried travellers, despised disciples, and faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

May your labours, dear brother, be signally owned at Cuckfield, in convincing, converting, confirming, and comforting many precious souls, brought under the sound and power of the gospel to confess and crown him as *'Lord of all,'* who is God over all, blessed for evermore. May the Holy Ghost richly anoint you, and render your ministry unctuous in the experience of the Lord's dear people who are taught to prove all things and to prize good things; and may the God of truth, and the truth of God be increasingly known, adoringly loved, and willingly served by you, from day to day.

Accept my thanks for your kind wishes on my behalf, and be assured they are reciprocated and redoubled by me on your behalf. The Lord long spare and strengthen you to serve him with great solemnity, gracious simplicity, and godly sincerity, and cause your face to shine irradiated with his glory, while your feet stand upon his salvation proclaiming his gracious name and growing fame. Pray for me that my faith fail not, for my many, many fears often fill me with much trembling. And now, my dear brother, believe me to be one with you in the spirit, and daily increasing in love, towards you for Christ's sake, JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea, April 14th.

I have procured the back numbers of the *'Trumpet,'* also the two numbers of the *'Vessel'* for February and April, with the *'Supplement,'* which is truly an excellent pennyworth. I would recommend you to have *'Cozens' Biblical Lexicon,'* which I think will be useful to you; also, the first three volumes of the *'Vessel,'* which contain much useful information, and valuable instruction. I can send them to you if you please, together with the magazines, with your next parcel of Hymn Books. J. S.

What our Gospel Zion has been :—What she now is :—and what she will be.

“ Thus saith the Lord God of hosts, O my people that dwellest in Zion, be not afraid of the Assyrian: he shall smite thee with a rod, and shall lift up his staff against thee, after the manner of Egypt. For yet a very little while, and the indignation shall cease, and mine anger in their destruction. And the Lord of hosts shall stir up a scourge for him according to the slaughter of Midian at the rock of Oreb: and as his rod was upon the sea, so shall he lift it up after the manner of Egypt. And it shall come to pass in that day, THAT his burden shall be taken away from off thy shoulder, and his yoke from off thy neck, and the yoke shall be destroyed because of the anointing.”—Isaiah x. 24—27.

MY ESTEEMED BROTHER EMMETT.—The earnestness of your request that I would give the substance of that discourse on Lord’s day evening, April 9th, in the *Earthen Vessel*, sunk deeply into my mind; and as it abode with me for some time, I have endeavoured to comply, uniting with you in fervent prayer that the Lord may be pleased to own and bless it unto many souls. As far as the Lord has enabled me to call up what I said, so have I written. I know you will find it very *deficient*, but that I cannot help. Before reading the text, I said—“ It may be considered a legal spirit, or an excited nervous feeling, when I say, that I have felt rather a desire that the church and congregation be found this evening engaged in fervent prayer, instead of my preaching to you. From what I have heard of the preparations making for to-morrow,* I have solemnly feared that some poor sinners might be suddenly hurled into eternity, and called to stand before God without a righteousness to shield them from the wrath of offended Justice. I have trembled at the thought that many a poor woman may to-morrow be left a widow, and many a family of children be deprived of their father. Under the influence of these feelings I have begged of the Lord to give me a seasonable and profitable word for you this evening; and about four or five o’clock, I was led to the 20th chapter of the 2nd of Chronicles, the 17th and 18th verses. “ *Ye shall not need to fight in this battle: set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you, O Judah and Jerusalem: fear not, nor be dismayed; to-morrow go out against them: for the Lord will be with you. And Jehoshaphat bowed his head with his face to the ground: and all Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem fell before the Lord, worshipping the Lord.*” That this Old Testament history had a typical reference to gospel times, I am fully persuaded. In the history and circumstances connected with JEHOSHAPHAT, you have the features of the gospel kingdom, as it hath existed and flourished in this land for a long and highly favoured period.

* This discourse was delivered on the evening preceding Monday, April 10th, on which day it was generally feared that some serious outbreak and opposition between the Chartists and the Government authorities would take place.

Albert Barnes says, that in as much as the *design* of the cherubims is not explained in the Bible, *it is impossible now* to determine the object of that symbol. This great American is certainly a very talented writer, but in many respects he is a strange commentator; for he dares to tell us that because the Holy Ghost has not in plain English explained to us the design of that beautiful symbol, therefore it is impossible for him now to reveal or to make known what was thereby typically prefigured. This will not do, Albert Barnes. There are many dark sayings, and dark symbols in the Old Testament, into the spiritual import of which the blessed Spirit is constantly leading his own servants, and out of which he enableth them to bring much precious gospel matter. Besides, what says the Holy Ghost by Solomon? (Prov. i. 5, 6.) “ A wise man will hear and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsel (even so as) TO UNDERSTAND A PROVERB, and the interpretation; the words of the wise, and their dark sayings.” I would not play with any part of the Scriptures, but unto me it is clearly revealed, and my soul has been greatly blessed in the contemplation, that as the mercy-seat was a direct and positive type of the sinner’s meeting-place—THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—and as these cherubims of glory came out, so to speak, from the mercy-seat, and overshadowed it, I humbly believe that they were designed to represent the Old and New Testaments, as both coming out of, pointing to, and overshadowing the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Moreover, I feel persuaded that as these cherubims were emblems of living powers, that they silently declared that out of, and absolutely connected with the mediatorial work of Christ, should come both the Holy Ghost, and a living Gospel Ministry, whose one great business should be to point to, and make known the hidden mysteries, and the eternal glories of the CHRIST OF GOD.

Before, then, I speak of the text itself, I would notice a few things respecting Jehoshaphat, whose history furnishes a living picture of what our Gospel Zion *was*, what she *now is*, and what she *will be*.

IN THE FIRST PLACE: If the interpretation of JEHOSHAPHAT, as given by some of the schoolmen, be correct, then it

is a word which embodies at once all the fulness of the gospel of Christ: it is, "THE RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT OF THE LORD!" What a striking and expressive title-page and index to the gospel is this! "The righteous judgment of the Lord." The gospel, from beginning to end, is a declaration and revelation of the righteous judgment of the Lord. "As by one man," (says the gospel) sin entered into the world, and DEATH BY SIN: SO, DEATH PASSED UPON ALL MEN; for that all have sinned. Here is an awful position! God made man upright: but he rebelled against his maker; brought down upon his own head, and upon all his posterity, destruction and death, so that now, the Almighty is perfectly justified in saying to the sons and daughters of Adam—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." This is one part of the righteous judgment of God; and a soul-alarms part it is. Blessed be God, it is not the whole. No! The gospel is like the good Samaritan, in his conduct towards the fallen sinner that went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. First; the thieves came; they robbed him, stripped him, wounded him, and I dare say they thought they had killed him outright; so away they went. Then came the priest and the Levite, and they looked on him, and said, no doubt, his case is beyond the reach of any cure, so away they went. But there came a certain Samaritan, who, when HE saw the poor creature lay, had compassion on him. And it is not a little singular, this certain Samaritan had in his possession every thing that was calculated to be of lasting benefit to the poor wretch as he lay down in the dirt, with his blood flowing, his wounds open, his nakedness manifest, and all his strength departed. In the first place, the sight of him was enough to turn many away; he was in deep disgrace, and in a most dreadful plight. But the Samaritan had a very large and an exceedingly compassionate heart; therefore, when He saw him, He had compassion on him; and went unto him. But, dear me, compassionate as his heart may be, what can He possibly do in a case like this? Why, he is wounded from head to foot, and all his blood is running from him. Well, the case is a sad one to be sure, but then this Samaritan is a good physician. He understands the nature of wounds; he knows how to bind them up; and more than this, he carries oil and wine with him, for the express purpose of healing and comforting poor sin-sick souls. And, therefore, he pours in to the poor man's afflicted parts plenty of oil and wine; lifts him up, sets him on his beast, and takes him to an inn. It is just so that the gospel comes. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, CHRIST DIED FOR US." For though he was a Son, and an only Son, and a well-beloved Son; yet, it pleased the Father to make to meet on him the iniquities of us all; the chastise-

ment of our peace was upon him; and, (wonderful to relate,) with his stripes we are healed. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted. His Father bruised him, and put him to grief; and his pure and precious soul was made an offering for sin; yea, the gospel in declaring the righteous judgment of God, says, that "He who knew no sin, was made sin FOR US; that we might be made the righteousness of God IN HIM."

Do you desire to behold "the righteous judgment of God" in absolute manifestation? Go, then, to Gethsemane's garden; hear the solemn declaration that is there made, "I WILL SMITE THE SHEPHERD, and the sheep shall be scattered." Look at the Holy Lamb of God, falling upon the ground; pouring out his soul in strong agonizing cries and tears—"Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." See him treading the wine-press alone:

'Twas here the Lord of life appeared,
And sighed, and groaned, and prayed, and feared;
Bore all incarnate God could bear,
With strength enough, and none to spare.

The powers of hell united prest,
And squeez'd his heart, and bruis'd his breast;
What dreadful conflicts rag'd within,
When sweat and blood forced through the skin.

Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he sought some help from man;
Or, wish'd, at least, they would condole
('Twas all they could) his tortur'd soul.

Whate'er he sought for, there was none.
Our Captain fought the field alone:
Soon as the chief to battle led,
That moment every soldier fled.

O mount of Olives, sacred grove.
O garden, scene of tragic love!
What bitter herbs thy bed produce!
How rank their scent, how harsh their juice!

Turn from this to Calvary itself. See there the SON OF GOD nailed to the cross; hanging between the heaven and the earth; bereft of every earthly and of every heavenly comfort: his overwhelmed heart at length burst out—"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Oh, what a display of the righteous judgment of God is here! See it in a three-fold point of view. First, in the slaughtered Lamb—"by that one offering, he perfected for ever them that are sanctified." There the righteous judgment of God, (as far as his own glory, and the redemption of the church was concerned,) was essentially finished; and upon the ground of this, the Saviour began his two-fold glorious work of INTERCESSION—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do;"—and REMISSION—"Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."]

In connection with that tragic scene, you may see that, inasmuch as the righteous judgment of God was finished essentially in the person of Christ, its blessings come down freely to the whole election of grace, of whom the SAVED THIEF was a fair sample. What! a thief: who never before had repented of, nor forsaken his sins; who

never before had obeyed the law, believed the Saviour, nor walked in his ordinances, nor followed with his disciples! Shall this thief, simply because he is now, at the last, deeply convinced of his sinnership, and of the God-head and mediatorial work of Christ, and flies and cries to him, and to him alone; SHALL HE BE SAVED? Yes! Hereby the God of heaven practically and gloriously preaches out the very essence and substance of the gospel, that it is NOT by works of righteousness which WE HAVE DONE; for he saves us freely by his mercy. And so it came to pass that this one of the chief of sinners went into glory; and as he went, methinks I hear him sing,

"Hail sovereign love that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place."

But the righteous judgment of God was seen there also in justly leaving the other impenitent crucified malefactor to perish in his sins; for the gospel sternly declares, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

Brother Emmett, ponder over these things. You see I have made a long digression here, but inasmuch as I had to pass by Gethsemane's garden and Calvary's cross, in my way up to the subject more immediately before me, I could but pause for a moment, and view those solemn scenes. Oh that I could live in a more habitual nearness to, and in a deeper experimental acquaintance with these high and holy matters, wherein layeth the salvation and security of our immortal souls!

Stop! and before we onward press, let us look unto the rock from whence we were hewn, and to the hole of the pit out of which we were digged! See you **WHAT OUR GOSPEL ZION ORIGINALLY WAS**: a valley of dry bones: dead in trespasses and sins.

"Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
And see **CHRIST AS OUR WAY**."

Hence you find the history of Jehoshaphat is introduced in rather cheerful terms: Asa is dead and buried; "and **JEHOSHAPHAT** reigns in his stead. And he placed forces in all the cities of Judah: and **THE LORD WAS WITH JEHOSHAPHAT**."

In the setting up of our gospel Zion, all this was really done; for wherever the gospel comes in the power of God, there sinners are gathered: there churches are planted, and these cities of Judah, with their faithful ministers and devoted followers of the Lamb, like "an army with banners," have been the defence and protection of this highly favoured land for many generations. Blessed be God for the gospel! for, although iniquity abounds; error is rampant; strife, and contention, and parsonic jealousy are making fearful strides, still, we yet have around us, and in the midst of us, the invincible and glorious doctrines of distinguishing

grace; God's everlasting love towards his chosen people is still faithfully preached, and thousands receive and rejoice in the same. Complete and particular redemption—a redemption that gathered in its mighty arms all the sins, and iniquities, and transgressions, of the whole election of grace, and hurled them into the depths of the sea) is still boldly proclaimed, and thousands are the happy partakers of the same. And as the Lord was with Jehoshaphat, and constrained him to seek unto the Lord God of his fathers, and to walk in his commandments, even so, it is manifest that the Lord is with his people; and they are a people that seek to know him, and delight to walk in his ways.

Again, we read that in the third year of Jehoshaphat's reign, he sent his Princes, his Priests, and his Levites, to teach the law of the Lord in the cities of Judah, and among the people; and the fear of the Lord fell upon all the lands, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat; but they brought him presents; he waxed exceedingly great; he built in Judah cities and castles of store; and there he had much business to do.

Now all this is beautifully descriptive of what the gospel has done for us; and of the true character of our gospel Zion. What has not the gospel (through the power of God) done for us? It has taken the beggar off the dunghill; it has fetched the coal-heaver out of his dark dungeon; it has called the dirty and wicked tinker from his haunts and his hovels; it has translated the obscure country clown; it has removed the ignorant, the rough, the uncultivated ploughman; it has put an end to the miserable street wanderings of the poor Jew; it has enabled the poor carpenter to lay aside his tools and leave his bench. The Holy Ghost, by the gospel, has brought the life of God, the truth of God, the love of God, the mercy of God into these poor men's souls. And the gospel has so enlightened their dark minds, so enflamed their once hard hearts, and so completely reformed their previous wicked lives, that one has left his tinkering, another his coal-heaving, another his ploughing, another his wheelbarrow, another his peddling, another his trowel, another his weaving, another his baking; and lo! and behold, now they are set among the princes of God's people: they have become teachers of the citizens of Judah; they are employed in meditating upon, and in proclaiming abroad the mysteries of immortal and eternal love; and through their instrumentality the fear of the Lord has fallen upon thousands; much peace and prosperity has been enjoyed. And, my dear brother Emmett, if you just compare what these gospel Priests and Levites *once were*, with what they *now are*, you will be as well assured as I am, that the **GOSPEL OF CHRIST** never impoverishes any man. No, no! as is said of Jehoshaphat (2 Chron. xvii. 11.) so it may be said here; some of

the Philistines brought their presents, silver and gold, and flocks, and so on. And the consequence is, some of them have built large chapels, gathered large flocks, inhabit large houses, and have altogether become very large men, and, no doubt, are doing, as Jehoshaphat did, a very large business. Well, well! let them not so far forget what they were, and WHAT IT IS THAT HAS MADE THEM TO DIFFER, as to become proud, high-minded, and independent. Let them rather be found gratefully acknowledging and extolling that mighty, that marvellous GRACE OF GOD, which has not only so highly dignified them in time, but also secures unto them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, when time shall be no more. Oh, thanks be to God for the gift of His Son, and for the glorious things spoken unto us, and wrought *within* us, by the gospel.

It is a rare thing, my brother, to have a morning without clouds, here; scarcely a day passes over our heads, but there is some unhappy event connected with it. So in Jehoshaphat's history: "JEHOSHAPHAT JOINED AFFINITY WITH AHAB." Oh, naughty Jehoshaphat! "After certain years he went down to Samaria," and Ahab made a mighty fuss over him, and provided a great feast for him; and having thus caught Jehoshaphat in his trap, he persuaded him to go up to Ramoth-Gilead to battle. I am grieved to tell you, my brother, that this feature in Jehoshaphat's history, is not lacking in the present condition of our gospel Zion.

WHO IS AHAB? He is a type of the devil; he is an adversary. What is his work? Craftily to make war and strife in the camp of Israel. And does he succeed? Ah, he does, my lad, and in such ways, and by such characters, and by such means, as but few, if any, are fully aware of.

"Well, but you do not mean to say that our British-Gospel Jehoshaphat has gone down to Samaria, and joined affinity with Ahab?" Yes! I do; what meaneth, and from whence springs all that jealousy, strife, and beating, and backbiting one another, which is now so painfully manifest amongst the ministers and churches of Jesus Christ? I tell you it is Jehoshaphat and Ahab together.

Look at old Ahab, and listen to his wicked tongue for a moment. "I say, Jehoshaphat," (says Ahab) "I WILL DISGUISE MYSELF, and will go to the battle." Yes, yes; old Ahab knows how to disguise himself; and it is Satan transformed: it is Satan getting into the hearts of good people, and among the boys and girls that play in the streets of Jerusalem (Zechariah vii. 5.) that causes such mischief in the beloved family of the blessed Lord. Oh, how sad is the thought, that ever a minister of Christ, or a dear child of God, should go down to Samaria; but so it is; and what the consequences will be, I cannot tell; but this, I believe, is the cause of our distress at this time, and the Lord will visit

us, and chasten us for these things. Beware, therefore, my brother, of that flesh-pleasing, presumptuous, and popish spirit which, in the cities of Judah, hath now almost universally taken the place of that gospel humility, spiritual uprightness, and brotherly affection, which are essential characteristic evidences of vital union to Christ.

There are four things in this part of the history, which I would wish to dwell upon; but the space allotted me compels me to be brief. I will merely call your attention to them; they are matters of deep interest to the church of God at this time.

FIRST.—Jehoshaphat being caught in the snare which Ahab had laid for him, (as we read in 2 Chron. xviii. 31.) his life appeared in danger; the enemies compassed about him to fight: "but Jehoshaphat CRIED OUT: and THE LORD HELPED HIM; and God moved the enemies to depart from him." This one thing will distinguish the elect living child from all the bastards in Ashdod. The living child *may* become entangled; he may join affinity with that which will disgrace him; but, sooner or later, he will cry mightily to God; and the Lord will help him. The Lord will not *forsake* his people, though they may in practice forsake him. His covenant He will not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of his mouth: and the thing that is gone out of his mouth, is this—"I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away: therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

The second thing is Ahab's destruction. He thought to have hid himself so as to be secure; "but a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and he smote the wicked king; so that he died." Sin is a *deceitful* thing: it thinks to hide itself, so as not to be seen; but the all-piercing eye of God is upon it: it is that dreadful thing which he hates; and He will destroy it. Sinner! think not to hide up, or to cover over your sins. God will search them out.

In the third place, see you this; although the Lord delivered Jehoshaphat, and allowed him to go home in peace; yet He raises up a man sharply to reprove him for his folly—"Shouldest thou help the *ungodly*, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord." Sin, in a child of God, will never pass without correction; and I do not hesitate to tell you, brother Emmett, that I firmly believe the rod will surely come upon many of our mighty Jehoshaphats. There is a day coming when they must die, and the fire that God still keeps up in Zion will burn up their dross, and rubbish; of this you may be certain.

The fourth thing is a very comely and sweet-scented flower which grows in the garden of truth: it is the existence and exercise of a LIVING FAITH: ushered in by a "nevertheless there are GOOD THINGS FOUND IN THEE." These GOOD THINGS

which God implants in the hearts of his own elect, are indestructable; and because of them, the Lord will go on to do his people good. And you may see how this internal possession of good things produced an external repentance and restitution. (Read 2 Chron. xix. 2 to 7.) I have heard of some of Zion's standard-bearers who have fallen; and, as some of the citizens have told me, they expected to see deep soul humblings on account of these things. But, no; a bold face, and a daring front, with lies and treachery, have succeeded. Ah, my friend, **JUDAS IS NOT DEAD YET.** "He that eateth bread with me hath (secretly) lifted up his heel against me;" and as a kind of covering for his wickedness, still kisses the Saviour with his lips; but the heart is far from him. Well might the prophet Malachi ask that solemn question, when he saw some of these things—"But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for HE IS LIKE A REFINER'S FIRE; and like fuller's soap." "His fan is in his hand; and he will thoroughly purge his floor; he will gather the wheat into his garner; but he will burn up the chaff with UNQUENCHABLE fire."

I must close up this letter by simply recording a few things which I was led to draw out of the text itself: "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle," &c.

First. I spoke of the battle itself. The Moabites and the Ammonites came against Jehoshaphat to battle. This battle is still raging against the church of God as a body, and against every individual believer. *The world* and the espousers of a *counterfeit faith* are the Moabites and Ammonites which are daily coming against us; and against us they will come. The world is full of infidelity, rebellion, and a hatred of God's saints. In the false church, there is hypocrisy, pride, errors of every kind, and a casting away of God's truth. And I find to my sorrow that these Moabites and Ammonites have entered right into my very nature; and they have so often let fire in me such a volley of their ammunition, that my wounds are deep indeed; they stink and are corrupt; and my apparently *unheeded* groans and sighs, my sinkings down and bitter cries under these attacks, have often mademethink within myself that I was nothing but a Cain, or a Balaam, or a Judas, and that into hell I should certainly fall. But, blessed be the God of all my mercies, I can say, and will say, grace divine has wrought in me as it did in Jehoshaphat. He set himself to seek the Lord; he proclaimed a solemn fast; he made a most solemn appeal unto the God of his fathers, and said—"O, our God! wilt not thou judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us, neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee." This has been the position of my soul many times. This, I believe, to be the experience of every living soul under these heavy ex-

ercises; and I think this should be **THE POSITION OF OUR GOSPEL ZION** at this critical period of time.

The declaration—"Ye shall not need to fight in this battle," goes to prove that God is with his people; he will fight all her battles: overturn all her foes, and therefore she is not to use carnal weapons, nor resort to unholy means; but she is to stand fast by the faith; and be patient in tribulation; for the Lord is our law-giver, and our King; and he will save us.

I must not further enlarge. The deep affliction of our beloved brother Herring is much on my heart. What deep waters he is in! Still I hope the Lord will bring him through them, and enable him again to preach the gospel of his grace. Give my christian love to your dear spouse. I cannot but believe that when God makes up his jewels, you will both be found among them: therefore be of good cheer, and pray, if you can, for your poor servant in the gospel of Christ,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

SOME OF THE LAST WORDS OF BUTHERFOOD,

DURING HIS SICKNESS, AND
BEFORE HIS DEATH, FEBRUARY THE
LAST, 1661.

[HE uttered many savoury speeches in the time of his sickness, and often broke out in a sacred kind of rapture, extolling and commending the Lord Jesus, especially when his end drew near; whom he often called his blessed Master, his kingly King.]

SOME days before his death he said, I shall shine, I shall see him as he is, I shall see him reign, and all his fair company with him; and I shall have my large share, my eyes shall see my Redeemer, these very eyes of mine, and no other for me; this may seem a wide word, but it is no fancy or delusion; it is true, it is true, let my Lord's name be exalted, and if he will, let my name be grinded to pieces, that he may be all in all. If he should slay me ten thousand times ten thousand, I'll trust. He often repeated Jer. xv. 16, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Exhorting one to be diligent in seeking of God, he said, 'Tis no easy thing to be a christian, but for me, I have gotten the victory, and Christ is holding out both his arms to embrace me. At another time, to some friends about him, he said, At the beginning of my sufferings I had mine own fears, like another sinful man, lest I should faint, and not be carried creditably through; and I laid this before the Lord: and as sure as he ever spake to me in his word, so sure has his Spirit witnessed to my heart, *he had accepted my suffering, he said to me, fear not: the outgate shall not be simply nat-*

ter of praise. I said to the Lord, If he should slay me five thousand times five thousand times, I would trust in him: and I speak it with much trembling, fearing I should not make my port good. But as really as ever he spoke to me by his spirit, he witnessed unto my heart that his grace should be sufficient.

The last Tuesday night, before his death, being much weighted with the state of the public, he had that expression, "Terror hath taken hold on me, because of his dispensation." And after falling on his own condition, he said, I disclaim all that ever he made me will and do, and look on it as defiled and imperfect, as coming from me; and I take me to Christ for sanctification, as well as justification; and repeating these words, "He is made of God to me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption:" he added, I close with it, let him be so, he is my All in all in this.

On Monday, the seventeenth, three gentlemen coming to see him; after exhorting them to read the word, and be frequent in prayer, and much in communion with God, he said, My honourable Master and lovely Lord, my great and royal King, hath not a match in heaven or earth; I have my own guiltiness like another sinful man, but he hath pardoned, loved, and washed, and given me "joy unspeakable and full of glory." I repent not that ever I owned his cause. These whom ye call Protesters, are the witnesses of Jesus Christ; I hope never to depart from that cause, nor side with these that have burnt the cause of God's oath.

They have broken their covenant oftener than once or twice: but I believe "The Lord will build Zion, and repair the waste places of Jacob." O! to obtain mercy, to wrestle with God for their salvation. As for this Presbytery, it hath stood in opposition to me these years past; I have my record in heaven, I had no particular end in view, but was seeking the honour of God, the thriving of the gospel in this place, and the good of the new college, that society which I have left upon the Lord; what personal wrongs they have done me, I heartily forgive them; and desire mercy to wrestle with God, for mercy to them and all their salvation.

The same day, Mr. James M'Gill, Mr. John Wardlaw, Mr. William Violant, and Alexander Wedderburn, (all members of the same presbytery with him) coming to visit him, he made them heartily welcome, and said, My Lord and Master is the chief of ten thousand of thousands, none is comparable to him in heaven or in earth. Dear brethren, do all for him; pray for Christ, preach for Christ, feed the flock committed to your charge for Christ, do all for Christ; beware of men-pleasing, there is too much of it amongst us. Dear brethren, you know I have had my own grievances among you of this presbytery. He, before whom I stand, knows it was not my particular, but the interest of Jesus Christ, and the thriving of the gospel I was seeking. What

grievs or wrongs you have done me, I heartily forgive, as I desire to be forgiven of Christ.

The next morning, as he recovered out of fainting, in which they who looked on expected his dissolution, he said, I feel, I believe in joy, and rejoice; I feed on manna. The worthy and famous Mr. Robt. Blair, whose praise is in the gospel, through all this church, being with him, (I must tell the reader, our author had this man in high esteem, and lived in near friendship and love with him to the day of his death. A reverend minister lately fallen asleep, that was often with Mr. Rutherford told me, he used to call Mr. Blair a worthy man of God) as Mr. Rutherford took a little wine in a spoon, to refresh himself, being very weak, Mr. Blair said to him, Ye feed on dainties in heaven, and think nothing of our cordials on earth: he answered, They are all but dung, yet they are Christ's creatures, and out of command, I take them; adding, My eyes shall see my Redeemer, I know he shall stand the last day upon the earth, and I shall be caught up in the clouds to meet him in the air, and I shall be ever with him, and what would you have more, there is an end: and stretching out his hand over again replied, There is an end. A little after, he said, I have been a wretched sinful man, but I stand at the best pass that ever a man did, Christ is mine, and I am his; and spake much of the white stone, and the new name. Mr. Blair, who loved to hear Christ commended, with all his heart, said to him again, What think ye now of Christ? to which he replied, I shall live and adore him: glory, glory, to my Creator, and to my Redeemer for ever: glory shines in Immanuel's land.

In the afternoon of that day, he said, O! that all my brethren, in the public, may know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day "I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake I shall be satisfied with his likeness." And he said, This night shall close the door, and put my anchor within the veil, and I shall go away in a sleep, by five of the clock in the morning, which exactly fell out according as he had told that night, though he was very weak, he had often this expression, O for arms to embrace him: O for a well-tuned harp.

The port I would be at is redemption and forgiveness, through his blood. "Thou shalt shew me the path of life, in thy sight is fulness of joy." There is nothing now betwixt me and the resurrection; "But to-day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

"The snuffers in the temple were made to trim the lamps: these lamps were typical of ministers of Christ, the oil that supplies them points out, their supply of grace from Christ, and the lamp burning continually before the Lord, denotes, their hearts burning with zeal for God, and flaming with love to souls. The snuffers may be typical of the nipping dispensations of divine providence, for the more the lamp is trimmed, the brighter it shines, and the greater light it gives."—Spiritual Mag. 1762.

A FEW REMARKS UPON THE
 CONTROVERTED SENTIMENT, CALLED—
 “Strict Communion.”

It is pleaded that christian churches of the *baptist* denomination, ought to admit unbaptised persons to the table of communion. They ought, it seems, to make no distinction between *obedience* to the Lord's command, and *disobedience*. Believers only are to be baptised: both *command* and *example* plainly testify, that, *such is the will of God*. But for any to affirm that he deems himself *already* baptised, having been *sprinkled in his infancy*, and that therefore it is the duty of *baptized churches* to treat him as a *baptized brother*, and admit him to that ordinance, (the Lord's Supper) to which the apostles never admitted a person so circumstanced: *surely this can never be right*. Yet, it is called a *christian spirit*, so to do: and the *contrary* (in our day) is *severely censured*. Men may please themselves, and applaud each other, as *excelling* their brethren in the *spirituality* of their *mind and temper*; but, unless a *due regard* for the *authority* of Christ's *commands*, and the *example* afforded in Christ's own conduct; together with that of his *apostles*, and the *churches which they planted*, be expressed by these persons, we shall feel at liberty to question the justice of their pretensions to *extraordinary spirituality*. Let us keep close to the *precept* and *example* of our Lord!

That great opponent of strict communion in his day, and whose *eloquent*, but *unscriptural* writings on the subject, has had a most *mischievous* tendency to induce *rebellion* to our Lord's authority; (I mean Robert Hall,) even *this man* was *obliged* to write, saying—“The apostles, it is acknowledged, admitted *none* to the Lord's supper, but such as were previously baptised.”

It should be *well* observed, that, although we have accounts of the success in preaching the gospel, and of converts being added to the church or churches, *yet*, in no instance do we find any *hint* given of their *breaking bread* PRIOR to baptism: but, *hearing* stands first, then *believing*, then *baptism*, then follows *church membership* and *fellowship*, connected with *breaking of bread* and *prayers*. Those churches which are called *independent* churches; and also those churches who call themselves *Baptist* churches, yet admitting unbaptised persons into church fellowship; such *churches* and their *ministers* may not like the avowment, but we will tell them most plainly and unequivocally that they are *not* churches formed on the *plan laid down in the New Testament*. We say the same to those churches, whose *members* are alone composed of baptised persons, but who yet admit unbaptised persons to the *Lord's table*, though not to church fellowship. This latter procedure was a practice unknown in the *Primitive* churches. The way

to keep the church free from *error*, is to take care not to let it be planted *within her fences*.

The believer is commanded to confess the Lord in baptism, and afterwards to enter his house, *and sup at his table*. But, to take the supper first, and, it may be, never to confess him in baptism *at all*: surely this must be both *disorderly*, and altogether walking *unscripturally*. But a Querist may say—May I not come to the Lord's table without coming first to baptism? I reply—Yes, sir! you may; but, not if you walk honestly on the King's royal highway. I well remember a remark of Dr. Newman's, of *Bow*, on this head—he said, “Whoever will come to the village of *Bow*, from *White-chapel*, will find he will have to pass *two* mile-stones on his way thither, that is, if he travels along the plain, direct turnpike road; nor can he, *thus travelling*, arrive at the *second* mile-stone until after he has passed the *first*. If he is determined to come to the second mile-stone *without* passing the first, he must *depart* from the high road, he must *circumambulate* i.e. walk round about, break through hedges, and stride over ditches, ere he comes into the road again; if he would avoid passing the obnoxious *first* mile-stone.” My reader can make the application.

Again: ministers and pastors of churches *profess* to be, and they really ought to be *honest men*: their aim should be to be *faithful*, as well as *acceptable*, to the churches committed to their charge. Let us consider such a minister as standing at the head of the assembly, interceding with God for a blessing, through the word about to be preached to his people: so long as *no particulars* are specified, there is *no division of mind* occasioned by his petitions: but, presently, he feels his heart grow warm, and now, thoughtless as to consequences, he prays that, God would lead his people into *ALL* truth; not only as to *doctrine*, but also as to *practice*; and that he would cause them to confess his holy name, in the appointed ordinance of *baptism*. He prays that the saints may *speak* and *practice* the same thing. We will suppose that the church over which he is pastor, holds with *mixed* communion; the Pædo-baptist members of the church, they know his meaning, and, of course, they unite not with him in his prayer. On the other hand, the baptised members they feel interested in his petitions: and perhaps, some of them may afterwards speak of the same, with expressions of approbation. The Pædo-baptist hints in return, his *dissatisfaction*, or, at least, his *disregard*: and thus a coolness is produced between brethren, who *ought* to be “perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment.” In preaching also, as well as in prayer, supposing the pastor faithfully to discharge his ministry among the people; one part of his church will complain if he constantly hides, or keeps in the back-ground, the scripture testimony of baptism as an ordinance for

believers to attend too: and, on the contrary, if he faithfully pleads for it, the other part of his charge will be dissatisfied, if not highly displeased. To be sure we live in days in which letter-learned men, trained up in academical hot-beds, have acquired the art of carefully avoiding those old-fashioned terms, words, and phrases, by which the all-important doctrines of the gospel used to be expressed. But we will suppose our pastor to be a plain man, and one unused to act with craft, or to deal in ambiguous sentences; he disdains to flourish over the premises without affirming *clearly* any sentiment; and, he may have, in addition, a tender conscience for the honour of God, and a constraint to proclaim God's word *faithfully*; and if this be so, his labours cannot be acceptable to a mixed communion people. Observation and experience must prove such a *mixture* to be heterogeneous; and such persons are better *apart*; for, if they *unite*, it must be at the expense of truth and faithfulness.

The above remarks are sent for insertion in the *Vessel*, after having read *Answers* in the *Supplement*, &c., &c. With those Answers, I, in the general agree, excepting the one signed *S. Siders*, his "something beside," is a strange concern truly. I purpose a little investigation of it next month.

Some part of the above I have freely transcribed from the writings of a minister lately deceased, but having both altered and added thereto, it must stand or fall, according as it is, or is not, *scriptural*.

STRICTUS.

Palpit Sayings

OF THE LATE DR. HAWKER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Great grace be with you. I here present you with a few pulpit sayings (as they came warm from the heart) of the late dear, ever dear Dr. Hawker, of blessed memory in the church of God: and if you will give them a corner in the *Vessel*, I doubt not but that the Lord the Holy Ghost will thereby warm the hearts of some of your spiritual readers; myself having been an ear witness to some of them, when many a time have I walked sixty miles to hear that man of God, and never regretted an inch of the journey, being more than compensated by the refreshing seasons of heart-felt joy under his ministry.

Your's affectionately, in the truth,
W. BRIDDER.

'It is blessed to see how God has loved the church in their state, from generation to generation. If God is love, his love must be like himself, without beginning and without end.'

'God is not constrained by merit, nor restrained by demerit.'

'The Lord in calling one and another among you, is performing a greater work than creating a thousand worlds.'

'I have no more fear of death than I have of life.'

'It is said, grow in grace. Ignorant preachers do not understand this, and therefore misinterpret it; what says Paul? Paul had no experience of progressive holiness; twenty-three years after his conversion, he exclaimed, *O wretched man that I am!*'

'We can fall no more, the church is safe.'

'A sixth finger shall as soon be added to my hand, as there shall another member be added to the church of Christ: who shall dare add to the perfect body of Christ? To his fulness nothing can be added—nothing subtracted.'

'My brother, my brother, the Lord knows the names of all his little ones.'

'God shews grace in defiance of our deservings it.'

'If there be but two or three of the called in this congregation, they are the church, they will be safe when the whole lump shall be burnt.'

'Little saints and great saints are equally acceptable to Christ; small faith is sufficient.'

'The church of God is as safe on earth as in heaven.'

'We shall have no more nuptials; the Lord tells his church, that he was married to her, and had redeemed her before she returned to him; therefore, whenever she returns, it must be as a wife to her husband.'

'The Epistles are all directed to the churches, not to the world, (see the envelope) the church that lives from one eternity to another; the church, as a spiritual seed, were in Christ as a grace head, before the world began, even as they were in Paradise with Adam, as their natural representative; but though we had a real life in both, when each was set up as a public head, yet had we not a communicated life from either, till we received the same after the flesh by generation, and after the spirit by regeneration.'

'You are the delight of God.'

'The Lord has never writ a bill of divorce against his church.'

'All the world is running mad. A man in the height of fever could not have more bewildered and transfigured ideas of natural objects, than a mere religionist has of spiritual objects: now if the religious fever be infectious it is likely to become as epidemic as any plague or pestilence.'

'What is grace? God himself being gracious.'

'Death cannot sting me, it is taken away. I am sure of going to heaven, as I am of resting after the labours of this day.'

'A word to you unregenerated: I have no Holy Ghost for you, neither shall I offer you the Holy Ghost, neither is it in the power of an angel to make such an offer, but if the Lord should be pleased to meet with you.'

'Shall the gospel mercies be put up to the highest bidder? Oh, No!—No!—No!'

'No one event can take place that was not ordained.'

(To be Continued.)

THE
Happy Deliverance of the Poet Cowper.

"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." Rom. iii. 25.

"THE FORBEARANCE OF GOD; that is, through his patience, his long-suffering. That is, he did not come forth in judgment when the sin was committed; he spared us, though deserving of punishment; and now he comes forth completely to *pardon* those sins concerning which he has so long and so graciously exercised forbearance. This expression obviously refers not to the remission of sins, but to the fact they were committed while heevidenced such long-suffering. (Comp. Acts xvii. 30.) I do not know better how to shew the practical value and bearing of this important passage of Scripture, than by transcribing a part of the affecting experience of the Poet Cowper. It is well known before his conversion he was oppressed by a long and dreadful melancholy; that this was finally heightened to despair: and that he was then subjected to the kind treatment of Dr. Cotton in St. Alban's, as a melancholy case of derangement. His leading thought was, that he was doomed to inevitable destruction, and that there was no hope. From this he was roused only by the kindness of his brother, and by the promises of the gospel. The account of his conversion I shall now give in his own words:—"The happy period, which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear discovery of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and, seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the 25th of the third chapter of Romans, '*Whom God hath set forth,*' etc. Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beam of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made for my pardon and justification. In a moment I believed, and received the peace of the gospel. Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have been overwhelmed with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, my voice choked with transport. I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder. How glad should I now have been to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving. I lost no opportunity of repairing to a throne of grace; but flew to it with an earnestness irresistible, and never to be fully satisfied."

"He that hath a blind conscience, which sees nothing—a dead one, which feels nothing—or, a dumb one, which saith nothing, is in as miserable condition as a man can be on this side hell."

A Letter by Mr. Bidder,
TO HIS SON IN THE FAITH.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN A GRACE RELATIONSHIP, and of course this is only durable, all other ties must soon be sundered; for what is your life? (human or natural) it is even a vapour—appears for a *little time*, and then vanisheth away! Not so the 'life that's hid with Christ in God?' this is of endless duration, and cannot terminate ever. All hail, beloved! no limits to a blissful existence, in a blissful eternity—millions of years! Aye, and millions upon the head of them—no termination, 'because I live, ye shall live also!' Many thanks for your last, which breathed, as usual, pure affection and real attachment: how can it be otherwise? our God hath spoken through me to thy very heart, and thou hast felt the blessedness of it; this cannot be denied; facts are stubborn things.—

Dost mind the place, the spot of land,
Where Jesus did thee meet,
And how he got thy heart and hand,
Thy Husband then was sweet.

'I am the God of Bethel Jacob: fear not, I am with thee.' In reference to the exercises of your mind in your pathway through the wilderness, your internal, external, and infernal enemies; no strange thing has happened to you more than to others of the weather-beaten travellers to the heavenly country: the same afflictions are accomplished by your brethren which are in the world; beside, it is enough for the servant to be as his Lord; no grumbling my brother; his path was much darker much rougher than ours: they called the Master a devil, is it any marvel if they calumniate they of his household? 'Is not the carnal mind enmity against God?' Can it be wondered at, that the Lord's quickened elect, in such a world as is this, should be hated; aye, of all men for his name sake? Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, that such honour is put upon you, to suffer shame for *His* sake.

My son, be strong in the grace which is in Christ; stand fast in the faith; quit yourself like a man; turn not to the right or left; let thine eyes look right on; preach the *Word*; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine; see to it that thy subject before the people is our precious Christ: he is every way suited to our numberless, nameless wants; there is no poor sensible sinner's case, however desperate, out of hell, but he is every way adequate too, and able to save to the uttermost. O, commend him! extol him! set him forth more mighty to save, than sin to damn: his blood infinitely efficacious, and righteousness infinitely meritorious, and his intercession always successful. The Holy Ghost, thy teacher, you will never want another subject while you breathe—

'Christ all and in all.' you cannot exhaust it: you cannot tell the number thereof; 'tis higher than heaven, deeper than hell: beside, the children will want this sort of food, and will draw down a long face if they have not got it: nor can I blame them. Eat the fat, drink the sweet, let them drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more.

Consider what I say, and the Lord give thee understanding in all things. If I can I will pay you a visit this summer, but this I must leave with the Master.

To the children of the kingdom who may remember a poor worm, and have not quite forgotten him, at Yeovil, at Coker, &c., &c., tender my warmest, best, and real affection, tell them to edge in a word for me when favoured with nearness of access to the divine Majesty. The Lord bless thee, so pray's thy affectionate brother in the Lord.

W. BIDDER.

March 21st.

Spiritual Life and Eternal Life

INSEPARABLE,

A Dissertation on Free-will and Free-grace.

COME, mourning souls! mourning on the account of your own iniquities — inward depravity—and the vileness of the flesh—and the vanity and folly of the fleshly mind—Cheer up. God is not changed by all the changes of the creature: "God is love," ever was and ever will be love. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. "God is a Spirit—God is love." His will is eternal, and unalterable; and that very will is love in Christ Jesus our Lord. The will of the creature from first to last is changeable; angels that fell from their first estate stood on free-will, that will proved rebellious, and became sin. Adam and Eve, our first parents, stood on their own free-will, that will proved rebellious through the subtlety of the old serpent, and down they fell into sin, and that will became sin. And now the will of all his fallen children after the flesh is sin, and nothing but sin. "The thoughts and imaginations of man's heart is only evil, and that continually. Gen. vi. 5. And all men by nature are led captive by the devil at his will," because their very will lays in the will of the devil, enmity against God, and the truth of God. Therefore, by nature we are all sin—"whatsoever is not of faith is sin," and all men have not faith. And the smallest degree of faith and love comes from God. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." And this faith and love is given us, and brought into the soul by the Spirit, according to the eternal will and purpose of God, which he purposed in Christ Jesus before the world began. Thus if both angels and man, in their pure created state, found their own free-will failable and too weak to

stand upon, what a sad delusion is poor fallen depraved man under, who boasts of, and trusts in, his own free-will! "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

"Therefore, man's free-will is a lie to all intents and purposes, and a delusion of the devil's. And what a dreadful state of blindness must those men be in who stand up in pulpits, and tell their poor deluded followers that heaven and eternal glory hangs upon the depraved will of the creature, rather than on the good, acceptable and eternal will of God, who saith, I will have mercy and not sacrifice; go ye, and learn what this mean."

People say how blind the Papists must be who affirm that Peter holds the keys of heaven? but are not free-willers, and duty-faith men quite as blind, who in effect profess to hold the keys of both heaven and hell in their own hand? But the prophet says, "a lie is in their right hand." For those who are taught by the Spirit of truth, and are arrested by the divine and holy law, and have felt the damnable nature of sin, and have been locked up in prison to moan their ruined lost condition, well know that they do not hold the keys, if they did, they would soon let themselves out; but the key is laid on the Son of David's shoulder, and it is he that opens the prison doors to them that are bound; heals the broken hearted, and binds up the wounds they have received in their dungeon, and says to the prisoners go forth, and to them that sat in darkness, shew yourselves.

And if a man has laid in a dark, stinking dungeon a long time, when he is brought out, the whole creation around him appears gay, light and beautiful, and the air he breathes seems healthful and heavenly; yea, it is like being brought out of hell into heaven! Thus a soul being brought out of bondage, guilt, terror, and darkness, and the hell that sin hath made in his soul—into the light, liberty, love, and glory of the gospel, sees all things in a new light, and the creation around him reflects the glory of God, and he breathes a new air, the healthful Spirit of God; and his soul within him is like a watered garden, or like a flower-garden after a shower of rain; the odours and unction of the Spirit within perfumes the whole soul, and he smells heaven began in his soul, and smells of heaven wherever he goes, in his conversation, prayer and praises to God. And all this is not by free-will, human might or power, but it is by the Spirit of God, by my Spirit saith the Lord.

Nevertheless, souls thus delivered and comforted may, through the power of sin and temptation, drop into the flesh, bondage, and darkness again, and be sorely dismayed and plagued with his own heart and the devil. "Nevertheless, the darkness shall not be as in the days of her vexation, for the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the

shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined," (Isaiah ix. 1, 2.) and shine it will at times unto the perfect day. But what I mean by dropping into the flesh is, for the soul to lose her hold of Christ, the comfort of his love, and the joy of the Holy Ghost, and lose the light of his countenance; and when Christ's presence is withdrawn from the soul, and the sun gone down, we are like the dead dark earth without the sun; our vile flesh is earth, and as earth produces nothing but weeds, rubbish, and wild fruits of itself, so our fallen nature brings forth nothing spiritually good, unless the good seeds of eternal life and grace is first sown in our hearts; a broken heart, is the good ground prepared by the good husbandman, the God of love. "For in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing;" and oh! when we drop down into ourselves, we moan, and moan, and grieve, and groan, and grow fretful and peevish, and find nothing to please us. For in ourselves, without Christ and his love, there is nothing but plagues and death within and without, and we feel and know the plague of our own hearts; and then out of the pit of dragons come all manner of creeping things, and out of the smoke and confusion arise jealousies and suspicions, like scorpions to sting and wound the poor soul, and locusts to eat up every green thing; buds, leaves, flowers, and fruit seem to wither away and perish, and we begin to fear and tremble lest the root of the matter should not be found in us. For in this mournful state we have no evidence of life in the soul, but a sense and feeling of our wants, and sin; the loss of God's comfortable presence is our greatest sorrow, and in this sad state what can the preaching of free-will and duty-faith do for us? Truly we have a renewed will, but even that cannot help us. "For to will is present, but how to perform that which is good I find not." And sometimes when a poor soul is in this sad state, out cries another ignorant preacher in the midst, and says, but we do not address you as dead or natural men, we address you as spiritual men to do, and get comfort. Do, ah! we can do moral acts and external religious acts; but spiritual acts we cannot perform without the operation of the Spirit. It is his work alone, in the work of regeneration, and afterward the work of faith, love, peace, and joy in all spiritual people. And that preacher can be only a novice in divine things who teaches even regenerate souls to do the work of the Holy Ghost. Where is the child of God that would not always be joyful and comfortable if he could be so? But with all his doings he finds he cannot do the things that he would; nor bring peace and joy into his own soul; and the man that thinks he can do this when he pleases, is deluded with false joy, and kindles a fire of his own, and walks in the light of his own sparks. It is the Holy Ghost, the comforter, that brings every drop of comfort, savour, and real joy into

the soul, and his comforts are only known in those, and by those who cannot comfort themselves; and thus, in our weakness, and distress, his power and comfort is made known in the soul, and then we joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the atonement, and know that it is God that worketh in us to will and do of his own good pleasure. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

But, say some semi-Arminian, "cannot you go down on your knees and pray? you can do that—it is your duty to pray." Well, suppose you say to a man walking down the streets, 'Master such a one! it is your duty to breathe.' 'Thou fool,' says he, 'I do breathe, without being told it is my duty to do so.' Thus a heaven-born soul, feeling the load of sin, and sighing and groaning within himself is doing that inwardly; for he inwardly sighs, cries, and groans when no mortal can hear him. And this is the Spirit itself which maketh intercession within him with groanings which cannot be uttered. And to this the new creature is helped inwardly by the Spirit; and the earnest expectation of the creature waits for the manifestation of the sons of God. "And they shall not be ashamed that wait on me saith the Lord." Tongue and lip prayer cannot satisfy a longing soul: it is soul-prayer, and nothing but God's presence, in the face of Jesus, and the joy of the Holy Ghost, that can satisfy a longing, praying soul.

"Hear and understand," poor dark, distressed soul; true light and life are inseparable. If a living man be shut up in a house at black midnight, his eyes then seem to be of no use to him, but it will not do to say then he has no eyes; and if the light is gone for a time, the life is in the man, and if the light of God's countenance is gone from the soul, the life of God is still there, known by your wants and groanings, and the light will come again in the morning; weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning. But a soul dead in sin mourns not the darkness, neither knows when light cometh. The sun may blaze on a dead man's eyes, but he perceiveth not the light. "The life is the light of men." Where the life of God is in the soul, that soul shall see the light again. "And the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." Sweet souls! your heaven and glory hangs not on the will of man, but on the will of God to those who are not born of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. "It is the will of your Father that not one of his little ones should perish." God hath so promised, and will not lie; and God is not slack concerning his promise, but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth, and to repentance unto eternal life; and his good, eternal, irresistible, and unchangeable will must be done both in heaven and on earth. Happy

souls, who have learned truly to say that little prayer, "Father, thy will be done." The Lord lead thee more and more into his own holy and eternal truth, that thy soul may be sanctified through the truth. O Lord thy word is truth. Let God be true, and every man a liar. W. GARRARD.

Leicester, Feb. 18, 1848.

The set Time is Come.

DEARLY BELOVED & FELLOW LABOURER. After taking pleasure in the stones of Zion, and favouring the dust thereof with much anxiety and solicitude, with much prayer and importunity, to him of whom it is said, "He will regard the prayer of the destitute and not despise their prayer." Also having stood upon the walls of Zion, crying in her behalf, "For Zion's sake, I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth," I found the time drew on of which it was said, "Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favour her, yea the set time is come." (Psa. cii. 13.) And we are surely thus constrained to conclude respecting what the Lord has done for us as a church and people at Banbury, and more especially if we contrast the retrospect with our present position. Of the former we may remark, the late Mr. Radford (of blessed memory) who ministered in the glorious gospel, of the ever-blessed God, in these parts, about twenty years, and who had a number of faithful followers, of whom the greater part remain unto this day—he was never favoured with gathering the people together in church fellowship and attending to the ordinances of the house of God. And the same may be said of my predecessor, Mr. Galpine, who was minister here seven or eight years, and for about the space of ten years the church and ordinances have been neglected; but of the latter, viz. our present position, these scriptures appear to be spiritually fulfilled in some measure. "They shall cry, arise ye, let us go up to Zion unto the Lord our God. For thus saith the Lord, sing with gladness for Jacob, and shout among the nations, publish ye, praise ye, and say, O Lord, save thy people, the remnant of Israel. Behold I will bring them from the north country, and gather them from the coasts of the earth, and with them the blind and the lame, the woman with child, and her that travaileth with child. They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them, I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble, (Jer. xxxi. 6.) A few days before the first Lord's day in April, we attended to the ordinance of baptism; thirteen were baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; a few of them were above sixty years of age, and one, a female I think, above seventy. Reader! art thou

fully convinced of the ordinance of baptism being a divine command? Is it laid upon thy conscience as a command of the Lord? Why then not attend to the service, and have a conscience void of offence before God in this matter? as it is written, "Baptism is the answer of a good conscience toward God." (1 Peter iii. 21.) What are those trivial excuses, "I am not well—afraid of taking cold—it looks so—I am too old? Look here! a female above seventy, others not well; but none sustained the least harm. But to return, some of those who were baptised have been in the divine life ten, others twenty, thirty and forty years. Is there anything too hard for the Lord? it was a solemn ordinance, and powerful; a few who were spectators, who had not made up their minds before, would have gladly attended to the ordinance had it been convenient. The first Lord's-day in April we sat down in church fellowship to commemorate the death of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by faith and hope looking for his second coming, who shall appear to them that look for him the second time without sin unto salvation. (Heb. ix. 23.) And truly our company were the gathering together of the outcasts of Israel. It was a solemn, sweet, and blessed time, and the Lord was there. Isaiah spiritually describes it thus: "The Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them." And so it was. I was almost the youngest of our company, and Jeremiah's words were my feelings: then said I, 'Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, I am a child!' But blessed be his name who hath chosen the foolish things of the world, and weak, and base things, and things that are not, to confound the wise and mighty, and bring to nought the things which are. That no flesh should glory in his presence. (1 Cor. i. 27.) And you and I, my brother, know something about these foolish things; how foolish and base are we in the world's esteem, yea, and also in our own eyes, as in our Adam state nature. But oh! amazing condescension, that He who was in the beginning, was with God, and was God, one with the Father and the Holy Ghost, should take our foolishness upon himself, and cry, "my wounds stink and are corrupt through my foolishness," was he not counted base and the off-scouring of all things, for he made himself of no reputation, was weak and poor, and destitute, tempted and tried; thus in all our afflictions he was afflicted, made perfect through suffering, that he might be able to succour them that are tempted. The Lord enable us to come boldly to the throne of grace, and cry, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord! but to thy name give all the glory," for thy truth and mercy's sake.

Yours in Jesus,

Banbury,

D. LODGE.

The Afflicted Soul

LOOKING TO, AND LONGING FOR CHRIST.

DEAR FRIEND,— I desire to bless the Saviour of poor lost sinners, for his great kindness and wonderful condescension to you; may it (if it be his gracious will,) constrain you to cleave to him with heart and affection, may it bind you to him, in such a manner, as to enable you to bear any loss, yea, the loss of all things for his sake; certainly you will find, if the Lord spare your life, that all your enemies will be put in arms against you. But blessed be God, should they fight against thee, I believe they will never prevail against thee; for it is the Lord that fighteth all the battles of his people. He hath done great things for thee, may he bless you more and more, you and your wife and children if it be pleasing in his sight, and grant you a thankful heart, for what he hath done. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing." He doth not deal with many, my dear friend, as he hath in his loving kindness dealt with you, therefore, praise him, he is worthy to be praised: bless him, he is worthy to be blessed.

Ah, how glad at heart should I be, to join with you in blessing, praising, honouring, and adoring the Friend of sinners, if my soul was set at liberty. But my bonds are not loosed. I have not *received* the forgiveness of my sins. The peace speaking blood of Immanuel is not yet applied to my troubled heart. My conscience is not healed. My burden is not removed. But, blessed be the Lord, for his kindness and mercy to such a vile wretch as me. He often encourages my soul to hope and believe, that the time will come, when I shall say with Paul, "He loved me and gave himself for me." This is the mark that my soul aims at; this is the prize my heart pants to obtain; this I desire to keep in view; and sincerely hope that the Lord will never permit me to lose sight of this unspeakable prize; my soul longs to know Jesus Christ and him crucified for me: to know him as none can know him but his own blood-bought bride; to know him by the teaching of his own blessed spirit; to receive him into my heart, soul, and affections; to embrace him as the wife embraces her husband; to cleave to him as the infant cleaves to its mother's breast; to believe with my heart unto righteousness, and with my mouth to make confession unto salvation.

May the Lord put me upon your heart, if consistent with his holy and blessed will, that you may supplicate his mercy seat on my behalf. It is my desire to have a place in the heart of all the Lord's dear family; and he knows I would rather be interested in the prayers of his redeemed children, than

in all the riches, honours, and pleasures of this wicked and deceitful world.

What with the pride of my abominable heart, the deceit and treachery of my own self, and the power and subtlety of the devil, my soul often sinks in the conflict, and great fears harass and perplex my mind, lest I should be deceived, and so come short of the prize at last. It is true what some good men have said—"It does not signify what we suffer by the way, so as we get safe home at last." My heart is assured that what the Lord has got in reserve for his children, will make infinite amends for the trials they pass through in seeking a better country; for 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him.'

No tongue can tell, nor heart conceive,
Nor hope expect, nor faith believe
What God hath got in store for those
Whose hearts are brought with Christ to
close.

I wait; my soul indeed doth wait,
And strive to enter in the gate;
But how the devils rage and roar,
To keep me still without the door;
But all in vain, the powers of hell,
Since Jesus hath agreed to dwell
With every broken, contrite heart,
My soul in him must have a part.
But sin, that cursed thing, prevails,
And guilty fears my soul assails.
I sink and faint beneath their power;
They come determined to devour
My budding hopes, but Jesus lives,
And to my heart fresh courage gives.
I try to tell him all my fears;
He sometimes condescends and hears
My feeble cry, and bids me stay,
And seek and knock, and watch and pray.
Oh, bless his dear and precious name
That he on such an errand came,
To die a cursed death, and dwell
In them whose just desert is hell.
My soul doth long to call him mine,
And in his glory rise and shine.

I hope you will be led to write from time to time, that we may know how your soul prospers. And may the God of all mercies preserve you and your's in the midst of this wicked and ungodly world, which appears to be fast ripening for destruction, and keep me also. Please accept my dear Father's kind respects, and remember your unworthy friend,

A. H.

Gosport, April 22, 1843.

"I tell you, when a soul is brought to see its want of Christ aright, it will not be kept back: Father, mother, husband, wife, lands, livings, nay, life and all shall go, rather than the soul will miss Christ. Aye, and the soul counteth Christ a cheap Saviour, if he can get him upon any terms; now the soul delays no longer."—*Bunyan*,

MAY NOT A CHRISTIAN BE CARRIED OUT
OF HIS WAY, AS WAS

David, Noah, and Peter?

THEIR'S were indeed ways of darkness, but they did not turn into them voluntarily, but through violence of temptation and corruption. 2nd, they continued not in them. 3rd, they grew not up in them, they took no pleasure in them.

A man is not judged by a step or two, but according to his walk, what is his course? A man may take a step or two out of the way, but yet if he recover himself, we say that is his way; God judgeth not of a man's spirit by a step or two, for then who could be justified? No christian, but sometimes he steps awry, and it may be three or four steps, as David, into idleness, into adultery, drunkenness, murder, (2 Sam. xi.) he went into four wicked steps, foul steps, but you must not judge a man for two or three or four steps; for so on the contrary, a wicked man, may take a step or two into a godly course, he may read some good book, pray, hear the word, this is to bring about some end of his, he hath another way to go, only he is turned out of his way for some convenience as he thinks, so that there is no judging of a man, on either part, by a step or two, but we must judge of men by their walks; will you judge a man to be good that is good in good company? Many a man, for company sake, will go out of his way, so we must not judge what they do by a start; but what is their constant, voluntary, growing course; what way they hold to; that is their way. A good man in evil company, his heart is not quiet, it is no voluntary motion, and so *contra*, we often fail in judging some men by some few steps, but observe what is his voluntary constant course, and what doth he thrive and grow upon? If a man's christian course be voluntary, constant, and growing; it is not the going out a step or two that will condemn us, the wise men they came a long journey to seek Christ, and they went out of their way to Jerusalem to inquire, but then the star left them again; so a godly man goes to seek Christ, and God gives him the light of his word, yet upon some error he may turn out of the way, and then they leave God's word: but they stay not there, they go in the way again, and then they have the light of God's word to direct them.

—John Cotton.

“It is not the indwelling power of sin, nor spiritual desertions, nor violent temptations, nor heavy afflictions, nor divine delays, that can dissolve our covenant relation. Though sin may work, and Satan may tempt, and fears may be high, and God may hide his face from his people, and stop his ears at the prayers of his people, yet God will still maintain his interest in his people, and his people's relation to himself. *God hath not cast away his people, whom he foreknew.*”—Brooks.

Justice and Mercy.

SAID Justice, Man, I'd fain know what you weigh,
If weight, I spare you, if too light, I slay:
Man leap'd the scale, it mounted: on my word
Said Justice, less than nothing; whero's my sword?
Virtue was there, and her small weight would try,
The scale unsunk, still kick'd the beam on high:
Mercy, the whitest dove that ever flew,
From Calvary fetch'd a twig of crimson hue;
Aloft it sent the scale on t'other side,
Man smiled, and Justice own'd, I'm satisfied.
TOPLADY.

Thoughts on the Grave.

Among my friends 'twill soon be said
Poor Marks is numbered with the dead;
Yes; the reptile worms shall soon
Feed on my body in the tomb.

With solemn awe I now survey,
That dark abode, my house of clay;
There no companion but the worms,
That riot on me in their turns.

No, nothing in that cold abode,
Except the white and chilly shroud;
A death-like silence there doth dwell,
For ever in that gloomy cell.

How dreary would the grave appear,
Had not my Saviour entered there;
Destroyed the power of death for me,
Now in the grave no dread I see.

He once did sleep among the dead,
But he arose my living head;
And he shall guard my sleeping dust,
And raise me up among the just.

Come here, ye proud, the grave survey,
Here all your pomp and pride must lay;
Ye fair, who of your beauty boast,
'Twill here be numbered in the dust.

Ye great and mighty view the scene,
Here you must mingle with the mean;
Must all your pomp and honour leave,
There's no distinction in the grave.

(Not as to worldly honour) none,
The prince and peasant are as one;
Their dust shall here together blend,
And be the sport of every wind.

And at the final judgment day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
The judge in awful splendour come,
Stern to pronounce the general doom;

And all uprising from the grave,
The righteous shall dominion have.
With joy their slumbering dust shall rise,
To meet their Saviour in the skies;
Be with him in the realms above,
And ever sing redeeming love.

The wicked shall rise in sad dismay,
To hell's dark gulf shall go away;
There God's confounding wrath shall be,
For ever through eternity.

Jon M.

A Living Soul's Examination of Itself before God,

AS TO ITS INTEREST IN CHRIST—AND ITS COMFORTABLE ASSURANCE
OF THE SAME.

Monday, March 6, 1848.

MY DEAR, and much esteemed christian friend, and sister in the bonds of holy love and fellowship—grace, mercy, and peace be thine.

I know not how to address you this morning, I feel so completely shut up; I pray that the dear Lord may help me with his good spirit, then I shall be enabled to write what I desire to write. My eyes and my heart are up unto the Lord for guidance and direction; 'for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also; and out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh.' After a most glorious opportunity last night, under the sermon, and at the Lord's table, I am brought this morning to question myself this way:—'Do I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of my soul? Have I been led by faith into Gethsemane's garden? Have I had a faith's view of the agony and bloody sweat of my dear Redeemer? Can I say from my inmost soul, that I have an interest in that precious blood that was shed on Calvary's cross? Do I know what it is to have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings? Do I know what it is to have holy converse with the God of my life? Do I love the Lord Jesus Christ—above all, is he my chief joy? Is he my peace—my everlasting rest?' O, thou spotless lamb of God! thou knowest my heart! I feel that I dare not say that I am deceived; then why, O my soul, why this cold, and apparently, lifeless frame this morning? O, I mourn an absent God! Last night I beheld, by faith, the bright rays of the sun. This morning there appears to be a cloud between, and I cannot get near to God. The very sound of his glorious name is as ointment poured forth. Come, then, thou blessed Lord Jesus, and water my soul with the dews of heaven! O, my dear friend, I feel softness of heart; my eyes overflow with tears of joy; it is the voice of my beloved I hear. Behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills of sin and unbelief. One glimpse of his dear face drives all my doubts away.

Do not I love thee, dearest Lord,
Behold my heart, and see;
Turn every cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

O what an unhappy wretch I am; when under the hidings of God's face, when God appears to sleep, the storm beats in upon my soul, and I am obliged to call aloud for help. And, does he come to my relief? All glory to his ever-blessed, and eternal name, he does, with a 'peace, be still.' O, my friend, the devil must flee at the presence

of Jesus. O, for a stronger faith to trust him at all times. I feel that I am by nature, a lost, ruined, and undone wretch, but I trust the Lord has stripped me of my filthy garments, and put upon me the best robe, even the glorious robe of Christ's righteousness; then how can I doubt my heavenly Father's love towards me? He has set his love upon me, from everlasting, to everlasting; he has said to my soul, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;' then he cannot falsify himself; 'he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;' 'he is of one mind, and none can turn him.' My dear friend, the more I am brought to know God, and the more I see of his glory, the more deeply and sensibly, I am brought to see and feel the weakness and infirmities of the flesh; I feel to hate and abhor myself, and hate the light spirit that is too often manifest in me. I do pray to be kept humble, seeing that I am nothing, yet complete in Christ, my living Head. I do feel the truth of that Scripture, which says, 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it?' None but God, my sister: it is a complete sink of iniquity: it is a great mercy when we are enabled to look beyond all this, and to look alone to the fulness that is treasured up in Christ Jesus for us; but we cannot at all times: in numerous instances, the Lord has enabled me to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

Last night I felt most deeply humbled while our dear pastor read the 27th chapter of Matthew. That was the Scripture that first gave me to see and feel my lost and ruined state. When he came to where they spat in my dear Lord's face, it brought afresh to my soul how deeply the arrow of conviction sunk into my heart at that time, never to be forgotten. Ah, who can forget the pangs of a guilty conscience? I felt that I had sinned against a just and holy God; and could not see any way of escape; I knew nothing about the precious blood of Jesus; I could read about it; but knew not what it meant, until it was applied to my conscience by the holy and ever-blessed Spirit: it was then I felt all my sins were forgiven. But enough of that for the present. The sermon was most precious to my soul: I felt the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit, drawing my affections away from all earthly things, and giving me a glimpse of the glory God, and a foretaste of those joys that are to be revealed. I felt fully assured that the Lord Jesus will one day present my worthless soul before the presence of his glory without spot or blemish, or any such thing; there to behold the Lamb in the midst of the throne for ever and ever.

I felt rather dark in my mind, yesterday morning; I said within myself 'O, that I knew where I might find him whom my soul loveth, I would come even to his seat.' I took up my Bible, and read a portion of the word; I felt but little comfort in reading; I earnestly begged of the Lord to grant me some fresh token of his love. As I sat alone in my bed room one thing after another came to my mind, and, more especially the many trials I had gone through for Christ's sake; it came so clear to me that it was for Christ's sake, I felt such a lifting up of soul I never felt before, on that account; this was the language of my heart, before the Lord, 'O, my precious Lord Jesus, what an unspeakable mercy it is that I should be counted worthy to suffer for thy sake!' I felt so inwardly to rejoice that I cannot describe what I felt; I have, many times, when faith has been in lively exercise, thought I could give up all for his sake, or give my body to be burned; but I never felt to rejoice in the way I did then. This was a fresh token of the love of God to my soul. O, my friend, it is one thing to talk of these things, it is another thing to feel, and experience them in the heart; but what are the sufferings of this time-state, to the glory that shall be revealed in us, the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I feel that I would not have had one trial less, although they have been exceedingly painful to bear at the time; they all tend to wean me from the world. I felt very much for you on Sunday night; 'Darkness may endure for a night, but light cometh in the morning.' I hope the dear Lord has appeared before this to the joy and rejoicing of your heart. My dearly beloved friend, I say beloved, because I do believe that you are accepted in the beloved, and was predestinated to eternal glory before the foundation of the world. I do pray that the dear Lord may give our dear pastor a word for you, that may be the means of setting your soul at a happy liberty; oh, God, grant it for Christ's sake, that thy name may be glorified. I know, by happy experience, that the Lord is not tied to time or place; he can, if he pleases, speak to your soul to this effect at home in private, as well as public. Is not this the language of your heart, my sister,

Lord let me come with holy boldness to thee,
Expecting deliverance to set my soul free.

I do consider it is a great mercy, as well as a privilege, to sit under a living ministry; it has been clearly made manifest to me that our dear pastor's ministry is of God; not all the world could talk me out of it; he is a tried soul, and stands much in need of our prayers. May the Lord enable us to pray continually for him. I do believe that we have very many sincere praying souls in our church, oh, that the Lord may knit and unite us still more together, in love and unity.

Thursday, March 9.

I have been sorely harrassed and tempted

to-day; I have not known what to do with myself; you talk about deliverance, I keep on wanting deliverance, for I find that I have temptations after temptations; and, thanks be to God, deliverance after deliverance. O what a mercy the Lord knoweth our feeble frame;

He knows what sore temptations are,
For he hath felt the same.

We have, indeed, a body of sin and death to contend with, from day to day; how often our feet are entangled in the world and worldly things; but oh, what a mercy that sin, death, and hell are all conquered for us by our Almighty Friend, King Jesus: in him we shall have peace, but in the world we must have tribulation. Temporal troubles are bad enough, but soul-troubles are a great deal worse; or at least I have found them to be so. Sometimes in the heat of the conflict I have felt so rebellious that I have said, 'Lord, I shall give it up altogether;' at other times I have been enabled to say, 'Spare not, O Lord, spare not, only give me patience and submission;' it is, indeed hard work to be stripped of every thing, and brought to see what we are by nature, poor and ignorant, blind and naked. They talk about good morals, oh, thou blessed covenant keeping God and Father, I feel from my inmost soul that true morality is love of thee; nevertheless, I would contend for a consistent walk and conversation; oh, that we may never judge rashly from outward appearances; I fear this has been too often the case to the piercing through of the heart of the poor child of God. O my soul, thy witness is in heaven, thy record is on high. My dear friend, you lay very near my heart; I feel a very strong union of soul to you; I pray that the enemy of our souls may never be permitted to come between, and try to separate that union that never can be dissolved in time nor eternity. The time will come when we must give up all communion and fellowship in the church militant, to join the church triumphant. I trust he hath given me a white stone, and in that stone a new name written which no one knows but myself. O, when we get to glory, then shall we sing the never ending song, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain for us, to receive power, and honour, and glory for ever and ever.'

One morning last week I was presenting my poor feeble petition before the Lord on behalf of our church; I was begging of the Lord to let his blessing rest upon us from time to time, when those words came most sweetly to me, 'Their souls shall be like a watered garden.' I felt an overflow of gratitude to God for his goodness. I awoke this morning early, and I thought about this letter; this was the language of my soul before the Lord, I said, 'Dear Lord, thou knowest my heart, and all my thoughts, I feel a fear in giving my friend this letter, lest it should be the means of casting her down in her feelings; those words immediately came to me, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,

forthou shalt find it after many days.' O, my sister, I felt humbled in the very dust before the Lord, and said, 'O, thou blessed Jesus, if there is but one word that thine unworthy child has written, that should be for the comfort of her soul, thy name shall receive the praise and the glory;' from this I felt such a lifting up of soul that brought me into close communion with my God; my soul felt lifted as it were between earth and heaven. O, my friend, when God speaks to the soul, if it be but one word, we feel what we cannot express; this is the way the dear Lord deals with me: 'he giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.' All glory be to his precious name, I never shall be able to praise him enough till I get home to glory; then, methinks I will sing the loudest of all the blood-redeemed family. I fear I shall tire you with my long epistle; accept my thanks for your kind letters; I do assure you it done my heart good to read them; we have each our several gifts, but it is one and the self-same Spirit that teacheth and guideth all the children of God. You may be in possession of that I do not know anything about; I may be in possession of that you know nothing about; and by communicating one to another these things, in letters, I do consider we edify and comfort each other; then do favour me with an answer, and tell me how the Lord has dealt with your soul since you last wrote.

May the Lord bless you abundantly and strengthen your faith, and keep us in peace and in the unity of the Spirit, for his great name and mercy's sake, Amen.

Your's, in much christian affection,
C. CHAPPELL.

See what sin hath done.

DEAR PARTNER—I received your's, and was glad to find you had improved in health, and trust that you will realize the hand of God in your removal, and experience his grace in your soul to glorify him, as this is the great end of life—"In all thy ways acknowledge him." We carry about with us hearts "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" constantly deceiving us, filling us with vain, foolish, and selfish imaginations of ourselves. We forget those whom the Lord hath made choice of, and does chose, the kind of characters they are, and with whom he dwells, "That no flesh should glory in his presence."

What Pharisaical thoughts have we of ourselves, and sport with our own deceivings. How heady and high minded—how self-willed and confident—where we should be meek, lowly, submissive, contented, and resigned: what base intruders come in—what vanity swells and puffs us up to think something of ourselves, who are less than *nothing*; yea, vanity itself—what scum and filthiness floats on the surface of our imaginings—O, what a great power is sin! how it overcomes, overawes, and threatens

total destruction! But where grace lives, and reigns, the little spark, the little seed, the little faith, the little ones shall be victorious, shall get through and maintain the conflict, although the monster is felt so powerfully within. The mind of Christ, the life of faith, the fresh oil of the Holy Spirit is poured down, and the holy fire burns again in love, praise, gratitude, admiration, and we glorify God for all we have, and are. Walking humbly with God, what a spiritual; and lowly elevation it gives us! This spirit overcomes and conquers, but by pride and high-mindedness we fall, get into bondage and captivity, and so are overcome. All our ways proclaim to us the necessity of watchfulness, of keeping close to the word of God, being much in prayer, having as little as possible to do with outward things as we can: these are the aids and the helps we want for our often infirmities, and which a gracious God has provided for our help. Under the law (it was exceedingly sweet to me yesterday) we read of a daily burnt offering prepared—"A meat offering continually, by a perpetual ordinance unto the Lord." (Ezekiel xvi. 13—15.) Whilst this in substance signified and set forth Christ, it would serve also as an help to the faith of the believer, the constancy of it, and a mean of grace under that dispensation. But the blessed Spirit is our helper to bring Christ to us, to think upon him, and reveal him continually—for we are not in spiritual bodies, but in bodies which are constantly cleaving to the earth. How hard we find it to wait upon God, and to be in his fear all the day long; to walk upright and sincerely as before him. We are not "able to watch one hour." We want no reminding of what we are to do to day, where to go, what to eat, drink, and the like; thoughts of these things crowd and rush in upon us; but we do not find spiritual, heavenly, and eternal thoughts and realities so overcome us, and why? "Because of sin that dwelleth in us."

This afternoon Mr. Neeve and I purpose going to see our dear afflicted brother, Mr. Herring, who is now lying in the University Hospital, Gower Street, having had as good as four operations to go through. When he had the first deep cutting, there were present upwards of eighty medical men, he exclaimed before them all, "Now, Lord, for the promised aid;" and the Lord did grant it, and has since graciously smiled upon him; he is recovering. Here we see fallen nature in her lamentable condition, in sighs, throes, groans, sorrows, and afflictions in Hospitals, Mad-houses, Prisons, and Work-houses. What monuments to sin are they all, and how thickly erected: the worst are those erected to men who have been wholesale destroyers of their race; yet people gaze upon these fine statues without considering what sin hath done, and what caused their creation? In this point of view, what a monument itself is London: the monument of London you know well, at the bottom of

Fish Street Hill, on it might be inscribed, "Behold! what sin hath done!"

Clouds and darkness are spreading themselves over the land—thrones, principalities, and powers, are tottering. A meeting of 15,000 met in the front of our street, on Kennington Common, to legislate for us on the 10th of this month, and caused London from end to end to be in a complete state of *seige*, prepared for war. But their attempts failed; and in the evening I attended a peaceful Bible meeting at the "Horns," close to the place where all this noise was. The Lord is now speaking in wrath to the nations, and saying to the high ones, "Humble yourselves, for your principalities shall come down." (Jer. xiii. 11.) This verse has been much with me during these stormy commotions. Christ is the head of all principalities and powers, he will subject all to his supreme authority and government. He speaks in Ezekiel of "kindling a fire." "And all flesh shall see that I, the Lord have kindled it." Chron. xx. 47, 48. But Jesus is the covering of his people, their close chamber where he reveals himself to closet in, and it is he that keeps them. The wicked, that know him not, are alarmed at what is coming, and have great cause to be so; for, rest assured he will arise and shake terribly the earth, and plead the cause of his oppressed. I am more alarmed at the deadness, ease, and carnality of Zion's Watchmen, and of the hosts of faithless ministers, than of chartists.

On Sunday I heard Gad Huntington, son of the honoured William Huntington. He is very far from being as popular as his Father, (very few hear him) yet, nevertheless, he is a sweet Bible preacher; I never heard one more largely quote the word of God than he does. Mr. Wright, at the Obelisk, who has now gone home, was the best textuary I had heard—but Mr. H. far exceeds him. A style of preaching I am quite persuaded the greater part of hearers have no ear for. What is called deep experimental preaching suits the major part of those who attend where the truth is declared. But opening the word of God, shewing its amazing greatness and importance has been much of late set aside for another strain of preaching. I pray the Lord, if it be his will, to turn a *pure language* unto us, "that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent," or *shoulder*, as the hebrew is.

Your's in love,

April 18, 1848. HENRY WATMUFF.

'Festus, Bernice and Agrippa, three great pompous fellows met together, and nothing afforded them pastime, but that Paul, the prisoner, must be brought before them in his chains, and he preached before them his conversion, to their everlasting confusion. Where is Festus and his party now?'—*Hawker*.

Marks of Salvation,

Or, an Answer to a Tried and Mourning Believer enquiring, How may I know that Jesus died for me, and that I shall at last get safe to Heaven?

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted."—Isaiah.

Dost thou, poor mourner, long, and thirst to prove

Thy certain interest in a Saviour's love?
That Jesus died for thee; would'st thou faint know

That precious secret, ere thou farther go?
Where death will land thee; on what unseen shore

Thy ship will cast thee, when life's voyage is o'er—

Are thy sails torn, thy hull almost a wreck,
And frightful waves appear to drive thee back?

Is lost thy compass? does fear make thee sigh,

And hopes of seeing land all passed by?
And thou long lost; wave following after wave

Threaten to sink thee in a hopeless grave?
Dost thou not know, O doubting, fearful soul,

All things are under Jesu's wise control?
Is he thy only hope? he rules the storm—
And will he let one trouble do thee harm?

He loves thee far too well to let thee sink,
Whate'er thy fears may be; or whate'er you think,

Through seas of grief thou must to heaven swim,

And leave thy native shore for love of him.
Hast thou been brought to see thy strength so small,

To save thyself, thou hast no power at all?
Hast thou discarded all thy free-will notion,
And naked fled to Jesus for thy portion—

Seen Jesu's righteousness by faith
Thy only covering-robe from endless death?

Has the Almighty Spirit whisper'd peace;
Broke thy hard heart, and brought a sweet release?

Is the dear name of Jesus sweet to thee,
More savory than sweetest sounds can be?

Is he more precious than whole mines of gold,
And all the silver in the world thrice told?

His precious blood, than rubies far more dear
Are nothing worth, if you do them compare;

Would'st thou for him, all worldly joys forego,
And let the earth and all its trifles go?

Seen thyself ruined by the first man's sin,
Deprav'd from head to foot, without, within;

Dost love the house where mercy freely sounds,
With healing balm to heal sin's festering wounds?

Is thy heart melted at a sight so rare,
As makes thy eyes emit the briny tear;

That thou might'st in him but be found to be
A pardon'd part of his dear family?

Dost thou despise thy good deeds as thy sin,
That thou at last a glorious Christ might
win?

Afraid to venture death's distressing shade,
Where all is gloomy, without Jesu's aid?
Is he thy hiding-place in every storm,
And dost thou find in him thy sweetest
home?

Dost thou delight to plead his promis'd grace,
And tell him how thou long'st to see his
face?

Could'st thou give up thy hope in him, and
say

I think as safe might prove another way?

O no, but thou hast for him such esteem,
Venture upon him thou must, sink or swim;
Then art thou right, dear soul, with all
thy fears,

He'll wipe away at last thy many tears;
His Father, and thy God, has drawn thee to
His loving Christ, and will not let thee go.
None ever came amiss, as God is true,
None ever failed that God the Father drew;
All he draws to him, all the chosen race,
To love and praise him for electing grace:
All that have landed on that happy shore
Their cross have carried—now they grieve
no more.

Is thy path full of trouble? yes, you say;
I tread on thorns and briars every day,
I come through tribulation all the way. }
This is the path, dear fellow traveller, this,
That all have trodden, who have come to
bliss;

It is the consecrated way, with blood,
That leads from earth to happiness, and
God:

He drank for thee, that bitter cup of gall,
That thou might'st never taste—he drank
it all;

His sacred head must wear a crown of
thorns,

That his dear spouse might wear immortal
crowns:

The cross must be thy gain, the cross must be
The pillow soft, on which thy rest must be.
Then mourn for such a friend, and wonder
why

Thy heart's so hard. Just such an heart
have I;

I've come through seas of grief, where many
a wave

I've thought would sink me in a hopeless
grave;

My compass has been lost—my sails all
torn—

And hope, my anchor, seem'd entirely gone;
My rigging has been spoiled in many a
storm;

My leaks have been my fears, I shall not
reach my home;

My pilot's miss'd—I knew not how to steer,
My vessel drove, she went I knew not
where:

My calms distress'd me more than all I see,
My faith seem'd sinking—Lord, remember
me!

My ballast (deep affliction,) sank me low,
My constant cross while I remain below;
My cable weak, by tempest toss'd about,
My faith I fear, will never hold me out;

My freight, the stores, corruptible and bad,
The only lading that I ever had.

Come gentle breezes—blow heavenly wind,
And waft me on, my destined port to find;
My fears all groundless, tho' so oft distress,
Smooth my rough seas, and bring my soul
to rest.

The worldling's mirth hath charms for
thee no more,

Than shipwreck'd sailors loathe the sight
of shore;

Sweet hope, thy anchor, cast within the
veil,

And yet have fears thy faith at last will
fail.

O fellow pilgrim, thank him for thy lot,
Thou shalt at last be with him; doubt it
not;

The worldling's treasure is below the skies,
Shadows and things that perish, most they
prize;

But thine's substantial; heaven will pass
away

Before thy faith shall fail—or hope de-
cay.

Fear not, thou shalt be brought to see at
last,

Thy sins were all on lovely Jesus cast;
Thou shalt, at death, get safe to that blest
shore;

Where fears, and doubts, and griefs, shall
come no more. W. H.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, EXPERI-
ENCE, AND

Happy Death of William Upton, Of Leicester.

(Continued from page 40.)

It was a matter of surprise with some, that I visited him so often. And why? because people thought he was a confirmed Arminian; and their surmisings were strengthened, because several of their body came at different times to see him. I acknowledge he had a peculiar way of speaking and expressing himself on several subjects, and sometimes put the cart before the horse, as the saying is: but relative to soul matters; wherein lies the heart and core of religion, I believe he was sound and scriptural; and I could no more reject his christianity than I could my own. Likewise, I had further evidence; for if there is any judgment to be formed from the communion of saints, I must say, I felt more of the Spirit's influence resting upon me while talking with this poor despised man about the things of God, than I have done while conversing on the same subject with many, whose christianity is extolled up to the heavens. It was this secret influence which, cemented, as it were, my heart to his; so that whenever I visited him, I felt reluctant to leave him.

But to return—when I found him continuing in the same state of weakness, without a change, either for the better or worse,

it surprised me, as well as a many others. He appeared to be in a slow consumption, yet we could not perceive him any worse; and as this was the case, his friends visited him the less frequent: and I am sorry to add, his own family grew weary with him. Neglected and forlorn, he literally proved the truth of these words: "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." He suffered through many things in his family; he was often taunted with the appellation of *Calvinist*. It was insinuated to him, that they were all happy and united when they went to the *Ranter's* chapel together; but since he had changed in his views of scripture, there was no peace with him; that he would continually contradict them; and kept talking and reading about such things, they neither understood nor wished to hear. This charge was often iterated, and re-iterated in his ears; but he was enabled to bear these trials with christian patience: when he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he was threatened, he turned not again; but committed himself to Him, "Who judgeth righteous judgment." The following verse was often repeated by him on these occasions:—"Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written—vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." He had likewise many troubles of a temporal nature to grapple with, which sometimes caused him to be cast down in soul and *exclaim*, "All these things are against me"—but in fact they were really a spur to his faith, for they drove him with more fervency to the throne of grace; made manifest to him the vanity and emptiness of all *created good*: and excited him to "Come up from the wilderness, leaning upon his beloved."

The first time I left home and removed to the Island of Jersey, was in the summer of 1845. I continued to write to him and he to me; a letter of his I will here transcribe, which will show the state of his mind at that time:—

"Leicester, October 16th, 1845.

"Dear Friend,

I received your letter with pleasure and thankfulness, for what you sent me. I do assure you that a friend in need is a friend indeed. The pay that I receive from the parish is only 2s. 6d. per week. I am very glad to hear that your health is better, and that you are coming home soon; I shall be very glad to see your face once more before I die. I am almost lost, having no one to comfort me but my Bible, and my God; for my house is more like a den of lions than a house of prayer. The corruptions of my heart, and the things I have to undergo in my family, I am almost ready to give up prayer altogether: at times I feel lifted up in prayer; then again, at other times, I feel as if I could not pray at all. But when I

think of that blessed passage, where God says, that he will avnge his own *elect*, I feel comforted; and behind a frowning providence he hides a smiling face. Then my dear friend let us take courage, in spite of all our fightings without and fears within; let us pray on, believing that God is your Father and mine—I believe it, don't you? that once a child, always a child. Though we often want correcting, yet like as a father pitieth his children, even so the Lord pitieth his own elect children. I am still growing weaker and weaker—first one pin, and then another keeps dropping from this frail tabernacle; but I thank my God, my soul is getting ripe for eternity, to join the church triumphant."

The poor man, as you read, was the subject of many trials; one of a temporal nature in particular, he had to grapple with; and had it not been for a kind friend, who stepped forward on the occasion, and helped him in his pecuniary circumstances, it is most probable this saint of God would have been turned out of doors, and his bed sold from under him. In this distress he cried unto the Lord continually, for the Lord was his refuge in all times of trouble. Our kind and gracious Lord heard and answered his request, by putting it into the heart of a dear brother to assist him, so that he was delivered (as he termed it) out of the mouth of the lion, and the paw of the bear; and exclaimed, "Triumph not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me."

(To be continued.)

Ordination of Mr. Thomas Stringer,

Of Snows' Fields Chapel, Borough.

THE ordination of Mr. Thomas Stringer, as pastor of the church assembling for worship in the above named chapel, took place on Tuesday, March 28, 1848. The following is a brief sketch of the services:—

MORNING SERVICE.

After singing, Mr. Nichols read and prayed. Another hymn was sung, when Mr. Felton, of Deptford, stated the nature of a Gospel Church. He began somewhat as follows:—

"We are assembled here this morning for a solemn employment. I hope we shall be cheerfully solemn. We are come to a wedding, of which CHRIST himself is the bridegroom. Earthly ties will die away; and the most solemn events on earth are those which snap asunder a pastor from a church. We are not come to make the bond; that was done in eternity. But we are come to recognize the compact. One poor sinner is called to minister to a number of poor sinners; we are therefore invited to come here and witness the same. The portion of the

services allotted to me is, to state the nature of a gospel church. What a ponderous work! Who has ever done it? It never has been done, nor never will be done on earth. We can define what it exhibits: we can tell the characteristics of it; we can tell how we know it—but not *what it is*. The word *Church* has been diffusively employed; but you know the learned tell us it simply means *an assembly*; and that it will also apply to *an unlawful assembly*. There is a good and a bad sense then, in which it may be taken. Hence, we hear of the church of Rome, and the Grecian church—and the Russian church, and many other churches where we should hardly think that the divine presence was manifested. But the church of God is marked out in the word of God. Then we must come to the word of God to know what it is:—it is A CONGREGATION OF HEAVEN-BORN SOULS. We will notice it under four particulars:

“First.—Her divine or decretive originality.

“Secondly.—Her peculiar constitution.

“Thirdly.—Her declarative standing.

“Fourthly.—Her evidential perpetuity.

I. Her divine or decretive originality. All things have an origin. I know of no new things under the sun. Her originality is found in the mind of God, and that which does not begin there is no good. Here she is in the mind of God—in the love-thought of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

II. Her peculiar constitution. She is not of man's making; not of schools; nor of man's devising, but entirely of the Lord Jesus Christ.

III. Her declarative standing. The Lord will have a people that shall stand as his witnesses. The dying thief was one. Her declarative standing then is in the Spirit's witnessing. He puts his seal on purchased property, and always stamps it as his own. She is brought to see that she is nothing; and he will scatter all her self-righteousness, that he may have the glory of enrobing her in his own spotless robe of righteousness. I see the church's declarative standing in the Spirit's testimony on the soul.

IV. Her evidential perpetuity. The Lord has brought together a church here for a long time—he has taken away one pastor, but he has brought you another.

After a very weighty and able discourse, Mr. Felton sat down; a verse was sung:

‘Lord, may this church grow up in grace, &c.’

Mr. Felton then called upon Mr. Stringer to give an account of his call by grace to a knowledge of himself; to which Mr. Stringer replied.

[The substance or nearly the whole of what Mr. Stringer gave in as his conversion, call to the ministry, &c., will be found in our first volume, it is therefore, needless to insert it here.]

The remaining usual questions being asked and answered—Mr. Foreman rose and asked Mr. Felton if he would allow him to ask one question, to which Mr. Felton readily consented. The question was—‘With any change of sentiment, will you pledge yourself before this church and congregation, immediately to resign the pulpit?’ Mr. Stringer replied that God helping him, he would.

Mr. Jackson, one of the deacons of Snow's Fields, then gave an outline of the most peculiar features which led them to give Mr. Stringer an unanimous call to become their pastor; stating what God had wrought by and through him since he had been among them. After which, the church publicly recognized the call, and Mr. Stringer ratified his assent to the same.

Mr. Felton concluded the Morning's Service by prayer.

AFTERNOON'S SERVICE.

A hymn was sung. Mr. Moyll read a portion of Scripture, and offered up the Ordination Prayer: another hymn was sung, and Mr. Foreman rose to give the

Ordination Charge.

Mr. Foreman selected 2 Tim. iv. 2: ‘Preach the Word.’ The text comprehends all that you will want for public service, if you live to the age of Methuselah. In it we notice three things. 1. The commission: 2. The credentials: 3. The advice.

1. The commission. You know, brother Stringer; and therefore, I need not tell you how and what to preach. It is the pleasure then of our God, to work out his own will; sin and death entered; and by it spoiled all things. It is the good-will and pleasure of our God, to save such and such only as are redeemed by the blood and intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ. Our God does not want associates in this matter; he says, ‘I will work, and who shall let or hinder?’

2. The credentials of this commission. ‘the Word.’ There must be something particular in this to be called—*the word*. It denotes, the whole word of God; and there is a great harmony in this word. Without it we should have no means of knowing the mind of our Eternal God. It is the word of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. And in preaching the *Word* you'll have to preach the *Word of God*; the word of the Son; the word of reconciliation; the word of Life; and the sent *Word*.

3. The advice given; ‘Preach the Word.’ You will not fail to preach all that you find in the word of God: and I hope you will not preach what you do not find there. In preaching the word you must study it. Like the earth—it has some value on the surface, but ten thousand times more as you go deeper. Preach the word, fully, faithfully, studiously, and experimentally. Study it by reading, thinking, and prayer. Read anything that

shall act as a scullery maid to the great mistress of Revelation.

After singing, Mr. Foreman concluded the afternoon's service by prayer.

EVENING'S SERVICE.

Mr. J. A. Jones read and prayed, and Mr. Wells preached from John xi. 8, 9. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love." Wherein he noticed four things: 1. The manner of true discipleship: 2. The import of the character: 3. The order of the love of God: 4. The exhortation. We only give a sentence or two of Mr. W.'s able discourse.

I. The manner of true discipleship. Here I shall notice three distinct ideas. 1. Fellowship with God; 2. Faith in the Son, and 3. Love to him.

When the Lord begins his work on the heart, it gives rise in the sinner's mind to an enquiry after eternal things. These matters have such a weighty effect on the mind as to cause them to desire fellowship with God; and this is one of the fruits. In a word, they are brought into a state of solitude, and this brings them to hold fellowship with God. You and I in seeking his glory—glorify God; and in order for a man to glorify God he must have a knowledge of his state as a sinner.

2. Faith or confidence. Now the people that are thus brought to love the Lord will be often under the influence of unbelief, and therefore they must venture on the promises of the Lord; and believe that crooked as things are, he will make them the means of bringing a greater weight of glory. Besides this, there will be other afflictions. Now it is that Satan will attack you and darkness will come. Whatever trials you may have as a church, *stand still* and seek the Lord for direction, and the Lord will appear for you; Jonah will be astonished to find he is turned out safe on dry land; Joseph will be astonished to find himself in the palace of the King, clothed in royal apparel.

3. Love. We can do nothing without this. It would be a poor thing to believe the scriptures and not love them. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye *love much*." "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

III. *The order of the love of God.*—Jesus Christ is loved as the Son of God; and as such he loves us as the children of God. Observe the order of this love.—

1. *Relationship.* 2. *Eternity.*—"Whose goings forth have been from of old; from everlasting." Therefore, there is an eternity of love. 3. *Bestowment.*" How wonderful is this! "He put away sin by the sacrifice

of himself." 4. *Justification.* As my Father has so loved me, as to have nothing against me, so have I loved thee, that I have nothing against thee. 5. *Duration.* As my Father has loved me, so as never to part from me, so have I loved thee so as never to part from thee. "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world." I am come after you, and will not go back without you.

IV. *The Exhortation.*—"Continue ye in my love." First.—*Vitally.* In opposition to the mere way-side, stony-ground hearer. This is what exercises the child of God all through life---the vitality of his religion. 2. *Practically.* Not only in difficulties but in prosperity. 3. *Contentedly.* It is a very comfortable thing when we can feel contented. I do feel thankful to say, that ever since I have known the Lord, I have been quite contented with his love; and never wished to change it. I defy any one to bring anything to equal it! Empty professors soon get discontented. The word of God to man, entered as a two-edged sword. When I was in a state of nature I was seldom contented with anything. I was going to say, if I was not contented with this, I ought to go to hell.

Mr. Wells finished his discourse by expressing his good wishes for the welfare and prosperity of both church and pastor at Snows' Fields.

Many ministers of the Gospel were present during the services of the day, and the chapel was crowded on each occasion; more particularly in the evening, when numbers could not obtain admission.

The Blessings of Prayer.

WHEN by sin overwhelmed, shame covers my face,
We look unto Jesus, who saves us by grace;
We call on his name from the gulph of despair,
And he plucks us from hell in answer to prayer.

Prayer, sweet prayer!

Be it ever so feeble, there's nothing like prayer.

When trials afflict us, and sorrows o'erflow,
When patience is weary, or sunk into woe,
If to Jesus we look, on him cast our care,
We find certain relief in answer to prayer.

Prayer, sweet prayer!

Be it ever so feeble, there's nothing like prayer.

When God we approach, through the Son of his love,
Both his mercy and truth we know we shall prove:
For our comfort and peace, his arm is made bare,
And his grace we receive in answer to prayer.

Prayer, sweet prayer!

For acts of devotion, there's nothing like prayer.

Holy Spirit of truth, 'tis thine to inspire
The faith that enkindles the spark of desire,
Which cleanses the heart, and perfumes all the air,
With the odour of incense ascending from prayer.

Prayer, sweet prayer!

Be it ever so feeble, there's nothing like prayer,

When sickness assails, and to death we draw near,
We'll face the grim monster, divested of fear!
In Jesus's love we shall have a full share.

While the flame is kept bright, in answer to prayer.

Prayer, sweet prayer!

Both in life, and in death, there's nothing like prayer.

Christian Reviewer.

"A Protest against the Doctrines, that a Child of God cannot Backslide: that the Lord does not Chastise his Children for Sin: that Sin in the Thought of the Heart is as offensive to God as Sin in the Outward Action." A Sermon Preached in the Baptist Chapel, St. George's Road, Manchester, on Lord's Day Evening, Jan. 23, 1848: by John Kershaw, Minister of the Gospel, Rochdale. London: R. Groombridge and Sons, 5, Paternoster-row; J. Gadsby, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

As soon as this discourse was published, we purchased a copy, and read it carefully through; and felt a desire to notice it in the *Vessel*, but inasmuch as it had not been sent to us for Review, we rather reluctantly laid it aside. Since that a dear and much esteemed brother in the Lord, and in the ministry, has put it into our hands for the express purpose above named: we shall therefore now freely and fearlessly call the attention of our readers to the work. We have nothing to do, nor shall we notice, any of the circumstances which led Mr. Kershaw to enter this "solemn and scriptural protest against the errors" set forth in the title page; but we have to do with (and we feel called upon to give all the help in our power to make known,) the able, honest, wholesome and necessary declaration and defence of vital, experimental truth, which this sermon contains.

We must not be told that there is no occasion for such a protest to be entered and published. We know that there is great occasion. We have ourselves heard one who was considered "a very able Gospel Minister," boldly declare from the pulpit that sin was no worse in practice, than it was in thought; and we also know that it has been again and again declared that "we have nothing to do with sin, nor sin with us." Moreover closet communion, closet retirement, and secret waiting upon God has been ridiculed; the fact is, the "PERILOUS TIMES ARE REALLY COME;" men are evidently "lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, heady, and high-minded; having a form, an elegant, and eloquent form of godliness, but denying the essential and the experimental power."

We feel that these are solemn things. To stand up against them, is like the plucking out of a right eye, and cutting off a right arm; but be the consequences what they may, against that awful levity, profanity, perversion of God's most Holy Truth, and the making merchandise of Christ's house and ordinances, we must and will witness.

We regret that inasmuch as this sermon did not come into our hands for review until the *Vessel* for May was complete, we can only this month briefly refer to it. We most sincerely and heartily trust its circulation will be extensive. We wish it could have been published for two-pence, instead of four-pence, knowing as we do that the Lord's people are for the most part exceedingly poor.

Just to enable the reader to form some idea of the preacher's motive, spirit, and subject, we make the following extract:—

"The summer before your late and esteemed pastor died, he and I, in the providence of God, were cast into the company of a clergyman of the Established Church, Vicar of a neighbouring parish. After the compliments which usually pass on such occasions, he being informed who my friend was, looked very earnestly at him, and said, 'Well, Mr. Gadsby, I have often heard of you, but never recollect seeing you before; you are a much older man than I expected.' 'Ah!' said my friend, 'I have attained to more than three score years and ten, and as good old Dr. Hawker was wont to say, after he had attained that age, I am living upon borrowed days.' The vicar, still looking earnestly at my friend, continued, 'Mr. Gadsby, I suppose you stand directly opposed to all such men as myself?' Mr. Gadsby replied, 'Oh! no, doctor, you are greatly mistaken: I do not stand opposed to you or any man in the land; there is not a man upon earth whom I do not feel wishful to benefit so far as lies in my power. I do not stand opposed to men, but to erroneous principles and practices.' My dear friends, I feel thankful to the Lord that I can even now say the same as your esteemed pastor said.

"The Lord has put it into my heart 'to do good to all men, but especially to the household of faith.' It is neither men nor church that I stand opposed to as such, but to those principles and doctrines, both in theory and practice, which stand opposed to the word of God, and to the real happiness, peace, and prosperity of Zion.

"On the present occasion you are aware that I stand pledged to enter a scriptural protest against the following errors:—

"I. That a child of God cannot backslide.

"II. That the Lord does not chastise his children for sin.

"III. That sin in the thought of the heart is as great an offence to God as sin in the outward action.

"Beloved, these principles are either true or false, either in accordance with the records of heaven or opposed to them. Let us in examination follow the noble example of the Bereans spoken of in our text, who 'searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so.' The Lord enable us to try the principles under consideration by the rule, bringing them to the standard of God's word, christian experience, and 'the doctrines which are according to godliness.'"

Next month, if spared, we shall notice the work again.

"A View of Christ in Glory." A Sermon by the late Mr. John Stevens. London: James Paul, Penny Pulpit Office, Chapter House Court, St. Paul's.

At the close of this discourse, we find the following paragraph—"This sublime and most glorious sermon has been written out, and carefully revised by Mr. J. A. Jones."

of Jireh." The subject certainly is both "sublime and glorious;" and in treating of it there is nothing but what is calculated in the hands of the Spirit, to draw out the souls of the redeemed in fervent aspirations for the time when "We shall see Him as he is, and be made like unto him."

"Triumphant Grace signally displayed in Some Desperate Struggles between Old Apollyon and a Young Believer." By James Osbourn, V.D.M., of Baltimore City. London: Printed and Published at the Office of the Earthen Vessel, 6, Pagoda Terrace, Bermondsey New-road.

This is James Osbourn all over: both as an author and a preacher, he is never better at home than when treating on "Triumphant Grace." In this work he has ably worked out the attacks of Old Apollyon and the happy triumphs of sovereign grace. The work is a very long letter in twelve sections, addressed to his brother in the ministry, Mr. H. Holden.

We understand the Churches in England will not allow Mr. Osbourn yet to return. His invitations are so numerous and pressing, and his labours so acceptable, that he feels constrained to lengthen his visit; and to this desired arrangement, his beloved partner and friends in America have, (for Christ's sake, and for the gospel's sake.) somewhat reluctantly bowed.

"Short meditations on Elisha." London: Nisbett & Co.

This is a clean, quiet, spiritual, and savory little commentary on the History of Elisha. We will gather a few of the fruits from this little tree some day, if spared.

"Apollos" has our thanks for his kind acknowledgement of the Answers through the *Supplement*, published with the April *Vessel*. It is astonishing what a number of letters of various kinds that simple question has produced. Some profess to have received much instruction and confirmation from the perusal of the *Supplement*; others are quite angry. We think shortly of publishing another *Supplement*, containing some other letters on both sides of the question. In the mean time let us be fairly understood; we do not intend "to make the *Earthen Vessel* an organ for *Baptismal Controversy*." No. But, after all the banging and beating which we have had; after all the warm and angry letters which we have perused; still, our heads are so thick, and our views respecting the ordinance of Baptism are so fixed that we cannot be so frightened by indirect threats as to bring our minds to make a promise that we will say no more about it. And as to the charge that 'none are christians, but those who are baptised with water,' we totally deny it. We believe and are fully persuaded that the Lord has hundreds

of faithful ministers and thousands of precious redeemed souls who never were baptised in water: but this fact does not in the least alter the positive command of Christ in the 19th and 20th verses of the 28th of Matthew. Neither does it shake or lessen our conviction that the first gospel church was a pattern for all the churches of Christ down to the end of time. There, in the second of Acts, you have these seven things beautifully and blessedly connected:

First: 'They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.' Acts ii. 4. This is the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Secondly, Peter began to preach the fulfilment of prophecy, and the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

Thirdly, sinners were convicted, and cried out, 'What shall we do?'

Fourthly, Peter answered, 'Repent, and be baptised, in the name of Jesus Christ.'

Fifthly, 'They that gladly received the word, were baptised.'

Sixthly: 'The same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.'

And lastly, 'They continued steadfastly in the Apostle's doctrine, and in fellowship, and in the breaking of bread and prayers.' Here, in these seven things, the Holy Ghost hath joined together—the materials, the order, the constitution, and proper discipline of the New Testament church. And the powerful instruction of the blessed Spirit in our souls, is this—'WHAT GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NO MAN PUT ASSUNDER. We do fearlessly declare that, in the covenant of grace, God the Father did unite Christ and the church: in the gospel kingdom, he has united the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Without vital and external union to Christ in the covenant of grace, we know no soul can be saved: without either baptism or the Lord's Supper, we believe thousands have been, and will be saved. Nevertheless, we feel bound as much to honour the ordinances in Christ's house, as we do cordially believe in that covenant which gives existence, safety, and glory to the house. And having said thus much, we shall for the present leave it: and if for this avowal of our sentiments some good men become angry with us, and turn their backs upon us, be it so; sooner than hold back, or hide up any part of that truth which is written in God's word, and revealed in our hearts, we would that the *Earthen Vessel* should become extinct.

DEATH DREADED, YET DESIRED.

"The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak." Mark xiv. 38.

ON Friday, March 17th, died in the faith, Emma Vinall, of Leader-street, Chelsea, in the 54th year of her age. She was born in sin, and in due time brought to know it, although she long remained a stranger to the God of her life. Being compelled to attend a place of worship every Lord's day, with her God-fearing parents, the chapel being four miles distant from their residence, she went much against her stubborn and rebellious will, at the same time, promising herself, that when she became her own mistress, she would see and have her own way, and her fill of pleasure. Blessed be God that "*his ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts.*" But after she was married, and left her father's house, she found not the happiness she had proposed to herself, but instead of pleasure, many sorrows. Her sister-in-law having died suddenly, led her for the moment, to consider her state and danger as a sinner before God, whereupon, she resolved to live a godly life, and in her own imaginary strength, she set about the business, as though heaven were to be obtained presently, being yet a stranger to "the grace that wills and works the change which makes the sinner free." At this period evincing some degree of concern for her soul, when she knew it was the time for her father to be engaged in family prayer, she would go and listen at the window, that she might hear him begging of his heavenly Father, to look in mercy upon his wicked children, but these things being merely the result of sudden and transient conviction, soon passed away like the morning dew. Shortly after this, she came to London, and receiving an affectionate letter from her youngest sister upon her having been baptized, at Hailsham, in Kent, she was greatly affected therewith, and her mind becoming deeply distressed with the felt consciousness of her sinnership, she was led to conclude that she should go to hell, while her sister would be in glory. The distress of her soul was considerably increased by reflecting on the persecuting spirit which she had formerly betrayed towards her much afflicted brother, who died at the age of 18. This youth (a brand

plucked out of the fire) had suffered extremely from rheumatic gout, which brought on a rapid decline; prayer had been made for him without ceasing, that God would shew unto him his awful state as a sinner, his need of salvation, and his personal interest in the all-atoning sacrifice of the ever adorable Redeemer. Early in the morning of the day on which he died, his awakened and alarmed soul was in an agony, his bitter and incessant cries were, *I am damned, and fast going to hell*; on his parents wishing him to be carried up stairs, he refused, saying, that *the lowest hell was his proper place.* During the day Mr. D—, minister of — Chapel, visited him, and prayed with, and for him, while his father was found pleading for him in one room, his mother in another; the perspiration produced by his intense sufferings and sorrow, rolled off him like water, until the evening time, when light divine broke in upon his mind, with kind and cheering rays, which liberated his soul from the blackness of despair, and the bondage of corruption, and caused him with holy rapture to cry out, *I have seen Jesus Christ! Carry me up—carry me up, for I have seen Jesus Christ!* A few hours after, he died in peace, giving praises to God. The minister before mentioned, preached a funeral sermon on the occasion, from the following apostolic appropriate testimony, "*and last of all he was seen of me also, as one born out of due time.*" 1 Cor. xv. 8.

Our deceased sister on coming to London, attended for some time, the ministry of the word at Alfred Place Chapel, Brompton, where she was baptized and received into church relationship. But soon discovering that there was something wanting in the ministry to meet the growing necessities of her panting soul; she was led, in order of divine providence, to attend at Carmel Chapel, Pimlico; where she found food such as her soul loved and lived upon. On Lord's day, December 5th, 1841, she, with ten others, joined the Church at Carmel, and continued regular in her attendance until the commencement of her illness, which terminated in the dissolution of *nature's many close drawn*

ties : her last appearance at Carmel was on Lord's day evening, September 12th, 1847, on the occasion of a funeral sermon being preached for our deceased brother Ashworth. During her long-continued affliction, her mind was most blessedly stayed upon Jehovah's covenant love and faithfulness ; and though she patiently waited the coming of her Lord, yet she earnestly desired to depart from the wilderness below, and ascend the mount above. Her two daughters (who are also members of Carmel) were unremitting in their attention to their afflicted mother, and their kindness was much felt by her, which she never failed to express to all that visited her. When they waited upon her, and gave her what she required, she would often say, ' Ah ! I don't deserve this, when I was so cruel to poor Urban (her brother referred to in the preceding narrative). One morning she was weeping, and being asked the cause, she said, ' She felt her end was near, and she was afraid her children and friends being so kind, that she could not be a child of God, or it would be otherwise ; but she afterwards saw that this was the incoming of the enemy with his hellish suggestions, trying to darken her mind, in order to distress her soul.' One Lord's day morning, addressing her daughter, she said, ' Are you going to chapel, Susan ?' On her answering, ' Yes, mother ; unless you wish me not,' she cried very much, and said, ' I like you to be with me ; but not for one moment would I keep you from the Lord's house, for when people begin to leave off going to chapel, it is a sign of a frost in the soul, and that is apt to nip all the bud-dings.' She also added, ' poor Mrs. E. (a companion of her early days,) was a member of Mr. D.'s for many years, and had to walk six miles to the chapel every week, hail, rain, or sunshine ; and after a long time of health, was taken ill, and could not go for three months, during which time none of the friends went to see her from the chapel ; after her recovery, she again visited the house of her pilgrimage : it was the ordinance day, but she would not sit down with them, though the members and deacons begged of her not to despise her Saviour, because she was displeased with them ; but they could not prevail on her ; and she went home full of anger, and died shortly after.' Having related this striking incident, which had long impressed her mind, she

earnestly intreated her daughters *not to be offended with big things, much less with trifles.* Her feelings were keenly exercised touching her want of attention to her dear father's best advice ; she often used to say, ' Ah ! if I had my poor father here now ; how differently would I behave towards him.' He was once speaking of the doctrine of election in her presence, when she told him she wished he would not name it before her, for it seemed to her to make God un-kind ; but he said, ' Emma, God does not say you are not elect,' which silenced and quieted her.

This doctrine which she formerly deprecated and dreaded, she was brought by the power of the Holy Ghost to receive as the revelation of heaven's love to hell-deserving sinners, and not only desired to hear of it as set forth in the word of truth, but delighted to talk about it as sealed sure upon the heart by the Spirit of truth. She would often repeat the well-known lines of Dr. Watts :—

" Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller."

Her daughter was one day, during her illness, speaking to her of some business affairs, when she said, ' that is not what I want ; read me a psalm, that suits me best.' On the Monday preceding her death, feeling the breaking up of nature within her she begged that her children would not leave her, ' As,' said she, ' I am sure I shall soon die,' and shortly after added—

" What is this absorbs me quite !
Steals my senses, shuts my sight !
Ah ! drowns my breath—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?"

Her daughter asking her, ' if she did not tremble at the thought that she must soon die.' ' Oh no,' she said, ' it cheers me up when they say, I am near my end.' Indeed, she had been for some weeks, patiently, yet earnestly waiting for death ; though a few days before her decease, she said, ' I have been longing for death, but now it is come I find dying hard work.' '*Truly, the spirit is ready, but the flesh is weak.*' Her heart had been greatly comforted for some time ; the Holy Ghost keeping in her remembrance the sweet words of the Saviour, '*In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so I would have told you.*' The last words dwelt more

particularly upon her mind, 'if it were not so, I would have told you;' which she frequently repeated, and evidently rejoiced in the same. The last Lord's Day of her earthly pilgrimage, her daughter returning in the morning from chapel, she requested her to read her the hymns which had been sung, when she expressed herself as being greatly refreshed by them, particularly by one of the verses, which she said just suited her case, viz.—

"O Lord, a cheering look bestow,
Stretch forth thine hand to help me thro'
And draw me up to thee;
And when, through fear, I only creep,
Or dare not move a single step,
Yet thou canst come to me."

BERRIDGE.

Her pastor calling to see her the evening previous to her death, he asked her, 'Is Christ precious to you now?' 'Yes,' was her reply, 'very precious to me a very wicked sinner.' Well, then, replied he, you have to tell the same tale to the last—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

'Yes, yes,' said she, 'I know that I am chief.' On his further observing how unspeakable a mercy it was that God had given her thus to know her own wickedness and Christ's worthiness, her helplessness and Christ's mightiness, her fitness and Christ's faithfulness to cleanse her from all sin with his own blood, her nakedness and Christ's righteousness to clothe her, her poverty and Christ's preciousness as her all in all; she again replied, 'I have been, and still am a very wicked sinner.' The following morning after a short conflict and strong struggle with the last enemy, her ransomed spirit took her triumphant flight towards the celestial city, and having reached the mansion promised and prepared for her, she entered the bosom of her Lord;

"There, there to rest for evermore,
Jehovah Jesus to adore."

As a lover of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, it may be truly said of her, its doctrines were her delight, its promises her portion, its blessings her bliss, and whilst its ordinances and precepts were observed and practised by her, its consolations were abundantly administered to her according to the riches of his glory, who had made her accepted in the beloved.

Her pastor preached her funeral sermon on Lord's-day evening, March 26, from Matt. xxv. 46, 'But the righteous (shall go) into life eternal.' On which occasion he noticed the following points of doctrine:—

First, *The distinction of character mentioned in the text.*

Secondly, *The decision of conduct manifested by the righteous.*

Thirdly, *The difference of condition made between the righteous and the wicked, and which difference shall be perpetuated eternally.*

Thus, within the short space of seven months no less than eight members of the church of Christ, recently worshipping in Carmel Chapel, have been removed from sanctuary service below, to temple triumphs above. They have, we doubt not, changed earth for heaven, the rags of mortality for the robes of immortality, sorrow and sighing for shoutings and songs, the prison for the palace, the wilderness for paradise, the mass of corruption for the mount of incorruption, the cross for the crown, and the burdens of time for the blessings of eternity. While thus the dear Lord is removing from us, and receiving to himself those, with whose company, and by whose conversation we were oft refreshed, and over whom he rejoiced as the work of his own hands, may he graciously raise up for himself other witnesses to wear his yoke and bear his name upon the earth. *So that they that follow after as well as those that went before, may cry, Hosannah, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.* See Mark xi. 9. Peace be with all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. Amen.

JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea, May 8, 1848.

"God says he will make the church's windows of *agates*; that is, 'of various sorts.' True ministers are instrumental windows, and they are of various sorts; so are the special revelations of the Holy Ghost. Sometimes these windows open into Christ; and sometimes into the sinner's heart."

"What are the ingredients of the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone? The wrath of God, the sins of the people, the curses of the Bible, and the blasphemies of all the lost. Is this not something to be serious about? is this not something to be solemn about?" *J. Wells.*

THE EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF GOD

In the Conversion and Triumphant Death of Muckle Kate.

JOHN JOHNSTONE, of Edinburgh, has published a small tract, (which was originally written by T. M. Frazer, of the Free Church, Yester,) containing a most precious account of the genuine and remarkable conversion of an aged sinner. In the perusal of it, our very hearts leaped for joy, and our eyes flowed with tears of love and gratitude for such a display of the infinite grace of God as is here brought before us; and in the full persuasion that the Lord will bless it to many souls, we here make a few extracts from it:—

“Not far from the manse of Lochcarron, there lived a wicked old sinner, who was supposed to have been guilty of every crime forbidden in the decalogue, except murder. Owing to her masculine dimensions, this woman was commonly known by the name of ‘Muckle Kate.’ She was an ill-looking woman, without any beauty in the sight of God or man. It is not surprising to hear that such a character never entered a church, and that every effort on the part of the minister failed in inducing her to give even an occasional attendance at the house of God.”

Mr. Lauchlan was, however, employed by the Holy Ghost to pluck this brand out of the fire. Deep and dreadful convictions entered into her soul through his instrumentality, which Mr. Frazer describes as follows:

“Kate’s conviction was now as extreme as her careless hardihood had once been. Her agony of mind was perfectly fearful. Among the dreary wilds Kate now spent the greater portion of her time. The solitudes of Lochcarron were heard to resound for hours together with the voice of wailing, and well did the inmates of the lone bothies amid the hills know from whose lips those cries of agony were wrung. They were uttered by the solitary mourner of the moors—the once hardened ‘Muckle Kate.’ She had looked on him whom she had pierced, and now she mourneth for him as one mourneth for his only son, and was in bitterness for his first-born.

“A long and fiery ordeal was appointed to the reclaimed profligate. Deep as her conviction was, it never seemed to subside; weeks, months, and even years passed away, and still the distress of the convicted sinner was as poignant and fresh as ever. ‘Never breathed a wretch like her; there might be hope for others: but O there was none for Muckle Kate!’ This was wonderful, indeed, in one whose age was between *eighty* and *ninety* at the time of her conviction: for those who know anything of human nature are aware that, of all spiritual cases, the most utterly hopeless is that of one who has grown old in sin, whose conscience has become impervious to the

truth, and whose whole soul is unimpressible by either the gospel or the law. To awaken feelings that have been *dried up* by age and sin requires a miracle in the world of grace. Kate’s was, indeed, a special case; she was a ‘wonder to many’—a wonder to her neighbours, a wonder to unbelievers, a wonder to the church, a wonder to her astonished minister, and most of all, a wonder to herself. But all has not yet been told. Are my readers prepared to hear that *she wept herself stone blind*? Yet this was actually the case, without exaggerating a hair’s-breadth—*she wept away her eyesight!*

“In the third year of her anguish, Mr. Lauchlan was anxious that she should commemorate the dying love of Christ. But nothing could prevail upon her to comply. ‘*She go forward to that holy table! she, who had had her arms up to the shoulders in a Saviour’s blood! Her presence would profane the blessed ordinance, and would be enough to pollute the whole congregation! Never, never would she sit down at the table; the communion was not for her!*’ The minister’s hopes, however, were to be realized in a way that he never anticipated.

“The Sabbath had arrived, but Kate’s determination still remained unchanged. I am not acquainted with the exact spot where the Gaelic congregation assembled on that communion Sabbath: the tables were, however, spread, as is usual on such occasions, in the open air among the wild hills of Lochcarron. Did any of my readers ever witness the serving of a sacramental table at which there sat but one solitary communicant? yet such a sight was witnessed on that long-remembered day, and poor Kate and Mr. Lauchlan were the only actors in the scene.

“The tables had all been served, the elements had been removed, the minister had returned to the tent, and was about to begin the concluding address, and all were listening for the first words of the speaker, when suddenly a cry of despair was heard in a distant part of the congregation—a shriek of female agony that rose loud and clear amid the multitude, and was returned, as if in sympathy, by the surrounding hills. It was the voice of ‘Muckle Kate,’ who now thought that all was over—that the opportunity was lost, and would never more return! The congregation was amazed; hundreds started to their feet, and looked anxiously towards the spot whence the scream had proceeded. Not so the minister; Mr. Lauchlan knew that voice, and well did he understand the cause of the sufferer’s distress. Without a word of inquiry he came down from the tent, stepped over among the people till he had reached

the spot; and taking Kate kindly by the hand, led her through the astonished crowd to the communion table, and seated her alone at its head. He next ordered the elements to be brought forward, and replaced upon the table; and *there* sat that one solitary blind being, alone in the midst of thousands—every eye of the vast multitude turned in wonder upon the lonely communicant—she herself all unconscious of their gaze. O for the pen of Bunyan or of Boston, to trace the tumult of feelings that chased each other through that swelling, bursting breast! The secrets of that heart have never been revealed; but right confident am I, that if there be one text of Scripture which more than another embodies the uppermost emotion in her mind during that hour of intense and thrilling spiritual excitement, it must have been the sentiment of one who knew well what it was to have been humbled in the dust like Kate: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I AM THE CHIEF.'

"The words which Mr. Lauchlan chose as the subject of his address, were well-nigh as extraordinary as any part of the occurrence; they were the words of Moses to Pharaoh (Exod. x. 25): 'There shall not an hoof be left behind'—a manifest accommodation of the sentiment, 'Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost.' I regret that I cannot furnish the reader with any notes of that wonderful address, in which, however, the speaker obtained most singular liberty. But the leading idea was, that all who had been given in covenant by the Eternal Father to the Son, were as safe as if they were already in heaven, and that not one soul should be forsaken or left to perish—"No, not so much as Muckle Kate;" This extraordinary service was ever afterwards known as 'Muckle Kate's Table;' and it is said, that by that single address no fewer than *two hundred souls* were awakened to spiritual concern. 'Muckle Kate' herself lived about three years after her first communion, possessed of that 'peace which passeth all understanding,' and manifesting all the marks of a close and humble walk with God.

"Her death is described as having been peculiarly happy. The departure of the wicked is often peaceful. He may 'have no bands in his death:' and sympathizing friends and neighbours may buoy up the bereaved family with that most fatally delusive of all consolations, that he 'died like a lamb,' when the horrors of a lost eternity have flashed with lightning-suddenness upon the now deceived soul. The established christian, again, may lose his long-possessed assurance in that hour of solemn change, and the gloom that broods upon his spirit may still enshroud him to the last. In regard to both these cases error may exist. The calm quiescence of the sinner may be taken as a comfortable evidence of his safety; while the cloud under which

the real believer has died may unsettle the hopes of surviving mourners, and give rise to that most poignant of all sorrow—a sorrow without hope. But while I have heard of a false peace and an undue despondency, I have never yet heard of a mistaken *triumph* in the hour of death. I think we may reckon a triumphant death well-nigh the most absolutely certain experimental evidence of a glorious eternity. Such was the death of 'Muckle Kate.' Not only was she satisfied in regard to her eternal safety, she had attained that enviable point at which assurance had become so sure that she ceased to think of self; and so wholly was she absorbed in the glory of her Redeemer, that even to herself she was nothing—Christ was all in all. The glory of Christ was her all engrossing motive. The inexpressible joy that was vouchsafed her served but to quicken her departing soul to more raptuous commendations to others of that Saviour whom she had found; and when at length the welcome summons came, and she stood upon the threshold of eternal glory, ere yet the gate had fully closed upon her ransomed spirit, the faltering tongue was heard to exclaim, as its farewell effort in Christ's behalf, 'TELL, TELL TO OTHERS THAT I HAVE FOUND HIM.'

"Tell them that the worst of sinners—the drunkard, the profligate, the Sabbath-breaker, the thief, the blasphemer, the liar, the scoffer, the infidel—tell them that I, a living embodiment of every sin, even I have found a Saviour's person, even I have known a Saviour's love. 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save SINNERS, OF WHOM I AM CHIEF.'"

We have thus extracted the substance of this most wonderful instance of the sovereign mercy of our God. We heartily recommend the tract to our readers.

Mr. Gad Huntington.

OUR brother Watmuff having last month, in his letter, mentioned the fact of his hearing a son of the late William Huntington, has induced some of our readers to inquire where he preaches, and where he resides? The following extract from a letter recently written by him to a friend, doth well bespeak the character both of the man, and of his ministry.

"Kind Friend—Nothing can give me greater pleasure than to hear from any that Almighty God should make use of such a worthless instrument, for the edification of any of his church; suffice it to say, 'tis thirty-five years since the Lord called me to the work of the ministry; but being buried in adversity, have been hid in obscurity; supported in trouble, directed in wisdom, led to, and by, the deep truths of God's word; being taught the deep experience of the Bible saints, have taken God's word to be my heritage for ever in the house of my pilgrimage."

Mr. Kershaw's Protest against Certain Erroneous Doctrines;
AND THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, AT OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.

UNDER the head of "Christian Reviewer," last month, we briefly noticed a sermon preached in the Baptist Chapel, St. George's Road, Manchester, entitled, "*A Protest against the Doctrines that a Child of God Cannot Backslide; that the Lord does not Chastise his Children for Sin,*" &c., &c., which sermon has recently been published by Messrs. Groombridge, Paternoster Row; and has already obtained a very extensive circulation amongst the Baptist churches in England.

Be it distinctly understood that we stand unconnected with any particular party. We are not under the patronage, nor are we personally acquainted with Mr. Kershaw, or any of the great men who constitute what is commonly called "*The Gospel Standard Ministers.*" Equally as clear do we stand of the parties to whom Mr. Kershaw refers so frequently. We are neither the partizans, nor the paid servants of any of the *leaders*, or influential gospel ministers in this country. We write not this boastingly; nevertheless, we are thankful for the position in which the providence of God has placed us, seeing there is so much jealousy and fighting one against another among those who should "love as brethren;" walking and working together in the fear and fellowship of him whose they are, and whom they profess to serve.

The sermon before us, is, as we have stated before, for the most part, an exceedingly valuable one, and is well calculated (in the hands of the Lord) scripturally to set the minds of many at rest who have been perplexed with the doctrine of NON-BACKSLIDING. Every sound discerning mind must see at once the folly of making a quibble about words; and we cannot think for a moment that the excitement arising out of what is called the doctrine of "NON-BACKSLIDING" is anything more. We are thankful, therefore, for the able, scriptural, and decidedly spiritual exposition which Mr. Kershaw has given of this matter; and for the benefit of our readers, we shall here quote a portion of the same.

In coming to enter his protest against certain erroneous doctrines the preacher says:—

"The first is that a child of God—that is, a good man who is born again of God, and who has been blessed with the fear of the Lord in his heart—cannot backslide.

"Now, this is roundly, boldly, and unflinchingly maintained by certain persons who profess to follow the doctrines and precepts of God's holy word. In the examination of these principles we shall have to inquire on what they conceive these opinions to be founded, and how far they are consistent with the truth of God. To prove that a child of God cannot backslide, it is

argued that a regenerated man possesses two natures, an old man of sin and a new man of grace; that the old man of sin never made any progress in the divine life, nor ever can, consequently that he can never go back from that in which he has never made any advances. It is also contended that the new man of grace never sinned, nor ever can sin, so that he likewise can never go back or imbibe the least stain or particle of sin. Now as this is said to be the constitution of a christian, viz., that the old man of sin never made any advances in the divine life, so that he can never go back, and as the new man of grace cannot sin, the question is, how can the child of God backslide?

"Beloved, the statement we have just given of the constitution of a child of God is a very superficial notion, falling far short of the true scriptural definition of what constitutes a regenerated man. There are four things here to be considered—

"I. The body.

"II. The soul.

"III. The old man of sin.

"IV. The new man of grace.

"In the first creation God formed the body of man out of the dust of the earth, and after it was formed it was an inanimate mass, cold and lifeless. 'The Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.' Here we have man, a creature of God, with a body and a living soul—an immortal spirit, good, upright, and perfect, as first turned out of the hands of the great Creator.

"In man's primeval state we find that he had body and soul, but no old man of sin nor new man of grace. But after the fall, through the disobedience of our first parents, man became subject to the old man of sin, 'Which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts' under its domineering power, and was led away captive by Satan, 'the prince of the power of the air: the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.' Thus we have a body, a soul, and an old man of sin, but in this state no new man of grace. A man becomes a new creature only when he is born again of God, and thus made the subject of a divine nature, or a 'new man which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness.' This new man of grace is holy and pure as its divine Author, and neither is nor can be contaminated with sin.

This being the constitution of a regenerate man, the question arises, in backsliding, what part of this nature is it that backslides? I grant at once to my opponents that it is not the old man of sin nor the new man of grace. The question, then, still occurs, What is it? I answer, IT IS THE SOUL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

"When the soul and body of a good man are plunged into sin, it is under the in-

fluence of the old man of sin and Satan. 'Every man is tempted, when he is drawn aside of his own lust and enticed.' But those who boldly maintain that the soul of a good man cannot go back, tell us at the same time that to charge the soul of a quickened or regenerated sinner with sinning, 'is nothing short of blasphemy.' Beloved, we have to try this statement, and like the Bereans, we will search the Scriptures to see whether these things are so.

"Now, the soul of a good man either *can or cannot* sin. Let us try, therefore, both sides of the question, and show from the word of God and Christian experience that the soul of the regenerated is sometimes under the influence of the new man of grace implanted by the Spirit, and at other times under the influence of Satan and the old man of sin.

"When the soul is under the influence of the Spirit and grace of God, it is sure to go forward in the divine life, and in the means of grace. But when the soul of a child of God is under the influence of sin and Satan, he is sure to go back. Here is the seat and source of the Christian warfare, where 'the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.' And this causes a struggling within; as it is written, 'What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.'

"It is said that 'in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established.' It will be admitted that David was a good man, for the Lord calls him a man 'after his own heart.' We will, therefore, let David speak on this matter. His soul being under the influence of the new man of grace, he longed to live to the honour and glory of God, and nothing but the Lord could satisfy his soul. Hear what he says: 'As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? 'O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee. My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is.' 'My soul followeth hard after God.' Are there not seasons, beloved, when you, like David, feel your very heart and soul going out after God in fervent breathings, hungerings, and thirstings after him whom your soul loveth? You want to know more of him as your Saviour and Redeemer; to feel your interest in his love, by having it shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost that is given unto us, and in his precious atoning blood; that you may be found in the Redeemer's robe of righteousness; that you may be found bound up with him in the bundle of life, and be found his in that day when he makes up his jewels. Are not your souls at times going out after God, praying that you may be conformed to the image of his Son, that the mind that was in Christ Jesus may be

in you, that you may live to his honour and glory the few days you may have to sojourn in this time state, and that the Lord will land you safe in heaven, to be for ever in his presence, where there is 'fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore?'

"My dear friends, our souls at such times are going forward, making advances in the divine life, under the influence and power of the Spirit, the new man of grace in the soul. But are these always the feelings of our soul? Alas! no. David, the man after God's own heart, expresses himself in very different language when his poor soul was under the temptations of Satan, and the workings of the flesh, the old man of sin. Hear what he says, 'My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me according to thy word.' At this time both the old and new man were at work in his soul. Under the power of the old man his soul cleaved to the dust; under the influence of the new man of grace his soul longed to feel more of the quickening power and grace of God. The indwelling and working of sin in his poor soul often made him sigh and groan, yea, and 'roar' before the Lord.

"Beloved, ye who fear God, and know the plague of your own hearts, is it not so with you? Are you not plagued with vain thoughts and worldly-mindedness? Do not your souls cleave to the dust, feeling yourselves so weak and helpless, that you cannot deliver yourselves, and, like the Psalmist, you feel a daily need of the quickening influence of God's grace to speed you in his ways?

"Again, David says, 'He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.' (Psalm xvii. 3.) David's soul, like ours, when left to himself, the evils of his own heart, and the power of the old man of sin, wandered and strayed from the Lord; and the thoughts and imaginations of his heart were evil, foolish, and vain. Hence he says, 'I hate vain thoughts;' and again he says, 'Thou tellest my wanderings.' 'For I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant.' I cannot give you a clearer, more concise, and experimental explanation than does Watts in the following lines:—

"My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy ways,
Restore thy wandering sheep."

"I solemnly declare in the name and fear of the Lord, that there is not a heaven-born, and Spirit-taught soul in this congregation, but what experimentally knows these things in a greater or less degree; and those who do not are out of the secret, and know not the spiritual warfare there is in the soul of every man of God. His soul is often wandering from the Lord, so that the pen of inspired truth warrants us in positively affirming that there is such a thing as backsliding."

It is thus, from the word of God, and from the experience of the saints, that Mr. Kershaw maintains his point; and we do

not believe that any man of God in his right mind, will dare to dispute the truthfulness of the argument—of which the above quotation is but a very small sample. It is not for us to say whether the strong allusions which Mr. Kershaw has made to parties and circumstances connected with the opening of Oldham Street Chapel, were called for or not. Many good Christians think that that part of the discourse had better been omitted; but here we shall be silent. At the close of the sermon, Mr. Kershaw said—

“It would rejoice my heart to see other Baptist churches planted in this large and populous town, with spiritual pastors placed over them, preaching the gospel of Christ in love. These pastors walking together in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace, like your old minister and the late William Nunn, though of different denominations; so that when I come to Manchester I could preach in all their pulpits. But before this can be, we must have things upon a proper and scriptural basis. I speak from no bad feeling against individuals, but from a regard to the truth and word of God.”

This is good: and there is nothing would please us better than to find that John Kershaw and John Corbitt were “walking together in the unity of the Spirit;” and preaching in one another’s pulpits. Why should it not be so? John Corbitt is truly an anointed servant of our Lord Jesus Christ: a man that is enabled by the grace of God, to preach and live, to love and practise the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God: and he is evidently a man that the Lord will make great use of in gathering in and building up the chosen vessels of mercy. His conversion to God—his call to the ministry—his usefulness—his faithfulness—his consistency and fervency in the faith, all these things are known and manifest unto thousands. As to the gross errors against which Mr. Kershaw has so powerfully entered his protest, why it is evident that neither Mr. Corbitt, nor the church at Oldham Street, would countenance them for a moment. The pastor and the Church at Oldham Street are as much opposed to anything in doctrine or in practice that is not consistent with the word of God, as is the church at St. George’s Road. We have had indubitable proof of this. Beside which, we have now before us “*A Declaration of Faith in Doctrine, Experience, and Practice, of the Church of Christ, meeting for Divine Worship at Bethesda Chapel, Oldham Street, Manchester.*” After enumerating the several articles of their faith, they add the following:—

“Furthermore, as we stand charged with holding False Doctrines, we think it incumbent on us to state our faith. First, as it regards ‘backsliding,’ we do believe that the child of God does fall into sin, yet by grace is preserved, and kept persevering unto the end; for if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. 1 John ii. 1.

“Secondly. The doctrine of ‘non-chastisement for sin in the children of God’ is

a doctrine that never was embraced by the majority composing the church at Oldham Street. But on the contrary, we do believe that God does chastise and correct his people for their profit, and that in love; for, if we be without chastisement whereof all are partakers, then, are ye bastards and not sons? Heb. xii. 8.

“Thirdly. ‘The people of God not being the subjects of doubts and fears,’ a sentiment that never was believed by the majority of the church at Oldham-street. But contrariwise, we believe these things compose the combined army that continue to harass and perplex the children of God, these constitute the thorns in the flesh, and the canaanites that will dwell in the land—‘for the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.’ Gal. v. 17.

“Fourthly. As regards ‘sin in thought being equal to sin in act’ is a doctrine we never heard of until brought as a public charge against us. As a church we denounce such a sentiment as unpracticable and contrary to the tenor of divine truth, ‘For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.’ 2 Cor. v. 10.

“Fifthly. Any person objecting to subscribe to this declaration of faith herein contained cannot continue a member of this church—and any member or members advocating doctrines contrary to this declaration of faith, on conviction thereof shall forfeit their membership.”

Let the Church at Oldham Street, then, be no longer charged with holding doctrines contrary to the Scriptures of truth; but rather let the ministers of Christ unite in encouraging and strengthening the hands of our brethren there, rejoicing in the fact that another effectual door is opened in Manchester, and another standard-bearer raised up for the proclamation of the gospel of peace. Having occupied so much room, we must close, by giving the following extracts from a letter written by Mr. John Corbitt.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:—May grace mercy and truth be with you and all that love our Lord Jesus Christ.

I promised you in my last that I would furnish you with the particulars respecting the charges brought against the church and minister of Oldham Street, Manchester, of holding certain unscriptural doctrines, which, as a body, are altogether unfounded in truth. The true state of the case is this:—

At the commencement of the cause at Oldham Street, some two or three who held these doctrines in their private judgment, came over from George’s Road to Oldham Street; but they did not then, nor for a long time after, advocate them in so public a manner as in the latter part of Mr.

Bidder's ministry since that time; the knowledge of these things coming to my ears, I ventured to preach a sermon upon it before I received a call to the pastoral office. This sermon will be found published in the *Gospel Ambassador* for April last, which is sufficient to prove that the minister did not believe in those sentiments, neither did the majority of the church, or they could never have chosen me as their minister.

But it is still urged that there are some amongst them who do hold and advocate those doctrines. I know there *was*; and what church is there that hath not some two or three that differ in some point from the general body? *I never knew one.* But shall I stab, and hold up to ridicule, the minister that the Lord has most signally blessed, and a church whose members are walking in the fear of the Lord, and in all sweetness of spirit, the Lord adding daily to their numbers? And what authority hath a church over such individuals for their private opinion, even though the minister and people may be injured in their peace by their contentions, while their moral conduct is becoming the gospel? We however, as a church, had no means of dealing with them, but that of kindness, entreaty, and persuasion.

The minister, deacon, and church have tried every means in their power to settle this matter amicably and scripturally, and in honour to our Lord and master; and the only means we could effectually adopt was the bringing forward a declaration of our faith and church covenant, a copy of which I have herein sent for your review and approval; this matter was determined on at a special church meeting held on the 23rd of April, 1848; and it was carried without a dissenting voice. This declaration of faith and order was then printed, and brought before the church for their signature on Friday night, April 5, and signed by all present, except two, who wished to have a little more time to consider the matter. The church then thought proper to allow the whole church that pleased to come together on Lord's-day May 7, as usual to the ordinance, and that the matter should lay open for the signature of the remaining members until the regular church meeting on Friday the 2nd of June; after which time no person will be considered a member of this body that does not subscribe to these articles. By this means we have, (and we hope in the fear of the Lord, and in love to his truth,) furnished ourselves from his word with a fence by which this little spot will hitherto be enclosed from the world. We must expect to meet with censure from those who want a name in a christian church, but love to indulge in licentiousness; but we, as a church, walking in the fear of the Lord, wish to withdraw ourselves from all such. The Lord bless and prosper you is the sincere prayer of your affectionate brother in the bowels of Christ,

JOHN CORBITT.

Recognition of Mr. Moyll,

Including

HIS CONVERSION—CALL TO THE MINISTRY—AND A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE PLANTING AND PROGRESS OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT PECKHAM.

THE church's best interests lay near our hearts; and for the information of such as take pleasure in her peace and prosperity, especially our country readers, we desire from time to time (according to the best of our given ability), to lay before them what is going on in our gospel Zion.

Tuesday, May 9th was the day appointed for the public recognition of Mr. G. Moyll, as pastor of the Baptist church, meeting at Rye Lane, Peckham. The day was exceedingly fine, and the chapel was well filled on each occasion.

In the morning, Mr. W. Felton, of Deptford, delivered a very able address on the nature of a gospel church: after which Mr. J. A. Jones rose to ask the usual questions. He began by asking the church for a statement of the leadings of divine providence in bringing Mr. Moyll amongst them: to which Mr. Henry Congreve, one of the deacons, replied, by reading the following interesting statement of the origin, rise, and progress of the cause at Rye Lane, which we here give in full.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—The wonderful leadings of God, in his providence, in the exercise of his rightful sway over his church, in her militant state, are often manifest in raising up an interest by the intervention of the most humble, and in themselves insufficient means, which have led to important terminations.

We have, as a church, peculiarly experienced the truth of this, as the sequel will illustrate. Many attempts have been made by different individuals, at various times, to establish a Baptist cause at Peckham, but none of them succeeded, until God, in his all-wise providence, removed Mr. Spencer to this vicinity for the benefit of his health. He was an active, intelligent, and wealthy deacon of the church of the late Mr. Upton, of Church Street, Blackfriars; and a valuable spiritually minded brother in the faith, orthodox in sentiment, and upright in his principles, walk, and conversation. Shortly after he had entered on his new abode, feeling the loss of the means he had been wont to enjoy, he took the first step towards the establishment of our present interest, by opening his house for prayer. This was very acceptable to many friends; and a goodly number of persons were from time to time collected together. These meetings were rendered very profitable; and the worship was conducted with so much spirit, fervency, and affection, that it was evident that the great Head of the church, according to his gracious promise, made one amongst that little company, who found it

good to be waiting at the posts of his doors. Great spirituality of mind, joy, and peace prevailed, with an increase of love and unity.

Mr. Spencer and the friends perceiving the blessing of the Lord resting on this humble endeavour, and being much encouraged thereby, were constrained to advance another step in the sacred cause, which was to obtain the permission of the Committee of the Lancasterian School to grant them the privilege of preaching the gospel in the school room on the Sabbath-days, and on the week-day evenings, to which they readily consented; and accordingly, this new arrangement was published abroad at their following prayer-meeting, when a spirit of prayer for a blessing to attend them to their newly appointed sanctuary mightily prevailed. Various ministers supplied the pulpit by rotation, amongst whom may be mentioned the late Mr. Chin, Upton, Powell, sen., and others. The prayers of the people were evidently answered; as many attended the gates of Zion, and the Lord gave testimony to the word preached, to the comfort and edification of many. Several were convinced of sin, and brought into a saving acquaintance with their lost estate, and embraced the Rock for want of a shelter. These pleasing indications of the Lord's manifestive presence and approbation gladdened the hearts of those who felt an interest in the cause. The minds of the friends were much engaged in prayer to the Great Head of the church to direct their future proceedings. Seeing that a great spirit of union pervaded the spiritual part of the assembly, they expressed a desire to promote it still further, by the formation of a closer affinity with each other; and after special prayer for guidance, several of the brethren and sisters were formed into a Particular Baptist Church on the 15th of December, 1818; and on the 27th of the following month the ordinance of Believer's Baptism was administered by Mr. Chin to six persons, who were subsequently added to the church.

Previous to this period, the church in Mitchell Street, St. Lukes, under the pastoral care of Mr. Thomas Powell, (father of our late pastor,) having perceived that his son, (then an active deacon of that church,) possessed ministerial gifts, he was desired to exercise them before the church; which he did, on the 16th of February, 1816, with so much general satisfaction, that he was set apart by them for the ministry whenever an occasion should call him into the sacred service. The friends at Peckham on hearing of this circumstance, sent him an invitation to preach to them, to which he consented; and his labours on that occasion, and from time to time, as they were renewed, were greatly blessed to many, and gave satisfaction to all; and like some of the disciples of old, they continued with one accord, in prayer and supplication, that the Lord would be pleased, in his own time and way,

to direct them in the choice of an under-shepherd to go in and out before them.

Various servants of the Lord, we have observed, were engaged in preaching the word to the church and congregation; amongst whom may be noticed Mr. Blyth, Mr. Barnard, Mr. Eason, and Mr. Powell on the Lord's-days; with Mr. Kceble, of Blandford Street, Mr. Upton of Blackfriars, and Mr. Chin, of Lyon Street, Walworth, &c., on the week-days; and a great amount of good appears to have been done through their instrumentality; but the ministry of Mr. Powell appeared pre-eminently acceptable, both to the members of this little church, and the congregation; being attended with an evident unction from above. The church, therefore, looking at the pleasing aspect of success which attended his ministrations to the church and people, entertained a serious resolve to give him a call for three months on probation, which, after seeking the Lord's guidance, they did. The invitation was accepted: and at its termination was again renewed, and again accepted; and on the completion of his probationary services, the church again convened themselves together for prayer, and on the 25th of February, 1819, unanimously agreed to give him a call to the pastorate, to which he consented, and he was solemnly ordained to the pastoral office at Hanover Chapel, Peckham, on the 3rd of May, that year.

Previously, however, to this period, Mr. Spencer entered into his rest; but the cause found an active help-meet in his widow, by whose liberality the church was materially benefitted. Several attempts to obtain a suitable spot of land for the erection of a meeting-house capable of containing the increased and increasing congregation had been made for many months prior to the call of Mr. Powell to the pastoral office, but in vain, until at length an opportunity offered, and was embraced; and the necessary agreement for a lease was executed on the 22nd of February, 1819. The building was then commenced under the superintendance of the late Mr. Chin, pastor of the Baptist church, Lyon-street, Walworth, and finished under his directions; and completed at the cost of £1,357 6s. 7d., of which sum £530 had been raised by subscriptions, leaving a balance of £794 19s. 2d., which was paid for in the following way: namely, £530 by loan, at 4 per cent. from Mrs. Spencer, of Peckham, widow of the late Mr. Spencer: Mrs. Coade, of Camberwell, £100; our late pastor, Mr. Powell, £144 19s 2d. and a donation of £20 from Mr. Kentish, late deacon of the church. The chapel was then invested in trust for the use of Strict Communion Baptists, of orthodox sentiments; and on the 1st of September in that year was opened for public worship, when collections were made towards the payment of the debt, amounting to £68 1s. 2d., which was considered very liberal.

Redoubled exertions were now made by the friends to liquidate the debt, by their

contributions, and by weekly and monthly subscriptions, encompassing a space of not less than seven years, during which time our late Pastor, Mr. Powell, not only generously contributed from his own purse, but also gave the surplus income of every quarter during that period, as soon as it was handed over to him, to promote that object. But, amongst the most prominent of the church's benefactors must, in justice to him, be mentioned that of Mr. Kentish, its late highly respected deacon, who laboured incessantly in the cause, and by a succession of astonishing efforts succeeded in collecting donations for the payment of the debt, to the amount of about £500, for which, on his removal to a distant locality, and the consequent resignation of his official trust, a vote of thanks was given him, and duly recorded in the annals of the church.

About the month of June, 1831, an opportunity occurred in the somewhat sudden death of Mr. Choumert, the ground landlord, to purchase the land on which the chapel stands, and the piece of land which adjoins it, by public auction, for £415, and the arrangements were completed on the 23rd of that month. £150 of the purchase-money was advanced by a member of the church at 4 per cent. (which was soon repaid); and a loan of £200 was obtained by Mr. Powell from Mrs. Colton, who subsequently resigned her claim of the principal, to serve the cause, only retaining for her own use *during her life time*, her title to the interest, a liability of the church which has long since expired by her decease. The land was also invested in the same trusts as those to whom the building had been assigned. At length, by the beginning of the year 1830, the total amount of debt incurred, which had been gradually reducing, became nearly extinct; and the remaining balance having been published at a tea meeting held for receiving the quarter's contribution for the payment of the debt, to be about £14, a check for that amount was generously presented to the treasurer, by the late Mr. Hollawell, of South Grove, Peckham, leaving the church in undisturbed possession of a handsome, commodious, unencumbered, and well-secured FREEHOLD, for which had been paid upwards of £1,800, a matter which demands our grateful praise.

The present recognition being the first which has been celebrated in our present house of prayer, we have thought it best, under the circumstances, thus to record a simple history of the rise and progress of the church and its temporalities, and to render a public summary statement of our stewardship of those resources, which by donations and subscriptions were from time to time committed to our charge for its erection. If we have trespassed on your patience by our prolixity, we doubt not that our motives will be understood, and admitted as a sufficient apology.

Our late venerable pastor, Mr. Powell,

continued to serve us in word and doctrine, in the exercise of the same liberality, throughout the numerous changes, evolutions and vicissitudes of the church from the period of his ordination in May, 1819, up to his decease in January, 1846, upwards of twenty-six years, in the most faithful manner, with varied success. He was greatly, and very generally beloved by the members of the church, amongst whom he was a bright example, and much esteemed by all who knew him. Amidst the vacillation of many, and the laxity of others, of whom might have been hoped better things, he was preserved a firm and unflinching advocate for the discriminating truths of the ever-blessed gospel in their simplicity and purity, in all its parts and branches; and an unyielding maintainer of the privileges of the Lord's House, in its ordinances, according to the primitive example and practices of the apostles. In his manner he was kind, affable, and condescending; and his example was a perpetual rebuke to those less exemplary in their walk and conversation than that observed by him, and recommended or insisted on by the inspired writers. He was never known to depart from his attachment for, and advocacy of truth, or to waiver in his opinions with regard to the proper administration of our Lord's appointed ordinances; being not a Baptist only, but, in every sense of the word, a *strict* Baptist; and although in the fulfilment of his arduous duties, with zeal and affection, he did not repose on a bed of roses, but understood well the import of his Master's words, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation,' he nevertheless enjoyed his appointed measure of peace. Several precious souls were born again under his ministry, and numbers were instructed, edified, and comforted thereby. His enjoyments of his Master's presence in the pulpit were frequent, and often so abundant as to retard his utterance; and it is believed that he would have almost given a kingdom to have been enabled to set forth in suitable language the beauties of truth, and the loveliness of Jesus, which constituted the basis of his ministrations, as they were then presented to his mind, and revealed to his view. At length his tottering tabernacle received a shock from the grim tyrant from which he never recovered. After a few days' confinement by illness from his pulpit exercises, in which his soul delighted, his Master called for him. The cold and icy hand of death, with whom he had had frequent and familiar converse, disrobed him of mortality, and his happy spirit, (which a few days previous to his departure, had been filled with extreme joy in the contemplation of the eternal felicities which were awaiting him,) took its rapturous flight into the bosom of his beloved Lord and Master.

We were now left as sheep having no shepherd. We sought council and direction from on high at our various meetings for prayer and supplication, relative to the

minister who should succeed our late pastor in his pulpit labours; and we resolved, in the strength of the Lord not to invite any who did not preach *substantially* the same discriminating truths we had been accustomed to hear, and determined to reject those from the service, who, though they might hold the truths clearly in point of doctrine, whose lives denied their influence. The officers of the church, to whom this onerous and responsible duty was assigned, have for themselves and the church gratefully to acknowledge the divine goodness in directing them generally to acceptable supplies—to men of sterling truth and character.

We continued throughout our bereaved and widowed estate, steadfastly watching for our Lord's gracious hand in the cloud which was then passing over us, in prayerful hope that he would in the issue render our course plain and easy. We had, however, fully resolved on following the advice of a beloved brother and aged minister, now present, an experienced tactician in church discipline, not to lay hands suddenly, on any man, fully determining, as light should be communicated to our understandings, not to run before, but to *follow* the cloud. We could not see our way clear to invite any of the brethren who had passed before us, to fill the pastoral office, until the Lord, in his providence, directed our dearly beloved, and respected brother Moyll to us. He had preached for us, on several occasions on the Lord's Days, and for a succession of Wednesday evenings, during a period of many months. The word was much blessed to us, as a church, and to the people, and was rendered generally very profitable throughout the whole period of his probation. During his sojournment amongst us, we were informed that there were some indications of his ultimate removal from the church in Artillery Street; and after having ascertained the correctness of the report, we begged him to give us early information of that event, should it be his resolve; at the same time giving him a *distinct and unqualified* assurance that we did not, *by any means*, desire to deprive that church of his valuable services contrary to his and their wishes to retain them. We received a letter from him dated the 19th of July last, expressive of his determination to resign the pastorate of that church, and that he should give them three months' notice to that effect, at their next meeting. This resolution was made known by him to the church, accordingly on that occasion, and met with considerable opposition from several of the members, and was followed by an affectionate memorial, signed by about sixty of their number, entreating him to revoke his determination; but as the causes which gave rise to this notice of withdrawal were not, and could not be removed by them, he remained steadfast in his resolution, while he expressed himself to have *felt most acutely* the necessity for removal

from a church whose members he dearly loved, many of whom were the fruits of his ministry, and where he had laboured for a period embracing upwards of sixteen years.

Regarding our own character as a church with scrupulous care, and impressed deeply with the injustice we should render to a sister church by *endeavouring* to withdraw from them by *ANY INFLUENCE, open or sinister*, we were on our guard *PARTICULARLY* on this point, and refrained from any movement in the way of invitation to him, until the cloud before our eyes had disappeared; and a negative had been given by him to the memorial referred to.

At length we received full intelligence that our course was open; and after meeting for prayer, and the consideration of the important subject on the 7th of August last, we forwarded an *unanimous* invitation to our dear pastor to supply the pulpit for three months on probation, with a view to the pastorate, which by his expressed desire was contracted to one month at first, to ascertain what demonstrative proofs of success to his ministry our Lord would be pleased to grant. The word was manifestly blest in a special way and manner during this first month's probation, and there was an increased attendance of hearers. The invitation was therefore unhesitatingly renewed and accepted for the remaining two months; and increased success attended the word spoken by him to the assembly, and the truths were delivered by his servant with a fervour, affection, and energy, which at once evinced that a divine unction pervaded his spirit. The continued proofs of success being numerous, the church again assembled on the 23rd of December last, to decide by *ballot* the question of his final call to the pastorate over us, (*which had previously met with the approval and sanction of the late highly esteemed and venerable Mr. John Stevens, his and our mutual friend, and other Baptist Ministers* of sound faith and practice, with whom we had held communications on the subject) when he was *unanimously chosen* to fill that solemn trust, and the invitation was accordingly given. After a few days' deliberation, our pastor favoured us with a reply to our resolution, couched in the most faithful and affectionate terms, portraying the great anxiety he felt on the subject to follow the directions of the Lord, without leaning to his own understanding. After taking a rather enlarged and comprehensive view of the field of his anticipated labours; *first* of the discouraging aspect, and *then* the encouragements he had to go forward in the cause, he briefly summed up his remarks, and minutely weighed the whole in contrast with each other, and concluded by stating his own mind to be impressed with the expediency of another invitation for three months being substituted for the final call. This impression, which had been deduced from the circumstances, he however thought best *ONLY* to submit to the church for *THEIR GUIDANCE*, as *merely* expressive of his own wishes, but at the

same time he affirmed his entire readiness to obey the call of the church, and to undertake the proposed charge according to their desire, if the members continued unanimously of opinion that he should do so; and their former decision being confirmed, this spiritual recognition was ratified in due course; an application was made to the church in Artillery Street for the transfer of his membership from them to us; and at a church-meeting convened for the reception of the honourable dismission which had been granted, the right hand of fellowship was given to him on behalf of the whole church, on which occasion he delivered a pleasing narrative of the Lord's gracious dealings with his soul, and his call to the ministry, together with a definition of his faith and practice, which appeared to us unexceptionable, and in entire accordance with the grand doctrines of the gospel which he has uniformly and undeviatingly maintained among us; and which we doubt not he will continue to advance and contend for boldly, fearlessly, and unreservedly, leaving the Holy Ghost to bless the word of his grace, as may consist best with his sovereign good will and pleasure.

It has appeared to us no light matter to decide on the successor of our late pastor, whose doctrines and manner of life were so well known and appreciated in the churches; but our minds have been greatly relieved of anxiety by the manifest light which the Lord has shed upon our path, directing us to our present choice. We believe *firmly* that the mantle which fell from our late beloved pastor, has alighted on our present one—that the affectionate regard the former breathed towards the church, is no less expressed by him who has taken up, and now possesses the sacred vesture. We are fully persuaded that he will sacrifice no part of truth, or the ordinances, from carnal policy, but hold them fast through evil and good report—that the theme of redeeming love will comprehend the sum and substance of his ministrations—that, in fact, his whole testimony will be of Christ, the all in all.

For the character of our dear pastor, Mr. Moyll, suffice it to say, that it needs no eulogy from us, being well known to be becoming the gospel he professes, and without reproach—a matter of vital importance in this day of almost universal profession of godliness, without the power and grace. It is, however, but an act of justice to him, on this occasion, to acknowledge the integrity of his motives in accepting our call to the pastorate, *unaccompanied* as it was by any very tempting offers of worldly aggrandizement. No alluring baits were, or could be presented to his view to influence his decision. And, while he placed a *proper* reliance on the activity of the officers of the church to provide all things necessary for himself, the church, and the poor of the flock, as far as their means and abilities would extend, he evidently responded to their call to the sacred trust, from a firm belief that the Great Master of Assemblies

had plainly opened up, in the most obvious manner, the way he should go, and that He would not fail to over-rule and bless his ministrations, to the increase of the congregation, the additions in numbers to the church, the advancement of its spiritual welfare, and the unfoldings of the divine glory; in fullest confidence that He that sent him to labour in this part of his vineyard to *that end*, will assuredly provide for his warfare, and his *wayfare* too.

This day being set apart for the public recognition of our dear pastor, we have invited the brethren present to behold our order, to give, as the Lord shall enable them, suitable advice to him as our pastor, and also to us as a church. We doubt not that the advice will be fully ample and appropriate: and are quite sure it will be affectionately delivered; while we pray for grace, not only to listen to, and retain, but *practically* to attend to the instructions so intimately connected with our prosperity, peace, and welfare.

Mr. Jones next called upon Mr. Moyll for an account of his conversion and call to the ministry, of which the following is the substance:—

Mr. Moyll said—“ I cannot remember the time when I was not possessed with religious impressions, although I had not religious parents. I do not recollect their ever taking me to the house of God; nor do I ever recollect having seen a Bible in the house. I had been taught at some time, I know not when, nor by whom, the Lord's prayer. I recollect as far back as six years of age having a consciousness of the presence of God. These impressions did not produce any dread of sin, but a fearful apprehension of the punishment for sin. Things went on so till I was eight years of age, when I lost my mother: and so sensible an impression did her death make upon my mind, that it laid me upon a bed of sickness, and brought me so near to the grave as to be pronounced *dead*. They were about to lay me out, when my sister cried out to them that she thought she felt my breath, and requested them to leave me a little while. I recovered; but the death of my mother still dwelt much on my mind. The Lord's prayer was my whole body of divinity. When anything happened to me, I would be sure to fly to that, and often repeat it many times. Thus I went on till I was twelve years of age, when I was bound apprentice to a shoemaker; and now I had to work hard—to live hard—and to sleep hard; but still the Lord's Prayer kept by me. I used to go to the Baptist chapel, (this was at Leominster) and I made application to the teachers to admit me to the Sunday-school; for what education I had had was next to nothing; they very kindly and affectionately received me, and I continued there. It was when I was about fifteen or sixteen years of age, I was sitting in the gallery of the chapel; and stretching forth my neck to catch the text

—it was this—‘*Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting.*’ The words struck me with such a power as I never felt before. I threw myself back on the seat; and at once the simple thought occurred to me. ‘What! does God Almighty weigh people in scales?’ Then I thought to myself ‘How does he?’ and I imagined it was in this way: he put all their good works into one scale, and their bad ones into the other, and according to which scale preponderated, so sentence was passed. I immediately began to look for my good works. I searched through near the whole of the time of sermon, but could not find one to put in the scale; bad ones came up of themselves in great numbers—they wanted no looking for. All at once in his sermon I caught the words—‘*This man comes down full.*’ But who this man was, I could not find out. I would have given all I possessed to have known what he said before those words. I was engaged looking for some of my good works, but found not one. I went out with feelings I never did before. At this time all the forms of prayer I had used, and which I had learned in addition to the Lord’s Prayer, availed me nothing, neither did me any good. Things went on this way a considerable time. Despair seized me, and hell stared me in the face. I was under the powerful influence of infidelity—if there is no God—if there is no heaven—no hell—and the Bible only a book drawn up by men! All these things caused a dreadful state of mind.

“Under these feelings I came to London when about twenty years of age. Went first to one place of worship and then to another. I heard Mr. Upton, and having Rippon’s Hymn Book, I thought he must be a good man; so I went to hear him. At last I heard of a man of the name of Church; and made up my mind to go and hear him. I met with a man whom I knew, and he advised me not to go to hear him; and gave him a most dreadful character. But I said to myself I’ll go and see what sort of a man he is. I went. He took for his text, ‘Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not; and let fall some of the handfuls of purpose for her.’ In opening up this text, it seemed as though somebody had been and told him all about me. Happiness, peace, comfort, and joy followed. I continued under his ministry for about six years, when circumstances induced me to leave that place. About this time I met with a friend who said to me in a familiar way, ‘Come and hear old Father Francis; I think you’ll find a home there.’ I went, and I found a home; and there I stayed till I was called out into the ministry. I cannot say that I was particularly anxious about this matter until I was spoken to on the subject.

“Being one day at a friend’s house, Mr. Church was there on a visit. After sitting there some time, he fixed his eyes on me in a singular way—and says, ‘I have a word to say to you, young man, before you go.’

The time came for departing, and he said ‘You must come along with me.’ I went. And he began, ‘Now, (said Mr. Church,) you have been laid upon my mind both night and day; I feel persuaded you are either preparing for the work of the ministry or the grave. I think it is for the former; as such, I would have you look well to your motives.’ I was panic struck; and began to protest against it. ‘Well, well, (said he) leave it. Will you come to the prayer-meeting on Friday-evening?’ I answered, ‘Yes.’ As soon as I left him, I felt in a dreadful dilemma; having promised to go to the prayer-meeting, they would be sure to call upon me. I knew not what to do. By day or by night, preaching or the grave was uppermost in my mind. At last, Friday came, I knew not what to do, or what excuse to make that I should not go. I thought I would say I could not leave my work. The time came, I jumped up off my seat and went to the chapel, and went up behind the pews and hid myself. But presently up comes Mr. Church, and reaches over his long arm, takes me by the collar, and so dragged me to the table pew; and asked me to read a chapter and speak a few words. A Psalm had been uppermost in my mind all day, so up I got, and began—forgot my own timidity, and went on for half-an-hour—then I thought of myself, and down I sat, and would have given anything to have escaped out of the way. After this I was sent for to go to one place and another, so that sometimes I was much engaged. But I was much afraid I was running without having been sent. It was about this time I joined Mr. George Francis’s church, under the idea that I would preach no more. But it was not long before invitations found me there. I made all the excuses I could and got off sometimes. In the providence of God while I was preaching at Hoxton, one Sabbath—the trustees of Providence Chapel, Featherstone Street were there, and they begged of me to come and preach there; I went and preached to a little better than half-a-dozen persons, from ‘Fear not little flock,’ &c. I continued to go; the congregation increased, and the place became too straight. We removed to Albion Hall. Here it was that those who heard me, wished to be formed into a church upon gospel principles. Our esteemed brother Foreman then and there united us into a church. The church increased; during the sixteen or seventeen years that I was with them, about two hundred were added to the church: about one hundred of whom were called through my instrumentality. During the latter part of the time that I was there I found that the tide had ceased to flow, and therefore began to ebb. I mentioned it to some, and after consulting a minister or two, I gave in my resignation of the pastoral office. At the same time I HAD NOT ANY FORECAST VIEWS OF PECKHAM, or any other place, but threw myself entirely on the Providence of God. It was about:

this time the Peckham friends wrote to me wishing me to supply for them. You know the results."

Mr. Moyll then read clearly and distinctly a confession of his faith and belief. The Doxology was sung, and the morning service ended at Two o'Clock.

In the afternoon, Mr. Geo. Wyard read a portion of Scripture, and offered up what was termed the Recognition Prayer. After which Mr. Jno. Foreman, gave the charge. In the evening Mr. P. Dickerson preached to the church and congregation.

SOME OF THE DYING EXPERIENCE OF
William Upton, of Leicester.

Continued from page 118.

WHEN I returned home again, I was surprised to find him still in this world, but gradually sinking in a deep decline. I remarked to him, that I thought his residence would have been changed long ago. He replied, with calm composure, I am waiting till my change come; but it appears God has something to do with me yet, there is some reason, (though only known to Omnipotence himself).

There is some purpose of the most High to be accomplished; and when that is done, I shall be taken to my eternal rest. I asked him how he felt in the prospect of that great change, which could not be far distant? I remarked that it was a solemn point, to take a leap into eternity. (He replied,) ah! I do feel it to be a solemn consideration, sometimes I am overwhelmed with the thought, and wonder how it will be with me in that solemn hour. But (said he) grace is all-sufficient! Sometimes when I have been meditating upon these things, I have felt the devil insinuating into my mind distrustful and hard thoughts of God. He said to me, how do you know God will be with you at that important moment? Sometimes you are in darkness; and think God cares not for you. Perhaps it may be at that moment when you most need Him. (O, says he,) when I feel these vile insinuations, I know they are from the devil; for he tries to get me to doubt, and discredit what God has spoken. But God is faithful. He has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." I believe this in my judgment. But the thing is, I want the feeling sense in my heart at all times, and this I have not. I know if I am one of God's, (and I firmly believe I am:) that I am safe at all times, and under all circumstances, whether in darkness or light. Why should I not, God is the same, Jesus is the same, and "loveth at all times?" Yet I do feel dying, and entering into the presence of God to be such a great thing, that I have need of more strength than I now have to go through it; but his blessed word says, I shall have strength according to my day: I rely upon his faithful word; believing, I will trust, and not be afraid.

In July, 1846, I again left home, but told the poor old man I should write to him, and hoped he would write to me if he was able. He felt very much when I took my leave of him, as he said he had no other friend he could talk to, and feel communion with in the things of God.

The following letter I received from him, September 14th, 1846:—

"Dear Friend and Brother—I have felt anxious to hear from you, for did you know the state I am in at this present time; my trembling limbs, and tottering hands; and to visit and comfort me, I have nobody; and in my own house I find nothing but *stumbling blocks*, and none careth for my soul. When I lie down I am full of tossings to and fro, wishing for the morning; and when the morning comes, it brings reflections to mind, that I have no one to comfort me. Then I think of those blessed privileges I used to enjoy, when you came to read and pray with me; O how many times we have been blessed together; well, bless the Lord, he is just the same: he will and does hearken to the cries of his *elect children*. O my dear brother, your prayers and mine, I hope, are bottled up in heaven! And the thoughts of going home to my heavenly Father, sweetens all the bitter cups I have to drink.

"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

When we arrive at home.—Please to excuse my writing much, I feel very ill, and scarcely able to hold up my head. From your loving brother in the Lord,

"WILLIAM UPTON."

I heard no more of this afflicted servant of the Lord till I arrived home again, which was in December, 1846; when I was told he was not expected to live a day. I hastened in the morning to see him, and I shall never forget the joy that appeared visible in his countenance when I was introduced into his chamber. It appears that he earnestly desired to see my face before he died, for he had been crying out Thomas in the night several times. This was very singular, as he did not know that I was coming home at that time; but the Lord granted him his desire, and I was brought home sooner than I anticipated. ("He worketh all things after the council of his own will.") He began by saying, I have been wishing for you to come, that I might tell you what great things I have experienced of my Father's love; how I have been blessed with manifestations from God. I feel myself built upon the rock Christ,—now and then I feel his love sweetly shed abroad in my heart. I remarked, I am thankful the Lord favours you with his gracious presence in your last hours: you see he is better to you than all your *doubts and fears*. Have you passed through much darkness of soul? He replied, no—this last few weeks I have been highly favoured; for I have been free from the perplexing temptations of Satan. O! God is

a good God to me; I feel he is a merciful God, and I shall soon be with him in glory.

He continued—Thomas, though I am so highly favoured, and so blest, yet I feel still the remains of sin in my heart. O, he said, turning up his eyes—O my vile and sinful heart. Then (said I,) you cannot talk of any perfection in the flesh as many do. No, Thomas, (he replied,) I feel my heart is sinful and vile; yet, though I am brought down to this low and feeble state, I feel the leprosy is in my very nature, which causes me to cry out with Paul, “wretched man that I am.” I am sure, that in my flesh dwelleth no good thing; and yet I can at the same time thank God, through Jesus our Lord, I am brought to seek all my perfection in my blessed Lord.

I remarked to him, that God suffered sin to rise and show itself, from time to time, in the hearts of his dear children, that they may know that sin is not done away from our nature, as many light and frothy professors imagine: but that it is there still, to vex and tease, though not to conquer or to reign; for (says Paul,) “grace shall reign.” And this implies, that sin would reign if it could; but it is kept under, overcome, and vanquished, by the all-sufficient grace of our adorable Lord Jesus; for (says he,) ‘my grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in thy weakness.’ Feeling then our own weakness, emptiness and sinfulness, we are brought to this point—to renounce ourselves, and to look out of ourselves to that finished work of Christ; and herein we are accepted, justified, sanctified, and shall be conducted safe to glory. Yes, yes, (he replied,) I feel it so—I am sure of it, Thomas: there is no other hope, here I feel I am resting upon a rock. This is no delusion, no fancy of the brain. After our conversation, I read and prayed with him, in which he heartily responded. When I was about to leave him, he said, Thomas I am so glad you are come to be with me in my last moments; I thought I should have died without seeing you again on earth, but if I had, we should have met in heaven, to sing the praises of God together. I left him promising to come and see him again in the morning.

To be concluded in our next.

Acknowledgment and Apology.

DEAR FRIENDS, Readers, and Correspondents.—Since I packed up and sent you off the EARTHEN VESSEL for May, I have been to Wolverhampton, to Manchester, to Oxford, to Chipping Norton, Rollright, Ripley, Farnborough, and a number of other places in different parts of England, preaching the Gospel of our Lord on an average eight or nine times a week. At Rollright, in Oxfordshire, I was seized with very violent pains in my head, and for two nights, and parts of two days, I did suffer extremely; so much so, that one morning, I had some serious thoughts as to whether

the Lord had not taken me away into the country to die; I dare not say that I felt at all uneasy about the matter. Living or dying, I trust, I am the Lord's. Through the kind instrumentality of means used by my very dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Berry, of Rollright Heath, I sufficiently recovered to return home to my church and friends on Saturday, May 20th. I can never forget the truly christian tenderness, sympathy, and care with which both Mr. and Mrs. Berry ministered to my necessities in my sickness. That the Lord may very richly reward them, is my most earnest prayer. Indeed, all through this month, the goodness of the Lord has been wonderful towards me. The friends at Wolverhampton, and at Oldham Street, Manchester, received me so kindly, and such a union sprung up between us, that I really fell right into love with them, and I felt I could do anything to serve them. And yet withal I could not preach to please myself. No. My preaching appeared (to me) to be so lean and lifeless at some places, that I really felt quite ashamed of myself. When I came to Chadlington, however, (the last time I preached in Oxfordshire,) the Lord did so nicely break into my soul, and gave me such a feeling sight and sense of his everlasting love towards me, that I really preached away all my dreadful pains and distressing fears; and after spending a night at good brother Aldred's (at Charlbury—and he and his dear spouse were as kind to me as if I had been their own child,) I came home with a heart filled with thankfulness and praise to the God of all my mercies.

Now, dear friends, I am going to be plain with you. In consequence of the heavy losses and disappointments which I have experienced during the last two years, I was sunk so low that I could not tell which way to turn, nor how to act. But through the goodness of the Lord unto me this month, I have been enabled to pay my landlord, and a few other claims: but I am still greatly encompassed; so, unto you that wish well to the EARTHEN VESSEL, I say, do what you can to help her on her way.

My apology is this. On my return home, I found a vast number of communications; and some letters requiring immediate answers. By the help of the Lord, I will read and reply to them all in July. Join with me, dear friends, in praising my ever-bountiful Lord; and do not forget to pray for your willing servant,

THE EDITOR.

P. S. This brief acknowledgment I trust will not be misconstrued. The hand of the Lord hath been so powerfully manifested towards me, in raising me up, and making use of me both in preaching and publishing his truth, that I dared not withhold it. And HE knoweth with what increased love and zeal I do desire to spend and be spent in his service. Never, surely, was that text more wonderfully realised—“Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound!”

The Bodies of the Saints the Residence of the Holy Spirit.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED IN PROVIDENCE CHAPEL,
Biggleswade, Sept. 12, 1847, BY JOHN CORBITT.

“ Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits, which are God’s.” 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

THE subject matter contained in the above text is of great importance; for to know that our bodies are the temples of God, insures to us all the blessings of this life, and that which is to come; and without this we are exposed to all the curses contained in God’s Book. It matters not how virtuous, moral, decidedly pious, or strict in our attendance, or charitable and benevolent, without being made new creatures in Christ Jesus, or being born again of the Spirit, and having Christ formed in our hearts the hope of glory, and all our religious exercise turning on the pivot of affection, we shall be found as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Seeing, then, that this matter is of so much importance I will try, as the Lord shall enable me, to give a description of the effect produced in the heart of those prepared by the Holy Ghost for his own residence.

Here are three things I shall notice under this head: First, Confusion; Second, Confession; Third, Rectification.

First, it is written that while the strong man armed keepeth the palace, the goods are in peace, but when a stronger than he cometh, and bindeth the strong man and turneth him out, then Confusion begins: the soul now begins to feel his lost, ruined, and undone state; and confused thoughts of death, judgment, and eternity flash through every corner of his soul, making such awful discoveries to him of his inward depravity, that quite astonishes and almost drives him to despair. In this confused state, he turns to the book of God, and finds it written, ‘For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.’ (Isa. ix. 5.) This, for want of better judgment, (or being applied by satan,) he takes to himself, and in ardency of soul, cries out, ‘Yes! I am the man! I have imbedded my hands in innocent blood;

I have crucified the Son of God afresh, and put him to open shame. Yes! there remaineth nothing for me but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation. O, wretched man that I am! How shall I escape the wrath to come? O, that I had never been born! Woe is me, woe is me.’ By this he is taught to see and to feel that God is gone out against him, as a sinner, in the curses of his holy law, and he verily knows now what is meant by being cast out to the loathing of his own soul, to wallow in his own blood, to abhor himself in dust and ashes, no eye to pity; no hand to assist; the priest and the Levite both pass on the other side. In this confusion of soul, he is like one just awoke from a sound sleep, in the darkness of midnight, with his house all on fire; the sight terrifies him, the fire scorches him, the smoke smothers him, and a fear of death distresses him; in this confusion he runs from door to door, from room to room, from landing to landing, until he arrives at the top of the house all in confusion, yet in his right mind, having, in this time of emergency, forgot and left every thing for his own life. In this distress, he cries out, ‘LORD, SAVE, OR I PERISH!’ Thus the Holy Ghost exercises those whom he will have for his temple; and thus the Scripture is fulfilled, ‘Seek ye first, the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things needful shall be added unto you;’ thus they forsake father, mother, sister, brother, house, land, friends, and treasures, and follow the Lord whithersoever he goeth, and esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of this world.

Secondly, *Confession*. The poor sinner now begins to be in real want, and nothing but having those wants supplied will satisfy him; therefore, he is brought to this conclusion, to go to his father, and confess, ‘Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.’ ‘Thou hast set mine iniquity before thine eyes, my secret sins in the light of thy countenance; I have sinned and come short of the glory of God;’ O enter not into judgment with me, but

cleanse me from secret faults, and keep me back from presumptuous sins. Create in me a clean heart, and renew in me a right spirit. Hast thou not said, that he who confesseth his sins, and forsaketh them shall find mercy? O, Lord, thou knowest that I hate them, and would fly from them as from a deadly enemy; my iniquity is gone over my head as a heavy burden, yea, they are to heavy for me. All this is nothing less than the Holy Ghost making room for himself in the heart of those whom he will inhabit for ever; and the cries here set forth are nothing less than the breathing of the Holy Ghost in this temple before the person knows either what it is, or from whence it comes. He is so confused, and in this state he will be crying out, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; or I shall surely be lost for ever.' Sometimes it pleaseth the Lord to answer those whom he is preparing for himself by terrible things in righteousness, and in the secret places of thunder by the sudden appearance of his person, but in such a different way to what they expected. They expected him in a way of prosperity, peace, and ease; but he came not to send prosperity, but a fire; not peace but a sword; not ease and union, but separation. Thus, the Lord, whom they seek, comes suddenly to his temple, but who shall abide the day of his coming, and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap. The soul, by those exercises is made still more confused, and confesseth that he is not worthy of the least of all God's mercies, and like poor Peter he is ready to make his own sinfulness an excuse for Christ's absence; and says, 'Depart from me, Lord, for I am a sinful man;' but no, the Lord will not depart, bless his dear name, though he meets with so many slights and insults from us. What a good thing it is that the Lord does not answer all our prayers; only such as are indited by the Holy Ghost. '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.' Thus it is that preparation is made for the residence of the Holy Ghost to dwell in the temple of our bodies.

Thirdly, *Rectification*. The judgments of the saints must be informed; for it is written, 'all thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be their peace;

but it is usual that these exercises are long and great before they come into any settled peace; first, they must be taught that nothing can be done in this temple of any good, but the Holy Ghost must be the doer of it, in a much higher sense than Joseph in Pharaoh's prison; but it is no uncommon thing with those who are exercised as before described, to think they can do something to the promotion, perfecting, or extending the limits of Zion. Of this cast are those who think that by christening their children they are initiated into Christ's visible church, or by their charitable acts and strict attention, think to merit something, or that the comforts of the Holy Ghost are conditional. Thus, many even of God's children begin to build upon the sandy foundation of their own deeds, and to daube with untempered mortar until the Lord returns and upsets all their earthly schemes and frustrates the tokens of our false and deceitful hearts; thus when Jesus, the glorious Lord, comes to rectify the judgments of his people, he finds in his temple those that sell oxen, sheep, and doves, and the changers of money, and when he hath made a scourge of small cords, he drives them all out of his temple, and overthrows the tables, and says, 'take these things hence; make not my father's house a house of merchandize.' How many of the Lord's temples have been infested with the merchandize of selling some precious doctrine, or softening down some plain expression to please the polite ear of some influential person, until the ministers mouth is more filled with butter, than the uncompromising word of God; and how many of those who have thought that they were doing God service by entering their children into the visible church of Christ, have lived to see to their distress, that the child has lived and died without hope, and without God in the world. Thus God often rectifieth the judgments of his snared and entangled people by making them to see that all that is got by this trading in the temple, is a fee into the priest's pocket, and guilt in their own consciences; and it is only by those small cords of a lacerated conscience that these traders will be dislodged from this temple; and how many of the Lord's dear children have, like poor Job, thought that for their benevolence, kindness, and honesty, that they should surely die in their nest; thus, childishly

resting on conditional comforts, until the Lord, to cure them of their ignorance, lets loose the devil at them, and thus teacheth them that it is not of works lest any man should boast; but by grace we are saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. 'It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.' Dear Lord, how often hath my poor soul been tormented with those temple traders, and how often have I commenced business with them, and should most assuredly continued dealing in these carnal accommodations, had not my master come with his scourge of small cords. Dear Lord, then be pleased to pity and deliver any of thine that may be thus snared and taken; for thou knowest that these temple dealers will not go out but by thy presence. Come, then, dear Lord, and take and keep daily possession of this temple, my body, and reign and rule there by thy sovereign love, and watch and rectify every wrong notion of the mind, and bring every thought and action into subjection to thyself. Amen.

A Gospel Minister's Life,

By the late Henry Fowler.

Continued from page 69.

WHEN I left Plymouth, I looked back under a sense of sweet gratitude for the mercies which had followed me up to that day, and was fully satisfied that my removal was of God, and that whosoever I went he would be with me, and bless me. I took several days in going to Birmingham, and stopped at several places for the rest and comfort of my family; and by the blessing of God we arrived safe, and were kindly received by our friends.

When I was within ten miles of Birmingham, I had a most horrible attack from the enemy, as I imagine, which shook my whole frame: this was the suggestion—"You have acted a most foolish part in this business; you have given up a certainty for an uncertainty; you are going to a strange place, without any prospect of success; you know how often you have been embarrassed in preaching, when you were only occasionally engaged; what are you to do, when you have to preach constantly to the same people? you will never be able to preach above a half-a-dozen times, and then the people will grow weary of you, and dismiss you, and then how are your poor helpless children to be provided for, more than two hundred miles from their home? You have not the common feelings of a man towards his wife, nor of a father to his children." These suggestions quite overwhelmed me for several

miles, for all appeared reasonable and true. But the good Lord was pleased to help me with a little help, and I saw that my whole dependence for success was on him.

This sharp contest began as we passed over Bromesgrove Lickey; and as I have passed the same spot many times since, I have always recollected this field of battle, and blessed God for the victory by faith. But this seemed a strange trial to me at this time, because I had seen the Lord's hand so conspicuous in my movements before this. But I find the Saviour was sorely tempted by Satan, when he entered constantly on his work; and I believe it is generally so with his servants, that by these things they might be instructed to speak to tempted souls.

I was now at anchor, after many gales and heavy seas; I was now released from that tormenting uncertainty that I had laboured under for so many years; I was now in the situation where I had long wished to be, and found a heart to spend, and be spent, for the dear Redeemer's glory, and for the good of immortal souls. Great things in this world I did not want; popularity I did not desire; and if I had, my line of preaching was not likely to procure it.

I should have observed, that on my arrival at Birmingham, that dear disciple who first spoke to me relative to my coming to Birmingham, met me at my lodging, and said to me, "Well, were my observations to you, faith or presumption? I was as sure that you would be sent here, and that God would make all things straight, as of my existence." I would observe, that my temporal prospects on going to Birmingham, were not very flattering. The number of my hearers did not amount to one hundred; the far greater part of them were poor labouring people. They did indeed enter into voluntary subscriptions, and set down the sums on paper, but many of them through sickness and for the want of labour, were not able to fulfil their engagements. I had, therefore, some work for faith to do; but these things did not move me, though it roused the fears of several; and they said, I never could be supported with my family, unless I went to business again. I said, "No; I have had a sad proof that God does not intend me to struggle any longer in business, but to preach his gospel; and I am persuaded, if he has sent me here, he will support me, and enable me to give myself wholly to the work of the ministry; for God takes care of oxen; and they that preach the gospel should live of the gospel. At all events, I will wait to see God's hand for twelve months."

When I entered on my ministry in this place, I found great liberty, and so it continued; so that I proved Satan a liar, and God true to his word. I perceived, also, a gradual increase of hearers; and, according to the testimony of many, the word of God which I delivered was blessed among them,

to the comfort of their souls, which became an additional confirmation to me, that the Lord had sent me there.

The winter of 1814 was very severe, and I resided in a very cold house; the snow lay for many weeks on the ground, and the frost was most intense. Coming from a much warmer part of the kingdom, my family felt the severity of the weather very much, but through God's goodness we had all good health through the winter: we had not the luxuries, but what was much better, we had all that is necessary for the body, and more I did not covet. I had always been accustomed to *plain living*, and am still; and I am persuaded it is much the best both for the body and for the mind. High living diseases both the mind and body; and he that pursues that course may expect a pretty large bill from the doctor every year. Poor living, no doubt, has slain its thousands; but high living has slain its tens of thousands. As for dress and gaudy apparel, I detested it, as a proof of a little mind, and highly unbecoming a christian. "Be not conformed to this world," surely has a meaning, and is not to be treated as an abrogated act of parliament. My custom has been through life, never to live on the next year's income: never to run in debt, in order to appear genteel upon other people's property. I would rather make shifts and wait awhile, than follow the too prevailing maxims of people of all ranks and conditions in this loose and frivolous age. I claim no merit because of these things: there may be pride mixed up with it; but if there be pride in it, I am saved a great deal of trouble, and others also by this my proceeding. How many ministers and private christians have I known justly reproached by the public for their careless indifference in the management of their worldly affairs! Some, too, I have known who seek to screen themselves under this idea, that they are suffering reproach for their religion; while, I fear, they are suffering reproach for the want of its proper influence over them. Also, I have heard such loose persons reproach the more prudent and managing class: but when, through their want of economy, and extravagance in their family, they are brought into difficulties, they know how to beg, and bow, and cringe to the parties they have reproached. "These things, my brethren, ought not to be."

I passed the cold winter in my cold cottage; but in the spring removed to a comfortable little house in the Bristol road. When I took it, some of my hearers expressed many fears, that I should not be able to pay such a high rent, twelve pounds per annum! but I had no fears about it; for I saw that the Lord was on my side; and surely there was nothing like extravagance or ambition in my occupying a house rented at twelve pounds per annum. Some of my London friends may wonder at the fears of some of my then hearers, and wonder

more that I could call such a house a comfortable one; and for their satisfaction I will observe, I had a neat parlour and a roomy good kitchen on the same floor, and two good bedrooms above; an arched cellar below for beer, coals, &c.; a good back-house for washing, and brewing; a neat little garden in the front, and a long slice of a garden behind, and the use of a pump of good water for all necessary purposes.

Before I leave these temporal matters, I will make an observation or two on some things which rather surprised me: I perceived in the spring and summer after I arrived, a number of men regularly going to their gardens of a Lord's day morning, furnished with spade, rake, &c., with some shop-mates to assist, both to work, and to drink their strong ale; for they were not very sparing in that article. Another thing much struck me, namely, the cottage owners, many of them preferred Lord's day morning to any other time to collect their weekly rents. Perhaps it was wise to collect their rents weekly, for both parties. But, then, I thought Monday morning was a more proper time, for common decency sake. One of my hearers too, used to come to chapel very late of a Lord's day morning, which I used to be surprised at; but upon enquiry I understood that he was obliged to collect his cottage rents, and could not come sooner. Shame! shame on such professors of religion! Forethought saw two evils in delaying till Monday morning. The poor cottager with his free companions might perchance run through his weekly earnings before Lord's day night, or if not, it would be a great interruption to business to spend all Monday morning in collecting rents! I hope by this time, that that body of people who are so warm for the reform of abuses, have begun a reform *at home*. But enough of this subject; *too much*, perhaps, some will say.

I now felt the weight of the ministry more than ever; and the different characters I had to mix with tried me not a little. I had many mercies, and many crosses; the common lot of God's people. When I first came to Birmingham, I was given to understand that the debt on our chapel was about three hundred pounds; and I proposed to go to London, and beg, in order to rub off some part of the debt. This was gladly acceded to, and I went for that purpose in the month of May, 1814. I had a recommendation from Dr. Hawker. I spent six weeks in London, and walked about twelve miles each day; but mine not being a "Board Case," it met with a cool reception.

I continued labouring in this place for upwards of seven years: I shall make some notes and observations in my next letter, that may be interesting to some, during six years of this period.

(To be Continued.)

AN OLD SOLDIER'S ADDRESS TO HIS COMRADES, ENTITLED

Holy Anger no Sin.

"Be ye angry and sin not." "Anger rests (or lodges) in the bosom of fools." It may dart into a wise man's bosom, but he should not give such a hellish guest a lodging, no not for one night; because he may set the house on fire, and as James saith, "with the fire of hell." And if your house is not quite burned down, you may be in sad smoke and confusion, and be so scorched and blistered, that it will require abundance of water from heaven to quench the fire, and holy ointment to dress thy wounds, which cannot be bought on earth for money. And some poor souls have been almost burned to a cinder, before they received health and cure. But, say you, "God is angry with the wicked." Yes he is; but his anger is only his righteous ire and holy indignation against sin and wicked sinners; and when we are angry with that which God is angry with, "we are angry and sin not," because it is no sin to be angry with sin. "Yes;" says the angry man, full of spite, malice, envy, and jealousy, "that is right, I hate such and such a person, I cannot bear the sight of him or the name of him, I hate him." I say, did you ever hate yourself, did you ever hate your own life? are you angry with yourself? are you angry with your own sin? If yours is holy and righteous anger, produced by the Holy Spirit, you have hated your own life more than any other person's, and been more angry with your own sins, than you have with all the sins of all men on the earth beside. Jesus saith, 'except a man hate his own life he cannot be my disciple.' These poor blind preachers, and other blind souls, who are continually railing and pulling down others to build themselves up in popular esteem among the ignorant, and raising their anger and hate against others, and yet never hated their own lives, are far from the kingdom of God. And I wish to make no friendship with such angry men, who apparently never were angry with themselves nor their own sins. I knew an angry man, who was exceedingly angry with others, even to rage and fury, and had made division and strife in every church where he could find his way in, and though he had committed a-bominable iniquity himself, would be accusing others, and deploring the divisions and distress among the churches. This is like setting your neighbour's house on fire, and running away by the light of it, crying, "fire! fire!" and saying, 'what a sorry thing it is.' 'To be angry and sin not' is to be angry with our own selves and our own sins, and to lament our own sore, and our own plague within, and to 'stand in awe and sin not.' To stand in awful astonishment with our hand on our mouths before God, and wonder that

our vile bodies are not consumed, and that our souls are out of hell!

O my brethren! old satan's work is to set fire to us, and if he cannot consume us, he will scorch and blister us sorely. He tried hard to destroy the green tree, and think ye not that he will endeavour to destroy the dry? 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.' It is a sorry thing if we are found riving and splitting one another into matches, for satan to light his fires with. When he would get a fire to work by, he blows in the coals of our lusts and passions, and dips his matches in stinking brimstone of our filth and sin; a stinking mineral found in the earth, our earthly sensual, and devilish fallen nature, by which he sets the whole course of nature, and 'it is set on fire with the fire of hell.' Tongue, eyes, hands, and feet are set on fire. O how much better it is 'to lose one eye,' an evil eye lasting after evil, 'than have two eyes and be cast into this hell-fire,' which is kindled by the devil and our lusts. Ah! much better, 'to lose a hand or a foot that will be running and puddling in sin and mischief, than have two hands or feet, and be cast into hell.' Come soldiers of the cross, warriors with hell, 'fighting the good fight of faith,' in the war of eternal life, think it not strange if you lose an arm, or a leg, or an eye, in the cause of your sweet prince the King of Glory, and in the battle for eternal life! 'Be ye angry and sin not.' Ah, be ye angry with that law in your members, and your lustful instrumental members in this battle, that war against the soul. I have read of a Russian serf, so devoted to his Emperor, his country, and his religion, that when Napoleon had branded his name on the serf's hand, he immediately took up an axe and chopped off his own hand!! And could Nelson be proud that he had lost an eye and an arm in the service of his earthly prince? and shall not we, who have been nourished by our Prince, felt his love in our hearts, and seen something of his beauty and glory, shall not we be willing to lose a leg, or an eye, or a lust, or a wife, or a child, a father or a mother, a house, or land, for his sake, who hath promised us a kingdom, a crown, an immortal body, and immortal glory with him in his kingdom, to enjoy his personal presence for ever? Ah! dear soldiers of the cross, ye glory crowned regiment of the Lamb, these poor perishing time things may stick close to us as our eyes and our limbs; but we must part with them when they stand in the way for Christ. It is better to enter into life halt and maimed, or with one eye, one leg, and one arm, than have them all and suffer hell in our souls. Ah, one eye, if a single eye, fixed on our lovely glorious prince is better than our lusts, when we enter into the presence of our Prince, whose favours are life, whose loving kindness is better than life. Come ye poor maimed, wounded, bleeding

soldiers, regret not' the loss of your limbs and members. 'It is better to enter into life halt and maimed,' than retain them for a momentary lust. Entering into life is entering into the presence of your Prince, to hold communion with him, whose favours are life, and joy, and peace, in the soul, the sure pledges of eternal life, and immortal glory with your immortal King. The presence of Jesus is life, health, and peace. 'Enter into life.' Life in Jesus is sweet indeed, when we see the death of our sin in the death and blood of Jesus, and the life of our souls secured in his life and Godhead; O what a great word is 'eternal life!'

'Be ye angry and sin not.' 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' There is unbalanced anger and sinful wrath. To be angry without cause is sin, and if persisted in, we are in danger of the judgment; and the Lord's judgment between brother and brother is sure to be righteous judgment, and the sooner it is settled the better, therefore leave off contention before it is meddled with. I have heard of two christian brothers, who had a violent quarrel, and one of them deliberating after retiring home, ran to his friend's house and knocked at the door, while he within answered roughly, and would not open the door. He standing without, entreated meekly for entrance, but without effect for a time; he still continued his suit, and still unsuccessful. He at last said, 'brother! brother! the sun is almost down, the sun is almost down!' 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath, neither give place to the devil.' He within being overcome with love, and melted with the divine word, opened the door with streaming eyes, and many thanks to his brother for coming, when they forgave one another with tears, and settled the affair in love. This was resisting the devil and he fled from them. A heart hardening in satan's fire was melted by divine love, and 'a soft answer turned away wrath.'

'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' 'Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.' The light of God's countenance, the presence of Christ, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, makes our day, experimentally, and that is the time to work good work: but if you should be stirred up to wrath, and 'the sun go down upon your wrath,' you will not have much comfortable sleep in that night. And satan, with the powers of darkness, will be sure to visit you in the black night, and you may be delivered to the tormentors; and there is no telling how long your night may be. And you may have doleful thoughts and forebodings in the prison house, and lay there until you have paid the utmost farthing by sufferings. And though the sun may arise and shine upon others, you cannot see it in a dungeon underground. Some have laid there many years,

and 'have almost forgotten prosperity,' with scarcely bread and water enough to keep them alive. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," for you cannot make the sun rise, neither can you open the prison doors if once you be shut up. But still, thus saith the Lord, 'unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.' And your kind prince can open the prison doors to them that are bound, and tied with their own sins. It is a good thing to work while it is day, and to be in the fear of God all the day long; for good things for necessary uses, if they do not save us from eternal destruction, they save us from many sorrows and temporal hells on earth; and if not our justification before God, they are our justification before men and the brethren, and for the glorifying of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore, above all things, study deeply the doctrine of sanctification. And sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread. That his fear and love may be in your hearts, in holy communion with him, and the dread of his indignation against your sins. That the Holy Spirit may keep up a holy anger in your souls against your own sins, and then you will fear to sin against God, and the brethren, and other men. 'Be ye angry and sin not.'

Brethren, I bring you these few spoils of the war from under a heavy fire of the enemy, accompanied with some tears, sighs, and groans. Lay them in your houses, as relics of the wars with hell, from a poor old soldier crossing the plains of the god of this world. Keep them as relics in the armoury house here on earth, that they may teach their children the use of the sword and the bow when I am gone, as I do hope to go home to head quarters, to banquet with the prince and all the royal guests, and go no more out to war. 'They shall enter into peace.' Peace and love be with you.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, Feb. 24, 1848.

A Letter addressed to Henry Langham,

Pastor of the Baptist Church at Harleston.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE BEST BONDS OF COVENANT TIES—Grace, mercy, and peace rest upon thee. May Jesus in all his beauties, characters, and offices, which he sustains covenantally, ravish thine heart and make thy very soul sick of love; that love which is everlasting in its date, overpowering in its charms, pure in its nature, winning in its operation, blessed in the effects and reception drench thy soul in that boundless ocean, LOVE. God is love; love is of God; we love him, the apostle tells us, because he first loved us. Oh, the riches of grace and love of a three-one God to such a filthy

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polluted wretch as me, that, God of his infinite love and mercy, I wonder that ever he should pluck up me, to plant his love in my soul, won me over to his kingly authority, made me submit to his laws. Now, dear brother, we know by experience, that his commandments are not grievous, but joyous; love propels us to follow him in all the paths of truth and holiness which he has commanded us to tread in through evil and through good report as deceivers, but yet true as pilgrims and strangers through this vale of tears, to a better country, a country of blessedness and joy where you and me with all the ransomed throng shall enjoy in full fruition of everlasting love. Yes, dear brother, he loved us while we were sinners, enemies to him, to his word, and to his cause, and his people. Oh the depths of the riches of the grace of God towards such a rebel as myself! Your last gave me much comfort through God's blessing, unction and power it was richly fraught with; I felt the dew drop when I began to read its contents concerning the love of our covenant three-one God. I have a piece of poetry by a lunatic, by me, the largest idea that ever I saw from man in these latter days since the days of the apostles.—

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To tell the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

LUNATIC.

Ah, dear brother, sometimes I feel so little of this precious love that I often am put to a stand, and ready to give up; but blessed be the dear Lord, he wont give me up; no brother, no; the Lord says to his Ephraims, 'How shall I give up, Ephraim,' though you have tried, and would have given me up, yet I cannot thee, notwithstanding thy rebellion, thy backsliding, thy whoring after idols, thy stiff-neckedness, thou art my dear son: I love thee still; I cannot give thee up; what a mercy it is for us that we have such a loving and tender Father; a God of compassion, slow to anger and of great goodness towards such rebellious sons as we sometimes are.

Brethren Haxell and wife, Huneball and wife, Halls and Elmer, Pike and son, Hammond and Gosling and wife, and all the Mendlesham Church greet thee, my brother with an holy kiss in the Lord, wish you every covenant blessing in Christ; and I pray God that he will abundantly bless you in your labours in the gospel of the grace of God to the building up, and the establishing, comforting, nourishing the church of God, and pulling down the strong holds and refuges of lies of satan's manufacturings. So prays an unworthy sinner in Christ, your brother,

J. FIELDER.

"*The Dissatisfied Saint*," being No. 1 of the Banbury Gospel Tracts, by Mr. D. LODGE, Minister of the Gospel. Houlston and Stoneman.

"*The Dissatisfied Saint!*" What a descriptive title! It makes us think of a great swelling minister, who is very *dissatisfied* with the wages the people pay him for preaching to them; and says he "*won't stop* if they do not give him more." We suppose he may be called a *dissatisfied saint*. It also brings to view a vast body of professors, who, (in London especially,) are for ever running after *new faces*, and *new chapels*, and *new preachers*. May we not call them *dissatisfied saints*? There is poor E—— too. Everything, of late has appeared to go against her: and she goes to the house of God time after time, and can get nothing; can feel nothing; can enjoy nothing. If you ask her how she is? The answer is—"Oh wretched! Worse and worse!" Poor soul! She is safe enough in Christ, and complete in Christ; but being called to pass through deep waters, she often frets and rebels, and certainly may be called a *dissatisfied saint*. Ah, and there are many more; for instance, there's friend *What's-his-name*, who lives just round the corner; he wanted to be a deacon; and head deacon too: and because the others could not very comfortably submit to him, why off he goes. And now you may see him sometimes popping his bead in one place and then in another; it seems just as if he said—"Do you want a deacon here?" Depend on it, until he can be made president over some body of good christians, he will be a very *dissatisfied saint*. But enough of this; brother Lodge has here furnished us with a very nice little tract on the *internal dissatisfactions* of the saints, taking for his text—"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." The subject matter lays under two distinct heads—First, the present dissatisfaction of the saints. Secondly, the future satisfaction hoped for. Every branch of the discourse is well backed up by the word of God—tracing out some parts of a christian's present experience; and is, upon the whole, calculated to be useful to such as are asking the way to Zion.

A Stone of Ebenezer raised in the Valley of Fallen Misery, on which is inscribed, the Love, Mercy, Wisdom, Power, and Forbearance of Jehovah, in calling by his Grace, preparing for his Work, supporting in the Valley of Death, and calling to his Eternal kingdom. Likewise, the Founding of the First Gospel Church, the first addition thereto, their strict obedience to the Command of their Sovereign Lord, and the Gross In-

consistency of Mixed Communion. By JAMES NUNN, Minister of the Gospel, Beulah Chapel, Somers' Town. London: Houlston and Stoneman Paternoster Row.

We cannot do better in our first notice of this work (and we purpose returning to it again) than simply to give an outline of its contents. First, then, we have an "Address to the Particular Baptist Church, Somers' Town;" wherein Mr. Nunn states some of the circumstances which led to the publication of this work. Here is a striking sentence or two which we must quote. The writer says:—

"In my opinion, the day is close at hand, when those that truly fear God, will not have much of the popular side of the question. Those who are so fond of it will have to give up their profession, or walk with the despised outcasts; for God has commenced, and it is my opinion that he will not withdraw his judgments from the nations of the earth, until he has separated his church from the world, and their carnal feelings and pursuits, and have overthrown the beasts. Then, and not before, shall the glory of the Lord be revealed, so that watchmen shall see eye to eye."

Then follows a detailed account of Mr. Nunn's "Call from darkness to light:" and his call to, and settlement in the ministry.

This is a clear and exceedingly interesting testimony; it is one which makes us feel that we would be the last to speak against James Nunn, as a true servant of our Lord Jesus Christ; although we have spoken, and felt much prejudiced against him; but since we have known him personally, read his narrative, and seen the use the Lord is making of him, we have lost all unhappy suspicions, and hail him as a brother in the Lord; and most heartily do we pray that his deep afflictions may be sanctified; that his feet may be preserved in the paths of righteousness and peace, and that his labours in the gospel may be greatly owned of the Lord. We say—and say it sincerely—let young ministers (just setting out in the work) read this, and TAKE HEED TO THEIR WAYS; let old established pastors read this, and look at our brother's present standing, and, CEASE FROM THEIR CRUEL ATTEMPTS TO STAB HIM IN THE DARK. What we here write—God is our witness—we write without hint or suggestion from any mortal creature under the heavens; we write it freely as it flows (without premeditation or fleshly design) sincerely desiring that James Nunn's real character and standing before a heart-searching Jehovah may be known by the churches of Christ, in our land, for to his own Master he is alone responsible for what he has written. But we shall not now enlarge.

In the next place, we have a recital of "Circumstances of Affliction and trial." His removal from Suffolk, and ultimate

settlement at Somers'-town. The obituaries of his first wife and daughter Eleanor; and his lengthened remarks on "the Founding of the First Gospel Church," form a valuable appendix to the work.

. It is Good to be Here.

"And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias."—Mark ix. 5.

When Jesus is pleased in his wonderful grace,
My languishing bosom to cheer;
And I catch a glimpse of his beautiful face,
I say it is good to be here.

When clouds gather thick as the dark sable night,
The gloom that surrounds me gets near:
When the promise of God is hid from my sight,
I cry, is it good to be here?

Yes, all fiery trials burn nothing but dross,
And Christ, the refiner, sits there;
To see that his people shall not suffer loss,
Oh! then it is good to be here.

When troubles and trials my footsteps surround,
And gloomy all prospects appear;
I call on the Lord, but no answer is found,
Ah! then, is it good to be here?

The Father hath promised that his chosen ones,
Shall from all their vileness be clear;
Then, Oh to be chastened as one of his sons!
I'll say it is good to be here.

When comforts around me seem dying apace,
And I'm at the edge of despair;
When Jesus withholdeth the bright beams of his face;
Oh! then, is it good to be here?

Yes! when earthly comforts are all fled and gone,
And no soothing friend left to cheer;
If Jesus is present to pity my moan,
I'll say it is good to be here.

When the enemy rages, and sin presses sore,
And I'm encompassed with fear;
I think that the Lord will be gracious no more,
Ah! then, is it good to be here?

Yes! God is the same, and his love changes not,
Though we may be harassed by care;
We surely shall know that we are not forgot,
And say—IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE!

The things that were dear, seem all taken away,
And I'm in a wilderness drear;
Overwhelmed and distress'd, I mournfully say,
Oh can it be good to be here?

My pleasures are fading away one by one,
And I almost lonely appear;
I look round for helpers, but lo! there are none,
Then can it be good to be here?

But when to the throne of thy heavenly grace,
I come with an heart full of fear;
If thou wilt have mercy, and pity my case,
I'll say it is good to be here.

I go to the place where I often have been,
And often have poured out my prayer;
But, ah! the Redeemer is not to be seen,
Oh then is it good to be here?

If thou, dearest Saviour, wilt deign to bless me,
At the place that is sacred and dear;
Then while I am holding communion with thee,
I'll say it is good to be here.

And if at the banquet I should be allowed,
To feel that thy presence is near;
Then while I am with thee enwrapt in the cloud,
I'll say it is good to be here.

And when with the glorified spirits I meet,
No more will be falling the tear;
And while I am casting the crown at thy feet,
I'll say it is good to be here. CEPHAS.

Christ coming from Edom, with Dyed Garments from Bozrah.

“Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.” Isa. lxiii. 1.

It is generally considered that the beautiful imagery of the prophet Isaiah is sublime, grand, and majestic beyond comparison; and in this text (to me) it seems doubly so. We know that Edom and Esau are synonymous phrases, though the signification of each name is different, Edom meaning, *earthy, bloody, or red*; and Esau, *doing or working*; or he that *acts or finishes*. A more correct and awful description of the world, or reprobate class of mankind, (of which Esau is a type,) is not to be found in the inspired volume. They are earthy, and mind exclusively earthly things; for, as is the earthy, such also are they that are earthy; they are bloody, or red, indicating their rage and war with and against God and truth, including their tyrannical cruelty, as vented forth against his church and people. (See their doom and destiny recorded by Mal. i. 2, 3, 4.) Doing or working also belongs to them, according to the portion just referred to; and mark! God declares he will throw it all down. They, from flesh and fear, may seek to enter in, as Esau himself did; (See Heb. xii. 17); but shall not be able; for salvation is not by works (even of righteousness); but by grace; their acts are acts of wrath, anger, revenge and rebellion against the goodness and government of the Most High; and they finish their mortal career in sin and lie down in sorrow, as vessels of wrath fitted to destruction. O gloomy picture! Surely, it is a fearful thing to fall (thus) into the hands of the living God! *Idumea* was the country of the Edomites, in the south part of Judea: it was, and is, very mountainous, including *Mount Seir* and *Mount Hor*. Its principal city or metropolis, was *Bozrah*, signifying *distress*, or *tribulation*. A true picture of the present world, in which, and with which the ungodly are satisfied. They want nothing more; but as much of that as they can get, and although satan, sin, and Adam have rendered it one constant scene of distress and tribulation; yet they are at home in it: so true are the words of David—

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‘Men of the world, which have their portion in this life.’ (Ps. xvii. 14.) Not so with the Christian; here he has no continuing city; but he seeks one to come. In this text, then, the great Redeemer is represented coming as the Captain of the Lord’s host into this world in our nature, to fight, while here, the great battle; to take vengeance on his and our enemies, and to obtain a glorious victory for himself and his people, as contained in the whole paragraph to the seventh verse. The whole battle of this noble and illustrious Warrior was with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. Satan, and sin, earth and hell, scribes and pharisees, principalities and powers were all combined and up in arms against him! Still the promise ran, ‘He shall prevail against his enemies.’ He fought as man, and prevailed as God. What a war was this! Behold the God-man, Christ Jesus, meeting the whole host, and encountering them single handed! For he saw that there was no man that could do it but himself; ‘And he looked but there was none to help.’ Had he wanted any he could soon have had some. (See Matt. xxvi. 53.) But even all the disciples forsook him and fled; so that his own arm might bring salvation unto him. See how glorious he appears in his armour of proof! ‘for he put on righteousness as a breast-plate, and an helmet of salvation upon his head, and he put on the garments of vengeance for clothing, and was clad with zeal as a cloak.’ How truly majestic he thus appeared! sufficient to strike terror and dismay into the hearts of his enemies! Thus arrayed, he comes into the field of action in his life of perfect obedience; he meets the law’s demands by his wondrous works, and God-like performances; he confounds and silences his opponents in his death; and by the shedding of blood he satisfies justice; exclaiming, as he hangs in his purple gore, ‘It is finished!’ Now the battle’s fought, and the victory won—honourably won! ‘He conquered when he fell.’ ‘He hath triumphed gloriously!’ ‘Captivity is led captive!’ Principalities and infernal powers are spoiled. Death, hell, and sin are vanquished, nailed to his cross, and made a shew, or public example of, openly. ‘His right hand and

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his holy arm hath gotten him the victory.' Glorious Warrior! Triumphant Victor! Thou art the great Plant of Renown! Thy deeds and death shall fill thy Zion with present and eternal delight. For her thou hast wrought a great salvation, and her chief delight and pleasure is to place the crown royal upon thy all glorious and triumphant head. In this text, then, Zion, for whom he overcame, is represented as looking at him with amazement and wonder, as coming from his scene of conflict and the field of blood, with his perfect humanity, stained and dyed with his crimson hue, (according to Rev. xix. 13,) as a representation of the awful war in which he has just been engaged, and the noble conquest he has obtained by his own blood, by which he has entered into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us; thus she enquires, 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?' The answer is, 'I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.' It is a precious truth that once in the end of the world, (or of the age,) hath he appeared to put away sin, by the sacrifice of himself in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth he liveth unto God. He hath destroyed death, and defeated satan, and marched (as it were) out of the field in the greatness of his strength; he has come off more than conqueror, and lives for evermore, having the keys of, or authority over, hell and death; truly he was and is glorious in his apparel, which is the nature of his dear people, unsullied, and impeccable. Yes; immaculate, he was and is fairer than the children of men, grace being poured into, and out of his lips, causing his church to sing, 'His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely; or, as Beza renders it, 'wholly delectable, pleasing, delightful.' John says, 'We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.'

Peter, John, and James were highly favoured with a soul's overwhelming view of his glory, super-excellency, and august majesty, on mount Tabor, what Peter afterwards called the holy mount. Paul, the apostle, has given us his exact likeness in miniature—'Holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens'—this is the

Christ of God, wearing our nature, defined by the angel when addressing the virgin, 'That Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.' The works he performed, and the wonders he wrought, may also be considered his apparel; and truly in and by them he did and does appear glorious in holiness, and his church shall one day see him (more clearly than she does now) in all his matchless beauty, effulgence and glory; and although his visage was so deformed of men, and his form of the sons of men (Beza's translation); yet it was not his own sin that deformed it, but the sinful conduct of sinners towards him, including the deep sorrows through which he waded to save his own people with an everlasting salvation; he still remained glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength about Nazareth, Jerusalem, and the whole land of Judea; for he went about doing good, preaching the gospel, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him in walking on the water, speaking the furious winds into silence, and commanding the tumultuous ocean into serenity, in opening the eyes, unstopping the ears, and in raising the dead, he displayed his great, his almighty strength; he travelled in the greatness of his strength from Pilate's bar up the hill Calvary, carrying his own cross, and burdened with the intolerable preponderating weight of all the sins of his elect, including the strict, unabating, solemn requirements of inflexible Justice, with the reproaches and stigmatism of the ungodly, and all his enemies; the opprobrious names levied upon him by chief priests, scribes, and pharisees, and the tremendous curse of God's most holy and righteous law. Gaze upon him, oh my soul! Behold he ascends the hill—he reaches the summit—the place of a skull, or golgotha—the creatures of his power are permitted to slay him, and he lays down his life for the sheep. On the morning appointed, he comes forth from the tomb travelling in the greatness of his infinite strength, out of death into life, to die no more; now he travels into Galilee, where he favours his disciples with a sight of him and converse with him. Repeatedly he converses with them for forty days on the glories of his gospel and the nature of his kingdom; thence he travels to mount Olivet, where

in the presence of those whom he loved, and who loved him, he was taken up from them, and a cloud of elect angels received him out of their sight, escorting him to the regions of light and love, with triumphant hallelujahs and hozannas; 'for God is gone up with a shout, even the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. He has ascended on high, having led captivity captive.' He that 'descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens that he might fill all things.' Hark—hark! what acclamations are those which seem to rend the azure vaulted skies? 'Lift up ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in! Who is the King of glory? the Lord of Hosts—the Lord mighty in battle! He is the King of glory!' Again they strike their harps, and all unite in one grand chorus, making heaven's vast concave ring, 'Lift up ye gates, even lift them up, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!' He has fought the battle—gained the victory—saved his church—resumed his throne—and all power is given unto him both in heaven and in earth—the Lord reigneth, hallelujah! Who is this? 'I that speak in righteousness.' Yes: he spake in righteousness at the great council table in his covenant engagements for his people, when he said, 'I will ransom them from the power of the grave (or hell), I will redeem them from death. He spake in righteousness in preaching the gospel—in speaking to his enemies, and to various diseases—in speaking to devils, and to distressed souls—in speaking conviction to the consciences, and salvation to the hearts of Paul, Zaccheus and others. He spake in righteousness to Pilate, when he said, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' And also to Caiaphas, 'Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power,' &c. In a word all he has spoken, does speak, or will speak is right in righteousness, and in perfect accordance with his righteous purpose; will, and decree. Just and right is he, what! is he mighty to save? the mighty God—the sympathizing man—the God-man Christ Jesus. Great in might, and wonderful in council, mighty to save those who are ready to perish. He is the mighty man of valour—the Almighty God of heaven and earth. Sin, death, and hell have fully proved him mighty to conquer, and

countless millions have and shall prove him mighty to save; or, as the apostle says 'able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.' What a sweet thought is it for poor helpless, lost, and ruined sinners to be taught and brought to know and believe the truth of this precious text, and that although he has saved millions by his sovereign grace and mighty power, yet it still remains mighty, yea almighty and undiminished; 'his arm is not shortened that it cannot save,' for God will save Zion experimentally and finally, and so all Israel shall be saved. Cheer up, my soul! cheer up ye doubting, distressed, and desponding saints, who have fled to Jesus for refuge; he is still mighty to save, and determined to save, and in this great and glorious matter he is in one mind, and none can turn him—the Lord, and he changeth not, without variable-ness or the shadow of turning. Anchor, hang, and hope here, O my soul! O ye afflicted, persecuted, dejected, perplexed and mourning saints, and it must and shall be well with thee, sinful, guilty, and vile as you are, rejoice in the glorious fact—the joyful tidings—the triumphant news, 'Jesus is mighty to save!'

T. STRINGER.

The Cherubim.

FROM what we read in Heb. ix. 23, 24, it is manifest that the temple, its furniture, and its services, were types of things spiritual, which are to be looked for in the church, and what appertains to it under the present dispensation; the apostle calls them 'Patterns or types of things in the heavens,' and 'Figures of the true.'

Those who know what it is (in the exercise of a living faith) to have access unto the Father by one Spirit, through our Lord Jesus Christ, (Ephes. ii. 18,) need not to be told that the mercy seat over the ark of the testimony is a type of the throne of grace to which they come. In the cloud of glory, on the mercy seat they will see a type of the divine presence, 'I will appear in the cloud, upon the mercy seat.' (Lev. xvi. 2.) In the one High Priest of that tabernacle made with hands, they will see a type of 'the great High Priest of our profession, who has passed into the heavens, the 'minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the

Lord pitched, and not man.' (Heb. viii. 2.) In the anointing of Aaron and his seed, (Exodus xxviii. 41.) by which they were consecrated to the service of the earthly sanctuary, is evidently a type of the blessed Spirit; not as to his divine essence, but as pertaining to the church, and in respect to those spiritual gifts and endowments by which the seed of Christ are qualified for service in the spiritual house. The Man Christ Jesus was thus anointed by the Father. (Acts x. 38.) All the spiritual seed are anointed of the same Spirit; to them the apostle is speaking. (1 John ii. 20, 27.) And this anointing includes the power of a living gospel ministry, as well as all gifts and qualifications for service and usefulness in the house of God. (1 Cor. xii. 5.)

When we consider the design of the temple and its furniture, 'patterns of things in the heavens,' 'figures of the future,' and the strict charge that was given to Moses concerning the same—'See that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount,' we may well conclude that the patterns themselves were perfect as such, and that nothing material or essential would be omitted or fail to be represented by some type or pattern. Now looking at the heavenly things themselves, things which pertain to the church spiritually, is not the ministry of angels an essential part of the divine order? Do not these with all their continued and countless, though unseen services, belong to the spiritual house? 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' (Heb. i. 14.) Are not the least of the Lord's little ones deeply interested in this great, but greatly overlooked fact? Does not the Saviour declare the doctrine, and give it a practical application, than which scarcely any of the doctrines of Scripture seem to me to have less practical influence on the minds of christians, although it is abundantly evident that it is needed? Our Lord feels very tenderly for his little ones who have no power to avenge themselves when they are offended, but he gives us to understand that if we offend them there are those who are greater than these little ones and who have access at court, and will not fail to communicate to the highest authority the wrong done to these little ones; and we know, by the records of Scripture, what terrible instruments of

vengeance these angels have sometimes been. Now the Saviour tells us to take heed not to offend or despise one of these little ones, 'For (said he) I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.' (Matt. xviii. 10.)

Is it reasonable to suppose that in 'the Patterns' would be found no type of these ministering spirits? Assuming the only answer that can be given to this question to be in the negative, I then would ask, with deference to those whose attention has been more devoted to these things than mine has been, Where can we see the type or pattern of these ministering spirits, but in the Cherubim with their faces towards the mercy seat. (Exodus xxv. 20.)

Look at their nature, as mentioned in other parts of Scripture, evidently an order of angels, attending on the Lord. (Ezek. x.)

Look at their position among the types; their faces towards the symbol of the divine presence; looking upon the ark of the testimony, containing a transcript of the divine will; waiting, as it were, before the Lord of the whole earth, eager to know the good pleasure of his will; and withal, winged to execute it, so soon as the commandment comes forth from the throne. (Dan. ix. 23.)

In conclusion, I would briefly say that I regard the cherubim in the holy place, as a type of those angelic spirits who minister to the heirs of salvation, always beholding the face of their Father who is in heaven, and are swift to do his will.

S. F. B.

[We were not before aware that such a variety of opinions existed with reference to the *Cherubims*. We have consulted *Hawker*, *Gill*, *Allen*, and others; they all differ in some degree. We purpose to give a few extracts from these learned authors in future numbers, and will begin with the following from *Allen*.]

"These Cherubims were symbols and representations of angels; their resting on the Mercy-seat, may point out their dependance upon Christ, as he is the head of angels, of all principalities and powers; the elect angels have their standing in him, and security by him, before him they cast their crowns, and with their wings cover their faces before him. By their being made of gold, may denote their splendor, glory, and

duration, as Christ will come a second time in the glory of his holy angels. By their being made out of the Mercy Seat, it may point out to us that the Cherubims and Seraphims, angels and arch angels, have all their glory from Christ; or that much of their happiness will spring from their knowledge of him as the propitiation and mercy-covering of his people. And by their faces being one towards another, it may denote that harmony, unity and concord, there is among the angels, their social affection, their happy agreement, and sweet intimacy together. By their wings being stretched on high, may shew us the readiness and alacrity of angels to obey the will of their great Creator, as they are said to excel in strength, and hearken to his commandments. But by covering the Mercy-seat with their wings, is undoubtedly denoted, the intense desire of the angels in prying into the profound depths of the incarnation, righteousness, death, and sufferings of the great Immanuel, which being interpreted, is *God with us*. They stretch their wings of knowledge, and pry with intense desire into the manifold wisdom of God, displayed in the salvation of his people. (1 Pet. i. 10, 11, 12.) And it is evident that the angels had a knowledge of Christ's incarnation, by the types, shadows, and adumbrations under the Levitical law, or by the prophecies of the Old Testament, which predicted his coming, inasmuch as they were the happy harbingers of it to mankind. (Luke ii. 10.) 'And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.' And indeed we find that they pryed into his birth, as they could tell the place of it, and every circumstance that attended it. (Luke ii. 12.) 'And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' And as it was not in the singular, but in the plural number, *Cherubims* that were to cover the Mercy-seat, so it was not a single angel, but a multitude of them, myriads of them that were with intense desire prying into his birth and incarnation; they seemed lost in profound amazement, and absorbed at the view of the God of nature, grace, and glory, hanging at the breasts of his creature, and lying in a manger, until their profound admiration breaks forth in a song of transport and joy. (Luke ii. 13, 14.) 'And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will towards men.' We likewise find them prying into his life and transactions thereof; (Mark i. 13) so likewise into the mystery of his death and sufferings; (Luke xxiv. 14.) as well as his resurrection; (Acts i. 10, 11.) and in his ascension thousands of thousands attended him, for the

Lord went up with a shout, and God with a sound of a trumpet: and in his exaltation in glory, thousands minister unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stand before him. Thus it appears that the Cherubims at the ends of the Mercy-seat, as they were symbols of angels, typical of their prying into the mysteries of redeeming love, they receive such knowledge, joy, and satisfaction therefrom, that the Holy Ghost styles it their food. (Ps. lxxviii. 25.)

[What the learned Allen has said of angels is all perfectly true; but, in future numbers we hope to shew that much more than this was typified by the Cherubims on the Mercy Seat.]

Great Self, and Little Self.

WHILE walking on one of the fine sun-shining afternoons we were favoured with last month, my mind was led to reflect on the effect the sun had on my shadow. While I walked with the sun behind me, my own shadow appeared long and lengthy, but on turning my face to it the effect was just the reverse, for my shadow was behind me, and consequently obscured from my own view.

Ah! thought I, it is just so in grace. When we attend to ordinances, read the Word of God, or enjoy something like liberty in prayer, and are not at the same time under the self-humbling teachings of the Holy Ghost, how the arch-enemy puffs us up with pride, and makes us look so tall that we begin to think we have made great advances in the divine life, and that we are christians of no ordinary growth; but, presently through being so much taken up with self, (or our own shadow,) we forget to take good heed to our feet, and we stumble; God shows us our folly and what is in our hearts, and so we are brought like Job, 'to abhor ourselves.' What a condescending God is our's, to take this trouble with us, that he will not leave his own people to be deluded by their deceitful hearts, nor by the snares of the devil! But when we have the Sun of Righteousness full in our view, and are walking humbly with God, and can approach him as ruined sinners, without any hope or help in or from ourselves, and yet are enabled, by precious faith, to lay hold on the strength of Jehovah, and plead for his sake, and his alone, to be heard and accepted; it is then that our shadows or, in other words, self is behind us, and out of sight. O, that God would grant me more of this safe walking!

A DWARF.

Ipswich.

EVANGELICAL REPENTANCE AND
Gospel Liberty truly Set Forth.

DEAR PASTOR :—The children of Israel were commanded to remember the time of their coming up out of the land of Egypt, and especially the day in which they stood before the Mount Horeb; and it may be the Lord may be pleased to refresh my soul, and the souls of some of his poor children in perusing and looking back upon the way the Lord took to bring me out. In doing so I shall not take notice of the many hair breadth escapes whilst in a state of nature, but come at once to the point. I was from my youth, up to the age of eighteen, a notorious sinner, with but one good trait in my character, viz., that I was an honest lad; and having come to London away from all restraint and observation, was now determined to have my fill of sin and iniquity; but the Lord was pleased to stop me in the following manner :—

I had received a letter from my father informing me where a Mr. Bowers preached, (this was about May, 1834,) and cannot tell why, but I felt a great desire to find out the place, and accordingly went; everything seemed to wear a different aspect, and I thought what a happy people they were, they appeared to shine in my eyes, and I wished that I was like them. I do not remember anything particular striking in this first discourse, further than it rivetted my attention, and I determined upon reforming my life, which I set about in real earnestness, and for the first time, went home and prayed; the next day, while meditating upon the Word, the Lord was pleased to open up something of the plague of my heart; and such an host of evil blasphemous thoughts sprang up from my heart against God, and all the enmity of my carnal mind appeared to be stirred up, and a sense of God's anger against sin made my soul to tremble, and brought me to cry out with the poor publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and oh how I longed for the next Lord's Day to come, that I might hear the Word, for time was now of value to me. I often seemed as though every moment God would strike me dead for those awful, blasphemous thoughts, over which I had no more control than I had to keep the light from shining. But in this state I was upheld; every place was a sanctuary, and my soul was continually in earnest prayer; so that it might be said of me at this time, 'Behold, he prayeth!' And when the Lord's Day came, I was astonished to hear the minister describe the state my soul was in much better than I could have related; so that I was encouraged to hope that instead of the Lord sending me to hell, as I felt I justly deserved, he was about to make it manifest I was one of his children; and even in this state, (which continued for some weeks) what times of rejoicing I had both under the word, and at prayer meetings! for I

was enabled, at times, to believe that it was the Lord's work. I believe my state, at this time, is best described by Kent—

Daily to feel thyself undone,
 Will make thee haste to kiss the Son,
 And on thy knees for pardon sue,
 And bless, and praise, and love him too.

There were many texts and discourses that my soul was much comforted by, that Mr. B. preached from; more especially, such as, 'And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you;' and 'with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation;' and 'they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressor, and he shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them,' &c., and many more; and these were food for my soul through the weeks, and supported me daily while groaning beneath the power of temptations, which were from morning till night so sharp, that I have been afraid to open my mouth, for fear I should curse my God; but the Lord supported me with just strength enough, so that the enemy did not gain his point; and what a matter of thankfulness it was to me that I was out of hell; and I shall never forget that hymn being sung—

Tell it unto sinners, tell,
 I am, I am out of hell.

I was enabled, at times, to rise above the power of sin and the tempter; and, though sorely tried, these words of the poet often comforted me—

Boast not, ye sons of earth,
 Nor look with scornful eyes;
 Above your highest mirth,
 Our saddest hours we prize.
 For though our cup seems fill'd with gall,
 There's something secret sweetens all.

I used to wonder how I could have lived all my life time in the service of sin and satan. My conscience was, at this time, so tender, that it made my very soul to tremble when I heard another swear or commit any sin; and never did I think I should ever commit any more outward sins; going back into the world was out of the question; and it was well that no poor backslider came in my way, for I should have cut him off. But to my narrative :—

The enemy now tempted me to believe that I had sinned the unpardonable sin, and that there was no hope of my being saved, and down I sank lower than before. I knew not what this sin was, but surely such blasphemies was raised up in me that often made me tremble from head to foot; and often I was like poor Job, scarcely able to swallow my spittle; and often I was afraid these things would break out at my mouth, so that I have sometimes held my breath with all my might; and oh, what struggles did my soul have with the enemy! but the Lord supported me. I had Bunyan's Pilgrim; and what a comfort it was to my soul that when he got near the end of the valley of the shadow of death that one of the wicked ones came and whispered

in his ear such horrid blasphemies, that poor Christian did not know his own voice; he would not have had these thoughts for the world! and so it was with me; and greatly did this comfort and encourage me. This lasted for some weeks; and on the Lord's Days my heart was strengthened by the word; and there were times when I rose superior to my enemies. And on one Lord's day this hymn was sung—

Vile unbelief be gone,
Ye doubts fly swift away;
God hath an ear to hear
While I've an heart to pray.

I was here a match for satan, for I could do nothing else but pray; the more he tempted, the more I cried; and when he tried to persuade me I had committed this sin, my soul replied—

God hath an ear to ear,
While I've an heart to pray;

and I have an heart to pray! And so, through grace divine, the devil was fairly foiled upon this point. But he soon came with another. I now began to see that salvation was all of grace, flowing through the blood of Christ, to guilty sinners; and as this was the last trial before my deliverance, so in this trial my soul sunk the deepest; satan suggested and raised up such awful things in my heart, against that precious blood, (which I daily longed to feel in its cleansing power and virtue in my conscience,) that it sometimes seemed to me as though hell was within me. In this state I envied even the brute creation, and thought there was more hope for any one else than myself; but I did not finally sink; my soul was constantly in prayers, in groans, and sighs unutterable. I was continually praying, 'Lord save me through thy precious blood. Lord pardon my sins through thy precious blood.' I was at a prayer meeting one Lord's Day afternoon, and they gave out a hymn of Kent's which I shall never forget.—

Art thou a son for sin distress'd?
Doth guilt lie heavy on thy breast?
In Christ, the Lamb, deliv'rance see,
His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

Once Jesus, as thy Surety, bled,
Was crown'd with thorns, to Calv'ry led;
From Sinai's curse to see thee free,
His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

I cannot express the hope and expectation that rose up in my heart from these words, and went with me for two or three weeks, and supported me in the fiery furnace, till at last my soul sunk down again under the fire of the enemy, and sometimes I scarcely knew how to take my natural food; indeed the time had come that something must be done, for my poor frame began to wear away, and every one round me said they hated to look at me, I was so wretched. One day in this week I was at work all alone in a room, and engaged in sharp conflict with the enemy, and kneeled down and begged the Lord that this conflict might make me stick closer to him; and

here my soul seemed a little strengthened, and a little breathing time was granted me, for which I felt truly thankful to the Lord, and tried to take encouragement from the Word; more especially from 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.' And a little light appeared to shine upon these words. But Saturday came, and none but the Lord can tell the conflict my soul went through towards night: behind the counter, with a shop full of customers, what sighs went up from my heart, what fiery darts were hurled by satan; I verily thought it was all over now; that it was of no use; and in this state, worn out in soul and body I went bed. I rose in the morning of that day, never to be forgotten, and oh, I thought what a poor miserable wretch I was, and what would be the end. I had a friend (a man of God,) who I knew was going to call for me in the morning; and oh, how I dreaded his coming, my soul was in such a state, and no signs of being better. We went in the morning to hear Mr. B.; his text was, 'But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.' I thought, what a portion! how suited to my case! But the more he was led to speak of the preciousness of this word, so much the more was my soul afflicted. All the promises and consolations that this word appeared to give, stood as I thought, against me. I did verily believe that I had trodden under foot the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing. What awful grandeur to me, shone upon those words of the apostle, 'But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel.' I say these words, or rather all the glory contained in them, shone like a sun beam upon my soul, not to comfort but to heighten my misery, for I could see for myself nothing but blackness and darkness for ever. In this state I went to the prayer meeting where my soul had often found comfort, and there was a young man there that read a chapter out of Revelations where it begins in ascribing praise to God for judging the great whore, and when he came to the words—'And again they said, Alleluia, and her smoke rose up for ever and ever,' my knees smote together, and I sunk down in despair. 'What! thought I, 'must the saints of God shout Alleluia at my damnation? and must I bear this enmity and blasphemy in my heart as long as I live, and then sink to rise no more, and to see the saints rise to eternal glory, shouting and praising God for his righteous judgments in my condemnation?' But, notwithstanding, guilt,

condemnation, nor satan could stop my crying, though I could not believe the Lord would hear me; prayer would bubble up in my soul; and in this state I set off for Cave Adullam, Stepney, to hear Mr. Way, who is now in glory; he was not there: he was prevented by affliction. There was a prayer meeting; they seemed greatly disappointed and distressed at his absence, (for he was often, at this time, prevented from being amongst them,) and indeed, I felt greatly disappointed, but it was too late to go back to Shoreditch. They sung an hymn, and a man read the 22nd chapter of the 2nd book of Samuel, David's song; when he came to the words, 'The Lord is my rock, my fortress, my deliverer,' &c. 'When the waves of death compassed me, the floods of ungodly men made me afraid; the sorrows of hell compassed me about, the snares of death prevented me; in my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God, and he did hear my voice out of his temple, and my cry did enter into his ears.—I cannot describe the momentary change, the glorious change; like a man being bound in chains, and having them knocked off; or having a heavy burden taken off his back. I could, indeed sing and say—' By thee have I run through a troop, and by my God have I leaped over a wall.' They sung that precious hymn of Ryland's—

Sov'reign Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heav'nly Friend.

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; &c. &c.

The whole of this precious hymn I could set my hearty amen to; and so did each one that prayed speak of the preciousness of that blood that cleanseth from all sin, that my soul rejoiced, danced, and praised the Lord as I never did before nor since. I now concluded that I should never doubt any more; but alas, I began to call it all in question before the week was out. I knew not yet only to live by sense and feeling; and here I made a strange mistake. I was calculating upon wonderful manifestations all the way home. Alas! how different I have found it. I have had to travel much

by night, engaged in sharp conflicts with the world, satan, and a wicked heart; and oftentimes would have given the world were it mine, could I have believed I had ever had a grain of grace in me. What a chequered path has mine been! Tribulation and temptation from without and within have attended me up to the present time; but the same precious person, blood, and righteousness that I then rejoiced in, are my only hope now; and I trust plead on my behalf before the throne of God; and to this I find I must now come as needy, empty, and naked as ever. May the farther I go, the more I feel my own weakness; and if I can rejoice in anything it is in this more particularly, viz., that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, for such indeed I feel myself. Thus I have endeavoured to give a reason of my hope how the Lord brought me out from Egypt, which I can say in the presence of a heart searching God is not borrowed or stolen, but that which I have tasted, handled, and felt; and if the Lord be pleased to bless it to any poor tempted soul to him be the praise and glory. Amen.

Your's affectionately, AARON MILLER.

Ready to Depart.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR FRIEND—If you think the following letter written by a young person, a few months before her departure from this vale of tears, (she being in her nineteenth year when she died) worthy a place on board your 'Vessel,' you will much oblige your's for the truth's sake, MINIMUS.

DEAR SISTER,—While I write these few lines to you, I am utterly at a loss for words to express my feelings. I am so filled with the love of God. I know that he is my heavenly Father, for he has lifted up the light of his countenance upon me; therefore will I rejoice in him. He has, in his mercy, permitted us to spend another Sabbath day here below, and I trust it has been a foretaste of that eternal Sabbath which we hope to spend in the kingdom of our Father. O, the time is fast hastening on—when we shall quit this mortal scene, and put off this our tabernacle of clay, and exchange time for eternity. We know not how soon the summons may appear, and we called to give an account of our stewardship. May it be with joy and not with grief. Let us live every day as if it were our last, so that when death shall come, he may not be the king of terrors to us; but rather may we receive him as a messenger come to conduct us to our Father's house, to be for ever in his presence, where there is fullness of joy, and at his right hand pleasures for evermore. I must now draw to a close, hoping you will pass by all these imperfections, and give me an interest in your prayers.

I remain yours in our common Lord,

ANNE.

Satan's Fiery Darts

LEVELLED AGAINST A SERVANT OF CHRIST.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I have for a considerable time been passing through deep waters of soul conflict, as well as some trials in my circumstances. The Lord had been preparing me for the warfare by sealing home some promises of his truth, which led me to anticipate something was coming. Satan began me with regard to my circumstances, putting them before me in a most trying manner; and truly they are trying; I feel myself like a man hedged up behind and before, on the right hand, and on the left, and cannot get out, and often wonder where the scene will end. I have to cry night and day unto the Lord, who alone can deliver me. O may he stretch forth his almighty arm, and save me. But after a scene of soul troubles last Tuesday-week, I received this fiery dart from satan, 'that I had done despite unto the spirit of grace, (and being the unpardonable sin,) I was without hope, and without God.' In vain did my mind ramble from promise to promise: all was against me, and nothing left for me but all the curses. O, what my poor soul did suffer under this sore trial, no one can tell but those who have been in a like position. I could see no possible way of escape: and looked forward to being a wretched creature the whole course of my life, and to be tormented in hell for ever. After I went to bed, the tempter sealed this matter home to me in a forcible manner, and then put it to me if I would serve him. To which I was enabled to answer, 'No.' At this he raged and threatened. After this I received a little light in the matter, by this declaration being spoken within, '*thy faith is known, thy love is tried.*' Oh the depths of satan's craft! None know it fully but Jehovah. And if we were not kept by his mighty power, we should fall at once to rise no more. How craftily he dealt with me after this. When the Lord was pleased to give me a little hope and help, he would thunder it at me that God was a liar, and fill me with the most awful blasphemies against him. But Saturday came, and I had to go off for H— to preach on the Sabbath in the midst of this sore conflict. O what I did fear and suffer is not to be expressed! I awoke in the morning very early, but no more sleep; and he bound me as with bars of iron, brought me into such a state that I felt I could neither live nor die, serve the Lord, nor serve satan, which he was still tempting me to do. Just at this critical period I heard a voice saying unto me, 'thou hast not done the deed, but he is tempting thee to do it.' O, what liberty and joy did I feel for a short period! This led me to see into his craft; but this was not sufficient to stop him; he soon had me down again; and what I suffered from him and myself respecting preaching no one

can tell. The time came; go I felt I must and preached on the intercession of Christ; and every sentence I uttered he said was true, but I had no interest in it. After the morning service, O, the time respecting the afternoon! I walked in a garden for an hour before the time in the greatest state of agony, but the dear Lord was pleased to meet me a few minutes before the time, and commissioned me to go, and he would be with me; and truly the tempter was hardly permitted to touch me during the service. The dear Lord had been pleased to liberate me from the temptation, but he has had others in readiness for me; but how blessed it is to know that no weapon that is formed against us shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth against us he will enable us to condemn; and how great must be the love, grace, and care which he has for, and exercises over such rebels as we are; and how astonishing it is that he brings the greatest good to us out of the greatest temptations and sufferings.

I feel I am a learner yet, and desire ever to sit at the feet of Jesus in humility and fear to hear his blessed will from his lips; it is sweet to be there; and what watchfulness there is necessary, and what continual examination there is needed to pry into our motions for what we are doing. I find the pathway a very narrow one indeed. May we be kept in it till we arrive safe in glory. I go on from Sabbath to Sabbath saying something in the name of the Lord, at times with much fear and trembling, and to a few poor people; there are only a very few where I go that know about the conflict. I must leave the state of those who have no chastening, with Christ, who is judge himself.

I earnestly hope the dear Lord will appear for me. Business now is very dull indeed here; nor can I see it possible that I can live in what I am now engaged. O, the cutting sorrows I have had about it; and how my earnest cries have gone up that the dear Lord would appear for me in some way by his providence, as he has in his grace in delivering me from the grand adversary of souls up to the present moment. I do not like removing; I should like to be at A— as well as anywhere, could I live; but the pains of mental anguish from trying circumstances and soul conflicts, I assure you, are racking me much, but he that hath delivered, can, and I trust, will deliver, and well for us that what Jehovah has done is done for ever; and that all the blessings of his grace flow to the vilest of the vile without money and without price. How sweet when the blessed Spirit is pleased to shew to us that, heinous as all our sins are, that Christ has put them away by the sacrifice of himself, blotted them out, and covered us with the robe of his righteousness, and that our right to eternal glory is in himself; if it is not so I shall not be there, for what am I but a sinner of the deepest dye? It is hard

work to learn this, but essentially necessary, in order rightly to understand the sovereignty, freeness, fullness and eternity of Jehovah's love, faithfulness, loving-kindness, power, and grace manifested towards us in Christ. I am in a dull state at the time I am writing; my circumstances press so heavily on my mind, and the temptations which come in connection with them are even worse than they.

Wishing you much enjoyment from the privilege of holding communion with the great eternal Three in One Jehovah, and believe me, your's very affectionately in Jesus,
W. M.

Aylsham, Jan. 28, 1848.

DRAWING WATER OUT OF
The Wells of Salvation.

BROTHER:—I have sent you the Psalm and verse of my morning portion for this day, Ps. xxxi. v., 'Into thine hands I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.' I cannot tell you the sweetness I enjoyed in receiving it as a blessing from God; no doubt you know the preciousness of it, and can look back to the route the Lord hath led you through the wilderness, whether upon the mount, or in the valley, that he is your faithful God, and hath fed you with the manna of heaven, even you, whose flesh is meat indeed, and whose blood is drink indeed? Indeed we have found it so, having the testimony of the Holy Ghost in our hearts, who hath revealed God's Christ to us. O, the boon! the immortal blessing! He spared not his own Son to redeem our souls from the lowest hell! Indeed I know my low hells, with brother Jonah, and have cried unto the Lord from thence; and he hath heard my cry, and brought up my soul from thence, for Jesus underbottomed me in the lowest hell of his Father's wrath, and lets me know, in some measure, what he hath redeemed me from, that I might have fellowship with him in his sufferings, so to receive and feed upon him by faith, and enjoy everlasting consolation in him. He hath known our souls in adversities; we are members of his mystic body; he is touched with feelings of compassion for us; whatever he strips us of he will never take away himself. 'How can I make thee as Zeboiim?' This verse came suddenly to my mind yesterday; it came in a still small voice; in the evening it thundered loud, 'How can I make thee as Zeboiim? I don't know where to drop upon this passage, but the lightning flash darted in my soul, and drove the old Adam dark clouds away, 'the lightning cometh out of the north, and shineth unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.' Matt. xxiv. 27. 'O, say some folks, 'this refers to the day of judgment.' I know it; but there is another judgment I apply it to. Jesus coming to judgment for the meek of the

earth; not only when he stood and measured the earth, fulfilled all righteousness, when the perpetual hills of law and justice bowed before him in obedience for the double he rendered to it; but Jesus comes in judgment for his meek in their souls to comfort them, to feed them, his inheritance, and lift them up for ever; they shall enjoy the fruits of his victories over sin, death, hell, and the grave; his children shall, in their darkest nights, 'turn the battle to the gate,' in him their mighty Redeemer. The Lord don't keep a collar full of wine, but what he intends the heirs of glory to have flagons of it at times; they shall drink, and be merry, and rejoice in the Lord. There is no state of soul but what the heirs of glory may rejoice in the Lord under all their feelings of sin, darkness and sorrow. But the soul will say, at times, 'how can I rejoice, when my Lord seems to hide his face, and I feel and find as if I were set on fire with fiendish thoughts?' This is a trying time; let us look to Jesus; he will enable us to lay aside these weights, and rejoice in him, our salvation; and say about sin they find warring in their members, 'It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.' But all the Lord's children are not brought to this full triumphing; and even the strongest, at times, have some quakings, when they feel infernal uproar; even in this state they are taught that nothing but the strength of Christ put forth in their souls can enable them to stand in the combat: Paul said, 'When I am weak, then am I strong;' and the prophet said, 'Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy, though I fall, I shall rise again, &c., for the Lord is my light and strength.'

Well, brother, I have stated some of the goodnesses of the Lord towards me, of my rejoicings and conflicts: this road is laid out for the soldiers of Jesus Christ; they must follow him without the camp, bearing his reproach; and from whatever quarter their enemies come against them, surely the old veterans know that their worst enemies are of their old Adam house: yet under the teachings of the Holy Spirit, they can say, 'Into thine hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me O God of truth;' thus the Lord will silence every foe, and enable them to say, 'thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory, Amen.'

Well, brother, again I say, as I stated in my letter of the latter part of February last, momentous events are taking place; never fear; all's well to the church of Christ; blessed is the man who hath the God of Jacob for his help, he shall not be afraid of evil tidings, his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.' When fears arise, the Lord will quell them by his fear. Do read that important chapter, the 24th of Isaiah. Oh, how it runs parallel with present events! Amidst all the judgments of the Lord upon the nations, my soul

finds comfort. The 13th to the 16th verses are very encouraging to God's children, the 23rd the crowning glory for them. It is in Christ in God, under whose wings they shall find shelter during their remaining pilgrimage in this world. Our blessed Lord gives warning to his church, in these latter days, to be on the look out for important events. (Matt. xxiv. 29.) That portion in Jeremiah the Lord spoke to my soul, some years past, 'Seek not great things for thyself, for I shall bring evil upon all flesh,' &c., he is now bringing to pass. As for the day or year of the final doom of Antichrist and all the wicked, I know not; yea, our Lord Jesus did not tell his disciples, but gave them certain signs of its approach. Satan has not much more mischief to perform on this earth. Let the saints sing aloud upon their beds; let them rejoice in glory; the King of Glory will soon come and change their vile bodies and fashion them like unto his own glorious body. I don't say that this resurrection of our body will take place in this our day, but when the saints have their pitchers broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern, 'then shall their dust return unto the earth as it was, and their spirit unto God that gave it.' (Eccles. xii. 6, 7.) 'Absent from the flesh, present with the Lord;' 'Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints;' that is, their departure from the body of sin and death to enjoy the full fruition of his love. The saints will not be found naked, but clothed in Christ in God, the building of God, as soon as they depart this life; joyous moment when they are ushered into the immediate presence of the Lord! that is their sight of it, awakening up in his blessed likeness; 'mortality swallowed up in life?' (2 Cor. v. 3, 4.) 'Now, he that hath wrought us for the self same thing, is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit.' (verso 5.) Has not God blessed us, brother, with this token of the earnest of our inheritance? I am persuaded, by the Holy Ghost he hath. The Father and the Son have come and supped with me; and 'their glory hath filled the house.' What matters it to me the Lord setting darkness in my paths, if in no path I have to tread my gracious Lord appears and tells me to 'cheer up?' Well, brother, I would say unto you, under any affliction in this body, 'Cheer up, my lad, it is to glory we steer; look up to the hills from whence cometh your help; to Jesus' fulness for every blessing to cheer you up; he will perform the good word of his grace in which he has caused you to hope.' 'Endless honours crown his brow.' 'Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs.' Dear Lord, let this thy dew of everlasting love drop in our souls, so that songs of praise and melody may arise to thee our Covenant God. Amen.

Thine in the Lord, for ever,
 Mill St., Maidstone. S. SIMMONDS.
 P.S. More good news just arrived; des-

patches for the home department. 'And above the firmament that was over their heads, was as the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone; and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it.' (1 Ezek. 26.) This glorious vision of the Prophet was by the river Chebar, among the captives; he saw cherubims flying forth as God's heralds, with secret signs which none know but to whom God the Spirit develops them; the wheels of time unfolding God's providences for the good of his church, 'a wheel in the middle of a wheel;' the living creatures that went forth with wings like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech,' &c. (24th ver.) This is the glorious God-man, Jesus, on his throne, having power over all flesh to give eternal life to as many as the Father gave him. No convulsions shall ever shake his throne; his kingdom endureth for ever; his elect are free citizens, and inhabitants of that kingdom; he will overthrow the kingdom of Antichrist, and burn the devil's throne. What a glorious revolution this! Be on the look out, brother, the wheel within a wheel is going forth. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Huzza!

THE LAST MOMENTS OF
 William Upton, of Leicester.

(Concluded from page 158.)

SATURDAY, December 20, I visited him again, and found him a little altered. I remarked to him, 'You look more deathly.' 'Yes;' (he replied,) 'I feel I am sinking very fast. I am now, Thomas, a dying man.' 'You are,' (said I) 'and I am so thankful God has spared us to meet again on earth to speak of the love of Christ;' 'but' (says he) 'it will soon be over; I feel I need dying grace, and I believe God will give it; yes; bless his holy name, he has given me suffering grace, and he will not withhold from me dying grace, and dying strength.' I reminded him that satan might be permitted to try him again, and cast a cloud over his mind, before he obtained a final reprieve. He replied, 'The devil has tried me for many years; but God has always broke the snare, and delivered me; has always dispersed the clouds, and let in the light of his loving-kindness; but it will now soon be over; if he tempts me, it will not be for long; the promise is precious, we shall not be tempted above that we are able. I shall soon pass the Jordan of death, and then I shall sing the conqueror's song, and shout victory through the blood of the Lamb.'

He appeared quite exhausted. Fainting and faltering in his voice, he said, 'You must excuse me, Thomas, saying much; I have not strength to express what I feel in my heart;' but placing his hand on his heart, he shouted, with feeble voice, 'Blessed

be God, it is here; I feel it, though I cannot say much. I could talk of the glories of my blessed Lord, if I had strength, but my time is over for talking.' 'Yes, my brother,' (I replied,) 'do not exhaust yourself; let me talk to you of the blessed Lord. I was thinking, just now, while you were speaking, what amazing condescension in him who is altogether lovely to love us when we were altogether unlovely! Yea, when we were enemies, he reconciled us! We could never have reconciled ourselves; but should have continued enemies and aliens had not his sovereign love and distinguishing grace brought us nigh by the blood of Christ.' We see, my brother, thousands walking in a formal religion, without any acquaintance with the internal power. God has singled you out, my dear brother, and taught you, by his Spirit that the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power. You are led into all truth, and your life has been spared, that you might be more deeply taught the internal truths of the gospel. I cannot teach you my brother, nor any mortal; ye have need that no man teach you; you have been taught the truths of the everlasting gospel; you are firmly built upon the firm foundation of covenant love, and faithful promises.' 'Yes! Yes!' he exclaimed, with his feeble hand outstretched; as I continued 'all you want is the comfortable and sensible manifestations of his love, the light of his countenance to shine upon you. You want the Holy Spirit, the remembrancer, to bring all your former manifestations to the light—that thus, a sacred and holy unction might rest upon thy soul while you pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Well, I believe God will grant you in your last moments what you desire. Or, should you not feel that holy and heavenly joy, you will nevertheless be safe. Our safety does not depend upon our comfort; (this would be an uncertain foundation;) but upon God's faithful promises. The comfort, the joy, and peace is blessed to experience, but it is not the foundation. The foundation is, 'He that hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure.' This was the joy of David's soul in the hour of death; he trusted upon this foundation, and safely entered into glory. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob have gone before us, hoping against hope, have died in faith, and obtained the promise. The children of Israel acknowledged, when brought into the land of promise, that not one good thing had failed them of all that God had promised. And though, my dear brother, your path has been rough and thorny, though you have come through great tribulation, yet you will very soon see and acknowledge that God hath done all things well, that he has led you in the right way, to a city of habitation.'

After this, he appeared to doze; but soon gave evidence that his mind was only con-

templating and 'meditating upon these things: He broke out rather abruptly with, 'Yes, I am based upon the rock of ages, the chief corner stone. The devil may try to shove me off, but he can't; I am based upon this rock, and can never be moved.' I asked him if any one came to visit him beside myself? He replied, 'Yes, there are some who come to see me, who tell me what I ought to do, who point out the way of salvation, and have never trod in the path themselves. I have had many such, Thomas, who set me my duty, who tell me what I ought to do, and what I should do, who are ignorant of the truth of God, (in an experimental manner) themselves. May the Lord open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light. Thus I left him, seeing he grew weary, and wanted to doze.

In the evening of the same day I visited him again for the last time. I could observe a marked alteration in his countenance; his legs and hands were swelled, and death began to appear visible in his countenance. I remarked, 'Your cad is drawing very near, brother.' 'Yes, I feel it;' (he replied) 'I know I am going; I am sinking; but I feel the rock underneath. I am based upon the Rock of Ages. Then with his eyes uplifted, he said, 'Bless the Lord I am happy, I am secure, I am safe from fear of evil! Fear!' repeated he, 'What should I fear? The sting of death is taken away. My soul will wing its way to the mansions of everlasting bliss.

"Angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

Yes; I shall be with him, and be like him, for I shall see him as he is! After this I sat and watched him for a short time. Every now and then he would ejaculate short sentences, such as 'Lord help me; blessed Lord be my help; be my shield and buckler.' I began to think he was cast down in his mind, so I asked him whether any cloud of darkness overcast his soul? He appeared to take no notice of my question for some time, but he had evidently been pondering it over for he burst out suddenly in the following manner:— 'I have had plenty of that; all that is past, all darkness is over and gone. Yes; I bless his holy name, he liveth and blessed be my rock. Yes; the rock is underneath. It is not a rock of stone, Thomas, (continued he.) It is the Rock of everlasting ages; ah, and I am on it.' He then appeared to doze a little; after which, I asked him if his pain was as violent as before? 'No,' he replied, I think it is not; I feel a little more free from pain.' 'That is a sign' (said I,) your end is drawing very near. You will not be here, I think, till morning. You are come to a solemn point; a period to which we are all hastening. You are now about to enter into an unknown world, into the presence of God, the Judge of all! It is a solemn thing to die. Do you not feel it so?' He replied, 'Yes, I do; I am a dying man, now, Thomas.' 'You are,

my dear brother,' (said I) 'and let me ask you now, as I perceive you will soon be too weak to speak,) whether you are happy in the love of God, in the prospect of eternity?' At this he appeared to gain fresh strength, and replied, 'I am happy; I have peace, through the blood of Christ. I have not those heights of joy I have experienced some time ago; but Thomas, I am firm; I am settled; I have a settled peace, and a calm assurance of my interest in the everlasting covenant. I am not dejected; neither am I overjoyed, if you know what that is, Thomas.' 'Your's' (I replied), 'is a happy case! a blessed state! and may God grant that we all may be so highly favoured in our latter moments, with this calm assurance and blessed prospect.*

After this he called all his family around his bed; he said, 'I have a few words to say to each of you before I leave you. I must say it now, if I don't I am afraid it will be too late in the morning.' His children began to cry at taking their final farewell of their father. He immediately said, 'None of that crying; what is that for? Do not weep for me; but for yourselves. I am going to leave you; but it is in the hands of a faithful Creator. He has promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow; but it is to them that put their trust in him. Remember you cannot serve God and the world; either you are the Lord's free children, serving him, or you are the devil's slaves, led captive by him at his will. You remember we used to make a great noise and bustle in religion; but you may get to heaven without all that noise and ado. 'The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.' The kingdom of God must be in you. You must be born again of the Spirit. I feel for you all; and would to God you were all partakers of his grace. It is a fearful thing to die without an interest in Christ. O then let me beseech you to seek him, and an interest in his grace. Seek him in his appointed way, and may God grant that you may meet me in that blessed state of happiness above.' Here he faltered, and stayed for want of breath; he had quite exhausted himself. After a short time he made another attempt. 'I cannot say much,' (said he,) 'my breath fails me; stay till I get breath.' We sat and watched him for about half-an-hour. This was about half-past nine o'clock on Saturday evening. After this I

* At intervals, during this time, he kept calling for water to moisten his mouth, which he partook of a tea spoonful at a time. He then called for a little weak wine and water. As he was stirring it up, he said 'Thomas, I shall soon drink it new in the kingdom of heaven; it will be far better than this; it will be with my blessed Jesus and all the company of the redeemed.' As he was about to drink he said, 'You shall drink with me, Thomas; it will be the last time here. Drink, my boy; we shall soon drink together in heaven.' I took the glass out of his hand, and drank with him. He then drank himself.

perceived his mind began to wander a little; but he summoned up fresh strength for the last time, and began to speak to his children separately. After which he said 'I have been a great sinner, but I am saved by sovereign grace; the promises of God's word have been dear to me; I have studied and read this blessed word, under the Spirit's teaching; the truths I have learned therein are now precious to my soul. The doctrine of God's discriminating grace which you have stood out against, I now feel to be the truth of God; verily, there is a people whom he hath formed for himself; there is an elect people whom he hath chosen to eternal life; and there are many deceivers in the world, who would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect, as the word of God says; but they cannot, for God will not suffer them to be finally deceived, for they will be preserved unto everlasting life; having loved his own he loveth them to the end. Bless his holy name, these are the truths of God; I feel them. He has preserved me for many years; and his grace is reigning in me, through righteousness, unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.' Here I took a final farewell of him. He squeezed my hand with his feeble strength. I said, 'Good bye, my dear brother; God will soon grant you a final victory over sin, death, and the devil, and an abundant entrance into his eternal kingdom. 'I believe he will,' (he replied.) And thus I left this afflicted, yet triumphing saint of God. Two or three hours after this, another friend called to see him, to take a final farewell of him. On being asked how he felt, he replied, 'I am happy; I am based upon the rock which can never be moved.' After this he began to doze and become less sensible; he appeared to suffer a great deal in his body before he departed; but towards the last the pain left him. He gently turned round, and then breathed his last, about half-past nine o'clock on Sabbath morning, December 21, 1847. Thus died one who had lived a poor, afflicted, desponding, trembling, doubting christian. 'His end was peace!'
THOMAS SMITH.

"Grace will preserve itself in the midst of the greatest opposition. Its such a fire as no water can wholly quench or put out. True grace will keep itself sound and clean among those who are leprous and unclean; it is such a thing as overcomes and masters all the evil that is about it: God hath put such a mighty power into grace, that if it once possess the heart in truth, though there be but a little of it, not all the wickedness in the world, no, nor all the devils in hell can dispossess it. As all the water in the salt sea cannot make the fish salt, but still the fish retains its freshness; so all the wickedness and filthiness that is in the world, cannot destroy, cannot defile true grace; that will bear up its head and hold up itself for ever."—*Caryll on Job.*

Some Solemn Things.

THE Lord Jesus Christ in covenant from of old undertook to become the ransom of his beloved bride: he knew what she would prove, he well knew that she would play the harlot with many lovers; for he says, 'I knew that thou wouldst deal very treacherously, and was called a transgressor from the womb:' (Isaiah xlvii. 8.) but such was his love and compassion that nothing could hinder the manifestations thereof, he was determined to save, and came forth from the bosom of the Father, saying, 'Lo! I come to do thy will, O God, in the volume of the Book it is written of me, and again thy law is within my heart;' yes, and 'became the end [of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.] In the manger the wise men of the east worshipped him. How the mighty God humbled himself, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, for to save poor sinners. The angelic host worshipped him. The eternal Father honoured him, and appointed him heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds: 'Who being the brightness of his glory, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.' (Heb. i. 2—12.)

But I would more particularly draw your attention to the words, 'Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom, in an experimental way and manner. Doctrine, is good in its place, but mere doctrine in the judgment will never do a man any good; having a head well furnished with scripture truth is very excellent, but if the heart be unaffected thereby, all that may be possessed, and the sinner be damned after all. We live in a day when there is very little heart work insisted upon from the pulpits where the discriminating doctrines of the gospel are preached: strict communion, election, predestination, and the final perseverance of the saints, are freely discarded upon, all of which is very blessed; but vital godliness, the fruit and effects of the work of the Holy Ghost on the sinner's heart, is seldom heard of. Insisting upon a conscience made tender by God, having implanted his fear in the heart, is called by some legality, but it is such a legality I pray God I may ever possess: and those ministers who insist upon a living experience are stigmatized by the name of corruption-mongers. I was once grieved to hear a strict baptist minister, whom I believe to be a man of God, use that term with respect to some of God's ministers. I trust the day may come when the watchmen shall see more eye to eye, it is heart-rending to see those whom you believe to be true ministers of Jesus Christ at enmity with each other, like Ephraim and Judah. The poor soul that is brought down by hard labour to cry unto the Lord from real necessity, feeling sin dwelling within him, a tremendous warfare going on in his soul

between the God of heaven and the prince of hell, and his secret sins brought to light, and in God's light to behold them, having his ears open to hear the awful thunderings of Sinai, expecting nothing but wrath from incensed Justice, waiting to strike the blow at the mandate of heaven, for such a soul to hear the words, 'Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom,' is joy indeed—'a joy unspeakable and full of glory:' that soul would be able to tell you how he came by his religion, being neither borrowed nor forged: but burnt in the heart by the Almighty, and nothing can ever blot out the impression thus made, there may be much to fill up the marks, but the fire will burn up all the wood, hay, and stubble, and the marks will then be seen again: the Lord has declared he will keep his people, and he is a faithful God. A child of God may be left to fall and that foully—but the Lord will put his hand a second time to the work and bring him with weeping and supplication to the footstool of mercy. How many there are in this day of profession holding the truth in unrighteousness; yes, and members of churches too; drunkenness, that awful vice, is indulged in—what, a 'christian' an habitual drunkard? No! God forbid that I should say that, but men professing christianity get drunk time after time, and yet hold their membership; it becomes every christian to lift up his voice like a trumpet against such iniquity, and sound it forth through the churches of the land, that 'no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' The church at Corinth was troubled by such, and is it any wonder the church is in such a low state at this present time while such iniquity is indulged in. These are spots in our feasts of charity, (or love) when they feast with us, feeding themselves without fear; clouds they are without water carried about of winds: trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the root—dead in sin—dead in profession—the Lord of the harvest will separate them, gather his wheat into the garner, and bind up the tares in bundles to be burned. The poor trembler in Zion who cannot say without a doubt now, 'my Lord and my God,' in that day shall sit in judgment with his dear Lord, and sing the song of deliverance, ascribing all to grace—free and sovereign grace.—

"Our Saviour by free grace alone,
His building shall complete;
With shouting bring forth the head-stone,
Crying, grace, grace to it.

"May I be found a living stone
In Salem's streets above:
And help to sing before the throne,
Free grace and dying love."

That there will come a sifting time, I, for one, doubt not—the signs of the times are very dark—earthly thrones and kingdoms are tottering and falling—the measure of iniquity is fast filling—and can we say in all this, God has not a hand in it? By him kings reign, and at his command they sink

into nothing. May the Lord Jehovah the Spirit incline his dear people to listen to the Apostle's exhortation, contained in Ephos. v. 11—14. Christ alone is the light and life of the church in him, so the christian is secure beyond the reach of harm.—

"In Christ his ark he safely rides,
Nor wrecked by death nor sin,
How is it he so safe abides?
The Lord has shut him in."

That the Lord in mercy may heal the breaches in Zion, and cause the children to walk more circumspectly, and not as fools walk, if it be his will, is the heartfelt desire of one, who, by the grace of God, trusts he is made A STRICT BAPTIST.

A Letter to Mr. Lucas, *Minister of the Gospel, Jersey.*

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER—I began to think you had forgotten me, but the postman, this afternoon, has given me to understand differently. I was pleased to hear from an old Jersey friend, whom I had not forgotten, and who evidently is not forgotten by the Lord, who is the keeper of his people. I am glad to hear that you have now and then some intimations of his love and favour; some tokens for good enjoyed in your own soul. I am happy to inform my dear friend, that I have not altogether been destitute of these comforts; for while I have been engaged in opening up the word to others, that word has been my joy, my consolation, my hope, and my support. The Lord is good, my dear brother, 'a strong hold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him.' I have proved the truth of this in numberless instances, but never till I have felt my poverty, wretchedness, weakness, and insufficiency; and it is from necessity that this stronghold is our constant resort. Family troubles, worldly troubles, church troubles, and, above all, soul troubles, drive us into this strong hold of covenant love, where we are enabled to plead the faithfulness of a God that cannot lie, and the promises of him who never alters or changes in his love, Creature love is but as the wind when compared with this divine love; all that cometh in this time state is vanity; I find it so, my brother, and I desire more and more to turn my eyes from lying vanities, to that uncreated source and centre of bliss and blessedness, THE GOD-MAN, MEDIATOR.

What do you think, my brother, of the signs of the times? There are terrible commotions in different parts of the earth. England is all upon the agitation, as if some important crisis was near. I verily believe that the end of all things is at no great distance. The aspect of things generally seem to speak this language, soeing we know not 'how long.' May we be found watching and waiting for our Lord's coming. And may the Lord give us grace to watch and wait; for the preparation is from himself. I have been running up and down on a few of the Lord's errands

this last few months; and as the Lord has providentially opened so many doors for me to preach his truth, and has manifestatively been with me, I dare not desist, if my health and strength permits. I have been very poorly this last six weeks.

Yours in the best of bonds,
THOMAS SMITH.

Separating the Precious from the Vile.

"I was brought low, and he helped me."—Psalm cxvi. 6.

THERE seems to be very little known in the present day amongst the vast body of professors about being brought low; they get into a profession of religion, sit under the doctrines of grace, mingle amongst the children of God, sit as they sit, talk in a measure as they talk; but if they are close questioned as to how they came by their religion, they cannot give you a scriptural account, with fear and trembling, of the hope that is within them: but you will find them to be heady, high-minded, and presumptuous, instead of humble, gentle, peaceable, having the fear of God. Yet, blessed be the name of a triune Jehovah, there are a few who can say from the heart, 'I was brought very low, but the Lord helped me.' I was going on easy, and very comfortably—dead in sins—no care about my immortal soul, till the Lord met with me; ignorant as the brute beasts that perish—had often heard of heaven and hell; but never had any feeling in my heart. I thought as I was (what thousands say) not a very wicked sinner, never having been guilty of any gross sins outwardly; the Lord would be merciful. I shall never forget the time when the Lord first began to plough up the fallow ground of my heart; lay open the hidden evil of my depraved nature, shew me my secret sins in the light of his countenance; made me feel the terrors of Sinai concerning my very vitals; expecting when I lay down on my bed at night to awake up in hell—hearing the thunderings of a holy law, which I had broken in every part, cursing me all to atoms; this indeed is being brought low. In this state I continued for some time; but blessed be the name of Jesus, I was led to see by the power of the eternal Spirit—the man of sorrows coming from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah—speaking in righteousness—mighty to save—deliver him from going down into the pit, I have found a ransom. I then saw with new eyes how God could be just and yet justify an ungodly sinner. Oh the matchless mercy of the covenant God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob! No poor sinner can perish having Him for a refuge. I had tried every refuge beside him; but found them to be all refuges of lies. When by the eye of faith I beheld Jesus as my Lord and my God, then I could say—whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee; the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely; for I

was brought low and thou hast helped me. But ah! this happy state of soul does not continue long—at least I found it so. The word of God declares the children of God are called to walk by *faith* not by *sight*. They have to go out into the battle-field, temptation; they know something about being tempted by the devil, but the Lord has promised they shall have a way of escape. Jesus their Lord has been there before them; but here is the difference, Satan had nothing to work upon in him he was proof against the devil, and all his hellish crew; though he fell on Calvary a sacrifice, yet he arose the mighty conqueror over sin, death, hell, and the grave, and as he triumphed, so shall every poor tried, and tempted member of his mystical body. I have known what it has been to be brought very low in the hour of temptation, and for the Lord the Spirit to apply these ever memorable words—'How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?' Oh! the unspeakable mercy of having a tender conscience: therefore, in such a season, the child of God is enabled to say to the honour of a covenant God—'He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. I was brought low and he helped me. The child of God knows something likewise of being kept by the mighty power of God through faith unto salvation.

He is led on to see more into the chamber of *imagery*, and there he discovers such hideous monsters crowded together; the Lord hides his face, and these evil beasts creep forth and threaten utter destruction; the poor soul cries to the Lord in his trouble, his groanings are heard by the Lord God of Sabaoth. The glorious Sun of righteousness arises just above these clouds of darkness, death, and misery felt in the soul, and these demons betake themselves to their dens. Jesus discovers to the poor soul that all his enemies are vanquished foes, and that it is needful he should be brought to feel and know he is the subject of such awful things within, in order that he should prize that grace that arrested him and brought him to cry to the Lord for mercy, and that has shown him there is no condemnation in Christ Jesus the Lord. The poor child of God is often shut up in the prison-house of unbelief—all is dark around him—his heart as hard as adamant—no dew, no fallings of life—all barren, sterile, and unfruitful—sunk so low in feeling as to have hardly a desire after feeling; still the watchful eye of covenant love is over such a soul; perhaps in such a state the poor soul enters the house of God with a cry—O Lord help me! and in the course of the service some word comes home with power, there is such a sweetness felt in the soul, all the darkness is gone, and the poor soul rejoices in the Lord who has once more condescended to manifest himself otherwise than to the mere empty professor, this causes the cry to come forth—I was brought low and he helped me.

JABEZ.

Divine Instruction.

"They shall all be taught of the Lord from the least to the greatest."

Thou do'st, dear Lord, new life impart
To all thy chosen race;
'Tis by thy Spirit they are brought
To adore thy matchless grace.

The babe in grace, thy voice to hear,
Will supplicate and cry;
And in thy sacred courts appear,
At Jesu's feet to lie.

The little child, who can aspire
To tell of sins forgiv'n,
A trumpet's voice is his desire,
To sound the love of heav'n.

Arm'd with salvation's helmet bright,
And with the Spirit's sword,
The youth in Christ goes forth to fight
The battle of the Lord.

In Beulah's land ag'd christians rest,
To earth would bid adieu;
Thus solac'd, and by Jesus blest,
They long his face to view.

Thus all the blood-bought host engage
To tell of Jesu's fame;
The babe, the child, the youth, the ag'd,
His boundless love proclaim.

T. H. B.

Portsmouth.

Prayer.

PRAYER! what is prayer?
Vain man forbear,
Nor mention thy petitions;
No empty sound,
A formal round,
Nor lifeless repetitions.

Pray'r! what is prayer?
My soul beware!
No pleas of human merit;
A holy fire
Of pure desire,
The breathings of the Spirit.

Pray'r! what is pray'r?
Let truth declare!
Not gifts of human splendor.
Those groans that rise,
And pierce the skies
From hearts by grace made tender.

Prayer! what is prayer?
That anxious care,
Those strugglings, heart relentings,
That inward strife,
Those gasps for life,
With tears, with groans, repentings.

Pray'r! what is pray'r?
The outlet where
The soul, in sweet communion,
To God can rise,
Receive supplies,
And feel with heav'n a union.

Pray'r! what is pray'r?
That duty where
Each grace the saint possesses,
So sweetly shine,
And each combine,
While God his soul refreshes.

Pray'r! what is pray'r?
The pathway where
The saint expects derision,
'Till praying days
Are lost in praise,
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.—J. C.

The Voice of the Lord upon the Waters.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind epistle, which is published in the *Earthen Vessel*, and as iron sharpens iron, so the face of man his friend, by hearty counsel; and I received it as flowing from an heart warmed with love and zeal; and truly I love the spirit of the everlasting gospel of the blessed God: that will make the lame man leap like an hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing; it will make the lips of those that were asleep to speak, and restore the fainting, and bring the dead to life; it will make the halters go forward, 'run without weariness, and walk without fainting' in wisdom's ways, which are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace. Now, since your epistle, my dear God has been showing me the way in which he hath led me ever since I first heard his voice, which is now fifteen years ago, of which I am about to send you a short extract. On a Saturday afternoon I felt an inclination to go into my bed-room to seek God by prayer and supplication, and to read and meditate on his word, hoping that I should gather up a few crumbs for his people on the approaching Sabbath; and for a little while I was comfortable, and thought I should gather a large stock for the morrow: however, the Lord thought otherwise, for he hid his face from me, and I was troubled, and the Bible was sealed up, so that I could not see anything in it that I wanted to see, and the throne of grace seemed barred up, so that I could not find any access to it, and I felt three bars within me, unbelief, guilt, and fear, and an horror of great darkness fell upon me, and surrounded me; then my evidences disappeared, and my soul was cast down and disquieted within me; my lips quivered; my heart trembled; rottenness entered into my bones; I felt like a vessel which the potter had dashed to pieces; fearfulness overwhelmed me; I found trouble and sorrow; the troubles of my heart were enlarged; I tried to cry and shout, but my prayers returned again into my own bosom. Surely against me is he turned. He setteth me as a mark for his arrows. Where shall I flee, and what will become of me—what shall I do to-morrow? Oh, how my heart swelled and heaved up and down; I thought it

would burst in my body, and I could not eat or drink, but God kept me alive. However, no small tempest lay on me, and I appeared to be at a great distance from the Cape of Good Hope. In this situation, the devil made a violent attack upon me, and everything that is awful appeared near at hand. He suggested to my mind that I had run without being sent; that I had deceived myself and others; that God was about to stop my mouth; that I should never preach again; that I should be held up to the public contempt of the church and the world as being a notorious deceiver; that I should die and go to hell; that my two dear children would be left without father or mother, and that they would be scoffed at on my account; that I had come into that room to wait upon God, to engage in prayer, to search and study the scriptures, and prepare for the Sabbath: now, you see, God has hid his face, sealed his word, shut out your prayers, covered you with darkness, and I have full power over you; everything is point blank against you. Now, look and see what God does for his own that wait upon him! To-morrow your awful deception will be exposed; all your joys and revelations, and manifestations, and wonderful experience is only fancy, and the effect of an heated imagination, and will terminate in dishonour, death and damnation; this is but the beginning of the wrath of God revealed against all unrighteousness.

These things, together with the darkness of the night, and the darkness of my soul, and the fears of death, and the fury of the devil, and the solemn majesty of an offended God, made me weep, and groan, and sweat upon my bed, and wished I had never been born; an awful rebellion broke out within: then I felt angry with God for bringing me into existence, and for making me an accountable creature, and for allowing the devil to buffet me, and for not delivering me out of my trouble. Surely the heart of man is like the sea which casteth up its mire and dirt; none can control it but that God that made it; the waves of the sea are mighty, but the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters. In this state I laid rolling to and fro until the dawning of

the day. Oh what miserable helplessness I felt! My bones seemed disjointed, and my eyes were consumed because of grief, my face was foul with weeping, I was brought to the borders of despair, by the gates of the shadow of death, but a just sentence is in the lips of the King. About nine o'clock in the morning, I had given all up, and thought what the devil had told me was as true as the gospel; therefore I despatched a messenger with all speed to inform the people of what had taken place, and that they were not to expect me any more; this being done my soul was in an agony, and so weak that I could not sit up; however, in a few minutes I felt resigned to the will of God either to take me to heaven or send me to hell; and I thought that I could never say another word against God if I were to suffer the torments of hell for ever. Here is a path which no fowl knoweth, and the vulture's eye hath not seen; but wisdom is justified of all her children; and about ten o'clock in the morning I heard a very soft whisper, saying 'peace, be still!' I listened attentively, and heard it again in the same tone within me, saying, 'peace, be still!' and from that moment the storm abated, the tempest ceased, the devil fled away, my fears left me, my troubles were all gone, the horror of great darkness passed away; the day star appeared, the sun arose, and he laid the beams of his chambers in the waters; the voice of the Lord is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth, the Lord is upon many waters, the voice of the Lord is full of majesty; it is the voice of my beloved; never man spake like this man, 'Behold, what manner of man is this, that both the winds and the sea obey him, and are still?' Oh, the softness, the sweetness, the peace, the joy, the comfort, and satisfaction that I felt, I cannot express! Oh, the love, the power, the righteousness, the salvation, the glory, the majesty that entered into my soul, I cannot describe; and nothing that is in earth or hell could efface it for a season. If king David had been in the room with his royal band of musicians and choristers, and they had played and sung some favourite anthem it would not have produced such an effect. I felt that God had visited and taken possession of my heart, and was there as king of Salem. Grace reigns through righteousness, unto eternal life,

by Jesus Christ our Lord; the Lord reigneth; he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength where-with he hath girded himself; the world also is established, that it cannot be moved. It is now seven years ago since this bread was cast upon the waters, but it is sweet to my soul at the present moment. Such good news, such kind visitations, such gracious deliverances will never be forgotten; and being thus favoured, I was able to sit up in my bed, and after a little while could put on my clothes, and by leaning against the bedstead and the walls was enabled to get down stairs as peaceful and happy as a man could be out of heaven, being full of the blessing of the Lord. In this state I took a little food; for nature was nearly exhausted; after which one of my friends came to see me, having heard my report through the messengers, and was glad to see what the Lord had done for me, and joined with me in praising God for 'delivering my eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling,' and said that I must go with him in the evening, and preach to the people at a distance of four miles, which I agreed to do if I could get a word from the Lord to confirm me in the work.

About two o'clock in the afternoon I wished my friends to leave me alone, and when they were withdrawn I fell down upon my knees before the Lord and begged him to give me another word if he had called me to speak in his name, otherwise I would not attempt it; after being on my knees some time, these words came very fresh into my mind: "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." Again the devil assailed me, saying, "that it did not come from the Lord, but that it slipped off the shelf of my memory, and that I was eager to catch it, because it answered my purpose." Well then said I: "I will cry again to the Lord, and see who is right;" which being done, the words came into my soul with greater power; then the devil attacked me the second time, saying: "that it did not come from God, but by the extravagant exertion of my mind it was brought up fresh, just like shaking up a lot of old bills, and the one I wanted came upon the top, and I had fixed my eye upon it, so that I need not be so glad:" to which I

answered: "that I would cry again unto the Lord, and would not move from that spot, nor arise from my knees until the matter was decided, whether I was damned or saved;" so I cried unto the Lord to decide the matter fully, and that the same words might come with greater power, so that satan might not be able to stand before it, and in a few minutes it came with such amazing power as I had never felt a promise before, and the devil was gone in a moment. I rose up from my knees and clapped my hands, and shouted, "victory! victory! victory! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; our God is the God of salvation." I walked up and down my room weeping, laughing, singing, blessing, praising, extolling, crowning the great, the glorious, the blessed, the eternal Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. And in the evening my friend called on me, and I went with him; walked my four miles, delivered the word of the Lord, the people wept and smiled, and I walked my four miles back like a giant refreshed with new wine.

My love to Mrs. Bidder and the family, and to Mr. Banks, and tell him that I circulate the *Gospel Standard* and the *Ambassador* among my friends; but I see a few creeks in this Island that looks large enough to hold the *Earthen Vessel* also, therefore if I can do him good I will.

Your's, in the unity of the Spirit,
Yeovil, June 8, 1848. G. KELLAWAY.

The Apostle of the Gentiles,

Versus

THE PREACHERS OF THE MIDDLE OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

INASMUCH as 'it hath pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe,' and as the preaching of no mere man was ever made so mighty to the pulling down of the strong holds of sin and satan as that of the once persecuting, but afterwards 'preacher of the faith that he once destroyed,' Saul of Tarsus, it is most fit that he should be taken for the example of all professing to be preachers, both in the matter and manner of his ministry; wherefore it behooveth ministers and churches diligently to consider these, and see how the sound from our pulpits now, agrees with that of our Apostle. The Alpha and Omega

of his *matter* was Jesus Christ, 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world,' in the glory of his person, the greatness of his redemption, the grace of his heart, the fulness of his salvation. When proceeding to address an infidel multitude, he does not make their depraved and apostate condition the frontispiece, but the back ground of his address; he does, indeed, assert that; but his grand business is 'to testify of the gospel of the grace of God,' as revealed in the gift of his beloved Son, lifting him up as 'Him whom God hath exalted with his right hand, to give repentance unto Israel and the remission of sins,' or in other words, to give quickening life and eternal salvation to men dead in trespasses and sins: on this head his testimony differs widely from nearly, if not quite, all the so-called, (and perhaps rightly,) men of truth, that I have heard, and I have heard many, who preach as though sinners must be brought to a certain point of conviction and repentance before Jesus Christ can be of any value to them, which is surely a great mistake, as he is the second Adam, the quickening Spirit, the giver of every good and perfect gift, whether repentance, faith, hope, or any other. And to this want of 'fully preaching the gospel to every creature,' I cannot help, as a mean, attributing in a great measure, the death and barrenness at present almost paralyzing the church; for wherever there is most of Jesus Christ, *there is* the largest measure of the influence of the Holy Ghost; the testifying of Jesus being emphatically declared to be his *chief* office in the salvation of sinners; and moreover, this is the Man whom the King (even God the Father,) delighteth to honour. Much more might be said on the difference in the *matter* of the apostle Paul, and the preachers of the truth in this day; but as I conceive this veiling of the all-sufficiency of Jesus and omitting to preach his gospel in all its free fulness to the lost, (whether they know it or not,) to be the fundamental error, I pass on to make a *few* observations on the manner of the two parties. 'Speaking the truth in *love*,' with a noble, generous, and philanthropic feeling, was the beloved apostle's manner; gentle, meek, and winning; yet firm, decided, and unequivocating; a manner calculated to attract and win the attention of hearers. How different, alas! the manner of many

of the preachers of this day! Morose, bigoted, selfish, austere, uncharitable; calculated to deter, and repel enquiring souls, and to harden and irritate impenitent ones. An appalling picture! but, alas! too true. Wonder not, then, ye ministers and churches that your causes languish, that your word is powerless, and your souls barren. Expect it not otherwise, till Jesus Christ be made the all in all of your ministry; and the care and peace of soul's, your anxiety.

Wolverhampton, May 7. A RECLUSE.

A FEW WORDS ADDRESSED

To a Believer on her Marriage.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE BELOVED:—Heavenly peace descend and rest upon you with every needed blessing, temporal and spiritual, our covenant God and Father has prepared for, and promised unto you in his holy Word, upon which he has mercifully caused our souls to hope. Although you may have suffered disappointment, from my long silence, yet remember that all our disappointments and distresses, as well as our deliverances, are matters of divine determination:—

“For all must come, and last, and end,
As shall please our heav'nly Friend.”

But, be assured, my silence has not been caused by want of spiritual affection for you, but has been the unavoidable result of divers afflicting circumstances, through which I have been called to pass. Yet blessed be God, I can still say, with humble and adoring gratitude—

“Midst all my conflicts and my care,
My soul still finds her shelter there,
Where peace and joy are found;
In Christ, my Lord, my rock, my stay,
Is strength sufficient for my day,
E'en though my griefs abound.”

As you have entered upon a new path, according to the accounts which I have received from you, let me, my dear sister, say a word or two to you upon the subject, with a view to your spiritual profit. In the first place, I doubt not that you have entered this heaven-ordained path with much secret prayer that the God of all grace may be glorified in all the fresh exercises and new experiences which will be opened up in your soul's acquaintance with the truthfulness of God in his daily dealings with you in the desert, thereby deepening and strengthening your grace-wrought assurance of personal interest in him, 'whose darkest dispensations' unfold some deep designs of love. Continue in prayer; knowing that

“Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight,
Pray'r keeps the christian's armour bright,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.”

Secondly, I trust that ere you entered this many-thorned path some sweet Bible promise entered your heart, producing peaceful satisfaction to your enquiring mind, that the dear Lord approved well your choice, as being one of his;

“And would attend your humble prayer
With proofs of his paternal care.”

Thirdly, I hope you will be enabled to endure all the temptations, privations, and vexations, and tribulations which will doubtless arise in this your newly-trodden path, with patience, for

“The heirs of salvation,
We know from his Word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.”

And remember, that rejoicing in tribulation, must be the result of holy reliance on the revelation God is pleased to make of himself in the renewed heart of contrite sinners; so that in proportion as God is savingly and experimentally known of us, will our reliance be on him, and our rejoicing in him. Fourthly, my heart's desire to God-ward on your behalf, is that you may long enjoy bodily and spiritual health, secret visits to and from the Lord Jesus, solemn intercourse with the King eternal, soul satisfying supplies of covenant provision from Christ Jesus, the storehouse of heaven's richest favours for love's adopted family, and special signs of the paternal, peaceful, and preserving presence of the God of Israel, so that your path and pilgrimage may be both pleasant and prosperous; daily proving 'that to be spiritually minded is life and peace,' and that where the Spirit of the Lord is known in his self-hewing operations, sin-subduing manifestations, soul-bedewing influences, and strength-renewing communications, there life reigns and liberty is realized. Lastly, I pray God you may end your pre-numbered days of sorrow, conflict, care and pain, in praising his eternal and excellent name, whose infinite and unerring wisdom, dateless, changeless, and matchless love, boundless and bottomless mercy, almighty and all-working power, invariable and invincible truth, have in a six-fold way and manner declared, developed, and displayed the unutterable glory of his grace; viz., in your creation for himself, salvation by himself, consolation from himself, preservation in himself, presentation to himself, and glorification with himself.

May your Marriage union be no hindrance to you, but rather helpful, especially in holy matters; and if your partner in life and companion in love, be a partaker of the gospel of Christ, and a companion of the flock of God, as I trust he is, (for none beside would be a fit and proper husband for a God-fearing and truth-loving woman, as I know you to be,) then I would greet you both in the name of the Lord, and in the warmest affections of my heart, would now say, the Lord be with you at all times, and under all circumstances; the Lord

bless you out of Zion with all the spiritual blessings of Zion; the Lord bind you to each other and to himself with the three-fold cord of mercy, truth, and love; the Lord build you up in faith, and cause you to grow in every grace; the Lord bear you up under all your felt burdens and troubles, and make your souls fruitful in the land of your affliction. (See Genesis iv. 52.) ever proving that the soul grace fructifies, it also fortifies; the Lord bring you forth out of all your distresses and difficulties to declare his righteousness and make known his faithfulness, owning with David, 'he delivered me because he delighted in me;' (Psalm xviii. 19.) Yea, the Lord brighten your path with the beauty, and beamings of his countenance, and your prospects with the brilliancy of his smiles, which speak salvation and safety to the seeking, suffering seed of Jacob.

As regards your membership, it doth appear to be the will of God that you should seek your dismissal from us, without further delay, and as to the circumstance you mention, (relative to the two wines,) it is lighter than the lightest feather in the balance of the sanctuary, when weighed against the divine authority which expressly directs, "if ye love me, keep my commandments;" ever bear in mind, that the high claims of heaven's authority must be paramount to every other consideration. And as in the gracious matter of salvation, so in the great matter of obedience, may you peacefully know and practically shew, that—"none but Jesus, none but Jesus," is the way, the strength, the end, both of salvation and obedience. For Christ is not only the author and finisher of our salvation, and of our faith; but he is likewise the author, object, and finisher or end of our obedience. You perceive by the "Trumpet," that I forwarded the piece you sent me for insertion, and the only reason assigned for its non-appearance is, that it has been mislaid; however, it may yet appear, and as our all-wise, and all-gracious Lord has the timing of all his people's blessings, it may be reserved for the accomplishment of some secret purpose unknown to us. I know not whether the "Earthen Vessel" is sold in Stockton, or not, but if it is, I advise you by all means to take it in, and assist in recommending it to others, as I conscientiously believe it to be worthy of the widest circulation. Yet, let me add, I do not recommend the "Vessel" to the exclusion of the "Trumpet," but as a companion to it, indeed, among the Carmelites, they run pretty well together, for nearly all who take the one, take the other.

And now, my dear sister, I desire in faith and love unfeigned, to commend you to God, the Three-one Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in whose adorable and incomprehensible Name you have been baptized, and who alone has kept you from falling during the past years of your profession, and alone is able to keep you irreproachable and unrebukable unto the end, praying him, according to his riches in

glory, and answerable to the word of his grace, to sink your rising fears, silence your raging foes, and strengthen your resisting faith, so that you may continually sing of judgment and mercy, while you triumph over all the opposing powers before which you have stood trembling. And I further beseech him, of his abundant goodness and mercy, to grant you a five-fold shadow from all enemies arising, evils apprehended, and errors abounding, viz. the shadow of the cross—the throne—the tree of life—the rock of ages—the wings of Immanuel; so will you plead the solemn conquests of the cross; proclaim the secret triumphs of the throne; publish the sweet taste of the tree of life; possess a sure refuge in the rock of ages; and prove the sacred warmth of the wings of Immanuel covering your soul night and day.

The God of love enrich you with imperishable treasures, ennoble you with immortal honours, and enable you with implicit confidence to cast all your care upon, and commit all your ways unto him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, to whom be dominion and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

May loving-kindness crown your way,
And mercy close each chequered day,

Till time with you is o'er;
Then to the realms of light above,
Where all is joy and perfect love,
May your freed spirit soar.

Then in the Saviour's righteousness,
(Your costly, royal, wedding dress,)

Your soul arrayed shall sing,
The nuptial, coronation song,
Which shall eternally prolong
The praise of Israel's king.

In ties indissoluble, and indestructible,
I remain your yet acknowledged pastor,
Chelsea, June 15th, 1848. JOHN STENSON.

Baptizing in the River.

FROM Mr. Hawkins's little work, entitled 'Lydia and Philip,' referred to in another part of this month's Vessel, we make the following beautiful extract, descriptive, we believe, of the mode of administering the ordinance of believer's baptism at Bradford, in Wiltshire.

"On the arrival of Mrs. Freeman and her little party, at the river, some twelve or fourteen hundred persons had assembled; and just then, as the old church clock was striking eight, their usual time of baptizing here, the pastor, attired in a black gown for the occasion, was seen coming under the old archway, having on his right hand Mr. Freeman, one of his deacons, and on his left, Mr. Treadwell, clad in a black gown too, for the purpose of walking into the water to ascertain its depth, or to remove any stones that may have been thrown in, also to render any assistance needed. After these, followed fourteen couple, one of each being a candidate, attired in a light

coloured woollen dress, if a female; and her friend attending walking with her. The male candidates being clothed in black dresses, each accompanied with a friend to wait on him. In this order they slowly approached the river bank, when the worship began with a hymn of praise. After the hymn had been sung, Mr. Treadwell, one of the members, gave a very solemn address, taking as his motto the question put to John the Baptist, 'Why baptizest thou then?' During the delivery of this address, the utmost decorum and order prevailed; at the close of it, Mr. Truman prayed for the Lord's blessing upon the spiritual persons present, the wilful sinners, the nation, the rulers, and especially on the churches of Christ, and those about to be immersed. This prayer was followed by another hymn, part of which reads thus:—

"Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?"

"Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?"

"Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love,
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move,
In thy delightful ways."

"On the singing ceasing, the pastor took one of the candidates by the hand, and said, 'Let us go down into the water together, my brother, in honour of that Lord, who died to save; the agonies of whose death was a saving baptism for us. 'If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest,' saith the sacred word, and this qualification thou hast manifested to the satisfaction of many; and I therefore baptize thee, immerse thee, bury thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' So saying, he gently put him beneath the water for an instant; and in that instant the singers started a very pretty, short chorus, to the words:

"Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you."

On leading another into the water, the pastor said, 'Let us go down into the water together, in honour of our adorable Lord, who commanded this our obedience, with the promise of, *'Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'* He sees us. He is here, then,' he added, 'and having blessed thee as a poor penitent at the mercy-seat, he will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Having given thee to thy faith, the addition of fortitude thus to profess him, thou shalt go on thy way rejoicing; and, upon thy repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, I baptize thee; &c.

"In a similar manner the whole were thus honoured, by the profession of baptism, to put on Christ. The service concluded by singing the well-known doxology,—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c.

THE

Literal Interpretation of Scripture.

MY DEAR SIR,—I could but be pleased to hear you maintain this morning that the literal interpretation of Scripture is now a days put aside as unnecessary by many persons, who must have formed a creed, or are the advocates of sentiments which the letter of the word is entirely opposed to—for instance, take away the literal interpretation of prophecy, and christianity falls; but if we tenaciously cling to it when referring to the birth, life, and death of Christ, by what authority do we renounce it, when the future advent and kingdom of Christ is spoken of? Surely no change has come over the meaning of the words of prophecy since that time? Man may vary his systems of divinity; and cannons of interpretation may change, but the word of our God endureth for ever. The following instructive conference between a christian minister and a Jew, is recorded in W. Burgh's sermon on the second advent. Taking a New Testament, and opening it at Luke i. 32, the Jew asked, "Do you believe that what is here written shall be literally accomplished, 'The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever?'" "I do not," answered the clergyman, "but rather take it to be figurative language, descriptive of Christ's spiritual reign over the church." "Then," replied the Jew, "neither do I believe literally the words preceding which say that this Son of David should be born of a virgin; but take them to be merely a figurative manner of describing the remarkable character for purity of him who is the subject of the prophecy. But why (continued the Jew) do you refuse to believe literally ver. 32, 33, while you believe implicitly the far more incredible statement of verse 31?" "I believe it," replied the clergyman, "because it is a fact." "Ah!" exclaimed the Jew, with an inexpressible air of scorn and triumph, "you believe scripture because it is a fact; I believe it, because it is the word of God."

Your's, A CONSTANT READER.

Christian Reviewer.

"*Lydia and Philip: or the Visit to Kiffenford. A narrative for the Times, founded on facts, wherein are set forth the true Church, its profession and fellowship.*" By WILLIAM HAWKINS, author of "*Essays on the Prominent Doctrines of the Gospel,*" &c. &c. London: Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster-Row.

There is one thing that we wish to impress upon our readers with reference to this interesting little volume,—it is a NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS. And when we further add, that this narrative embodies, and sets forth all the leading principles of gospel truth, as realized, proclaimed, and practised by the faithful family of the most Illustrious

God, we think we have said all that is needful. We may, nevertheless, add, Mr. Hawkins, in a very pleasing and profitable style, has herein exhibited the ignorance and the enmity of the natural mind; the vanity and bigotry connected with mere national forms and ceremonies; the omnipotent power of God the Holy Ghost in leading the sinner into the way of life; and then his delineation of the 'fruits of grace,' enabling the believer to take up the cross and follow the Lord in a spiritual, and in a gospel manner, renders this little manual exceedingly suited (as an instrument in the Lord's hands) for the conveyance of truth to such persons as would not peruse more deep and comprehensive works. Under the head of 'WHO CAN, AND WHO SHOULD PROFESS CHRISTIANITY,' we have Mr. Freeman's account of his conversion. These are the things we rejoice to speak of and to publish. **THE LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL—SINNERS PLUCKED AS BRANDS FROM THE BURNING—THE GOSPEL EXEMPLIFIED IN DECISION OF CHARACTER!** These are valuable, these are solemn, they are eternal realities.

We live in days when even the gospel is turned into a drama; and the pulpit becomes a stage for the exhibition of natural wit, and theological oratory. Ah, and even *christian experience* is portrayed with such precision, that if a 'striking likeness' could be mistaken for a *living* man, the deception would be most awful indeed. But, although many hundreds are deluded by the *shadow*, we firmly believe God's quickened elect will, sooner or later, find out where the presumption of man stands in the place of **THE POWER OF GOD**; and having discovered it, will turn from it with much searching of heart. We must not now enlarge; but come at once to Mr. Freeman's testimony:—

"Ah! sister," said he, 'these are solemn things. To turn one's opinion, is a small affair; but, to be translated from the power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, is of eternal consequence. Of my christening, confirmation, and zeal, in the establishment, you know,—of my illiberality to all others, you are aware also. Well, so I continued, until one Sunday I was reading the bible, as you know we were taught to do on that day by our parents; when it happened that I read the Lord's words:—'Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Although I had often read them before, they impressed me greatly. I felt convinced, that notwithstanding all my church-zeal, I was a condemned unconverted sinner before God. I became alarmed for eternal consequences. I sought instruction of the Vicar, but he was ignorant of any religion but the form, and recommended me recreation and pleasure, to ease my mind. I spoke to the Curate, who seemed more earnest, and he pressed me to say more prayers and to consult the 'Whole

Duty of Man.' These things I observed for a considerable time, but all proved of no avail to my guilty conscience, for I was continually followed with that solemn scripture sounding in my soul:—'Whoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all.' Notwithstanding all my doings, I was '*guilty of all*.' I shall never forget how blind the preaching of our clergymen appeared to me then. Yet I blindly adhered to my church, as we church-folk termed it. How long I should have done so, I know not, but one day worshipping in a neighbouring parish, one of the lessons was the xv. of Matthew, and as the 13th and 14th verses were read, they seemed to pierce my heart. I will repeat them:—'Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up. Let them alone; they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, they shall both fall into the ditch.' I returned home at a loss what to do. I became conscious that a true christian is made such by God alone. And greatly did I wonder that he should condescend to make any. I also was convinced that no outward observances could plant any one in God's vineyard—and all that are merely professionally planted, either personally, or by others—whether church, pope, priest, or teacher, God will root them up. And what affected me much, was that,—if I blindly followed blind guides, I should with such guides only fall into the ditch of destruction.

'What shall I do to be saved?' cried I, almost in despair. Myself, my profession, and my teachers, I now discovered to be all blind.

"With great trouble and nearly constant prayer, I passed the week, and on the next Lord's day, not knowing where to go, nor what to do, I rose early and took a solitary walk, and a solemn season it was. But as I came towards home, I was arrested with the sound of devotional singing, and I soon perceived before me a large concourse of people assembled to witness the baptist pastor immerse several men and women in the river. This was a new sight to me; for as I would not have been there then with any forethought, so I had never chosen to witness this ceremony before. Yet the solemnity of the pastor, the appeals which he made, the beauty of the hymns, and the excellent softness of the singing, all affected me greatly. But when he took the first candidate by the hand, to lead him into the water, I was almost overpowered. In addressing him he said—'My dear brother, you were long satisfied with a mere name to live, while you were dead to true godliness; from which dreadful state, the Lord, by his invincible grace, brought you as a ruined sinner to his feet, crying earnestly, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and O, eternal thanks to his name! He led you to feel the inward witness of that mercy and peace which flows from, and through, the blood of the cross. O my brother,' he added, exalting his voice, 'you are a monument of

grace, and therefore nothing doth hinder our going down into the water together.' They went down, and he immersed him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. My heart became too full, and I could hardly refrain from sobbing aloud. But I inwardly said, 'These truly are christians, they believe in, love, and obey the Great God our Saviour—they shall be my people. We are one through the blood of the cross. The blood of Christ I saw and felt, as I never did before, and so full was I of holy joy in the Lord, and so enlarged were my affections and fortitude, that, could it have been, I would gladly have been baptized too. I attended the Baptist chapel that day for the first time, and the more I heard, the more I admired. Then did the force and meaning of those passages which had so much troubled me, appear as a merciful deliverance from the bondage of self and all other intruders, and from popish, episcopal, and other carnal injunctions. I was saved as the Lord's free-man. I was now in principle a Baptist, and the progress of time and things have increased my conviction, as such ever since.

"The preaching of the 'glorious gospel, of the blessed God' was so blessed to me, that I became knitted in heart and in judgment, with that sect which is every where spoken against; and in a few months the church received my testimony respecting my change, faith, and hope, and deemed me qualified to become a member of the church of the living God; and so I was baptized and added to the church under the pastoral care of Mr. Truman.

"Thus have I given you a short account of how, and where, I learnt my heresy, as you term it. With humble confidence however, I use the language of the Apostle, in Acts xxiv. 14:—'I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and the prophets: and have hope toward God.'

"*The Poor Christian's Companion: or, Christ, the Believer's Delight.*" By J. E. Blomfield, Minister of the Gospel, Cheltenham. London: Simpkin and Marshall, Cheltenham: Richard Edwards.

In the first place, this is a handsome book, bound in scarlet embossed cloth and gold; it is illustrated with an engraved frontispiece of Christ and the woman of Samaria at the well; and the title-page is one of the best that could be found. It contains upwards of 150 pages, and all this for one shilling. Oh, dear! what will printers and booksellers come to next? But what of its contents? We will let our brother John speak first, with reference to the nature and design of this work: for, in reviewing a book, we consider it necessary first to ascertain the design the author had in view; and then we are at liberty to state whether or not, he has worked out that design with effect. Our author, in his preface, says,—

"This little work is designed in a simple way, to unfold the work—the hidden glories

—and the matchless loveliness of the Redeemer; the everlasting—unchanging—and sovereign love of the Father, and ministry of the Holy Ghost as experienced in the soul. "I have endeavoured to set forth the true character of Jehovah Jesus, in some of the many titles he has in the sacred volume."

Very well; the object is: "TO SET FORTH THE CHARACTER OF JEHOVAH JESUS." And this is done. But how is it done? Certainly not with that depth and spiritual power with which others now in glory have written on the sublime matters before us. But, let us remember, that, as in the education and training of children, books containing "*Easy Lessons*" are essentially necessary; even so, so long as there are "*BABES IN GRACE*;" and "*LITTLE CHILDREN*" in the gospel kingdom, so long will works of this kind be both acceptable and useful; and we trust that our brother may be encouraged in these his labours of love. His mind has evidently been very closely applied to the subject: his views are scriptural; some of his definitions of the names of Christ are interesting; and all are written with such simplicity as to be generally understood. While, on the one hand, many aged, useful, and faithful men of God are being called home; and on the other hand, much ignorance, foolishness, and prejudice abounds even among some called ministers of truth, we must esteem it a mercy to find that the Lord is here and there raising up men whose lives appear in good earnest to be devoted to their work; and whose minds are so formed and furnished as to qualify them not only for preaching the gospel, but also for perpetuating its glorious mysteries in the compilation of works that may live, and speak, and be useful for ages after they are laid in the silent tomb.

Our author having been but very few years in the ministry, we consider that the compilation of this work bespeaks an industrious mind, that is zealously stirred up to do something for the exaltation of that Lord and master whom he loves and serves. And our fervent prayer for our brother is, that he may be experimentally led into a blessed acquaintance with those glorious characters of Christ for himself; and that for many years he may be preserved in the exercise of a fruitful and useful ministration of the word of life.

"*The Dying Pillow Made Easy for a Death-Bed.* A Posthumous work of Robert Hawker, D.D., Vicar of Charles, Plymouth. Now first published, with Reccomendatory Preface, by the Rev. Richard Shutte, M.A., Rector of the United Parishes of St. Augustine and St. Faith, London." London: Published for the Proprietors by H. G. Collins, 22, Paternoster-Row.

This very precious little volume which Dr. Hawker bequeathed to the church of Christ, just as he entered the valley of the shadow of death, contains what we may call a full-length portrait of his spiritual mind, as it looked for the last time back upon this sin-degenerated world; and, then, with burning desires penetrated the glories of the heavenly kingdom. In our next, we are resolved (the Lord helping) to make some extracts from it.

The Unity of the Spirit among the Saints.

TO GEORGE KECK, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

BELOVED in the Lord, grace and peace be with thee.

I believe it is now just about twenty-nine years ago that you first heard me preach, as you say, from the book of Jeremiah; and we soon after that became acquainted with each other, and we have been on terms of intimacy ever since,—gospel intimacy, and in this very thing has the sweetness of our intimacy consisted; and never once in all that lapse of time has there been a cross or a jarring word between us; and yet you have all along been privy to my domestic and religious movements, and I with yours.

At the commencement of our acquaintance I felt persuaded, and so I do now, that we were heirs together of the grace of life, and chosen in Christ before the world began: and I am of opinion that a kindred spirit among the children of the kingdom of Christ is a sure token of spiritual heirship, though the affinity may never in this life be developed so clearly in some instances as it is in others, owing perhaps to circumstances which we have no sort of control over; but in such cases as where a full disclosure of it is made, the relationship is generally very strong, warm, and lasting. We read of the unity of the Spirit, and of christians striving to keep it in the bond of peace, for it is good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity, Eph. iv. 3; Psalm cxxxiii. 1.

In this happy union I hope we shall ever abide, for it is my belief, I say, that we are heirs together of the grace of life; and I also believe that we are together in our views of all the great and most fundamental doctrines of the everlasting gospel of the Son of God. It likewise is my belief, that both of us have received a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, and that the result has been *peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord*. It likewise is my belief, that as we are together by eternal election, and by effectual calling, so persevering strength will be given to us that we may endure to the end, and be saved in Christ with an everlasting salvation.

All these things I believe, and verily believe; and hence, in my view, you and I are one in Christ—one in the cove-

nant,—one in the gospel, and one in all good things. And in this way it is that your interest is my interest, and your God is my God; and in this God may we rejoice and be glad, for great is our reward in heaven. And as this is that God *who remembered us in our low estate, and whose mercy endureth for ever*, we surely may venture to speak good of his name, and spread his honors abroad, and talk of his power, and abundantly utter the memory of his great goodness, and praise him in the congregation of saints, and walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called. All this, I say, we may venture to do; and especially since he hath done that for us which he doth but for a very few; and no goodness, worth, or worthiness on our part could have induced him to do it for us, and yet he hath done it; and we will now say, '*Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks, unto thee do we give thanks; for that thy name is near, thy wondrous works declare,*' Psalm lxxv. 1.

But it is not only true that your interest is my interest; but the spiritual interest of all the saints of God is one interest, for strictly speaking the saints themselves are one, and but one,—*a unit*; and we read of the unity of the Spirit among the saints, and this spirit of union certainly runs all through the household of faith, and the union of all the saints of the Lord is one of the sweet doctrines of the gospel. And of course the union of Christ the head, and the church the body, is another soul-comforting doctrine of the glorious gospel. It is affirmed by an author of long and high standing in the church of Christ, that *he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit*; and we all know that this union can never be dissolved; and well it is, and well it needs must be with all those who are in union with Christ the living and true vine. From this heavenly vine all the living branches receive sap and nourishment in order that they may grow and thrive in the courts of our God.

Without union to this blessed vine we cannot look green, and flourishing, and bear the right kind of fruit. We know very well that there are such things in the world as mock oranges, peaches,

apples, and pears. We also know there are in the world such things as mock preachers in pulpits, and mock christians in pews. But all these are poor things, and for the want of being in union with Christ, they with him can have no communion; for the latter is a fruit that grows out of the former. And indeed, all gospel fruit is from Christ the tree of life: and so likewise, all our springs of peace, pleasure, joy, and comfort, are from the same happy source. And hence our union to Christ is a subject of great interest as well as being mysterious; and yet is it not a whit more mysterious than true, for the church was chosen in Christ the head before the foundation of the world, and our life is said to be hid with Christ in God; and Christ himself says that he is in his people.

Here, then, is the union, and here too is the mystery, which mystery, Paul says is, *Christ in you the hope of glory*. In this precious and most glorious truth, we have a firm confidence; and when we are under its power and great glory, we can but rejoice with exceeding great joy. Although divine truth is wrapped in the deepest mystery, it thereby loses none of its validity and fragrance; and he that holds it in dis-esteem on the account of the mystery it is wrapped up in, betrays both his ignorance and prejudice. In the holy scriptures Christ is held forth as a stone which the eternal Father hath laid in Zion for the poor and needy to build their hopes of future happiness on; and while this mystical stone has proved a sure foundation for all poor needy sinners, it has at the same time proved to be a stumbling stone, and a rock of offence to those who have sported with divine things and stumbled at the word, being disobedient, whereunto they were appointed. And, indeed, it is said, and who shall gainsay it to his advantage? that *many shall stumble, and fall, and be broken, and be snared, and be taken*: and yet the testimony, [the gospel] with all its secrets and dark sayings, is bound up among the true disciples of the Lord, Isa. viii. 15, 16, and they shall understand the secret, for we are told that *the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him*: yes, to them it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but to them that are without it is not given: but why such a marked distinction should be made is quite unnecessary for me to say, since Christ himself

hath said, *I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight*, Matt. xi. 25, 26.

Christ and the gospel have always been under the reproach and scorn of infidel men; and thousands of people who would disdain to be identified with avowed infidels, are all in the dark about spiritual matters, and in heart equally as hostile to the true spirit of the gospel as avowed infidels are to the simple letter of it. Here the children of the bridegroom stand alone and are not reckoned among the nations, for Christ is the physician of their souls, and the gospel is to them as the balm in Gilead. I conceive, that in the coming of the gospel to the soul in the power and sweetness of it, the new man of grace is properly formed there, and that this thing formed is that which inwardly distinguishes the real christian from him who has only received the bare letter of it in the head, or theory; and St. Paul speaks of the formation of this divine nature in the soul, or the new man of grace, as a mystery, it being Christ in us the hope of glory. All religion short of this new creature formed in the soul is spurious and will end like an untimely birth.

I wish the inner man formed in our souls may daily thrive and grow, and become quite renowned in the city of our God. But indeed, owing to the deep depravity of our old nature, we may expect that the new man of grace will meet with many sad checks, and violent encounters, and very alarming draw backs while on the road to Jerusalem above. You know, my brother, that thus far through the divine life we have had much to try us, much to contend with of a painful nature. Heavy weights, deep distresses, gloomy clouds, and violent assaults from satan; and these things are calculated to bow the spirits of a believer, and so we have often found it to be; but God hath been gracious to us, and he hath done great things for our souls, and hath promised never to leave nor forsake us. A few struggles more, and a few more sighs, groans, pains, and sorrows; and depraved nature, and the world, and satan, and sin will have done their worst with us, for I am getting old apace, and you are older still.

I am now in the town of Rockingham,

and at the residence of John C. Knight, Esq., and close by the noted Pee-Dee river. I wish you to acquaint my family of my intention, God willing, of being at home in the course of a few weeks, from now. I hope you and family are well. God bless you all, and my family too. Adieu.

JAMES OSBOURN.

Ordination of Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure, at Hadlow, Kent.

THE Public Recognition of Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure, as pastor of the Baptist Church, meeting at Hadlow, near Tunbridge, Kent, (late under the pastoral care of Mr. Crowhurst) took place on Monday, July 10, 1848.

On the bills of the occasion, Mr. Robinson, of Boro' Green, was announced to take part in the Services of the morning; but in consequence of the very sudden decease of Mrs. Robinson, he was prevented.

The morning Service was commenced by Mr. Powell, of Brenchley, giving out the 407th Hymn, Rippon's Selection:—

"Father of mercies in thy house," &c.

the which being sung, Mr. Pope, of Meopham, read 1 Cor. iii., and prayed. Another hymn was sung, and Mr. Pope rose to state the nature of a Gospel Church. He read as a foundation for his address.—1 Tim. iii. 15. "*Which is the Church of the living God.*"

Mr. Pope delivered an able discourse suitable to the occasion, after which, part of that well known hymn of Newton's was sung,

"Glorious things of thee are spoken," &c.

when Mr. Pope again rose to ask the usual questions. He first asked one of the church to give some account of the leading features which led to the call of Mr. M'Cure to become their pastor, when Mr. Crittle, one of the deacons, read the following statement:

"Christian Friends, according to the pre-ordination of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, it is rather more than twenty-five years since the gospel was introduced into Hadlow. In March, 1823, Mr. Harrison hired a house and fitted it up for preaching in connexion with the Particular Baptist denomination. It was opened for public worship, on the 22nd of April, 1823, by Mr. Shirley, of Seven Oaks, and Mr. Gladwish of Brenchley. There was a large and attentive congregation on the occasion. For some time after, the word of God was preached by Mr. Gladwish, and Mr. Crowhurst, of Seven Oaks, on Lord's day evenings, and occasionally on week day evenings, by Mr. Gladwish and other ministers—the attendance to hear the word being pleasing. In about five or six months, Mr. Crowhurst was requested to preach on the afternoon and evening of every Lord's day,

which he complied with. In the following December, he was invited to reside at Hadlow, in order to preach the word constantly, which he accepted; the Lord having blessed the word, to the conversion of some souls. In September, 1824, fourteen persons were formed into a regular church, and sometime after, more were added. In time some withdrew, and some were removed in the order of God's providence. (Of the fourteen that were formed into a church, there are only three now remaining members.) It was now confidently predicted that the cause would fall; but to the praise of our covenant God, we proved the truth of those scriptures, "The Lord doth build up Zion, and gathereth together the outcasts of Israel." And "I will work, and who shall let it?"

"The Lord continued to bless his word so that others were added to our number. We gave Mr. Crowhurst an invitation to take the pastoral office over us, which he then declined. We remained worshipping in the house until 1830, when we had notice to quit. Here was a new trial for us, we being poor; it appeared we should not be able to get a place to worship in; but here again we experienced the wonder-working hand of our covenant God, in raising up friends to assist us in purchasing a piece of ground, and to erect the chapel thereon, in which we now worship. The ground, conveyance, building the chapel, and fitting up, and building a wall round the chapel yard, since which we have built a gallery; the cost altogether was nearly £400. We had previously raised £50 by penny a week subscriptions ourselves, and other friends subscribed something considerable more; the rest of the money we borrowed at 5 per cent. interest. The chapel was invested in trust for the use of Strict Communion Baptists maintaining the doctrines of free and sovereign grace.

"Our chapel was opened on the 28th of October 1830. Mr. Shirley, of Seven Oaks, Mr. Rogers, of Eynsford, and Mr. Bolton, of Boro' Green, preached on the occasion. Soon after the opening of the new place, having made it a matter of solemn prayer, we again invited Mr. Crowhurst to take the pastoral office over us, which he accepted, and was ordained on the 28th of April, 1831. He continued preaching the word of life faithfully, the Lord giving him souls for his hire, and seals to his ministry, until May, 1846, when the Lord saw fit in his unerring wisdom to lay him by, by his afflicting hand. His soul longed to be at home with his beloved Lord. And on March the 24th, 1824, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

"During the affliction of our beloved pastor, we were obliged to get supplies; and we have cause to be thankful the Lord sent us men that were not ashamed to preach Christ the Alpha and Omega in a sinner's

salvation. Mr. Harrison requested us to have Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure, one Lord's day, kindly engaging to pay all the expenses of his coming. To this we gladly assented, many of us having previously heard him preach twice at Dunk's Green, when he was residing at Birmingham. And we found it a truly refreshing season to our souls, and found our hearts greatly knit to him, often wishing to hear him again. Soon after this, the Lord in his providence removed him to London. He was residing there when he came to preach to us on the occasion referred to; and we experienced an especial blessing attend the word, for it came to us not in word only but in power; our souls were greatly revived; we felt now an increased love to our dear brother, and through the kindness of Mr. Harrison, we engaged him two Lord's days in the month. He continued preaching to us for some months.

"When our brother came among us, the congregation was on the decrease, and we were in a declining state: but soon after he began to preach, the congregation increased, and the Lord was evidently reviving his work among us. Our place became too straight for us, so that we had not sufficient accommodation for those that attended. We now felt a great desire that he should come and reside among us and become our pastor, and we made it a matter of solemn prayer to the Lord that he would open the way. We mentioned it to our dear brother, as our love to each other abounded more and more. He said he had thought much on the subject, but would not take a step in it, unless he saw evidently the Lord's hand in making his way clear. There appeared two insurmountable obstacles in the way: one was an engagement he had with his employer, and the other was his family. We being poor, it was impossible for us to raise sufficient to support him and his family, so that unless he could get a sum of money to enable him to set up in his business to bring in part of a living, it would be impossible for him to come, for our brother was determined not to be a burden to us. Here the Lord appeared again for us; for a friend in London promised to give £10 if we would raise what we could among ourselves, this we thankfully acknowledged, and raised what we could according to our ability. Another friend in London has since sent us £5. In December, 1847, we had a church meeting, when it was unanimously agreed to invite our brother to come and reside among us, and become our pastor, the Lord's hand appearing evident in it. In February, 1848, he came to reside among us. Our brother having accepted the invitation to become our pastor, this day was set apart for the public ordination of our dear pastor; and we do earnestly pray that the union may be a lasting one."

Mr. Pope then asked Mr. M'Cure to give some account of the Lord's goodness to him, in calling him out of nature's darkness. The substance of Mr. M'Cure's answer will be found in the following:—

"When I was fourteen years of age, I left my father's house and home, and came to a situation in London. I here formed acquaintance with other youths like myself, who very easily drew me away into that which was wrong—more especially in going about with them on the Sabbath-day. I had at this time some slight convictions, but they soon wore off. I also had very great desires to become a public performer on the stage; and for this purpose devoted all my spare time and money in getting books, and practising. In all this my companions fed my pride, and told me I should at some time be a very bright actor on the stage. I well remember one Lord's day, I stood with a drawn sword in my hand, I put it to my breast, and fell on the floor pretending to be dead, when a heavy clap of thunder and lightning rent the air. This had a dreadful effect on my mind; and more so when I was told of its having struck two houses in an adjacent street. I had some strong convictions; and thought what a mercy that I had been preserved; but this was only momentary. So I went on again as before, till one night, in the theatre, I felt what I had never felt before. I sat there most dreadfully uncomfortable; and a voice sounded in my ears—'Is there any satisfaction in these things?' I would not listen; but still these words kept sounding in my ears. I had them by me home, and during the whole night. The next day I began to sing my songs, &c. as usual, but I could not do it with that satisfaction as before. Still the words kept sounding in my ears, till at last I was obliged to cry out—'No: there is not!' Then the words came—'In what is there satisfaction—what can give satisfaction?' It was at that time, and never before that I felt myself a guilty sinner; and I cried to God for mercy. I had not, however, gone to the lengths that some did, in consequence of certain restraints I was under. The sight of my companions from that time was too much for me, fearing that the Lord would take vengeance on them and me. No more of the songs and play-books. I gathered them together and made a fire and burnt them all. My companions offered me money for them—but I told them they had done me enough harm, and that they should not do them any more. I began to tell them that they were sinners, but they only reproached me. My wretched state increased; and my ignorance at this time was so great that I could hardly read a chapter in the Bible. I thought I would do something that might be pleasing in the sight of the Lord. I remember reading through Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. I felt that

I needed a Saviour; but I thought that there were four Saviours spoken of; and I wondered which would suit me the best.

"About this time I was walking along the streets—when I saw a lot of people standing in the road; I went up to them to see what attracted their notice, when I saw an old woman in the midst of the crowd, who was called 'Blind Mary,' and who used to sing in the streets, to obtain her living; she used to attend the ministry of the late Mr. George Coomb. She had just begun to sing,

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' &c.

When she had concluded the hymn, she said, 'friends, I am blind, and so are you; I have seen the Lord, have you?' From these and some other things she uttered, I felt a little more comfortable, though but a little. I thought there was some hope; and I said to myself, 'Who can tell but that I may yet be saved?'

"I was directed to go to the Tabernacle, where Dr. Campbell preached. I went and I obtained 'The Whole Duty of Man.' I thought I would sacrifice all to obtain the mercy of God. I attended his ministry for eighteen months, and went hard to work to save myself. He used to contend hard against the doctrines of sovereign grace. On one occasion he was exhorting them most earnestly to be saved, telling them it was their own fault if they were not, and said many other things of the same kind. This had such an effect upon my mind, as to cause me to go home and search the word of God, where I saw clearly that God had a chosen people. The prayer of the Psalmist was mine. I could not stay to hear this man any longer. I went to one place and another, until at last I went to hear Mr. Richard Luckin, where I attended for three months. This minister, under the blessing of God was the means of bringing my soul into liberty. These three months were like heaven below to me; and then I could

'— read my title clear,
To mansions in the sky.'

I felt so happy that I could hardly attend to my work or anything else. My master reviled me. I told him I loved the Lord Jesus, and that he must not say anything against him. Sometimes a customer in the shop would utter an oath, and I would tell them they must not do it, that I could not allow it. If I met a person in the street I would go up to them, under pretence of speaking of the weather, and then would ask them, 'do you know that you are a sinner?' Sometimes I got ridiculed, and laughed at; and at other times told to walk about my business. I soon learnt, however, that this was casting pearls before swine.

"I will now tell you how I came to be a Baptist.

"One day I was asked to go to Bethel Chapel, City Road, where there was going to be several persons baptized, by Mr. Smith, of Penzance. I went full of prejudice; and when I entered the chapel and saw the females dressed out in white, I felt still more prejudiced against it; and was determined not to be persuaded into it; and said to myself, I will not believe it. And I left the chapel with these feelings. I said, I will look into the Bible and see. I did so; and was surprised to find THIRTY passages of Scripture, testifying to the truth of it. I thought I should like to be baptized; and made the same known to the deacon. Accordingly I was baptized, and a happy period it was to my soul; I thought when I was out of the water I should like to go back again.

"Now the enemy came in to try to drive me away from my steadfastness—he came with one peculiar temptation—and I seemed to have a desire for it. I have never named what that temptation was to anybody—nor shall I. When I still found that I had growing desires for it, I could not make it out. I thought I must have been dreaming. Oh! what a time this was to my soul. I made up my mind to go into the world again. Wished that I had not been baptized. One day I made up my mind I would go into the world; and was getting off my seat to go, when a boy who was with me, being very saucy, I threatened to chastise him. He immediately said, 'Is that religion?' This stopped me for a while, so I sat down again. Most of my fellow-workmen were infidels—who were always planning how to ensnare me. About this time one of them came in and brought some beer and offered me. I refused. Another one then said, 'Oh! that is John the preacher.' This sentence was the means, under God, of delivering me from the temptation I was under. I ran home, and none can tell what I felt for some time.

"Some length of time after I was baptized, I felt a wish to be of some use to the Lord and his people. And although I pretty regularly attended their prayer-meetings, yet I dared not open my mouth in prayer. One day, however, I was going to the prayer meeting, and I determined that I would pray; so I walked for a mile and a half—trying what I could do—praying to myself—and said, surely, if I can pray for a mile and a half, I can pray a little when I get there. So I went in, and they called upon me. Up I jumped in an instant. I had said but three words, when my head became so dizzy, I could say no more, so down I sat in shame and confusion. I had to go to see my cousin, who was ill, and my grandmother, who is now upwards of one hundred and three years of age, I thought I could pray with them, but I was as bad as in the chapel.

I was now engaged in a shop in London,

and being often alone, sometimes a portion of Scripture would be so opened up in my mind that I was entirely lost, and knew not where I was; and yet could not say a word before anybody. On one of these occasions a gentleman came into the shop and asked for a pair of slippers; but I was so lost to all around me that I went, (not knowing what I did,) and brought him a pair of old dirty wellington boots. My master noticing this, called me a religious maniac, said he had an uncle in the mad-house from the same cause, and I should go there too. I told him it was not religion, but for the want of God's manifesting himself to my soul. My desire for speaking in God's name increased; and one day I was so exercised about it that I said to a friend, 'I'll give it all up. He told me I had better do so. I told another friend the same, and she said, 'Ah! if the Lord has begun with you, you'll not easily give it up. Well, I did not know what to do. These words fastened themselves upon my mind, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' I had a great impression and a desire to go and speak in the open air. I could not get rid of it. I told a friend I should do so if it was the will of the Lord, the next Lord's Day. I knew that if the Lord intended me to speak in his name, he would give me all the ability and confidence I needed. Accordingly I went with great fear and trembling. I engaged in prayer, gave out my text, and spoke for half-an-hour and ten minutes. In the afternoon I went to the Kingsland Road and spoke. I went on speaking with great boldness and confidence. This was the first day of March, 1840; and from that day to this I have gone on speaking in the name of the Lord. The church to which I belonged heard of this, and I was requested to preach before them, which I did three times, and was approved of.

"I at this time received a letter from a stranger requesting me to preach at the Royal Standard Theatre, Shoreditch. I was surprised; for this was the very place where I had said I should first appear on the stage. I found, however, that they had lost their license. I went, but I cannot describe the feelings of my mind when I was led to that part of the stage from which I was to address the people. Here I stood in the presence of nine hundred persons. I had a solemn time. I pointed out to them the spot where I sat when the Lord first convinced me, for the place was just in the same state as when I was there last. A gentleman who heard me in London came and told me that they wanted a minister at Newport in Monmouthshire, and that he should write to them to send for me. Well, I heard nothing more of it for some time, and concluded

that they had given it up, or that he had not written, till one day the same gentleman came to me, and told me he received a letter, and that I must go and preach to them on the following Sunday. I went and preached to them sometime, and the Lord gave testimony to the word of his truth; but I was most sorely tried with regard to my preaching, fearing that I had run unsorted. I continued preaching there. One Lord's day, I had to preach three times; during the week I got three texts; but Saturday came, and took them all away. Sunday morning came, and no text. 'What do you think of your call to the ministry now?' said Satan. I got up in despair, and said, 'I'll not appear before the people to day! I walked away as fast as I could, but was in an instant stopped with these words: 'Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well.' Isa. iii. 10. I went back to the chapel quickly, read and prayed, and while they were singing the second hymn, my text went away. Oh! what a state I was in! the devil standing laughing over me. I thought I would say I was ill; but I knew not what to do. But while they were singing the last verse these words came, 'In his name shall the gentiles trust.' I preached from them and had an exceeding good time. I was, however, just as bad off both afternoon and evening. I got no sleep all that night. All my fear was that I was not called of God to preach. I got up, tried to pray, but could not; my distress increased. On the Monday evening I had been accustomed to preach in the open air in a neighbouring market town. When five o'clock came I had no text, and I concluded to give it all up; but I said, 'I'll seek the Lord once more; and I begged of him to shew me by some sign, whether it was his will or not that I should preach the gospel. I got up and went, the enemy going with me; a young man also who had been called through my instrumentality, went with me. When we got near to the place the clouds gathered thick, and the rain came down in torrents. 'Now,' says satan, are you not satisfied? You asked the Lord to prevent you, if it was not his will that you should preach, and you cannot preach in this rain.' My friend said, 'We must have shelter.' A voice sounded in my ears, 'Can't you preach in the market-house?' Now the man who kept the keys of the market-house was an infidel; he had been often applied to for the keys by ministers of different sects, that they might preach there; but he had invariably refused to let any person have them. I had often asked the young man who was at this time with me to go to him for them; but he would not. On this occasion, however, I gave him a push, and said, 'Go and get the keys of the market-house.' He never said a word, but off he ran; asked

the publican if he could have the keys of the market house, a man wanted to preach there. The man only said, 'There they are, you can take them.' So off I went to the market-house; fixed up some stools and benches for seats, sent out for some candles, and piled up bricks for candlesticks. But all this while I had no text. At the the last moment these words came, 'Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope.' The market-house was full, and I had a glorious time; and I have since heard that the Lord blessed the word to a man that was then present of very bad character. And although I got wet through, I did not care for that; I went home full of joy, and could indeed sing with the poet—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

"And now I had another lesson to learn. A minister came down visiting at Newport, where I then was, and wished to speak, I consented to it. I had not yet lost all my self-importance, for when asked 'When I would preach,' I said to myself, 'When is there most people there?' In the evening thought I. 'Oh! I'll preach in the evening,' I said. I had my text and sermon all arranged. It was on the twelve stars. A Welsh minister had published a book on the subject; and I studied that well. Well, such was the pride of my heart that I said to one of the leading men present there in the morning, 'Tell the people I shall preach in the evening.' Accordingly, in the evening I went, with my well arranged text and sermon, thinking I should outshine the man who spoke in the morning. But judge my feelings when I heard this very man exclaim after his sermon, 'See what he has been stealing from Mr. —'s book!'

"Soon after this I had to experience some severe trials in providence. I especially recollect one Saturday night, I had been keeping a little school, but could not get the money. We had got no bread to eat, and no prospect of any money wherewith to buy any. I was in hopes the Lord would appear for us. Seven, eight, and nine o'clock passed away, and no deliverance came. I thought I could not be a minister. I had to preach three times on the morrow. I said, 'Let us go to bed;' and just as we were going, a knock came at the door. Two men who had been preaching against me in consequence of my downfall came to see me. One gave me three-pence, the other six-pence. Here was the promise made good. My wife was just going out to buy a quatern loaf when another knock came at the door. A person brought me a basket of provisions and a half-a-crown. In a bad state of mind I once after this said, 'The Lord shall again make it manifest that he has called me.'

"I now received letters of invitation from

Staites, Horsell, and Sunningdale, at which places I preached; thus testifying in my own mind that I was the Lord's, and that he had called me.

Mr. Pope then asked him to give some account of the leadings of providence in bringing him to Hadlow.

Mr. M'Cure's answer may be gathered from the church's statement as read by Mr. Crittle.

Mr. Pope next asked him for a statement of the doctrines on which he intended to found his ministry? In answer to which Mr. M'Cure read from his own writing a clear and distinct confession of his faith.

The church then publicly recognized the call, and their pastor ratified his assent; when Mr. Foreman rose and addressed the church and pastor; gave the right hand of fellowship to the pastor and one of the deacons, as representative of the church.

The doxology was sung; Mr. Pope pronounced the benediction, and the Morning's service ended at about half-past two o'clock.

Notices of the Afternoon and Evening Services will appear in our next.

The Cherubims.

(Continued from page 151.)

[After having last month given Allen's view of the Cherubims, for the edification of "S. F. B." we promised to give the views of some other eminent men of God. The following is from Dr. Hawker.]

Cherub and Cherubim.—We meet with an account of these so frequently in the word of God, that it forms an important duty to seek, under the Spirit's teaching, for the clearest apprehension of their meaning. At the entrance of the garden of Eden, after the fall, we find the cherubim and a flaming sword placed, Gen. iii. 24. And during the Church's continuance in the wilderness, several relations are made of the cherubim, Exod. xxv. 18, 19. Exod. xxvi. 1. Exod. xxxvii. 7, 8. Solomon's temple also, was adorned with the representation of them, 1 Kings, vi. 23, &c. But more particularly, in the visional prophecy of Ezekiel. See chapters nine and ten throughout. The general representation of the cherubim was under the similitude of four living creatures, the face of a man, the face of a lion, the face of an ox, or calf, and the face of an eagle. That these figures were emblems of somewhat more important and higher than themselves, hath been the universal opinion, both in the Jewish and Christian Church, through all ages. Some have considered them as representing angels. But there seems, in the first view of the subject, a total contradiction to this, because no one reason upon earth can be shewn why angels

should be represented with four faces. Neither could there be any necessity for any other representation of an angel, but as an angel. We meet with continued instances of angels appearing, in the word of God, to God's people without any danger. Of JEHOVAH himself only can it be said, *thou canst not see my face and live*, Exod. xxxiii. 20. Moreover, before the cherubim was sprinkled, on the great day of atonement, the blood of the sacrifice, which we all know was typical of CHRIST, and represented the one offering of the Redeemer. Now, to have this set forth before angels would have been contrary to the whole sense of scripture. See Exod. xxxvii. 9. Lev. xvi. 14, compared with Heb. ix. 7, 12. Evidently, therefore, the cherubim could not be intended to prefigure angels.

The question is then, what, or whom, did they represent? I would very humbly say in answer, that I am inclined to think, with several who have gone before me in the study of this solemn and mysterious subject, that the cherubim were emblematical of the glorious persons of the GODHEAD, in their covenant engagements to redeem our fallen nature, as represented in those characters united with the manhood of CHRIST. And the foundation of this belief, I humbly beg to subjoin.

And first, to begin with the earliest representation at the gate of Paradise, we are told, Gen. iii. 24, that the LORD himself placed those cherubim there, which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life. By which I apprehend, the sense of the expression is, not to keep from, but to keep to, the way of the tree of life; meaning, that poor fallen man now had no access but by this way. And as we well know, from our LORD's own authority, that JESUS is the way, and the truth, and the life; and no man cometh to the FATHER, but by him, John xiv. 6. Hence it should seem, that by these cherubim figures, among which the face of a man formed a part, immediately at the fall, redemption through CHRIST was set up by those emblems, as manifested to the church.

Secondly, Those cherubim were eminently displayed in the Holy of Holies, over and upon the mercy seat. See Exod. xxv. 17 to 22, compared with Heb. ix. 1 to 24. Now, as from the authority of those scriptures, we have full licence to conclude, that the mercy-seat itself was an emblem of CHRIST, and the High Priest going into the Holy of Holies once in a year, with blood, a lively type of the LORD JESUS going in with his own blood into heaven itself, there to appear in the presence of God for us, we cannot for a moment suppose, but that these cherubim must have been designed to represent the holy and undivided Three Persons in the GODHEAD, the one eternal JEHOVAH, before whom only, and to whom only, CHRIST, in his divine and human nature united, made the one sacrifice of himself, by

which he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. The song of heaven declared, that the redemption by CHRIST was from God, as the first cause, and to God, as the final end, Rev. v. 9. To have set forth, therefore, these solemn representations, by type and figure, in the Jewish Church, before any but JEHOVAH himself, would have been little short of blasphemy, and consequently, those cherubim, before which every great day of atonement, the same was regularly observed, could be emblematical only of the glorious Persons of the GODHEAD.

If it be objected, that in the vision of Isaiah, chap. vi. and so again, in the vision of John, Rev. viii. where in both scriptures, we find the seraphim, or cherubim, (for they mean one and the same,) are represented as worshipping God, and hence it be said, is there not a contradiction in supposing JEHOVAH worshipping JEHOVAH? I answer, certainly there would be, if this were in reality the case. But the fact is, that it is not so. Let it be remembered, that these cherubim are emblems, and not the very persons they represent. The representatives of another may join in any acts with others, to proclaim with them the worth, or praises, of those whom they represent. As the ambassador of an earthly king, though he represents his master, may, at the same time, join his fellow subjects in proclaiming with them his master's honor. This objection, therefore, falls to the ground. And though I do not presume on a subject so mysterious and sublime, to speak decidedly, yet I cannot but think, that the cherubim of scripture, are intended to represent the glorious persons of the GODHEAD, with the human nature united to the person of the Son of God, and by no means intended to represent angels.

In Memory of George Greenough,

Minister of the Gospel, Manchester, who departed this life, Feb. 18, 1842. Aged 58 Years.

"They that are delivered from the noise of archers, in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord." Judges v. 11.

THE Champion's fought the glorious fight,
And won through Jesus' conquering might
The treach'rous foes his soul assail'd,
By faith he wrestled and prevail'd;
He built on Christ.—foundation good,
Made firm and sure by love and blood,
That made the wicked archers go,
And seek his final overthrow.
But God deliver'd from their hands,
His wounded so. l.—And now he stands
A crowned victor through God's love
His righteous acts to tell above.
To him that lov'd us—Hark, he sings!
He praises the great King of kings:
Who from his sins did wash him clean,
And now he stands complete in him;
A king and priest in heaven is he,
From every artful foe set free.
Made one with Christ, he lives and reigns,
No more to suffer griefs and pains.

Infant Salvation.

IN many parts of the country, yea, in almost every place where I have been preaching these last twenty years, I have heard the same stale, evil report against Zion and her sons; and, as a watchman, I have been watching this malignant insurgent for some years, who has been affrighting the babes and little children in Zion, stabbing the ministers of the free grace glorious gospel in the dark, alarming weak minds, and casting a scandal on the cause of the Redeemer, if it were possible. But, be assured 'an enemy hath done this.'

The question was inadvertently asked the other day, 'Do you ever go to such a chapel?' The answer was 'No. Neither do I wish to enter into such places, where such horrible doctrines as these are preached—To say that there are little children in hell whose lives on earth were but a span long!' This is the poor old hack horse that has been rode round the country for many years; and surely they must be either enemies to Zion, or very ignorant people that ride him. But this old *black horse* is ridden by many who think themselves wise; perhaps, for want of a better, viz., the *White Horse* of the glorious gospel, on which the saints ride over mountains of sin and difficulties with Jesus the Captain of salvation; and through such mud, mire, and filthy waters which the serpent pours out of his mouth, 'For the armies that follow him upon white horses are clothed in fine linen, white and clean,' (Rev. xix. 14;) and such mire and dirt cannot stick to their robes nor defile them.

I being a watchman in the city of Zion, and hearing such wranglings in the night, I thought it my duty to give the alarm, and apprehend such mischievous insurgents. So I moved the slide of my lantern to throw a little light on them and the subject then in hand; and, thought I, if it must come to a fight, I, as a watchman under the city authorities, am justified in giving a blow both at the horse and rider if required.

I said, you must confess that we are 'conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity,' consequently, infants after the flesh are all born in sin; therefore they do not come into this world pure as the virgin snows, nor (as some affirm) like a sheet of writing-paper, for man to write on them just what he pleases. They are born in sin, and consequently cannot go to heaven on the ground of their native innocence and purity, neither on the ground of human or moral instruction; neither can they be saved by good works, they perform none; neither is it possible for them to be saved on your Arminian ground of free-will, for their mental powers are not opened or expanded to exercise their wills on religious subjects; their mental faculties have neither budded, blossomed, nor born visible fruits of righteousness. And on your

Arminian ground of salvation they must be saved either by natural or moral purity, or otherwise by free-will and good works. And it is evident they cannot be saved through either of these channels. No; they are saved as all the heirs of glory are saved, viz., by grace, freely by grace, without works, in the covenant of grace, by the inward work of the Spirit, the blood and righteousness of Christ; for all that are saved, both infants and adults, must be, and are saved by grace alone. 'And Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Thus, you may see it is a slander cast on the gospel of Christ, by satan and his deceived ones, and a common slander cast on the ministers of the glorious gospel, who preach the eternal, sovereign, and everlasting love of God in Christ Jesus to his people. Therefore, it is not the Calvinists that shut infants out of heaven, and send such of a span long to hell, as we are slanderously reported by free-willers. No, no. If there are such ignorant, daring, and presumptuous men on earth, it must be you, ye free-willers and Fullerites, who affirm that salvation is by free-will, duty faith, and good works performed by the creature; and we know that infants are not capable of performing these things, neither faith, nor good works, neither can they be saved by their native purity, being born in sin. Thus you charge us Calvinists with that you are guilty of yourselves, according to your own creed. It is you that would shut them out of heaven! Not us. No! we affirm that both infants and adults are saved by grace, and the redemption that is in Christ Jesus our Lord. The election of grace are all saved by grace—infants included, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' All saved by grace, and their works follow after—

And all their work is praise and love,
In the pure world of light above.

Every mouth must be stopped; charge us no more so foolishly; examine your own creed, and see what it leads to.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.
Leicester, June 21, 1848.

THE AWFUL DEATH OF A MERE PROFESSOR CONTRASTED BY THE Peaceful Departure of a Real Saint.

(From the Life of the late Henry Fowler.)

(Continued from page 142.)

WHILE I was at Birmingham, death made many vacancies among my hearers, and some died with a well-grounded hope in the sure mercies of David; and others doubtful. I shall select two characters, and make some remarks on them, which may be read both with trembling and rejoicing.

One of these characters had been a manager of our chapel for a short time before I came to Birmingham. He was taken ill,

and his life was considered in danger: I was sent for to visit him, and went with one of our managers. When I entered the room I saw in the poor man's countenance the picture of despair. He said, 'You are come to see a dying man, full of anguish and pain with one foot in the grave, and without any hope in God, and without the least desire to have a hope; I am given up to hardness of heart and impenitence; and what will appear strange to you, I am in no trouble about it, not the least, though I know that I shall soon be a dead man.' These observations made me tremble, and I paused to think what I should say to him; for I had never met with such a case before nor since, and the Lord grant I never may again. I thought it might be that he was left to the buffetings of satan, or by some falls had been deserted of God, as a chastisement for his folly. I therefore asked him many questions respecting the beginning of his profession, in order to ascertain the character of the man, and draw something from him that might induce me to speak comfortably to him. He told me he had had convictions that he was a sinner many times, and had had many joys and comforts which he thought came from God at the time; but his convictions, he said, 'were nothing more than men generally had at times; for their own conscience condemned them. And as for my joys and comforts, they were common to hypocrites, and they never came from God: I never truly hated sin, nor ever truly received comfort; thus I have been deceiving myself and others under a cloak of religion; nor am I the least troubled about it.' Many things more the poor man said equally horrifying! I spoke to him, and so did the friend that was with me, some time; but he put away the whole of what we said, which filled me with sorrow and confusion. The friend who was with me said, 'Shall we pray with you?' 'You may if you wish so to do; but I have not the least desire to pray myself, nor for any one to pray for me.' I said to my friend, 'You must pray;' for I am certain if I had attempted to pray I should not have been able, and my friend attempted: but he hardly knew what he was talking about, he was in such confusion of mind. Glad I was when he had done. We then departed; and to the best of my recollection the poor man died the next day, in the same state as we left him. When we came down stairs we found the poor man's wife drowned in tears to see her poor husband in that state; she seemed inconsolable on account of his eternal state; she was an hearer of mine.

Some two years after the death of her husband she was apprehended for receiving stolen property, and was transported for fourteen years, if not for life to Botany Bay colony! I would observe, that from the enquiries I made about her husband, I found that he had been a very unsteady, drunken man, which brought on him a

dropsy, of which he died in the prime of life. As for his eternal state I must leave it, and admire that grace which has made me to differ. The effects of this interview I shall not soon forget.

As a contrast to the above I will now give some account of Mrs. C——. This woman attended my ministry a few months only. She was distinguished from the rest of my congregation by her wearing a scarlet cloak. She always appeared very attentive and downcast; she would seldom look up all the time I was preaching. At length this woman was missed from the chapel; and enquiries were made of me, who she was, and what was become of her. I said, I recollected such a person, and had missed her; but who she is, or where she comes from I know not—I suppose she belongs to the flying camp. A few weeks after this I received a note requesting me to visit this person, who was ill in bed. I went, and when I entered her apartment, she lifted up her hands, and said, 'O my dear sir, how glad I am to see you! I was always afraid to speak to you; but now my Lord has come, I can tell you what he has done for my soul; he hath turned my darkness into light; he hath put away my sin, and blessed be his name, I shall shortly be with him! Come,' she said, 'sit down, and I will tell you all about it.' This was a gratification to me, and I begged of her to take her time; for I perceived she was very weak, as she had been some time confined to her bed with a most painful disease.

The substance of her relation I shall here give:—When a young woman I went to hear several preachers, who were considered gospel ministers, with several young persons of my acquaintance; and the preaching took hold of my heart, as I thought, and I used to embrace every opportunity to hear, sometimes walking many miles. I found great love to the ways of God, to his servants, and to his children, and for some time felt as happy as my soul could wish. But after a while my comforts abated, and I became worldly and carnal, and had no relish for religion: I therefore concluded that I knew nothing about religion; for if I had I should not have been in this state of indifference. At this period I became acquainted with a young man, quite a man of the world, who made no profession of religion; and having no religion myself, and a proposition of marriage being made, we were shortly married. I was then wholly taken up with the cares of this life, and had no time to think about religion. Thus I became indifferent to every thing spiritual. I used to spend the Lord's day in pleasure with my husband and friends in general. In this state I continued for about twenty-five years! but not without remorse and occasional checks of conscience. But by-and-by I began to reflect on my former days, and on the life I had been living, without God in the world for so many years, and was much dis-

tressed on account of my eternal state; and went to hear more constantly the preached word, but chiefly of late I sat under Mr. J. B—t, but my distress increased; though sometimes I met with a little encouragement. At length I heard of you, and from what I heard I felt a determination to come and hear you. But, sir, you do not know what I suffered under your ministry: for you used to ransack my heart, and point out all my sins, backslidings and baseness in such a way, that I blushed, and could not look up many times; nor should I ever have spoken to you if the Lord had not in mercy visited me. About three months ago, I was laid on this bed of affliction; and I was in the greatest agony both of body and mind. I saw nothing but death before me, and had no evidence of an interest in Christ; so that my soul was overwhelmed with trouble. In this distress of soul I was encouraged, and constrained to call mightily upon the Lord to shew me the light of his countenance, and proclaim my pardon through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. He heard my prayer; and I saw by faith that he had blotted out my sins as a cloud, never more to be remembered, and I know that I shall be with Christ die when I may; I have the evidence in my own soul, and he will be faithful to his word and promise; and he assures me he will never leave me nor forsake me. Having thus been brought into that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free, I felt anxious to tell you, that we might rejoice together, and that you might be encouraged to tell poor sinners, that they need not despair of mercy, seeing that he saved such a wretch as me! This, reader, is the substance of what she said at that time.

The spiritual reader may judge, in some measure, what my feelings were on this occasion. I poured out my heart in gratitude and prayer to God before we parted, for his great mercy shewn to her; but I was filled with remorse at my rashness, in supposing this woman was 'one of the flying camp.' 'O! (I said) she is a daughter of Israel! she is an heir of promise! she is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold!'

The pleasure and sweetness I found by her conversation, I cannot express. At the time appointed, I met her again, and found that she had had a severe temptation; that Christ was not equal to the Father—that she had been doing wrong in honoring him as she honoured the Father, which temptation had much shook her already debilitated frame. Under this painful feeling, she hastily called her daughter to read a chapter to her out of John's gospel, which she did; and the Lord broke the snare; and by this trial of her faith, she was still more firmly grounded in that soul-supporting doctrine, Immanuel's eternal divinity and co-equality with the Father, which she related to me in the most sober and judicious manner. But while she was relating to

me these things, she was seized with the most excruciating pain, and begged me to assist her out of bed, that she might be relieved by walking round the room, which I did; and by supporting her by one arm, and by the stick she had in one hand, she walked about several minutes, though bent double from her painful disease; and when her violent pain abated, I assisted her into bed: then, with a sweet smile on her countenance, she said, 'What are all these pains, when compared with my blessed Redeemer's? This is but a taste of that bitter cup that he drank up to the very dregs, and all for the redemption of a poor worthless sinner like me! We prayed, and parted with many tears, not of sorrow but of joy.'

I visited her several times as also did a valuable old friend of mine, now in glory, singing the high praises of God and the Lamb. On one occasion, after I first saw her, her doctor came to visit her. On his entering the room, she said, 'Doctor, sit down; I want to talk a few minutes to you. You are often with the sick and dying, and have opportunities above most others to receive instruction and warning; but I fear that most medical men are tinctured with infidelity. You see me, sir, very near my end; relieve me you may, but cure me you cannot; neither have I a wish to remain here, 'for I know in whom I have believed,' and I know I shall be with him to behold his glory. The sting of death is taken away; I have no fear of death, but long for the time of my dismissal from the body, that I may see him whom my soul loves. Some day, sir, you will be brought into dying circumstances, as you now see me; and 'you must be born again,' as the Saviour says, or into the kingdom of heaven you cannot enter. Christ must be known by the teaching of the Holy Ghost: there is no duty, no worth, no goodness in man, that is acceptable before God. No; the blood and righteousness of Christ must be depended on only for our acceptance before God. You see, sir, how it is with me; death is no terror, and eternity no dread to me, because I know that I am saved in Jesus with an everlasting salvation, and I shall have boldness in the day of judgment; while those who die in their sins will be speechless on that awful day. May the Lord teach you, and make you to understand these things.'

I have given a mere outline of her observations to the doctor, for I believe her discourse lasted more than a quarter of an hour. When she had done her discourse on spiritual matters, she said, 'Now sir, you may proceed to business.' He did so, and retired; without any remark to her on the subject of religion. As he passed down stairs he met the husband of his patient, and said to him, 'Mr. C., you must not allow your wife to take spirits on any account; it has had the most unhappy effect on her, she is not rational; and it has been produced by ardent spirits.' Mr. C—1

was quite alarmed; and called his daughter to reprimand her for giving her mother spirits; but the daughter, who waited constantly on her mother protested that she had not given her mother one drop of spirits; but the father would not believe her, but rather the doctor. Mr. C—— hastened to his wife, and in the most affectionate manner said to her, 'My dear, pray don't take any spirits: I am afraid it has hurt your mind.' She said, 'What has the doctor been telling you that I have been taking spirits? I am surprised that you should believe him. I have taken none; and your daughter knows I have not. Poor soul! (she said) you are as dark in your understanding as the colour of your waistcoat, and the doctor also. No! it was not the use of spirits, but the good wine of the kingdom that constrained me to speak of Christ and his salvation to the doctor. But how can a man receive these things, unless the Lord teach him?'

Mrs. C—— continued some days after this, and had sweet joy and peace in believing up to her last moment. A good and gracious woman visited her frequently, and witnessed her last struggle, and was blessedly comforted, and her comforts increased as the moments flew. Having the free use of her speech, and knowing that her departure was at hand, she said to her friend, 'Find me that precious hymn that has been made such a blessing to me; and do read it over and over, until I leave the body: I shall not be long here; the messenger is come, and I am all ready to go.' The friend found the hymn as requested. To the best of my recollection, it was the hymn in my first volume of 'Original Hymns,' which begins thus:—

Come hither ye, by sin distress'd,

This friend had not read long, before the Saviour said to this precious child of his that was longing to depart, 'Come away!'

What a contrast this to the former character! But before I leave this article, I would observe, the Lord is a sovereign, and his dealings with his saints are various; his judgments also are a mighty deep, and his ways are unsearchable. Perhaps there are but few out of the many whose hope is fixed on Christ alone, that are so favoured as Mrs. C——. How often have we expected to find the most rapturous enjoyments in some of our more steady and spiritual brethren in their closing scene: but how often have we been disappointed!—while the timorous and halting, nay, and even those whose life has been marked by many blots, have left a most satisfactory proof that they are gone to glory. This is puzzling to our reason. But we should remember that it is much easier for God to pardon the greatest offences against him, than it is for us to pardon the least offence against us by one of our brethren. 'My thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are my ways as your ways, saith the Lord.'

(To be Continued)

THE SAFETY OF

The Church in Troublous Times.

What Christian can behold the strange events which are now transpiring, and not be concerned respecting the church of Christ; but as Jesus foretold these events, we cannot do better than be on the watch tower; and to enter into the chamber, and shut the door, and in prayer and supplication look unto the Lord for direction and preservation in this time of trouble. And in my thinking and meditating respecting passing events, my mind was led to compose a few verses on the occasion, which, if you think them worth a place in your valuable 'Vessel,' are at your service.

The judgments of God are abroad in the earth,
His anger and wrath do appear;
Kings, princes, or nobles, by blood or by birth,
Are quaking and trembling with fear.

God will overturn, overturn, overturn,
Till peace, truth, and justice shall reign;
His just indignation like fire shall burn,
And none shall his anger restrain.

But God has an angel which bears an ink horn,
With pen, ready dipp'd, in his hand,
To mark all that sigh, and that cry, and that mourn
For the wickedness done in the land.

Yes, pray'r is the sign (like the Passover blood)
That God's chosen people are there; [flood,
Though judgments should deluge the world like a
Yet safe are the subjects of prayer.

Should death and destruction sweep through the
To Jesus, by pray'r, let us flee; [whole world,
And while his sore judgments around us are hurl'd,
The angels our safeguard shall be.

Thus happy the people whose God is the Lord,
Midst dangers, and troubles they're blest;
They're safe in the turmoil of fire and sword,
While on the Lord's promise they rest.

His love and his promise their safety secures,
And nothing his love can erase;
And Calvary's blood their redemption procures,
And this all of free sov'reign grace.

Now thanks to the Father, the Spirit, the Son,
All praise to the glorious Three,
Who loved the church, and will never lose one,
E'en such a poor sinner as me.

By grace on this rock the whole church will abide,
Hope's anchor there being made fast;
Through life and through death, they each storm
shall outride,
And gloriously triumph at last.—THOMAS HALL
Limehouse.

The Security of the Church in Christ.

Shelter'd beneath thy mighty wings,
Thy church is safe great King of kings.
When dire commotions rage abroad,
She shall find refuge in her Lord.
Beneath the shade of Calvary's tree,
She rests, dear Christ, alone in thee.

Midst weary scenes of earthly woe,
Thy blood-bought bride to thee can go;
Thine eyes behold her gasping tears,
Thy love dispels her rising fears:
And leaning on Jehovah's arm,
She feels herself secure from harm.

What most disturbs her peace below
Is sin, that overwhelming foe:
But thine own healing blood alone,
Can well for ev'ry sin atone,
And 'neath the shade of Calvary's tree,
She simply resteth, Christ, in thee.

SUSANNA.

Letter to a Wesleyan.

Extract of a Letter from a Brother to his Sister.

MY DEAR SISTER.—“I have thought often, and thought seriously and prayerfully on one caution you gave me, when we last met. “Don't be a bigot, brother.” How often that term is applied to those who do not think as we do. But when is it rightly applied? I think, when persons sternly adhere to opinions which they have learned from man, but which have no foundation in the word of God. Now, if I or any man hold opinions for which we can produce a “thus saith the Lord,” then to us the term is misapplied. When it pleased God to reveal to me, that the Bible was his word, and that all it contained was truth; I was then constrained to examine its doctrines, and compare them with what man had said and written concerning them, and to beg earnestly and continually that I might have the guidance of his Spirit to lead me into all truth. I was thus led to believe as I do, and have been made daily to prove the truth of the doctrines, in my own soul's experience, and in the Lord's way of dealing with others. Then comes the question, am I right; or, am I, and all that believe as I do, given up to strong delusion, to believe a lie? If I am, I richly deserve it, for a more base and vile sinner than myself I know not. And most of my fellow believers confess the same. But they who are given up to these, are said to “have pleasure in unrighteousness.” Now my constant cry is to be kept from unrighteousness. My heart is deceitful, and I dare not trust it; but as far as I know myself, my desire is to live to the glory of God alone, and to show forth in life and conversation the praises of him who certainly hath wrought a great change in me, making me to differ wonderfully from what I was. Then again, if I am taught by the Spirit of God; who are they taught by who deny the truths which I believe? The Spirit of God does not teach opposite doctrines. And what am I to think of those who say, “that God has revealed doctrines in his word which are not proper to preach to every one?” But who affirm, that some of them must be kept back, or they will do injury to the cause of God. Have those who thus say and do, any scripture warrant for their practice? I think not; but vain man would be wiser than his maker, and in effect, is telling him that such (to them) obnoxious truths had better have been unrevealed. The carnal mind will never receive the truths of God, but with the Spirit of judgment and burning they must be cut and burnt in. These truths are in no way pleasing to flesh and blood; and flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of God. I do not contend for the sake of contention. God forbid. But zeal for the truth and honour of God constrains me thus to write. God is judge between us, and he alone. I know not but every time I write it may be the last;

and as standing on the brink of eternity, I take God to witness, that it is a fear lest fleshly and soul destroying systems should have more influence over your mind than the solemn realities of God's word. I dare not but be faithful to the grace given me, whilst I pray that you may receive it as it is intended, in heartfelt affection. And if you can show me to be in error, or can prove me wrong, deal as faithfully as you please with me, I demand it of you, as you will answer at the judgment seat of Christ. God have mercy on us, and give us eyes to see, and hearts to receive the truth. I appeal to the law and to the testimony, to Moses, the prophets, and the apostles; and if you hear not them, neither would you believe “though one rose from the dead.”

Marylebone.

W. H.

A Solemn Circumstance.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

SIR,—It is now about eight years since I was very intimate with a Mr. —, a man endowed with strong intellect, amiable temper, fond of conversation, agreeable, particularly fond of discussing theology; but unfortunately for him he was of that class of men who deny the deity of the Son of God; believing him to be only a divinely inspired man sent of God for man's redemption, but strongly denying his Godhead. In this he always appeared delighted, whenever he had an opportunity, to bring it forward for argument, which was not unfrequent, especially with the writer, whom he used to visit, I believe, for no other purpose than to silence me. But as far as the Lord the Spirit enabled, the word of God was used to pull down his strong holds; shewing, that unless Christ was God as well as man the scripture testimony of him could not be true.

The last time I met this poor deluded man, which was in the evening of the day, our arguments were long and powerful on both sides. He got up to go home, when I addressed him as follows: and while I did so, there was a solemn awe resting on me, not easily forgot. My remarks to him were: “I tell you Mr. —, the time is near, how near or how far off I cannot tell you, but the time is coming when you will need the Saviour whom you now despise.” I repeated this under a very solemn impression; poor man, he went home, had a sleepless night, and the following morning, early, came to me much agitated, and said, “friend M., you and I will never more dispute on a subject such as last night;” and shook me by the hand; then I said, “never more in my presence meddle with the honors of the Son of God;” and we parted for ever.

This poor man went home, and before the sun set, he was a corpse!

“No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.”

CRABSTICK.

Journeying Mercies.

A FEW WORDS ADDRESSED TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AT CROSBY ROW.

DEAR BRETHEN AND SISTERS IN THE LORD,—I am now pent up in one corner of a railway carriage, having this Saturday, July 1st, 1848, to travel above 260 miles; in the anticipation of preaching several times in Yorkshire, before I meet you again. And as I was this morning being hurled through the air by steam in safety, these words came to me—“*In all thy ways acknowledge the Lord, and he shall direct your steps.*” And with these words, a desire sprang up in my soul to set up an Ebenezer of gratitude and praise unto the God of all my mercies; for surely no poor sinner did ever more certainly see the good hand of God towards him, than I have done since he called me to preach the gospel in London; and, therefore, the Editors of *Spiritual Magazines*, and others may do their utmost to throw contempt upon me, but seeing the Lord goes on to appear for me, I do desire increasingly to live to his honour and glory; and to spend and be spent in his service. The first thing in which I do desire to acknowledge the good hand of my God towards me, is, his appearance for me in providential matters. In consequence of the very heavy losses which I have sustained through the publication of this and some other works, I found myself in the spring of this year, fast going behind; and how I was to meet the claims that would be made upon me, I knew not. From two or three particular sources, I fully expected eighty pounds; which sum was required to pay a stationer's bill. But nearly all of these particular expectancies failed, and it did appear as though a thick cloud was gathering, which would burst upon me with great violence. Many attempts to work deliverance for me were made, but in vain. In the midst of this time of trial, Mr. James Osbourn sent for me, and he gave me an order to print for him a new edition of “*THE BUILDING OF MERCY*,” and as it was a heavy undertaking he paid me down forty sovereigns to commence it with: and before the time came to make my payment, another appearance of the Lord's hand was seen, so that I can say in this case—

The mount of danger is the place,
Where I have seen surprising grace.

We are now busily engaged in printing the *BUILDING OF MERCY*; and I have a hope that the Lord will abundantly honor and own the publication of that work in England, and constrain the Lord's people to spread it far and wide, so that our esteemed and aged brother may be no loser; and whoever examines its bulk, and considers its price, (with all the draw-backs connected with the publishing of works,) will be assured that no temporary gain, of any amount can possibly accrue to any party.

But from this I pass away; and come secondly, to acknowledge the good hand of

God towards me in the ministry of the word. As many of you were not present on the Thursday evening, when I spoke for the last time in Crosby Row, previous to my leaving for Hull—I will briefly recapitulate what I was led that evening to advance. I had been very much engaged that day in despatching the VESSELS to their several destinations—(which is now a very long and arduous task)—and I felt quite worn down in my frame, weary in my mind, and not a little afflicted at the thought of having so long a journey to take. I sat down in the table pew; brother Blake was giving out a hymn. I asked our brother Aaron Miller to read a chapter; for really I felt I could neither stand up nor open my mouth. Well, he read the 55th of Isaiah, and when he came to the words—“*YE SHALL GO OUT WITH JOY, AND BE LED FORTH WITH PEACE.*” They fell into my soul with power, and I felt as though the Lord spoke them to my heart. While brother Packer was in prayer, the words of Paul to the Philippians came to my mind—“*Only let your conversation be as cometh the gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you, or else be absent from you, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit,*” &c. Upon the coming in of this word, when Brother P. had done prayer, I took up the Bible, and turned to the epistle to the Philippians, and was deeply impressed with the words of Paul (Phil. i. 25, 26)—“*And having this confidence, I know that I shall abide, and continue with you all, for your furtherance, and joy of faith.*”

These words seemed really to be put into my very heart and mouth; they were like unto a brilliant torch, that, in an instant, threw a light back upon all the path which I had been led; and did so bring up a sense of the great goodness of God unto my soul, that I felt I really did possess this confidence; and I arose and spoke to the dear people present; and told them upon what my confidence appeared to be based. First, from the deep and awful pit out of which God had raised me—the pardoning mercy, and amazing grace he had shown unto me in entirely removing, pardoning, and delivering me from my sins. Second—from the mysterious providence displayed in bringing me up into the ministry again; not by my working and seeking; but by the means of his own dear people, who sought me out, and brought me forward. Thirdly—from the great acceptance he has given me to find among all his saints, not only in London, but in all parts of the kingdom where I have been sent for to preach the gospel of his rich grace. Fourthly—this confidence is grounded in the love and real heartfelt union which I feel to the church at Crosby Row. God only knoweth how near and dear they lay upon my heart—and how I do long for their peace and prosperity in the things of God. I have in many parts and places found kind friends—but I have never yet seen the people with whom I would more desire to live and die

than with my own beloved church and friends in poor dark and dismal Crosby-row. Fifthly—Because I have been preserved from many sharp temptations—and held up in many sore trials, since I have been called to preach the gospel unto you, and those trials have really been made useful to me, and a blessing unto many souls among whom I have laboured. Sixthly—This confidence is strengthened by the fact that although my labours, as printer, and editor, preacher and pastor have been immense; yet never has the Lord forsaken me in the work. I have sometimes been blessedly indulged with sacred and solemn meditation on the word before preaching: at other times, I have been so dark, dead, empty, and barren, that I could see nothing, feel nothing, nor obtain anything; but, in the moment of extremity, the Lord has opened my heart to receive, and loosened my tongue to declare his truth; and he has blessed the same to his saints. And, lastly, I may add, he has given me such a strong attachment to the work; and at times, such strong desires to be useful the remnant of my days, that I cannot but believe I shall yet continue with you for your furtherance and joy in the faith.

I must now come to give you some brief account of my journey into Yorkshire; and of my labours among the people there.

After preaching at Mile-end, on Friday evening, June 30th, I hastened home, and very soon after this a cab drove up to our door, with Brother GEORGE KELLAWAY, who had come up from Yeovil, to preach for me during my absence. I found him a plain, honest, sincere, man of God, and most heartily did I pray that the great Head of the church would bless his labours to your souls.

I was told, it was absolutely necessary, in order to get to Hull on Saturday, that I leave London by the six o'clock train. Well, at exactly twenty-five minutes to five o'clock on Saturday Morning the Lord awoke me. I found all in the house in a profound sleep; and felt persuaded I should not be able to reach Euston-square by six o'clock. While, however, I was meditating upon what was now to be done, my sons were up and gone for a conveyance, and having besought the Lord's presence and blessing, I was quickly on the road towards the rail; found a corner in a Hull carriage, and by the good hand of God upon me, I arrived safely in this town at six o'clock in the evening, and was, by my friend Mr. Lane comfortably quartered at Brother Waas's, in Carlisle-street; whose extreme kindness towards me, (in my very poor state of health here,) I hope ever to remember with much gratitude and esteem.

On Lord's-day morning and evening, I preached in Bethesda Chapel. In the morning I was sorely tried; my mind so hampered and distressed, that how to proceed, or how to leave off, I did not know. Before I arrived here, Mr. Lane wrote me word that "the Yorkshire people were all cock-a-hoop at my coming." Alas! I am inclined

to think they had looked for too much from me. Why it was, I could not tell: but poverty of soul, and darkness of mind prevailed to such an extent, that I seriously wished I had never come. In the evening of the day, the fire kindled in my soul a little, and then I made such a noise that some could not hear what I said; others were obliged to go out for fear their heads would be split; and so altogether, you may depend upon it, I felt not a little distressed by the way. On the following morning I took a solitary walk by myself, for indeed I seemed to be here all alone. I found Hull to be a very extensive, a very busy town. It lays on the borders of the river Humber, which wide stream of water separates the two large counties of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. A very fine pier is here erected on which you may walk, see the shipping, steam vessels, the opposite shores of New Holland, and many other things of an interesting character. The Wesleyans have here got six immensely large chapels; besides Primitives, Ranters, Presbyterians, General Baptists, Quakers, Churches, and other places of worship. Hull is by no means deficient of forms of worship, but how much real salt it contains, the Lord only knows.

That it does contain some precious souls I am fully persuaded, although it was not my lot to find many of them. On the Monday evening I was announced to preach again in Bethesda Chapel, and with a sore pain in my head, and much coldness in my heart, I went into the pulpit. Something seemed to say to me "They have had enough of you in Hull, you had better have stayed at home." "Yes," I said, "I feel so: but who can tell what the Lord may have to do?" I tried to make the best of it: but I felt that preaching with my usual liberty was out of the question; however I made a noise for above an hour; and I know some solemn truths were spoken, but the comfort of them appeared to be left behind. The next day (Tuesday) we held a public tea Meeting in the Wilberforce Rooms. [There is a very noble monument erected on one of the bridges here, in commemoration of Wilberforce's Abolition of Slavery.] This meeting was well attended. The provisions were truly characteristic of Yorkshire—rich in quality, profuse in variety, and abundant in quantity. It was to me a pleasing sight. Some of the speaking was edifying. The next day we went to Hessel, where I spoke to the people in a large club room, and told them that "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." There was a good party came out from Hull, but the well was deep; I had nothing to draw with; and so I was compelled abruptly to sit down. Surely never was I more mortified in my life in the matter of preaching. The next day, (Thursday) I was to preach in the ancient town of Beverley. I must and will mention one circumstance here. As I was returning from Hessel on Wednesday evening, a friend said, "I saw Mr. Wilson

was hearing you on Monday night.' I said, 'Who is Mr. Wilson?' 'A Baptist minister.' 'Is he a man of truth?' I asked. 'O yes; he is a SOUND MAN,' said my friend. The next morning I was introduced to him; a very kind christian man I found him to be; and truly I must say it warmed my heart (not a little) to find that even the poor despised Baptists, (holding the doctrines of grace in heart and life), were not without a living witness *even in Hull*. I pray God to bless his labours in the midst of the many thousands of souls which swarm by shoals in this densely populated part of our native land. At three o'clock we set sail for Beverley; a clean, pretty, quiet town; having a noble cathedral or Minster Church, called '*Beverly Minster*,' a parish church, and some neat looking chapels. We went into the Minster; and a very handsome house it is, which has evidently stood for many centuries; and it seemed to say to me (as it lifted up its tall towers towards the heavens, and spread its mighty cloisters east and west,) '*Your noise about the CHURCH IS IN DANGER, does not move me.*' 'Well, well, Mr. Minster, (said I) I have no desire to move you. You are in the hands of Israel's God; he has made use of you; and may do so again; and when he has done with you he will sink you in oblivion; for much as we admire your lofty spires, and elegantly scarlet coloured stalls and pews, and ancient monuments, still, you are not THAT CHURCH WHICH CHRIST HAS BUILT UPON THE ROCK; against which the gates of hell never can prevail.' While silently musing in one corner of the Minster, friend Lane gave me a thump, and said, '*Come along.*' So off we went; and after giving me a good Yorkshire cup of tea, they took me into the Temperance Hall. There they stuck me up in a kind of gallery, (for a pulpit,) and a few people lent me their ears for a short time. Bless the Lord, my labours in Yorkshire are over! And now (Friday Morning,) I am passing over rivers, through dismal tunnels, and some few fields of corn and hay, on my way to Leicester, where I expect to preach this evening if the Lord permit. I may just say in conclusion, that, on getting into friend Garrard's pulpit, the fact of sister Walker's being taken home to glory pressed heavily on my spirit; and, I really there enjoyed a little of the Lord's presence; and greatly rejoiced am I to say that on my return home I have found my loving Masteris with me. Thus in hope of eternal life, I am yours to serve in the gospel. C. W. BANKS.

A Good Day.

MY BELOVED BROTHER ROBERT.—As I am now shut up in an Eastern Counties Railway Carriage, on my way to Spalding, in Lincolnshire, where I hope to blow the Gospel trumpet, I feel a determination to employ my time in writing a line to you, and then send it up to the *Earthen Vessel*. And I will call upon you to join with me in bless-

ing and praising the God of all my mercies for his continued kindness towards me. I am (at times) greatly burdened in my mind, on account of time and temporal things—but, as regards the Gospel, I can say I love it, delight in it, and I believe, I preach and feel it more than ever I did before in all my life. I went yesterday to Knowl Hill Anniversary. It is near Maidenhead, in Berkshire. There is a couple of good, sound, clean experimental men of God at Knowl Hill, who preach the unsearchable riches of Christ; one is, dear old Benjamin Mason, whose labours God has owned to the bringing some poor sinners to a knowledge of the truth. I forget the name of the other dear Brother, but they are like Paul and Barnabas, united together in spreading abroad the fame and wonders of Jesu's finished work.

It is very remarkable to notice, as I go about the land, that the real friends to sterling truth are very few, and generally poor. In the town of Maidenhead, they can scarcely keep the truth alive at all. There is one good man there by the name of Neeve, who opens part of his house for a little handful to meet in; and sometimes Brother Hunt, of Hemley, goes and preaches among them. Now, Messrs. Independents and company, have some fine chapels in that town, but God's truth, must be shut up in a little room. Well, it was so in Master's time, therefore let us not be grumbling.

As regards Knowl Hill Anniversary, it was a good day; all the dear souls seemed as happy as they could be: The "*little man from London*" preached morning and evening, and Brother Miller (the pastor of the Baptist Church, at Penn) in the afternoon. He took for his text Christ's own words—"*Upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*" I must tell you, Robert, it is but seldom I can hear a sermon with much profit, but this sermon I did hear with real pleasure. My heart was rejoiced to find the Lord had raised up a man, who, in a plain, honest, spiritual and experimental manner declared the whole counsel of God. It was as clean and as comfortable a Gospel Sermon as I ever heard.

Brother Evans (from High Wycombe,) and some of his friends were there; Benjamin Flory, and some Reading folks, so that altogether there was a good muster; and a sweet, and solemn time it was.

I was told that the High Wycombe cause is being raised up to more peace and prosperity under our Brother Evans. It is the firm conviction of my mind that the Lord will make use of that man. He is calculated to be useful; but, I can drop you a hint, Robert. These causes, and ministers, in poor circumstances should be visited and assisted by our richer friends; this would strengthen and encourage their poor hearts. Why, my Brother Mason told me, that neither he nor his fellow labourer never had a penny for their labours. May the good Lord appear for them, and for you, and comfort you, prays your loving brother,

July 12th, 1848.

C. W. BANKS.

Dr. Hawker's Dying Pillow.

IN our last, we gave a brief notice of a new work which has recently been sent forth by Mr. SHUTTE, (the present rector of the united parishes of St. Augustine and St. Faith, London.) The work is entitled "*The Dying Pillow made Easy for a Death Bed.*" A Posthumous Work of Robert Hawker, D.D." It is published by Collins, 22, Paternoster Row: and will, no doubt, be considered an interesting little manual by many true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.

As we are now engaged in speaking in our master's name at Hull, in Yorkshire. (where a temporary affliction in the head has again overtaken us,) we have neither time nor powers of mind very closely to peruse the work: but, it was written by Dr. Hawker just before his death. Let that suffice: it needs no further recommendation. We remember that we promised to make an extract from it, however: and this we will do. The following quotation is the Doctor's LAST AFFECTIONATE ADDRESS to the church of Christ principally upon "the glory that is about to be opened, when death has done its office." And a very precious consideration is this for such poor tempest-tossed, sin-afflicted, body diseased worms as we feel ourselves to be. How often do our poor souls breathe out—

"Oh, may I live to reach that place,
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his praise to harps of gold."

But now for our extract. It is as follows:—

"After contemplating the subject in this sublime point of view, in reference to the divine glory, and for which, above every other consideration, we are warranted to conclude, that the death of the Lord's saints is precious in the Lord's sight, let us descend into minor concerns, and take a view of our interest therein.

"Believers in our precious Lord and Saviour, it would be well with them to be more and more acquainted with Jesus. Neither death, nor the state which will follow thereon, will make any alteration in our dear Lord, nor in any one article of the everlasting gospel. *We are not going to glory without Christ; we shall need him, and to our latest moments.* All we want in death is such views of him in a way of believing and spiritual apprehension, as may carry us above ourselves to rest on him alone. I will most readily grant, none of us at present know what dying is; nor do we know what it is to be separated from our bodies. It may be, some of our brethren know as much of the apprehensions of being in a dying state, as we possibly can without the act of dying. If so, how were we at such seasons sustained? Was it not from real scriptural and spiritual apprehensions that our everlasting all depended wholly and alone upon our being in Christ? Were we not led then to see, if we were in Christ it

must be by eternal election, and that this was the fruit of divine sovereignty, wholly the act of Jehovah's will towards us. From hence we are led to see, that all our consolation and comfort in the very article of death, and our admission into heaven, is all from the good pleasure of God's will. Let these thoughts take us off from all creature dependence on ourselves. Though we must pass through the dark valley, for the decree for your death and mine is past, and cannot be reversed—'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;' still our dear Lord he will be with us, and make death very easy to us, and fill our minds with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"As believers in Jesus we need not fear the execution of the sentence on us, for our dear Lord has said, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life; and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my saying, he shall never see death. I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.' 'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.' It well becomes us to receive in our minds these glorious Scriptures; and when we are enabled to mix faith with them, we have communion with him, and are thereby saved from all slavish fears of death. To be in Christ is the greatest of all blessings; to die in Christ, is true blessedness; to be found in him, is the very essence of all blessedness and perfection. It is our misery to look at death, and an entrance on an unseen state, without looking at these in Christ. He hath conquered death, he hath destroyed it, he hath abolished it; he hath consecrated it as the passage to life everlasting; he knows all contained in it, what is felt when the separation stroke is given, and what will take place on our entrance into eternity. Himself was separated in his body and soul by death; therefore, as he has himself passed this way, he knows how to feel for his people in the article of death; how to guide them safely through, and comfort them when heart and flesh fail. As to eternity, we need not trouble ourselves therewith—we are only *going home to our Father's house*; and the state we shall then enter upon, will be the state of glory; which will suit our disembodied minds, and be as truly acceptable to us as it is for us now to enjoy the Lord's presence, and communion with him in any of his holy ordinances. As respects the body, we can exist without it for a season. And let us stop a moment to consider, that, when all nature sinks, and all the springs of natural life cease with us, our Christ, who makes

our cases his own, and promises never to fail nor forsake us, will be then to us all we need. If the Lord would give me the desire of my heart, I should prefer dying with Christ's eye on me, and mine on him, and in the exercise of my spiritual senses and faculties on his person, love, salvation, worth, fullness, and glory, than in the enjoyment of spiritual consolation; because, hereby a way would be opened to consider the glory that is about to be revealed, as soon as death has done its office, and the mind is disengaged from the body.

"It is generally found the children of God live as they die, and die as they live. Such as have been led from the Word, and by the Holy Ghost, to receive the knowledge and mysteries contained in the person of Christ, the love and salvation of the immaculate Lamb, and have had real fellowship with him in a way of believing, and centre in him for life everlasting, expecting to find and enjoy in him all the blessings of life everlasting; when such come on the confines of eternity, they generally are found so wrapt up in Christ, as to utter to their fellow-saints, who may be about them, how they are sustained in their own minds, and what prospects are now before them, of the glories of Christ, which will break in upon their souls when they shall be admitted into his immediate presence in heaven. Many a saint, grown to spiritual maturity, has found a death-bed most blessed, as being favoured with such spiritual views of Christ, his dignity and person as God and man. It has been given to them to see that all the glory of God will for ever shine unto them, and upon them, in the sight and vision of him, the image of the invisible God, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead. It is a part of glory let down in the mind of such, when they are led to consider Christ as the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, as the first-born of all God's purposes. It is a fit subject for a dying moment to consider Christ in his love to them. To look back into eternity, and hear him saying, 'I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was; my delights were with the sons of men.' To review all this realized in his open incarnation, to consider how it hath been fully ratified by his obedience, sufferings, sacrifice, and death—this is strong support to the child of God in the prospect of dissolution.

"And some of his people are filled with the consolations of the Holy Ghost, and fall asleep in death without a sigh or the least struggle. Not that this is always the case. For it is in a sovereign way the Lord acts to his dying saints, as well as towards his living ones. Some who know but very little of Christ, are filled with more comfort on their death-beds than those who know far more of him; these are the lambs our dear Lord carries in his bosom. Some shall die upon the truth of what the Holy Ghost has revealed of Christ, and spoken to them

in his word, without any sensible comfort added to it. I conceive it very blessed to be enabled to say, as the apostle Paul doth, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' Blessed be the Lord, all the Lord's people are equally secure in Christ. Death cannot take off the heart of Christ from them, nor can it separate them one moment from him. Let what particular frame of mind they may be in at the article of death, or the circumstances which may attend their departure out of the world be what they may, this can make no alteration in their state in Christ. A believer cannot close his life better than in the exercise of faith on Christ. He cannot express himself better, when the cold clammy hand of death is upon him, than by saying, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' He cannot set a greater crown upon the head of Christ in his last moments than by calling on his name, and giving up his soul to him, and committing it to his care and charge. Millions of his saints have acted thus. Millions more will. And oh, that it may be your exercise and mine when the Lord shall call us into such a state; may we call upon Jesus to receive us, and admit us into such a view of him in his eternal glory, that our souls may be swallowed up wholly in him.

"It is a pleasing thought, let death come when it may, it will soon be past, and the Lord will be with us. It is only the death of the body; it can do no injury to the mind. When past, it is past for ever. Jesus will take his hand and hold it forth, and hold us by the right hand, saying, Fear not, I will help thee; and this is all we shall need in a dying moment. Let us, therefore, be of good courage; we have his own word for it, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' You and I, my dear reader, need not make so much of death; it is only the sinkings of nature. When the shock is felt, and the whole of our animal life for ever expires, we have Jesus Christ to receive our souls; we need no more; we can say no more to suit us, than **LORD JESUS, RECEIVE MY SPIRIT.**"

— A FEW BLESSED WORDS OUT OF MANY
SPOKEN BY

Mrs. Webb, in her Dying Moments.

ALL through her illness she was the subject of many fears, and clung to life, saying she could not give her dear husband up. Her mother told her one day, she believed she would be able when the time came: this she doubted. Her husband read that passage where it is said, 'Hethat calleth on the name of the Lord shall be delivered.' She said, 'Is that right, dear? I thought it read shall be saved: this is not that passage, for I well remember the one you mean: if ever I felt the word applied, it was that word. Oh,' she said, 'that is what troubles me. I fear I had not a right beginning: that I took up

religion, and that it never took up me, this is my trouble.' When she was taken worse the last time, she said to me, weeping, 'Oh! death is such a great monster, I can never meet him.' I answered, 'Yes, you will; remember as thy day is, so shall thy strength be; you see no stock in hand.' She said, 'I know he is a conquered enemy to God's people. I want to know I am one of them; I feel as if I want to see the Saviour with my personal eyes, and hear him speak to me. Oh, that the Lord would cut me to atoms, rather than I should deceive, or be deceived. May I but just get within the gate to sit at the precious Saviour's feet.' When death first struck her, she said to her mother, 'Do you think this is death?' Her mother said 'I do think it is, dear.' 'Oh,' said she, 'but I thought he would have come like a great lion; if this is death, I don't mind dying.' When I first went to her, I found her still doubting, expressing many fears about her safe arrival in glory. Some one remarked, 'You are going over the bridge.' She looked earnestly at the person, and said, 'I hope it don't stand slanting, so that it will slip from under me. Could I but know my safety.' Her breathing being distressing beyond description, and fearing patience would not hold out, and that she should be left to murmur, she cried out, 'Do give me patience, dear Lord, to bear all thy will;' and asked, 'Do you think the dear Lord will give me patience? do pray for me;' and in answer the Lord gave her her desire. As I sat watching her, I saw such a sweet and HEAVENLY expression come over her countenance, and all was peace within, and she exclaimed, 'Now I know what fullness of faith means; who would have thought that such a poor thing as I should know and feel it—not one doubt—not one fear—all are gone. Christ is precious—all in all to me. I shall see him for myself.' And turning to me, said, 'When I heard that you said I should have a happy death, that the Lord would appear for me, I could not believe it, but now I feel it.' In saying something, she made use of the word *if*. Her dear father said, 'What *if* still—can't you get beyond *if*?' She answered, 'Oh, yes; but I have been so used to say *if* and *but* so long, I forget myself.' When the pain of breathing came on worse, she would say, 'Not one pain—not one struggle too much—I deserve it all, and much more.' She often said, 'Do you think it will be long before my heavenly Father takes me home. I can give you all up—my dear husband, I can give him up also. I look upon nothing in this world as belonging to me. I long to go to that place where sin and sorrow never enter. My dear father, I shall be at home first, the Lord is taking the branch before the root; but we shall meet above.' An aged saint coming in to see her, she reached out her hand to her, saying, 'I shall be at home first, I am going home.' The last time I spake to her, I said, 'How is it now? still happy?' She looking, said, 'Oh, yes; firmly

fixed upon the Rock;' and repeating it, 'firmly fixed upon the Rock.' Another thing she said, 'The dear Lord has heard my prayer that was that he would grant me my senses to the last, and this he did.' The text she wished to be spoken from was Phillipians i. 23rd verse, 'I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better,' which text was given to her when first taken ill; but she said to her dear husband, 'I can never have it spoken from, for I shall never be able to say feelingly every word of it;' but after the dear Lord made it her own, she said, 'I can now adopt every word of it, and should like it to be spoken from, for the encouragement of some other poor doubting soul. Her end was peace. Our brother Skelton preached her funeral sermon. Mrs. Webb was for many years a faithful servant to Mrs. Studd, of Hazelwood, who has furnished this account.

Is not the Glory Departed?

I HAVE been led to fear that we have many more ministers than our God either requires, or is making use of; and that on the walls of many of our chapels might be written those solemn words—"*The glory is departed.*" These thoughts are occupying my mind while returning from Spalding, in Lincolnshire. I had engaged to preach two sermons there (the Lord permitting) on Thursday, July 13th. The desired object was, to endeavour to bring about (under God) a revival of the cause of Gospel truth in that town, and to render some assistance to our friend Nicholas, who has for some months been preaching in Ebenezer chapel, Spalding. After returning from Knowl Hill anniversary, I set out for Peterborough, where I was expected to speak on Wednesday evening; but when I reached that place I found friend Nicholas waiting with a horse and gig ready to drive me on to Spalding at once; and he insisted upon it that we must leave Peterborough without delay. I did not feel nicely about that; no more did some of the Peterborough friends. However, I just had a little refreshment at Mr. Heads, (that good friend to the cause of truth; saw our venerable brother, John Carter, whom I am happy to say is better, and is again preaching the gospel with his wonted zeal and faithfulness,) and then set forward for Spalding.

After passing through James Deeping, (where Mr. Tryon resides) we reached our journey's end. The next morning I went to the chapel: it is rather an ancient building, being erected in 1700, and enlarged somewhere about 1786. It is endowed and quite free. There is a tablet to the memory of "JOHN CRAPS," who it seems for twenty years, was a zealous preacher, and faithful pastor in this place. Since his time, the pulpit has been occupied by very many, among them, I may notice—Cattell, John Stevens, George Murrell, Felton, Marjarum,

Markellie, and others; but the cause has been so divided and wounded, that it seems to me to have sunk so low, as to be beyond the reach of any creature power to raise it again. Among the congregation we had the general Baptist Minister (Mr. Everard); the Independent Minister (Mr. Strutt), and a goodly sprinkle of other folks. I felt some considerable liberty and zeal in preaching, but I fear friend Nicholas will find it hard work. Mr. Tryon preaches here once a fortnight, and many follow him who will scarcely hear any one else. How sadly divided, and how sunken into weakness, appear many of the churches, and some ministers preach as though there were no faithful men but themselves, which line of things shuts the people up in bigotry, bitterness, and unfruitfulness in the ways of God.—C.W.B.

Willing Ministers made Welcome

FOR THEIR WORK'S SAKE.

Higham Ferrers, July 5, 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN LOVE'S ETERNAL BONDS:—What can be more welcome to the family of God, oft immersed in the waters of trouble, than an assurance wrought by God the Holy Ghost, that our Father is not a careless spectator? The devil may be allowed to raise the storm, but every rolling wave that may threaten, and appear enough to sink the soul for ever into the mighty depth, is thrown back by the love fiat of him who spake and it was done. Thus each promise made, is fulfilled, and the fearful soul revived, while the Lord also becomes endeared afresh in every perfection of his character. How often has it appeared in the history of the church, in her *little faith* and *many fears*, as though the arm of God was made bare to destroy her, when it has proved the arm of defence, instead of destruction! Our God knows how to manage the flood and the fire, and preserve the life of his people. But why do I write thus? Your mind has long understood all this by a happy experience thereof.

I am glad to hear you are again expected in this part of the world. Blessed be God, though we know not the 'famine' here, that many of God's redeemed know, yet we hail with joy, every sealed and approved minister of the Lord Jesus. And such a ministry God has given to you for his church's use. Our last meeting at Sharnbrook, under the word from your lips, and our beloved brother Drawbridge, has not yet been forgotten by many. What can be more delightful and desirable than those hallowed seasons when God in all the soul-confirming assurance, carries his own truth right home to the very heart, and takes up his own residence there, in all the faithfulness of the Spirit's grace! O'tis blessed to feel the truth of God as well as to know it.

My dear Sir, why I write now, is to say, that we 'have a little sister,' about fifteen

miles from here, who would gladly welcome you for an evening; some of them heard you at Northampton, and are anxious to hear you again, if you will favour them with a visit. I was talking with friend Bird, and told him I should write to you. Shall we be intruding upon your strength if we notice your preaching at Ellington on Wednesday, at Wellingborough on Thursday, and at Higham Ferrers on Friday evenings? Shall be glad to have an answer as soon as convenient. Parsons that are good for anything, it is generally said, never ought to be idle. I assure you, when we have one come to visit us, the first thought is, how and where is he to be employed? Wishing you every new covenant blessing, I remain your's in Christ,

To Mr. Stenson.

D. ASHBY.

MY DEAR FRIEND ASHBY:—My heart's desire is, that the fountain of divine favor may flow freely from the Father of all mercies into your grace-opened heart, that thereby you may more fully comprehend the incomprehensible fulness of his love, who hath 'given us all things richly to enjoy,' in the person of his beloved Son, whom he hath made 'Lord of all.' How truly blest are they who are made daily to find, and deeply to feel, that in them, that is in their flesh, dwelleth no good thing, (*but every hateful, hurtful, hellish thing*.) while in their glorious and precious Lord, they perceive by faith, all goodness in perfection dwells, and not only dwells but delights in doing good

"Unto the helpless, vile, and base,
Or whatsoever may be their case,
Who call upon his name."

I desire to rejoice before God exceedingly, that the worst of all famines has not appeared in your parts. Happy people! whose appointed and accustomed harvests fail not, and whose hearts fear not the want or lack of any real good, which their heavenly Father knoweth they have need of. May the word of our God still be with you, in all its realised testimonies, triumphs, and tokens. May it run among you manifestively and evidentially, creating peace in all your love-raised borders, and causing praise in all your sought out corners; yea, may it run from you ministerially and influentially, bearing its all-heavenly, and unearthly authority to the hearts and consciences of saints and sinners under the almighty power, and soul-saturating and renovating unction of the Eternal Spirit, the testifier and glorifier of the Lord Christ.

With reference to your kind invitations, surely, my dear brother, you have forgotten what a very worm I am—the weakest of all the bruised reeds—full of all complaints—oft times crying and sighing on account of deafness, dimness, dulness, dumbness, distance, and drought, increased by the dust of the desert.

Christian Reviewer.

May the dear Lord mercifully deliver my poor tried, tempted soul from the dread dens of carnality, the dunghills and deeps of corruption, (see *Jonah* ii. 6.) and the dark dungeons of confusion, and graciously conduct my trembling spirit into the secret chambers of sweet communion with 'the heavenly lover of my soul,' the bridegroom of his church.

You know, that I am expected to speak for my Lord, to his people at Wellington, on Monday, and at Sharnbrook on Tuesday, morning and evening; and O, that the highest expectations of the praying, panting, pressing, seed of Jacob may be happily realized. But, as regards all beside, I can only say 'the will of the Lord be done,' as I know not yet how long I shall be from home; however, if spared, and strengthened of my God, I will endeavour 'to talk of his greatness, and tell of his glory,' where'er his hand may lead. It is my intention to try to spend the Lord's-day (viz: the 23rd,) amongst you, for my health's sake, as I am but very sadly, and change of air may be beneficial.

Be assured, my brother, that such parsons, and such only, whose hearts are prepared for their work, and whose work is prepared for their hearts by God, will be of any spiritual use to the living and learning family of God; and such cannot be idle, seeing they are neither lords, squires, nor gentlemen; but men of business, men of labour, men of perpetual employment, (see *Ezek.* xxxix. 14.) men of war, whom devils oppose, 'earthborn and earthbound' men despise, and false professors, free-willers, and flesh-pleasers hate.

Yet, Christ they serve—and him lift high,
While God the Spirit doth supply

Their souls with needed grace:

May every servant of the Lord,
When searching o'er the written word,
Therein new wonders trace.

Give my kindest love to my dear brother Bird, may 'his soul be on the wing;' also, to the well-beloved Drawbridge, may his strength be well and wisely spent. And now, leaving all arrangements in the hands of 'never-failing wisdom,' I can only add, that I shall be most willing and happy to meet your wishes, and the wishes of the dear friends, as far as in me lies.

That the God of all grace, who hath called you to his eternal kingdom and glory by Christ Jesus, may continue to conduct you by his counsel, until you obtain the possession and prize of your high and heavenly calling, is the earnest prayer of a poor trembler in Israel,

Whose spirit shall tremble ere long,
When right shall prevail over wrong;
When love shall give birth to the song,
Ever new to the blood-washed throng.

Your's, in Him that is ours,

JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea, July 7th, 1848.

"*Grove Chapel Pulpit.*" London: B. L. Green, Paternoster Row.

EVERYTHING in this world appears to be on the increase, even the publication of *Penny Pulpits*, containing sermons by sound and faithful ministers of the gospel. Our readers have heard of the *Thursday Penny Pulpit*: and the *Zoar Chapel Pulpit*: now we have GROVE CHAPEL PULPIT. In the next place we must have *Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*; *Gower Street Pulpit*; *Mount Zion Pulpit*; and a few others, and then we shall be prepared to suit the various tastes of truth-loving readers. The first number of the *Grove Chapel Pulpit* is now before us. It is very neatly got up: is ornamented with a view of the exterior of Mr. Irons's chapel, and contains a sermon by him; and is published under his sanction and patronage. The subject with which this new work opens is certainly one of the noblest; and the most exalted that could ever occupy the mind of man; it is the GLORIFICATION OF CHRIST. We have no doubt that *Grove Chapel Pulpit* will be well stored with clean gospel corn; therefore, we hail its appearance; heartily bid it God speed; and pray that showers of blessing may attend its circulation and perusal.

While journeying to Hull, we have carefully perused this discourse; if there be any failure in it, it is a lack of divine experience as realized in the believer's soul. We certainly should have been thankful if the preacher had more fully pointed out how Christ is glorified in the pardoned sinner's heart; but from a brief extract which we make, it will be seen that the pastor of Grove Chapel dwells on high; his place of defence is the munitions of rocks. Towards the close of the sermon the preacher broke out in the following strain:—

"Oh, could we look within the veil of bliss,
And hear the golden harps—the rapturous sounds,

That echo thence, amidst ten thousand times
Ten thousand tongues, of ransom'd souls,
With hallelujahs glorifying Christ;
How should we long to quit the cage of clay!
Freed from the earthly house where we have dwelt,

And soaring to the house not made with hands,

To join the amen chorus near the throne;
We would ascribe all glory to the Lamb,
Whom God the Father hath so glorified!
Well, then, roll on revolving suns—go round
Succeeding weeks—draw to the evening tide
Old worn-out time; my soul shall outlive all,

And soar away to gaze on Jesus' face,
Where clouds and darkness never intervene.
No foes nor fiends shall interrupt the joy,
Nor wandering thoughts, nor vile corrup-
tions rise

To chill the love, or dim the glorious blaze,
Where all is wrapt in Deity !!!"

"*Letters on the Great Revolution of 1848, &c.* By the Rev. G. H. PARKER." B. Wertheim, Aldine Chambers.

THESE letters are published separately in tracts—they are worth perusing by thinking men. The author's mind (through this channel) throws out some sharp flashes of light on various subjects; but especially upon the signs of the times. We think of dipping into them next month.

"*Faith and its Counterfeits.*" City Press, Long Lane. W. H. Collingridge.

THE people keep asking us, 'Who is the Author of the Gospel Cottage Lectures?' All we can say, is—"DON'T KNOW." We seem to guess, however, that be the author who he may, he is full weight both in truth and in experience; and, that he is the author of this little tract, on Faith and its Counterfeits. Having said this, we have said enough to recommend it. If we are mistaken, we hope to be forgiven.

The Way of Life extracted from the works of that great Reformer, Martin Luther. To which is added, *An Historical View of the Doctrine of Justification.*" By the Rev. S. Milner, author of "the History of the Church of Christ." London: J. Baisler, Oxford Street.

THIS volume contains nearly two-hundred pages of closely printed, and exceeding pithy extracts from Luther's voluminous works. From the powerful quotation on "JUSTIFICATION," and "KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST," we hope shortly to furnish some spicy morsels. What subject can be of greater importance than these two—Justification by Christ, and an Experimental Knowledge of Christ? Reader! Do you know him?

The Fragments Gathered, and the Twelve Baskets Filled: being a Living Testimony of the Lovingkindness of the Lord to a Poor and Afflicted Woman; shewing his Wisdom, Power, and Love to her in Temptations, Afflictions of body, and Necessitous Circumstances, whereby he appeared for her in a most remarkable manner." Leicester: J. Fowler.

THERE is a couple of nice tender-hearted believers down at Leicester: one is a printer, by the name of John Smith Fowler; the other is a bookseller, by the name of John Pearson: two men walking in the fear of the Lord. Well; they have put their heads together to publish this testimony of the loving-kindness of the Lord to a poor afflicted old saint, well known to them. Their desire is to glorify the name of our covenant God, and to be instrumental in encouraging his people to trust in him at all times. We make the following extract: and if our readers are moved to assist in circulating this little penny tract, we will get John to send us up a few, and will send them wherever the Lord may bid us. Our extract is the contents of the dear old lady's

"*Third Basket.*—November, forty-six, I began to feel the cold exceedingly, and oft wondered what way the Lord would take with me, and his will concerning me. Satan often suggested, all your friends are heart-sick of you, and the living God whom ye trusted is weary of your complaints; you must go to the workhouse, or some miserable dwelling, and there be destitute. This I can assure you, sunk me very deep for a time, and through this month my faith was tried. I came to the last farthing; I thought all was coming upon me. At the close I wanted six-pence for my needs, the Standard, and a comfort or two, and the Lord did not appear for them. Faith I had none; satan roaring, your God is sick of suppling you, you have worn him out. I thought it appears true, until I dreamt that at a certain dirty spot in our yard there was a black piece of wood and stone and under it six-pence. I awoke, and could not, next day, in myself be persuaded to go and see, though I needed; I thought it is only a dream. However, it followed me so close, I consented, and lighted a candle and went; I saw a filthy stone or brick; I moved it, and I saw half a six-pence* as some one had dislodged in their motion; I took it out, and took it to the tap and washed it and my filthy hand. I then went and told two friends my dream. We blessed our own God. I thought my heart-strings would have broke with these words, "My God will supply all my needs." I did weep, nor can I forget it when I am looking for the Lord's hand-basket; I then thought I should never, no never be without faith. Bless the Lord, oh, my soul! it is a stone set up with me, nor could I omit gathering this fragment into this basket, for it is of him that willeth that ye shall need and be tried in it, and then be supplied. Thanks be to his eternal name! He works all things for my good, and I am let to see his hand in it, to the joy of my heart!"

Scraps and Fragments of the late James Weller Gospel Minister, of Robertsbridge." James Paul, Chapter House Court.

THIS work is "published for the benefit of the widow and family, who are in destitute circumstances." To the friends and acquaintances of the late James Weller, it will be exceedingly interesting. Mr. Robert Waters in a very plain and simple manner has here brought together a good quantity of valuable correspondence which was connected both with the life and death of our departed brother. We cannot make any extracts from the work at present.

"*A Sermon Preached in Harewood Church, December 5, 1847.* By Rev. R. Hale, Vicar of Harewood." LONDON: Collingridge, City Press, Long Lane.

THE author of this discourse is evidently well acquainted with that mysterious dis-

* It was only half of it seen, the other half covered with filth.

inction which separates the old man from the new. In the following extract he shews what the old man *can*, and what he *cannot* do.

"It is well observed by a learned commentator on this subject, that this old man is in every heart, not like a visitor, now and then, but an *inhabitant*. He dwells there, and only becomes a troublesome inmate to those that are born again, for the rest of the world live on the best terms with him. They are quite civil to him—do what he bids—give way to his wishes—and seek to pamper his appetites.

"Some who have written upon this subject, would have you believe that when men are born again of the Spirit, then the flesh—the old man—becomes gradually subdued, and at last so crippled, that he can no longer oppose the new principle of grace implanted in them by the Spirit, and that a sinless state of perfection may be attained to in this world.

"I am persuaded there is no foundation for this opinion to be found in the word of God. Paul reminds the saints in Galatia that they could not do what, as unconverted persons, they wished to do, because of the lusts of the flesh which opposed the actings of grace.

"It is true that when Paul was in a conflict with some besetting sin, which he called a thorn in the flesh, and which he prayed might be removed, Christ said to him, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.' And no doubt by this grace of Christ, the old man is often kept down when struggling to be uppermost; but this has not been always so with the Lord's regenerated people, for we know that when remiss in prayer or weak in faith, the old man has gained for a time the upper hand, and did so when he led Job to curse the day he was born; and David to commit the double sin of adultery and murder; and Peter to deny his Master. The old man is full of sinful lusts and very deceitful. He is a mischievous old man, and does all the evil he can, but there are some things which he cannot do; he cannot separate the christian from the love of God: nor make void the decrees and promises of God towards his people; nor deprive them of heaven."

Mrs. Sherman's Last Moments.

THE funeral services and sermons for the late Mrs. Sherman have been published. We have partially perused them. They are full-weight as regards natural talent and creature-doings, but as regards gospel truth and christian experience, they are most awfully deficient. We firmly believe that the congregations who sit under ministers of this kind are as ignorant of "THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN CHRIST," as the most bigotted Roman Catholic, or benighted heathen. How can it be otherwise, when they hear

nothing but what *the sinner should do*, instead of what a glorious TRICENE COVENANT JEHOVAH hath done, and will do for the sinner? Oh, it is it dreadful! At the close of the morning's sermon the minister read "a Brief Sketch of the Character and Labours of Mrs. Sherman;" and from the testimony given of her dying moments we are constrained to believe that she was a vessel of mercy, and that her soul is now in glory. As regards Mrs. Sherman's labours among the poor and afflicted we can only say, we should sincerely rejoice if many of our female friends were constrained by the love of Christ to follow her example. The following is the testimony to which we have referred:

"On the 17th of May, it was evident that death was approaching; but to the surprise of all, she rallied again, and slept tolerably well during the night. About twelve o'clock on the 18th, no doubt could remain what the result must soon be. The struggle for breath, the excessive pain in the side, and the convulsive agony of the whole frame, were fearful; but the celestial joy within surpassed the expectation of all. To the last, her intellect was unimpaired, and her speech sufficiently loud to be heard. 'The long looked-for hour is come, my dear,' said her husband. 'It is,' she replied, 'blessed be my Saviour!' 'You have long professed that Christ was precious—is he precious to you now?' Lifting up her almost fleshless arms and hands, like the wings of a bird ready to fly, she let them fall on the bed, and exclaimed, '*Infinitely! infinitely!*' 'Have you, my precious one, any consciousness of the *immediate* presence of Jesus Christ?' Pausing a moment, she replied, '*No; I do not know what that is—my consciousness is the consciousness of faith.* I know that he is with me by the support and ineffable consolations he pours into my soul; but I shall soon know what it is, for I shall be with him, and be like him.' 'Then, like David, you can say, you fear no evil in the dark valley?' She replied, '*The valley is very long, but not dark—for he is with me in it—his rod and staff comfort me.*' 'Then you can bear testimony to your children, that a life spent in the service of God is a most pleasant and profitable life?' As if making an effort beyond her strength, to say something which her heart dictated, but finding it impossible, she replied with all energy, '*I can! I can!*' '*What now, when earth is vanishing, is your sole dependence for acceptance with God at the great day?*' '*Only the perfect and finished righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ—*

'Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.'

Many other precious sentences and words fell from her lips; but these will suffice to show the fulness of her joy, and what an abundant entrance was given her into the kingdom of her God and Saviour. At twenty minutes to four o'clock on Thursday afternoon, May 18th, she fell asleep in Jesus."

THE OPENING OF

The New Baptist Chapel, Chelmsford.

ON Wednesday, July 5th, the newly erected Baptist Chapel, at Chelmsford, was opened. It is a neat and very convenient place of worship, of gothic architecture. It has a front gallery, admission to which is gained by flights of stone steps on either side of the entrance. There are two convenient vestries attached. The place is computed to hold about five hundred persons. The cost of its erection was between six and seven hundred pounds, part of which sum had been raised; £200. has been lent by the Baptist Building Fund, to be returned in ten years, without interest; and on the day of opening we were told that they only wanted to raise £120 by Christmas next; and that then with the exception of the £200 lent by the Baptist Building Fund, they would be nearly free. Thus much for the building.

Mr. Geo. Abrahams, in the morning took for his text, Gen. vi. 22. "*Thus did NOAH according to ALL that the Lord commanded him, so did he.*" He said,—“The Holy Ghost by the apostle Paul makes use of this blessed declaration—‘Every house is builded by some man; but he that built all things is God.’ And I am quite sure that if God will not have it built, it shall not be built.” Mr. Abrahams said—

“After my return from the country the other day, I was rather uneasy at having no text to preach from at the opening of the new chapel at Chelmsford. All in an instant this word of my text came to my mind, and I was sure if there was anything spiritual in it, it was suitable for the opening of a house of prayer; though the devil tried hard to get me away from it.

“Our subject is not to be limited to the antedeluvian world; but by the divine teaching of God the Holy Ghost, I will endeavour to explain it—‘Noah did according to all that the Lord commanded him; so did he.’

“I notice first,—That with all buildings, there must be a *plan* to build it by.

“Secondly,—The specifications.

“Thirdly,—The *estimate*; for they want some money when it is built; and as I came flying along I thought of the estimate of Noah’s ark; it was the destruction of the whole human race, with the exception of Noah and his family.

“Fourth,—In the next place I thought I would notice the internal part. And

“Fifthly,—The utility of all this.

1. The plan that was laid out for Noah to build the ark. He was not left to build it according to his own whims and fancies; but according to the plan laid down by God. Yes! God has been pleased to draw out the whole plan; has the builder put a seat too many? not a seat in this ark but for it there

is a son of Jesse. God the Father drew the plan; the Son executed the deed; and the Holy Ghost comes and fills up every creck and corner. Christ and his sufferings were intended by the ark passing through the hurricane.

“But not only must there be a plan, but there must be a specification, stating what kind of material was to be used. And what kind of material was to be used by Noah in building the ark? It was to be made of Gopher wood. Gopher signifies, a *covering for atonement*. ‘And shall pitch it without and within with pitch.’ Pitch is from an Hebrew word, signifying *propitious*. The one atonement; the other propitious. But why build it of Gopher wood? There was oak and other kinds of hard wood then as well as now. I’ll tell you what the ancients say. They say, gopher wood never would rot if it had lain in water from that day to this. The length of it was to be three hundred cubits, which, at the lowest computation is about five hundred and twenty-seven feet. ‘A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door in the ark thou shalt set in the side thereof; with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it.’ In the first place I understand, that by the first story is intended—God’s dear children in the wilderness who are yet in the ruins of the fall. By the second story—The church militant below; and by the third story—The church triumphant above. Yet all are one—the lower story as secure as the second; and the second as secure as the third.

“So the light was to come from above, and depend upon it no other light will be of any use. How blessed then to have this light shining from above—not the light shining from an academy. Why put the door in the side of the house? Because it is through the wound in the Lord’s side that the sinner is saved.

“Lastly, we notice the *utility* of the ark. It was that all the creatures therein contained should be saved from the burricane; and it is in Christ that the child of God is preserved from the hurricane of sin and satan without. If you had lived in the time of old England’s hurricane; oh, the dreadful hurricane of popery under the cloak of Protestantism—you would then have seen the utility of this ark.”

This is but a brief running outline of Mr. Abraham’s opening discourse. In the afternoon, Mr. Tydeman, minister of the place, preached from Acts xix. 20. And in the evening, Mr. Shorter, of London closed the services of the day.

Dinner and tea were provided in Mr. Tydeman’s old chapel, which was fitted up with stools and tables, and decorated with flowers in every corner. From its present appearance we should say that the new chapel was not built a day before it was wanted.

Mr. Skelton's Farewell Sermon at Aldringham.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Having been earnestly requested by constant readers of the *Earthen Vessel*, to furnish you with my last discourse in the Aldringham pulpit, for insertion in the *Vessel*, I have endeavoured to fulfil their request, and leave the full execution of their wish with the Lord, and with you, stating that as the present communication is the effect of remembrance, and not a copy from previously arranged, and written notes, I cannot be responsible for its being a verbatim statement of the original; yet am fully persuaded it contains in substance what was then and there declared in the name of the Lord, and I pray that by the Lord's blessing, it may be rendered useful to the encouragement and stimulation of the Lord's servants, who may be called to endure opposition from those who have a mere name in the churches where the Lord has called them to stand with a face like a flint in the declaration of his whole truth. Let me have a place in your prayers at a throne of grace, as you also have in mine, and believe me,

Your's in much love, for Christ's sake.

WILLIAM SKELTON, S.S.

"Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God." Acts xx. 26, 27.

There is surely something most sweet, satisfactory, and consolatory in the possession of a clear and honest conscience in connexion with whatever matter of business a man may have been, or yet may be engaged in, and this will extend to all grades of society, and to every station in life it may please the Lord to call a man to occupy or fill, from the earthly monarch who fills a throne, to the scavenger who, as another man's servant, is engaged in sweeping the streets, and in a superlative degree, is the truth of this portion seen and felt in the case of those who are constituted and declared to be stewards of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; ambassadors for Christ, messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ, servants of the most high God, and dispensers of the word of life, in that ministry which is committed unto them, as a dispensation of the

glorious gospel of the blessed God, and on which they stand as between the living and the dead, as a mouth for God in the midst of the people, as those who have to give an account of their stewardship to God who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins, and therefore is fully acquainted with the motive from whence every action springs, whether the same be in his sight evil or good; and according to the words I have read among you for our meditation this afternoon, the apostle Paul was most eminently, and most blessedly favoured to enjoy and realize in his soul's feelings the sweetness, satisfaction and consolation arising from a clear and honest conscience in connexion with filling the office of an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Previous to my attempting to discourse in the words before us, let us trace out and consider the circumstances which gave rise to the declaration found in the text; and we find by their connexion the apostle had been by the space of about three years labouring in the word and doctrine among the church at Ephesus, in the course of which time he had not ceased to warn them night and day with tears, for his was a felt religion, and therefore he warned them from a felt sense of his own infirmities, while he mourned over his own felt depravity, and his being a feeling and experimental ministry, he warned them constantly with many tears, while it was his to mourn with them who mourned over their own plague sore within, and to weep with those who wept, from a conscious sense of their proneness to evil, as the subject of their sorrow and grief; but now it had been revealed to him that the will of the Lord was that he should leave them, consequently in the midst of his voyage to Jerusalem, where he determined, if possible, to be on the day of Pentecost, he sends from Miletus, and calls the elders of the church at Ephesus, and makes known to them the poignant feeling, and holy sentiments of his soul, and in his solemn appeal and declaration recapitulates circumstances which had taken place during the period of his ministrations among them, prophecies of things which should take place in their midst after his departure, exhorts them to take

heed to certain things which should prove for the edification and real prosperity of their souls, and be declarative of the glory of Christ, commends them to God and the good word of his grace, and finally prays with them all and all this because of the holy union which had taken place between them and him, for Christ and his truth's sake: and the blessed communion they had together in the unity of the bonds of the gospel of peace; and so, in their parting, there was an holy and a most blessed understanding between them, although they should see each other's face in the flesh no more, on which account they sorrowed the most of all, and in the midst of these things is found the words of my text, '*Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men; for I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.*' in which words are three things expressed:

First: An holy statement and unreserved testimony, '*I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.*'

Second: That therein and therefore he was pure from the blood of all men.

Thirdly: That he took the Church at Ephesus, among whom he had been found labouring in the ministry to record, or to be witnesses to these things, declaring '*Wherefore, I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.*' and to these things proposed for our meditation, I shall add a fourth by way of conclusion, and which will be to follow the same line of things in my leaving you as a church at Aldringham, as the apostle was prompted to, and enabled to take, on his leaving the church at Ephesus.

First, then, the holy statement and unreserved testimony, '*I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.*' And here I would call your attention to the character and office the apostle sustained and filled, in that he is declared, by the Lord himself, to be a chosen vessel unto him, an eternally elected one by God the Father, an object of the love of God the Son, and therefore redeemed by the shedding of his precious blood, and a regenerated one, being quickened by the life giving power of God the Holy Ghost, when dead in trespasses and sins, and therein and thereby made to pass from a state of spiritual death, and so was enabled to rejoice that the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus had made him free from the law of sin and death, and that through this law, he was dead to the law, inasmuch as he was crucified with Christ. '*Nevertheless,*' said he, '*I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, even in that spiritual life I have received, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me; and so having been eternally interested in the choice of God the Father, redeemed by the person and death of God the Son, and called by the grace and power of Jehovah the Spirit into the fellowship of God's dear*

Son, he exultingly exclaimed, *by the grace of God I am what I am.*' Such was the character he sustained, and for office he was called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, and that by an inward special call by the Holy Ghost, and thereby he was constituted an ambassador for Christ; a divine commission being issued and given unto him, Acts xxii. 15; in the midst of which he was found a steward of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, a dispensation being committed unto him to preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, such was his office; and very certain I am that no man ever yet was, or ever will be sent by Jehovah to preach his gospel previous to his having been made to receive that gospel into his own heart for himself, in an individual way and manner, whereby he is enabled to declare the things which he hath tasted, and handled, and felt of the good word of life, and where this is blessedly realized, the effects of it are seen in that such are endued with the boldness and courage of a lion, the patience and perseverance of an ox; the aspiration and soaring of an eagle, and the sympathy and affection of a man, and in the realization of these things, the man of God declares in the text, '*I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God,*' by which term he had immediate reference to the glorious gospel, with all its fullness, the same including, or embodying the whole mind and will of Jehovah, as he has revealed the same in that gospel of his dear Son; the gospel of his people's salvation, and which to them is made the gospel of peace, the which contains glorious doctrine, blessed experience, and holy God glorifying practice. And seeing that beyond doubt his preaching among them had been in strict accordance with the epistle which, by divine inspiration, he wrote them a few years after his departure, and also in perfect unison with all those other inspired epistles he wrote to the various churches in his day, and are left unto us as scriptures of truth; he undoubtedly had declared unto them the doctrine of free, sovereign, eternal grace, as displayed and manifested in their behalf, even as they were found interested in the love and choice of God the Father, according as they were found in Christ, by an eternal union with him in whom eternal life, as the gift of God, was given unto them, inasmuch as they were eternally in him that is true, even in him who is the true God, and their eternal life.

He preached unto them also that in Christ the beloved they were made accepted, that is acceptable unto God, and therefore in him they were viewed by Jehovah with all complacency and delight, in whom he also bare testimony to their having redemption, and that through his blood, the free and full forgiveness of all sins, past, present, and to come: and that according to the riches of Jehovah's grace, wherein he had abounded toward them in all wisdom and prudence, and had made known unto them

by the inward teaching of his Spirit in their hearts the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, that is his sovereign electing love, which he had eternally purposed in himself, and in the declaration of these things of God on the behalf of his church, he shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God in the matter of reprobation too, to the eternal exclusion of all and every son and daughter of Adam, who are not in Christ, and therein establishing Jehovah's sovereign right as the great Almighty potter, who has power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour, while he made known unto them in the declaration of the whole counsel of God that the church elect in Christ had obtained an inheritance, they being predestinated to eternal life, to heaven, and everlasting bliss, according to his own purpose, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will; and surely as concerning the almighty, all-glorious person of Christ, the apostle in his ministrations set him forth as him who filleth all in all, who being raised from the dead and entered into his glory in their behalf, he having finished redemption's work which was given unto him to do, is set down at Jehovah's right hand in heavenly places, far above all principalities and powers, and might, and dominion of a delegated kind, possessing a name far above every name that is named, not only in this world, but in the world to come, and all this in behalf of his body the church; and having all things put under his feet in his mediatorial kingdom and glory, the apostle, by the Holy Ghost, declared him in his preaching, to be head over all things, the world, sin, satan, death, hell, and the grave, to and for the church; now this was the glorious doctrine the apostle fully and fearlessly declared in his ministry among the Ephesians, to whom he immediately addressed the words in the text, '*I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.*'

Again, in connexion with a testimony concerning this glorious doctrine, the apostle declared unto them that blessed experience which is ever associated with, and realized in the reception of this truth in the heart and soul, by the inward witnessing of the Holy Ghost, whereby the Lord's living family are made to know in their experience that they are quickened together with Christ, that they are raised up together with him, and are made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and to know (soul feelingly) that they are saved by grace, through faith, and that not of themselves, it is the gift of God; and oh, blessed experience! the same being realized by the teaching power and operation of the Holy Ghost in the reception of the truth in the love of it, to be enabled to rejoice that though once afar off from God by wicked works, yet now in Christ Jesus, we are made nigh unto him by the blood of Christ, and this was also a grand and glorious

theme and subject connected with the ministry of the apostle in declaring the whole counsel of God, that through Christ, Gentiles and Jews, as being interested in Jehovah's electing love and sovereign choice have access by one spirit unto the Father; so that poor gentile sinners are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and are built upon the one same foundation with the apostles and prophets, which is a covenant Jehovah himself, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone, in whom all the building fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord, and oh, blessed experience! to be enabled to rejoice that in him we also are among them that are builded for an habitation of God through the Spirit, by whose indwelling it is we are an habitation of God, seeing that according to the unity of the divine essence, and the inseparable communion existing among the Three Divine Persons in the one undivided essence of Jehovah, where the Spirit takes up his abode, there Father, Son, and Holy Ghost reside and dwell; and that these things formed a prominent part in the ministry of the apostle among the Ephesians, is proved throughout the whole second chapter of his epistle to them.

Again, in the declaration of the whole counsel of God among them, the apostle had been wont to insist on an holy practice; for doctrine, experience, and practice are inseparably connected in the gospel of the ever blessed God, so that were one is found in the hearts of God's living family, the other necessarily exists. Thus, for instance, where and when the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, by the Holy Ghost, this produces that experience in the which we feel that we love God, because he hath first loved us; and when and where the soul is brought into and under the constraining influence of that love, even the love of Christ, there flows out, or is brought forth, through the power of the Spirit, an holy gospel practice, evidencing that there is a divine reality in the work of God in the soul, and proving the words of Christ to be true, wherein he hath said, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit; and herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be (manifestly) my disciples; or that your light is made so to shine before men, that they beholding your good works, may glorify, not you, but your Father which is in heaven.' And so we find the apostle, in the course of his ministry, declaring against all the works of the flesh, against fornication and all uncleanness, or covetousness, which is idolatry; exhorting that it be not once named among them as becometh saints; neither filthiness nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which is not convenient, but rather giving of thanks, bearing testimony in an appeal to their own judgment and knowledge, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an

idolator, nor drunkard, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, (though such may talk largely about it) consequently living and dying as such, they cannot possibly enter into the kingdom of heavenly glory; but contrariwise, must inevitably and eternally be found in the torments of the damned; for because of this thing, cometh the wrath of God on the children of disobedience: and in his ministry, the apostle was found exhorting the church not to be partakers with them, but reminding them of their having been sometimes darkness, but now they were light in the Lord, he exhorts them to walk as children of the light, proving what is acceptable unto the Lord, by and in the fruit of the Spirit, which is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth, and surely neither of these things were ever yet found dwelling in our corrupt flesh, for that is corrupt with its deceitful lusts, and depraved deeds; but the fruit of the Spirit is made to abound in the new man, the inner man, the hidden man of the heart, and through the grace and power of the Spirit, this is brought forth in a real, holy, and heavenly conversation and walk, to the praise of that grace and power, which produceth such fruit, and bringeth it forth to open view in the sight of God, of angels, of devils, and of men, whereby it is abundantly proved that the church, as Jehovah's workmanship, being created in Christ Jesus unto good works, even such good works as he before (that is eternally) ordained they should walk in, are made to walk in them as he is pleased to work all their works in them by his Spirit; all things were insisted upon and declared in the ministry of the apostle, as evidently appears by the testimony contained in the three last chapters of the epistles to the Ephesians, and without these things there can be no open manifestation of a work of God in the soul; 'for by their fruit shall ye know them.' And those who are born of the Spirit being translated from the kingdom of darkness and satan, into the kingdom of God's dear Son, were made to bring forth the fruit of the Spirit in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, and are workers together with God, even as the water-mill wheel works with the stream of water, which, acting upon it, produces its revolutions, and causes the machinery to be set in motion, whereby a certain effect as a work, is the result; the same being declarative of the power by the which such effects are made to exist: and confidently persuaded I am, that wherever the glorious doctrine and truths of the gospel are received into the heart by the anointing power of the blessed Spirit, there will be a realized enjoyment and experience of the blessed things contained in those truths, and through and by the same power whereby these truths are revealed unto, and brought into the soul, there will be a manifestation of the same in the life, walk, and conversation of such who are led into all truth by the blessed Spirit of our God; these things are inseparably connected as

links in a chain, or as cause and effect, and are as a three-fold cord which cannot be broken.

The apostle had not shunned to declare unto them the whole counsel of God in a three-fold way and manner; first, according to the testimony of the written and inspired word of God; second, in accordance with the teaching of the Holy Ghost in his own soul; and third, in being enabled to *live out* that gospel which he was engaged in preaching with his mouth, so he preached the gospel with his feet and his hands, as well as made proclamation of it with his tongue, for it was in his heart as a fire shut up in his bones; and as I have oftentimes expressed in this pulpit, a man may as easily expect to shut up a living coal of fire in the midst of a barrel of gunpowder, as to shut up the gospel of the grace of God in the heart where it has been received by the unctuous power of the Lord, the Spirit; and, saith the apostle, "I have not shunned to declare the same unto you notwithstanding all the opposition which has been manifested against it." The Lord having blessedly kept and preserved me from fearing the frowns of those, who being permitted, can kill the body; neither have I shunned to declare the whole counsel of God for the purpose of ingratiating myself into the fleshly esteem and approbation of my fellow men, or of you, by a keeping in the back ground those things which in their declaration are calculated to call forth the enmity of the carnal mind, and by which reservation, the smiles of such as are at ease in Zion are oftentimes obtained; but by manifestation of the truth, I have commended myself to every man's conscience in the sight of God, and therefore he could well say if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them who are lost; and would to God that every man standing in the ministry were enabled, on his leaving the people among whom he has labored therein, be the circumstances occasioning such removal what they may, to make such a solemn statement and bear such an unequivocal and positive testimony as found in my text; *I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.*

[To be certainly concluded in our next. Necessity compels us to defer it.]

Mr. John Foreman's Charge

TO MR. JOHN BUNYAN M^CURE, AT HIS ORDINATION, AT HADLOW, JULY 10, 1848.

IN our last, we gave a brief outline of the morning's service in connection with the above interesting occasion: The following is furnished by an esteemed brother in the ministry, and which is calculated to be generally useful:—

"In the afternoon brother Foreman gave the charge to the pastor, in which he shewed himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, and also an able minister of the New Testament. His manner was fatherly and faithful, and the address full of choice

matter and good counsel. The following are a few brief extracts.

"The text was Ephes. iv. 12, 'For the work of the ministry,' which, after a very few words, if I recollect right, he opened thus :

"I. The ministry itself.

"II. The gifts and qualifications.

"III. The work. And

"IV. The ends and designs to be answered.

"And in the first part he shewed that there were various ministrations, which, if not distinctly handled, would bring much confusion; and hence it is that we have so much contradiction in the pulpits of the day. But of those ministrations, said he, that is the most important which concerns *me*—which concerns *us*: and that is the ministration of life.

"But first, there is the ministration of the covenant of works made with Adam, which is now of no use but to show man his condition. In the hand of the Spirit it comes like a friend at midnight, while we are asleep, and breaks in our windows to awake us, that we may escape from our house, which is on fire. And for this reason, (that is, its utility to convince) the believer loves the law; and the minister finds it very useful, to show up, by way of contrast, the blessings of the covenant of grace.

"Secondly, there is the covenant made with Abraham, which also has its peculiar ministry, and that, like itself, is natural and conditional. Its tenure was obedience by Abraham's seed, who on that ground were to hold and enjoy the land of Canaan; but disobeying were to die—were to be driven off their land, and their house left to them desolate; which death and desolation was not eternal, but temporal, as implied in the saying of our Lord, 'Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' And though the Jews said that the ways of the Lord were not equal; yet it is plain this was false, for if they had not walked contrary to him, he would not have walked contrary to them. And this covenant though only natural, yet being typical and figurative, is highly useful to point out the blessings of the covenant of life.

"Thirdly: there is the *new covenant* as spoken of in Heb. viii. And here the speaker pressed on our brother carefully to distinguish the covenants as laid down in the letter of truth. And then he went on to say that this new covenant was founded on better promises than either of the above, and that it stood upon the righteousness and blood of the Lord Jesus, who also was its surety, so that it could in no wise fail or be broken. And the ministration of this covenant is simply to tell out its truths to the people; to declare the love, the righteousness, the mercy, the power, and the faithfulness of God in this covenant, to make known how he remits sins, clears the guilty, and justifies the sinner that believeth in Jesus, and to testify that it is

everlasting, and ordered in all things and sure, while the covenant itself shews who the persons are that are interested therein, and what things it contains; and by a knowledge thereof all errors are detected, and salvation found to be entirely by grace. Its promise is that of a new heart; and a new birth in any person is the fulfilment of that promise: and the child breathes, cries, eats, walks, and talks because he lives. The second is the knowledge of the Lord as a holy and just God; and from this knowledge arises a feeling sense of sinnership. The third, 'I will be their God, and they shall be my people.' And fourth, 'Their sins will I remember no more.'

"The nature of this ministration is diffusive; not to receive, but to bestow; not to gather in, but to deal out, as it is written, 'Go stand in the temple, and speak all the words of this life.' Go tell, how God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself—tell, how he has taken away the obstruction between man and God—how Christ has removed sin. Go as an ambassador for God, and carry his word, which is the gospel. The mind of God is the matter of thought, thought the matter of word; and by the word of the gospel is the mind of God made known. And this is the tale the minister has to tell out. He has to tell that God hath put sin away; not that sin is removed out of old nature, for this will remain, and be as much opposed to the holiness of God as ever, but the life, the essence, the power is slain; so that now nothing is to be seen round about the throne of God but a rainbow, the sure token that God will be angry no more for ever.

"This ministration is to preach Christ to the people—the necessity—the power, the wisdom—the love—the greatness—the preciousness—and the plenitude of Christ. It is to tell of his benevolence and all-sufficiency; and that in him being treasured up all the fulness of God, it is the privilege of poor sinners to draw out of that fulness, and receive grace for grace; and that he having fulfilled all conditions, has all power, fulness, right and authority.

"The plan of his ministration I shall show by three several instances: viz., the prodigal, the man among thieves, and the publican in the temple. In each of which we find that the plan is not to have mercy upon the best, the whole, or the most righteous, but the worst, the wounded, and the self-condemned. And the gospel of this ministration is found in all the books of the Bible, and is the everlasting gospel by and through which we are given to know that we have eternal life, and to enjoy fellowship with God.

"This ministry then, my brother, is a great ministry; a rich, a diffusive, a quickening ministry. It is both a righteous ministry, and a ministry of righteousness. And here is a difference; the law is a righteous ministry, but not a ministration of righteousness, but of condemnation only.

As there is a difference between an apple tree, and a tree full of apples, so is law to gospel : and this ministration is a tree full of apples, it gives life, righteousness, and peace ; and with its fruits Jesus fills the treasuries of his people.

"ii. But now we have *the gifts and qualifications*. In the 68th Psalm we are told that Jesus *received*, but here that he *gave* gifts. Well, this is blessed ; he gives to us what his Father hath given him. But he gives them to whom he will ; he gives by measure, and in proper order, so that some ministers are as feet, others as hands, others as eyes, or ears. Some like the feet must walk in mud and mire ; but such I do not envy. But still I know that sometimes one man must be feet, eyes, ears and all, or else he will not meet the case of his people.

"iii. *Work*. You must work, my brother. Do not let it be said, that he always preaches the same sermon ; neither say, 'I had no text till I came into the pulpit ;' for this often savours of pride. If you have no matter, then take the natural sense of a passage which is full and rich : and abide by the scope and drift of the subject. Give yourself plenty of room, and be careful in taking detached words, lest you injure or lose the connexion. And to ensure variety of idea, and vehicle for thought, read all you can, and what you can, and thus you may collect much that will serve for box, bag, or basket to convey treasure to the people. Get as many scullery maids as you can to wait on her majesty the queen. As a tutor, do not let your pupils overtake you ; learn by night while they sleep : nor let your conscience ever accuse you in the pulpit of loitering away an hour you owed to the people ; for the Lord's servants have no time for loitering.

"iv. The ends and designs. And first, the perfecting of the saints. And this word perfect has various applications ; viz., to number, to quantity, to quality, to stature, to the knowledge of any science, trade, or business. If the people have wrong notions they are imperfect, &c. Secondly, to edify the body of Christ ; that is to build ; and this is done by collecting materials, and laying them on the rock ; by nursing babes, by feeding, and by educating them.

"In the evening it devolved on brother Foreman, from the absence of others, to address the church, which he did from James ii. 12, 13 ; and through the goodness of the Lord he was enabled to say many precious things. On the subject of adoption he was very clear and beautiful ; but as space fails me, can only say that the day closed very pleasantly ; and the congregations, which had been very good through the day, dispersed. And may the blessing then in a measure enjoyed, richly rest on our friends and brethren at Hadlow. Amen. W. C. P."

The Good Old Way.

A letter addressed to Mr. Thomas Pook.

DEARLY beloved friend, and often thought of, may grace, mercy, and peace attend you and yours through this vale of tears. I have had it in my heart a long time to write to you ; but have never until now let it come out. And what has made it fresh upon my mind is, a friend of mine in London has sent me some numbers of the *Earthen Vessel*, and in perusing them, I find a letter there written by you ; namely, 'The Lily among Thorns,' which endears the name afresh to my mind. O how often have I to look back to the days of fair Eden, when God met with my soul under your ministry ; when first I heard the sound of 'saved from the damning power of sin ;' when I longed for the return of the Sabbath day. When my tramsels of sin were knocked off, then my soul was set at liberty ; then my affections were raised to things above ; then I could run in the ways of God with pleasure and delight. It was then I lived beneath his smiles, and part of heaven possessed : and up to this very day I look upon you as the honoured instrument in the hands of God for building me up, and establishing my soul in the doctrines of grace. I look back sometimes to that happy period, and think what peaceful hours I then enjoyed,

'How sweet their memory still.'

Nearly seven years have rolled away since we parted, and chequered has been my pathway since then : often like the Israel of old my soul has been discouraged because of the way ; but I think the Lord hath helped me ; he that first taught me to pray, he has still heard my prayer, and having obtained help of my God, I continue unto the present. You are well aware, my dear sir, that what with business, what with the world, what with the church, what with the devil, and what with self, there is plenty to discourage : and I have thought sometimes that if I had not a throne of grace to go to, and a friend to tell my misery, grief, and tale of woe to, I should be of all men the most miserable. It is there my sorrows sometimes subside, and I am helped to leave all things at the bottom of the hill ; and sometimes when so dark in my mind that I cannot see my way, the Star of Bethlehem shines with more than angel brightness, my prospects again

look cheering, and I thank God and take courage. O what a friend is Christ to me! If we could take our walks a little oftener to the mount of Calvary, and to Gethsemane's sacred grove, and gaze upon that tragie deed, and see our Lord wade through seas of blood, in order that we might bathe in seas of bliss, methinks it would sweeten the bitters of life, and help us to consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, so that we should not be so weary, and faint in our minds. What a mercy to look prospectively, and to have a good hope through grace, that when this poor body shall sleep in the dirty tomb, the spirit shall mount to the plains of paradise, and gaze with extatic pleasure on him that died for me—

'This is the man—the exalted man,
Whom I unseen adore;
But when my eyes behold his face,
My heart shall love him more.

I have been thinking of the Lord's mindfulness to poor sinners before time, in time, and after time. His mindfulness before time shines conspicuous in the sacred page: the fixed, unalterable, determination of the Trinity was, that the church of his love should be saved; and his busy thoughts ran upon the plan, and the way in which it was to be brought about; and that blest covenant that is the stable base of my soul, was then found—

'In all things ordered well.'

This shews the mindfulness of God before the wheels of time began to move, and in the fulness of time the God-man Mediator steps forth from his hallowed secrecy, and clothed himself in the raiment of feeble flesh, and shrouded his glories beneath the form of a man of sorrows, and laid himself under obligation to cancel the mighty debt, and although it cost him his life and blood; yet he, by his omnipotent arm, hurled the mountain into the depths of the sea of sacrifice, there to perish from the gaze of God and man, and, as I have heard you say, Satan can't find them; the church can't find them; and God, blessed be his dear name, will never give himself the trouble to look for them. O bless the Lord, my soul! Ah, my friend, and when time shall cease to be, and a confused world shall tumble into a disordered chaos, and the wheel of time shall be swallowed up in vast eternity,

when He shall be a consuming fire to the wicked; then his mindfulness to his saints shall be as new and fresh as ever; and when millions of poor sinners shall groan out under the justice of the eternal God, may it be your happiness and mine to join the assembly of the first-born! Ah, then—

'O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

The Lord prosper you in the great work of the ministry, if it be his dear will. While I subscribe myself a debtor to mercy alone, brought to know it by Thomas Pook's preaching at Eden Chapel, Cambridge,

DANIEL MALE.

Cottenham, June 15.

[An experimental Letter by Mr. Pook, in answer to this, in our next.]

Consolation for the Christian.

"But ye are a chosen generation, a peculiar people."

Ye are a holy nation,
Ye people of the Lord,
A chosen generation—
For so declares his word;
How wonderful the features
That unto you belong,
The firstfruits of his creatures,
To him address your song

A royal priesthood bearing—
Come pay your willing vows,
As lively stones appearing—
A spiritual house,
Jehovah's favoured dwelling,
Where he will still abide,
And in his eyes excelling
Each dwelling place beside.

Ye are the Lord's own portion,
Ye happy, happy few,
Of all earth's wide creation
He loveth only you;
He form'd you for his glory,
Ye shall show forth his praise,
And tell the blissful story
To everlasting days.

Oh Israel! blest for ever,
Who can with thee compare,
Thy King will thee deliver
From every hurtful snare:
His mighty arm around thee
Is placed for thy defence,
And though thy foes surround thee,
They cannot pluck thee thence.

True, the mountains may depart,
The hills become a plain,
But on thy Saviour's heart
Thou ever must remain;
Thy God rejoices o'er thee,
As the bridegroom o'er the bride;
He will bring thee safe to glory,
And in love rest satisfied.

Portsmouth.

AMICUS.

Prosperity in Zion.

A Scrap from Cave Adullam, High Wycomb.

WITH respect to our little cause, we have great reason for thankfulness, for the Lord has done and is doing great things for us, whereof we are glad. When brother Evans first came amongst us we were sunk very low indeed; for at that time we could scarcely muster twenty at supper time, but through the tender mercy of our God we have greatly increased: during little more than the three years that brother Evans has been here, he has baptized twenty-one, I believe; besides, several have been added from other churches; and others which had wandered away in the cloudy and dark day have returned, so that now when all the family come together at supper time, we muster, I think, sixty-one, so we are constrained to say, *what hath God wrought?* May we not justly conclude, that we are about midway between Mispeth and Shen? for in turning over the leaves of Revelation, we have found the old monumental stone "Ebezener!" and we have had many blessed opportunities of pouring fresh oil upon the top of it, and adopting the old motto, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." One of our happiest seasons was on the first sabbath in July, when brother Evans baptized two men; one a widower, whose wife, before her death, regularly attended with us, but was consumptive, and gradually wasted away, but witnessed a good confession, and died in the faith. Her husband at that time was in a state of ignorance, but after the death of his wife (which affected him very much) he attended with us very regularly, and it appears, got entangled in the gospel net, and was baptized as afore stated. The other man was not Alexander the coppersmith, but Joseph the blacksmith, whose history is somewhat remarkable, as it will appear. His wife, about two years ago, was constrained by a power unknown to her, to come to the Cave, where the Lord met with her, and after a time she was a candidate for baptism; her husband at that time was exceedingly mad against her being baptized; he abused her, and threatened to beat her, so that the poor thing was at her wits end; but she persevered, and was baptized, and he did not put his threats into execution, but was more calm than could have been expected; however, not very long after her baptism, he felt inclined to come with his wife to the

Cave. (Ah, my brother, you and I know from whence such inclinations proceed.) Well, he came (although he had often wished the chapel burnt down); and, as God would have it, a spark from the gospel anvil, darted into his soul, which caused such a revolution there, as he had never felt before, so much so that his old enmity, and prejudices, and free-will was cut up root and branch, and he became very zealous and willing to be useful in every way he could, and very soon became a teacher in the Sabbath school, and in less than a year became a candidate for baptism, and was baptized as aforesaid: so that these evidences, with many more that might be mentioned, are great cause for thankfulness. Our congregation has also very much increased, so that often at the evening service we can hardly find room for them; and, blessed be God, we have great comfort and peace among ourselves, and very evidently feel the Lord's presence among us. And now may our crowned Lord accompany with his blessing the contents of the *Earthen Vessel*, is the humble prayer of an unbleached village preacher, *Wycomb, Aug. 11, 1848. W. STEERS.*

The Fountain of Life.

[The following lines were composed by a young man on the eve of his joining a Baptist church, but who was taken home to glory before that event took place. They were given to us by Mr. Gwinnell, of Greenwich, for publication.]

FARE ye well, ye phantom pleasures,
That have held my heart so long!
Fare ye well, ye cankering treasures,
That inspire the worldling's song!
Vain your efforts, vain your efforts,
My departure to prolong.

Pure immortal pleasures flowing
From Immanuel's wounds I see;
Boundless treasures, rich and glowing,
Every day more full, more free.

What a mercy, what a mercy,
I can say they are for me.

Yes, on me that precious fountain
Has its efficacy proved;
Though my sins rose like a mountain,
By it they are all remov'd.
And what thousands, and what thousands,
Through it have their title prov'd.

Yes, what myriads, now in glory,
One another oft remind,
With the never-dying story
How he first their hearts inclin'd.
And with rapture, and with rapture,
Join the worship so refin'd.

Every day to this blest river,
May I ne'er forget to go;
And when cleans'd adore the Giver
That could love a sinner so.
Blessed fountain, blest fountain,
May it ever near me flow.

What is a Heavenly Call?

A LETTER TO A SISTER IN THE FAITH.

KIND, affectionate, and sympathising friend, and sister too, I trust, in the faith of God's elect; saved in the LORD JEHOUAH with an everlasting salvation; called to be a saint by an holy and heavenly calling, through the abundant grace of our Lord, and that because he delighteth in mercy. But is this the truth Miss Mary—That you are called with an heavenly calling? Have you been quickened into eternal life by the *Eternal Spirit* of all truth? Raised from a state of stupor, lethargy, wretchedness and woe—brought, I say, now to be a poor penitent sinner at the footstool of mercy, with weeping and supplications? Is mercy all your plea? Is blood and righteousness all your plea? Are you constrained, by the love of God, being shed abroad in the heart, to worship God in Spirit and in truth? Has the *Holy Ghost* so convinced you of the sin and depravity of your own evil heart, that you have been obliged from real necessity (like poor Lot of old) to fly for refuge and shelter in the Rock of eternal ages, and with ardent desires, from a broken and a contrite heart, to cry

“Rock of ages shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee”—

“Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee?”

But, perhaps you will say, “*What is a heavenly call?* And how shall I know it? To this I answer, by the effects or consequences which immediately follow. First, the call is triune, the love of God the eternal Father; the grace of God the eternal Son, made known, or begotten in the soul by the quickening influence and power of God the eternal Spirit of all truth, the third person in the ever-blessed Trinity. Secondly, the effects or consequences. This call by grace, conquers, subdues, and overpowers the stubborn will; breaks the rocky heart; sets the man on his feet; illuminates the mind; gives a seeing eye; an hearing, listening, and attentive ear; besides writing death and destruction upon every thing short of God and godliness, the soul becomes like one just awoke out of deep sleep; it stands, and looks, and wonders what has befallen it; disturbance takes place in the mind as to what had better be done, and where to go. It looks around, and pronounces all to be

vanity and vexation of spirit; it looks, at God, and trembles with filial fear, lest he, the Judge of all the earth, should one day cut him off as a cumberer of the ground; indeed, from its very movements and breathings you shall see that Scripture fulfilled, ‘They that believe shall not make haste.’ Again, the soul thus made sensible and sensitive, being actuated by or from a divine principle, power, or supernatural influence; flies from that which is bad, and comes forth to the light with an earnest desire to be instructed, led, and guided in the right way, and so it waits and listens at the posts of the doors, and gates of righteousness, if so be it may meet with a token for good; it hears of God, as the great and terrible One, He who can dash whole worlds to death, and make them when he please, and none dare say, ‘What doest thou?’ Further, this living soul hears of a decree and purpose gone forth from everlasting on behalf of a people formed to shew forth his praise, and wonders if it was there; it hears of God giving them to his dear Son, and wonders if it was there; it hears of their names being written in the *Lamb's Book of Life*, and wonders if it was there; it hears of bearing them on his heart, and wonders—Am I there? it hears of God the Son becoming incarnate, and thus making manifest the union to his people, and wonders if it was there; it hears of his dying the ignominious death of the cross, the just for the unjust, and wonders if it was there; it hears of his rising again for their justification, and wonders if it was there; it hears of his ascending upon high to make intercession for his people to plead his own merits, blood, and righteousness for those who cannot pray for themselves; yea, for those who sometimes are afraid to pray, and wonders if he remembered me, wretched me—

“The vilest of them all.”

My dear sister—this I believe to be, in measure, the movements, breathings, and desires of a regenerated soul, and to such God says, ‘My son, give me thine heart; *I will fulfil* thy desires, I will hear thy cry, and I will save.—

“His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.”

But I do not say that he will not hide the purpose of his grace to make it better known.

May the Lord, in his mercy, keep,

guide, and lead you into all truth, and give you praying breath and sincere desires for his honor and his glory. And I say get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding, that thou mayest know that good and perfect will of God.

And while it is his glory to conceal a thing, may it be your honor to search it out. Read his word, and seek his face by prayer.

"Let not thy heart despond and say,
How shall I stand the trying day,
His sacred word declares to thee,
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

"The Lord whom thou seekest
Will not tarry long :
For to him the weakest
Is dear as the strong.

"Remember one thing,
Oh, may it sink deep,
Our Shepherd and King
Cares much for his sheep."

All these things, with more than I can ask or think, may he grant unto us, and his name shall have all the praise. So prays your unworthy companion, and servant for Jesu's sake,

JOHN COATES.

A Ray of Glory from Heaven :

AND A FIERY DART FROM SATAN.

MR. EDITOR:—Believing you are greatly exercised in your soul at times by some of these fiery darts of the enemy, and that many servants of God are readers of your useful publication, I have thought that the following narrative would be read with great thankfulness to him who hath said, by the mouth of his apostle, 'But will with every temptation make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it.'—W. F.

Mr. W. Tennent, late minister of the gospel, at Freehold, New Jersey, in America, was eminently owned and honoured of God in the work of the ministry. So deep were the exercises of his soul, that he was at times greatly weakened 'by the way.' On one occasion he was attending the duties of the Lord's Day in his own congregation, as usual, where the custom was to have the morning and evening service with only half-an-hour's intermission, to relieve the attention; he had preached in the morning, and in the intermission had walked into the woods for meditation; he was reflecting on the infinite wisdom of God, as manifested in all his works, and particularly in the wonderful method of salvation, through the death and sufferings of his beloved Son. This subject suddenly opened upon his mind with such a flood of light, that his views of the glory and the infinite majesty of Jehovah were so inexpressibly great, as entirely to over-

whelm him; and he fell, almost lifeless, to the ground. When he had revived a little, all he could do was to raise a fervent prayer that God would withdraw himself from him, or that he must sink under a view of his ineffable glory. When able to reflect on his situation, he could not but abhor himself as a weak and despicable worm, and seemed to be overcome with astonishment that a creature so unworthy, and insufficient, had ever dared to attempt the instruction of his fellow men, in the nature and attributes of so glorious a Being. Overstaying his usual time, some of his elders went in search of him, and found him prostrate on the ground, unable to rise, and incapable of informing them of the cause. They raised him up, and after some time brought him to the church, and supported him to the pulpit, which he ascended on his hands and knees, to the no small astonishment of the congregation. He remained silent for a considerable time, earnestly supplicating Almighty God to hide himself from him, that he might be enabled to address his people, who were by this time lost in wonder to know what had produced this uncommon event. His prayers were heard; and he became able to stand up by holding the desk. He now began the most affecting and pathetic address that the congregation had ever received from him. He gave a surprising account of the views he had of the infinite wisdom of God, and greatly deplored his own incapacity to speak to them of a Being so infinitely glorious beyond all his powers of description. He attempted to show something of what had been discovered to him of the astonishing wisdom of Jehovah, of which it was impossible for human nature to form adequate conception. He then broke out into so fervent and expressive a prayer, as greatly to surprise the congregation, and to draw tears from every eye; a sermon followed; which concluded the solemn service, and made a lasting impression on many of the hearers.

A short period after this, on an evening preceeding the Sabbath, he was led to dwell on a subject which he intended to speak from the following day, and though favored with further insight into the subject on the morning of the day, he was all at once assailed with the temptation that the Bible, which he then held in his hand, was not of divine authority, but the invention of man. He instantly endeavoured to repel the temptation by prayer, but his endeavours proved unavailing. The temptation continued, and fastened on him with greater strength, as the time advanced for public service. The thoughts and openings up of the word on his pre-meditated subject were gone. He tried other subjects, but could get nothing for the people. The whole book of God, under that distressing dispensation, was a sealed book to him; and, to add to his affliction, he was, to use his own words, 'shut up in prayer;' a cloud, dark as that of Egypt, oppressed his mind.

Thus agonized in spirit he proceeded to the church, where he found a large congregation assembled and waiting to hear the Word: and then it was, he observed, that he was more deeply distressed than ever, and especially for the dishonour which he feared would fall upon religion, through him, that day. He resolved, however, to attempt the service. He introduced it by singing a psalm; during which time his agitations were increased to the highest degree. When the moment for prayer commenced, he arose, as one in the most perilous and painful situation, and, with arms extended to the heavens, began with this outcry, 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' The cloud instantly broke away, and an unspeakably joyful light shone in upon his soul, so that his spirit seemed to be caught up to the heavens, and he felt as if he saw God, as Moses did, on the Mount, face to face, and was carried forth to him, with an enlargement greater than he had ever before experienced; and on every page of the Scriptures saw his divinity inscribed in brightest colours. The result was a deep solemnity on the face of the whole congregation; and the house, at the end of the prayer, was a Bochim. He gave them the subject of his evening meditations, which was brought to his full remembrance, with an overflowing abundance of other weighty and solemn matter. The Lord blessed the discourse, so that it proved the happy means of the conversion of about thirty persons. This day he spoke of ever afterwards as his harvest day.—*Taken from the "Evangelical Magazine," 1807.*

The Grace of God,

AS MANIFESTED IN THE GOSPEL LIFE
AND PEACEFUL DEATH OF

Mrs. HANNAH WALKER,

Late of Leicester.

[Christian Reader:—You are here presented with a brief memorial of the life and death of one of our heavenly Father's beloved saints. I have read it myself with much solemn and grateful feelings of soul. My acquaintance with the deceased was slight, but it was sufficient to enable me to see, and to declare that she was (by the grace of God,) an exceedingly choice mother in Israel. A more sober, steady walking, faithful and affectionate christian woman I never knew. I have mourned in my soul over her death, because I know full well, that while she is unspeakably happy, my dear brother Walker has sustained a loss that must frequently cause his poor heart to bleed; the dear children have lost a mother of mothers; and pastor Garrard has lost a friend that could sympathise with him, and did keenly feel for him in all his trials. But, the Lord has taken her home. May each and all of us have grace given that through faith and patience, we may also at last inherit the promises. I

feel it an honour in being permitted to record the event, and shall give it verbatim as it came to me, by the hands of my esteemed brother Button (of Leicester,) who was commissioned by the bereaved husband to bring it.—Ed.]

MY DEAR FRIEND BANKS:—You have already been informed of the removal from a world of sin and sorrow to a world of holiness, and joy, and peace of my dear and much lamented wife, which took place on the 29th of May, the day she was 45 years of age, after a long and painful affliction. And she having left a most sweet and blessed testimony of the Lord's goodness and mercy to her, I have sent you a few particulars, and some of her sayings during her affliction; but must leave it with you to correct, and insert or reject what you please, as I find our dear pastor, who has furnished me with a brief outline of the sermon he preached on the occasion, has mentioned a few things that I have myself.

Truly, my dear friend, I have lost in her a most valuable wife—my dear boys a most affectionate and excellent mother—and the church a most valuable and excellent member. But you are not ignorant of her sterling worth, both as regards spiritual and temporal things; for, as regards the former, she was indeed godly above many; and the latter, careful and managing above many: so that her price was above pearls, and as Newton says, 'Her care and management was the chief concern of my life, she was the very hinge on which my life turned!' But she is gone: and the only solid comfort I can find, is, when I can in any small measure feel that I have an interest in those blessed and glorious realities that her soul ardently longed after, and which she is now richly enjoying.

Your affectionate friend, E. W.

My dear wife, from her first conviction, was a woman of a very tender conscience, and favoured with great zeal and warm-heartedness in the cause of Christ, which you and many others can bear witness to, and of the godly and and savory conversation they have enjoyed, and the excellent counsel they have received from her, both of a spiritual and temporal nature; and in all her actions and deportment was a most praiseworthy example of a humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

The first conviction she had was when about twenty-four years of age. Having gone out with what is called, 'a pleasure-party,' in running down a hill she felt her heart beat within her, and the thought struck her that it was her soul, and she said, within herself, that if she was spared to reach home, she would never go on such an occasion again. But, however, these impressions wore off, and she went to the same place once or twice after. But shortly after this she lost a brother by death, and manifesting a great concern about his body, her sister said, 'it does not concern me

about his body, but to know what has become of his soul; which remark sunk deep in her heart, and never left her, though it did not for the time cause any deep concern. But soon after, being, in the providence of God, removed to a distant part of the country, the Lord put a cry into her heart which none but himself could satisfy, and which, in his own good time he did, with these words, 'Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;' but the first words that struck her mind very forcibly was, 'Behold he prayeth!' and being at that time in a secluded spot, none but God and herself knew what sweet communion she enjoyed with her heavenly Father around the private walks, in the park, and in the private rooms in the house. A circumstance occurred about this time, which I must not forget to mention: being in a family that were strict church people, and read prayers morning and evening; and her mistress required the servants to repeat the Lord's prayer after her; but not being able, at that time, to call God her Father, from a feeling sense that he was her Father, she could not repeat the words; she was therefore called up to know why she did not repeat the words; when she told her mistress that not feeling God was her Father, she could not, but if she particularly wished it, she would, as a command from her, but not from God; but however, she said, she clearly saw the hand of the Lord towards her; for her mistress told her she would not press it, and also gave her permission to go once on the Sabbath to hear a servant of the Lord who preached the everlasting gospel to a few poor people, a few miles distant, which she esteemed an inestimable privilege, and where her soul was often greatly refreshed.

Soon after this she was brought, in the providence of God to Leicester, and was directed to the chapel in York Street, where the late Thomas Hardy laboured; but, being just at the time of his death, she did not hear him, but the late Mr. Robert Creasy, who succeeded Mr. Hardy, coming about this time, she was very highly favoured under his ministry, and by him she was baptised, greatly rejoicing in the Lord; and continued through evil and good report, a consistent and honorable member of the church through Mr. Creasey, Mr. Blackstock, and Mr. Garrard's ministry, (under the last named of which, according to her own words, her soul was greatly strengthened and established,) up to the time of her last illness, which began in October, 1847; from the very first of which she felt persuaded would be unto death, as when pleading with her heavenly Father to make it manifest unto her whether this sickness was unto death, the dear Lord spoke these sweet words with great power to her soul—'In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you;' and which words were much blessed to her many times during her affliction; and it is very

remarkable that she never had the least fear of death the whole of her affliction. She remarked to me two or three times, how kind the Lord was, for I have never had the least fear of death all this affliction, and which was an evidence to her, as well as to me, that the Lord was about to take her to himself; and it was truly astonishing to see with what calmness and composure she spoke of her end, and at intervals, as the Lord gave her strength, set her house in order, made every arrangement for the funeral, &c., with the greatest fortitude, clearly showing the sweet peace she enjoyed in her soul; and one day she said to me, after she had been arranging some of her little matters, 'If any body had told me the happiness that I should have enjoyed, and the blessed light that I should have had in the very prospect of death, I could not have believed them; so that it will not matter to you nor me how it may be with me in my last moments, if I am not able to say a single word, the work is done; and done for me.' And from that time (according to her own request) we did not force any conversation with her, her voice being broken.

She was not able to say much in her last moments, as it was exceedingly painful to her to articulate at all; but had she not been able to have said one word, I should not have had the least doubt of her security in Christ, she having given numberless unquestionable evidences of her interest in his great salvation. On the Sabbath Day fortnight previous to her death, I said, 'this is the beloved Sabbath, an earnest of that eternal Sabbath.' 'Yes, she said, which is secured for me, but I cannot talk about it now.' She was not in raptures during her illness; but her mind was sweetly stayed on the Lord the whole of the time; and excepting at very short intervals, when the enemy was permitted to assault her, from whose temptations she was not exempt, for as she told me she would sometimes set before her eyes one thing, and sometimes another to draw her mind from meditating upon heavenly things, still she manifested the most cheerful resignation to the will of God. If any spoke of her sufferings which were very great, she would say, 'I shall not have one pain more than my heavenly Father sees good for me.' She often expressed an ardent longing to be gone, and often repeated that verse of the Poet—

I feel this mud wall cottage shake,
And long to see it fall;
That I my willing flight may take
To him who is my all.

And also one day she said to a friend, 'Susan, you must sing when I am gone; her friend said, 'What shall we sing?' For me to die is gain;' she said, instantly. At another time she said, 'You must clap your hands and rejoice when I am gone.' She never once manifested the least desire to get better; for she said I am sure I shall sin again, and would therefore, rather de-

part and be forever freed from sin; so that when I read the Obituary of Mrs. Vinal in the June number of the *Vessel*, whose experience was similar in many things to my dear wife; of her it might be said, death desired and not dreaded; for she said several times, 'the chariot is long in coming, but it is on the road, and will soon be here.' And if any friend hinted that the time of her departure was near, her countenance would brighten up, and she evidently rejoiced at the thought that the time was very near. And I am sure that as her afflictions increased and abounded, so her consolations in Christ abounded also.

One evening she had a most blessed sight of the Lord Jesus Christ in his white robes standing at the foot of the bed. A christian friend who was with her at the time, said, 'it was as if the room was filled with the shining glory of the Lord.'

Christ who had been very precious to her soul for many years, was exceedingly and growingly precious in her last moments. That hymn was very much blessed to her,

As they draw near their journey's end,
How precious is their heavenly friend:
And when in death they bow their head,
He's precious on a dying bed,

As also,

The joy prepared for suffering saints
Will make amends for all.

And,

Tho' painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then oh how pleasant
The conqueror's song.

A few hours before she drew her last breath she said with her feeble voice, but with much fervency,

Oh, for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours.

And her last words, which she repeated two or three times, were, 'The cord will soon be broken, and then the gates will be opened;' a friend said, 'To receive thy ransomed spirit;' 'Yes,' she said; and then without a struggle, or a sigh, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Truly it may be said of her, 'Her end was peace; the memory of the just is blessed.' E. WALKER.

[Much more, my dear friend Banks, might be said of the grace of God, as manifested in my beloved wife, but thus much must suffice.]

[The following is a brief sketch of the sermon Mr. Garrard preached on the occasion of Mrs. Walker's death.]

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Our beloved sister, *Hannah Walker*, for some years past, had been subject to periodical attacks of pulmonary consumption, and in this last attack, she made it a matter of earnest prayer to the Lord to know whether it was the Lord's will to raise her up once more, to continue a while longer with her husband and her two children, or whether it was his will to take her to himself? The Lord was graciously pleased to answer her re-

quest, by giving her the following scripture, after which no argument could move her from her steadfast belief, that God was about to take her home to himself. The text was this, 'In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.' From that time, she appeared to have little or no desire to live in this world. Yes, she was anxious to depart and be with Christ. Indeed, she would not hear anything about recovering. She told me with her own mouth, that she had no desire to live in this world; for if she were to recover, she knew that she should sin again, and that had been a great burden and plague to her; therefore, if she had her choice, she had rather depart to be with Christ and sin no more. I never saw any person so anxious to die before as she was. She had many extraordinary manifestations from Christ, inasmuch as she said she could not have believed, until she had experienced it herself, that any one in the mortal body could feel such sweetness, and see such light and glory as she had experienced during her last illness. Her spirit, it appeared, lived in heaven, while her body lingered on earth. She arranged all her affairs with the greatest precision; and said to her husband, 'There, I have given you my last directions and advice (which were strictly attended to), and, said she, when you turn your back on me in the church yard, and have left me in the grave, then ask advice and direction of the Lord for your future proceedings. And,' she said, 'when I am gone, tell Mr. Garrard to preach from the very word the Lord gave unto me, viz., 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' &c.

"I am not a great admirer of funeral sermons, nevertheless, at the dying request of a saint of God, I feel compelled to comply. I will just give the principal heads and divisions, and leave it with the reader for enlargement by meditation.

"I. That we have no continuing house on earth.

"II. That we have an everlasting house in heaven.

"III. It is a prepared place for a prepared people.

"First: This stupendous universe, or the habitable globe, has been the temporary residence of mortals in all ages and generations; but by reason of sin and death, all must pass out of it. All flesh is grass. The wicked shall be turned into hell, but the righteous shall go into life eternal.

"Second: The visible church of God on earth, is but a temporary lodgment, or refreshment house by the way. Not a visible vestige of many of the churches in Asia remains. The saints of God in all ages, assembled in houses made with hands, have been removed from them to their mansions above. Patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and numerous saints, have enjoyed the ordinance and preaching of the word, and refreshments of the lower house, the

presence of Christ, the light of God's countenance, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost; but here they had no continuing house, or city: by faith they sought one to come. One generation of saints pass away, and another, by the Spirit of God, are raised up to fill their places on earth, until the consummation of all things, when the marriage of the Lamb comes, and the bride in all nations have made herself ready, or are prepared for the palace of glory above.

"Third: Our houses of earth, brick, or stone, that we may build, buy, or hire, are no certain dwelling places; we cannot keep plagues, diseases, nor death out of them by all the skill of physicians; yea, we take the seeds of disease and death, into our houses with us, and death ultimately is sure to turn us out, either into the dark and dismal house of hell, or into the glorious shining mansions in heaven, prepared for them that love God. We may enter into our houses here on earth, hired, bought, or built new for us, in our wedding clothes, but death turns us out muffled in a ghastly shroud, covered with a black pall, and lodges the body in the dark grave, until the resurrection day, and the mourners go about the streets.

"Fourth: This vile body, 'the earthly house of our tabernacle,' is no certain dwelling place for the soul. Sin has bred the plague in the house and down it must come. Yea, through sin, time and age, the house becomes untenable, and to a heaven-born, sanctified soul, a miserable lodging, and the more of the sanctifying Spirit, and grace of God is given to the soul, the more loathsome the house becomes; and those souls who have smelled and tasted the sweet savour of heaven and Christ in the old house, are sure to smell the greatest stink of the plague, and have the most ardent desires to leave the house, depart and be with Christ, which is far better; which you know was the case with the apostle Paul, though the fleshly mind may still linger to stay longer.

"11. That we have an everlasting house in heaven.

"First: A house not made with hands, viz., not of this building. Some have disputed to know whether heaven is only a *state*, or a *place*. I believe it is both a state of peace, rest, perfect happiness, and glory unspeakable; and a solid state, a place immovable, because Jesus saith, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' Many mansions, many houses, palaces, superb, uncreated, and glorious, lighted with God's presence, where the saints will breathe only the pure Spirit of God; which is light, life, and love, where the happy departed souls will ultimately be clothed with a light transparent, immortal, and glorious body, being 'clothed upon with their house, which is from heaven,' which will never decay, neither can they die any more."

Second: The house is eternal, not of corruptible material, but was from everlasting: everlasting habitations, standing in

infinite space; there saints in their glorious bodies will have a boundless range of pleasure grounds; uncreated, immortal groves, living fountains and rivers of delight. God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death. No death nor disease shall ever enter into those immortal, uncreated, glorious and everlasting mansions of the saints.

"Third: The mansions will be your own property, bequeathed and made over to you in the name of Christ, who is heir of all things; and you, 'heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.' No sophisticating lawyer, either on earth or elsewhere, shall ever rob you of your mansions; Christ is your law-giver, head, husband, and glorious king; the church is his consort queen for ever. And God in this time state is pleased to give the heirs of glory, while in this mortal, earthly house, the writings and title-deeds of their mansions above; and these our sister had clearly written before she departed out of this earthly house, and she had light given to read them herself, before she departed, and was anxious to be off to take possession, and be with Christ. God had written his 'law of faith and love' in her heart and mind, and none could blot it out. Men are very particular about their writings and parchments of old houses here on earth; but how few appear to be concerned about the writings and title to the house above. O ye humble, doubting souls, who have not had clear evidences, sue at the Will Office of heaven for your writing and title deeds of your glorious mansion. 'Ask and it shall be given you.' And you that have once had the witness of the Spirit in your soul, in whose hearts God hath put his fear, and written his law of love in your hearts and minds, remember what God doth, is done for ever; nothing can be added to it, nothing taken from it; never expect God to do that again which he has once done. Men have the writings of their houses made out but once in their lifetime. God writes it but once, adds nothing to it, takes nothing from it for ever; but men may have the writings of their houses in their house, and yet cannot find them, nor read them in the dark; but when light in the morning breaks in at the windows, they can read again. So pray for more light from heaven, the light of God's countenance, that you may read them again and again, and say, 'I know that if this earthly tabernacle were destroyed, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"111. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people.

"First: They are prepared by a new birth, being born of the Spirit, washed in the blood of Christ, sanctified by the Spirit, the word and the blood, and clothed in Christ's righteousness, and thus prepared for glory. Christ, by his life, death, obedience, and righteousness, hath prepared

the way to heaven for them, passed through the gates of hell and death, took the keys away with him; heaven's everlasting doors were opened for his personal entrance, and he is there to prepare a place for his people.

"Second; His personal presence as their mediator, advocate and intercessor, is a preparation for them. If a bride had ever such a glorious mansion with all accommodations, and found not her husband there whom she loved, the place would not be suitably prepared. But Christ being there in person to receive departing souls, everything is prepared for their reception, nothing wanting; and being united to Christ in everlasting wedlock, the mansions are their own, as being heirs and joint heirs with him. No rent, no rates, and it is all freehold for ever. They shall enter into the king's palace, and go no more out. All the tribute they pay is a willing offering—a tribute of praise. 'Unto him that loved us, and washed us in his own blood, and made us kings and priests to God and his Father for ever.'"

W. GARRARD.

The late Pamela Jacobs.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND PASTOR IN THE LORD:—Grace and peace be multiplied to you. Having many times felt my soul comforted and refreshed in reading the experience of the living family of God, my mind has been impressed with this feeling, that some notice should be taken of the life and death of our departed sister P. Jacobs. I was one with the rest of our dear friends that heard her relate many precious things at the giving in of her experience. Little did I think how soon the Lord would remove her from the church militant, to the church triumphant above. As it was therefore my happiness to hear at different times, from her own lips, the goodness of God to her soul, I thought I should like our friends who read the *Vessel* to know how graciously the Lord did fulfill his promise both in life and in death to our sister. It appears that Mr. Isaacs, of Hackney, was the honoured instrument, in the hands of the blessed Spirit, of leading her to see an end of all perfection in the creature, and the glory of that perfect righteousness wrought out, and brought in by her dear Redeemer, when he preached from John i. 17, 'For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.' This verse, her mother told me was particularly marked in her Bible, with her name attached round the verse. Oh, how dear and sacred to such souls are the words that the blessed Spirit is pleased to impress on the soul. I recollect now, at this moment, how she referred to that solemn time, and dated all her conflicts as commencing from that moment. After the Lord had thus appeared she became very much impressed to find a home with the Lord's people. Having heard Mr. Hugh's of

Hackney, with profit of soul, she felt inclined to cast in her lot with them, which I believe she did, till the ministry became closed, which she expressed as a source of great trial to her soul, although she said she could see that there was a deal of that in some of the friends, as well as the minister, that needed the pruning knife, and that God was bringing his own forth to see and acknowledge the same. But now the next trial was, where can my soul find a home? Wander about she could not. Give herself to prayer she must, which by the help of the Lord, she did. Just about this time she said, a friend said to her, 'Did you ever hear that man at Beulah Chapel?' She said, 'No.' Her friend urged her to go; which she did. She said the first time she heard you it was not with that refreshing she could wish; but solemnly convinced that it was God's soul-searching word that she had heard, and go again she must, and so did the Lord command his blessing on the word; that some of the most solemn and sacred hours in communion with Christ did her soul enjoy; thus, to use her own words, 'Whether in the body, she did not know.'

After hearing you on one occasion speak on Believer's Baptism, she became much concerned to follow her dear Lord in that despised ordinance, although she said she knew it would bring upon her a great cross which would be the loss of her situation, which was truly the case. Now to seek a place near to the house of God was her desire and prayer. The last place she lived at was our dear friend and brother Mr. Josiah Denham; and I feel happy to say that their loss of her, as a God fearing servant, corresponds with what I have here imperfectly stated of her.

It appears she was taken ill with the small pox, and taken home to her mother's house, and from thence to the hospital, where she died, telling her dear mother not to fret, for she was going to dwell with Christ above; the inmates of the hospital said they had never witnessed such a happy death there; they were truly led to see that 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'

Just before she died, she earnestly requested her young sister to read the 43rd chapter of Isaiah, speaking of the preciousness of that chapter to her soul. I recollect her speaking several times of that chapter, in the course of conversation, before her illness, as one that had many times been so powerfully applied to her soul. Thus lived, and thus died our sister, as a witness of those precious truths, my brother, that the Lord has enabled you from time to time to deliver amongst us.

May the Lord go on to bless us, whom our dear sister has left behind in the wilderness, with much of the overshadowing of his blessed Spirit; so that we may say and feel with the Lord's dear servant, 'For us to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'

Your's, in undying love, E. PACKER.

Christ Died for Me.

THE following is extracted from a letter written by Miss Jane Marks Smith to Mr. Thomas Garnett, concerning the death of her Cousin, Mary Ann Marks, who was both an Agent for the *Vessel*, and a Collector for the Ministers' Relief Society. May the Lord bless its perusal to many souls. The writer says:—"I write to inform you that my cousin, Mary Ann Marks, (who wrote to you for a card of the Poor Minister's Society,) is no more. She departed this life June 3. She had been ill ever since she had the Card, so that she could not persevere to get anything for it. During her illness she often spoke of Mr. Banks, and wished she could see him. She went with me and my mother to Providence Chapel, Sherbourn, and heard Mr. B. every time he preached there, and she liked him very much. And since her death my mother has found the heads of the sermons among her writings. And the last night she was on earth, she enquired if he was come; and the same morning after she awoke out of a short slumber, my mother said to her, 'Mary, how are you? And she said, 'Comfortable; I have seen the crown suspended over me.' My father went to see her, and she said, 'Uncle, I am going home to my Jesus; for the Lord hath told me he will never leave me, nor forsake me.' One morning she said, she had heard a sermon, and she remembered it all; and she quoted what Mr. Banks preached that Sunday morning he was at Sherbourn. My mother said to her, 'Mary, do you believe he preached the gospel?' And she said, 'Yes; I do: for he was the first man, under God, that brought any evidence to my soul that I was a child of God.' The last morning she was on earth, she lay like one in a slumber, and we never expected to hear her speak more. Suddenly she spoke up, and said to my mother, 'Tell to all the world CHRIST DIED FOR ME: and that I AM SAVED IN THE BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. O! the glories of heaven!' And then she said, 'I lay me down to sleep; and if I wake in half-an-hour, I will tell you all.' She laid down with a smiling countenance, and departed without a sigh or struggle. And the last hymn she quoted was

Rock of ages shelter me."

"Some preachers are like Heraclitus, who was called the dark Doctor, because he affected dark speeches; so they affect sublime notions, obscure expressions, uncouth phrases, making plain truths difficult, and easy truths hard; they darken counsel by words without knowledge: men of abstracted conceits and wise speculations, are but wise fools; like the lark that soareth up on high, peering and peering, but at last falleth into the net of the fowler. Such persons commonly are as censorious as they are curious, and do Christ and his church but very little service in this world."—*Brooks*.

Lines

ON THE DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE
CHURCH OF CHRIST, PENT SIDE, DOVER.

OUR Sister's gone—she's called above,
An object of eternal love;
By GRACE made to salvation wise,
Now fills a mansion in the skies.

She's gone—and we our loss can mourn,
But would not that she might return;
Oh, no! our Jesus doth well know,
How long to keep his plants below.

He waters them while in this ground;
'Tis from him all their fruit is found;
And when he takes from care and toil,
Transplants them to a richer soil.

She's gone—but while she travell'd here
She liv'd—and walked in holy fear;
Spake of her lovely Jesu's name,
To day, and yesterday the same.

Set to her seal that God is true,
In judgments and in mercies too;
Rejoiced in rich redeeming grace,
With joy she now beholds his face.

Her Father laid her gently by
For one short week—then called to die;
Although her mental powers did fail,
She anchored safe within the veil.

And tho' her passage might seem dark
To us, who now know but in part;
Christ safe conveyed this jewel bright,
To realms of everlasting light.

She's left our fellowship on earth,
She proved in time her second birth;
And as a trophy of his blood,
She's taken home to dwell with God.

O may her partner succour find,
From Christ our head, who's ever kind;
Who says he never will forsake,
Though every earthly tie do break.

May he to Jesus closer cleave,
And in the promises believe;
Thus in this heavy trial now,
May he by grace submissive bow:

Know who appoints, and kiss the rod,
Believing that his covenant God
Corrects in love, yet still his friend,
To lead him to his journey's end.

Help him to grow in every grace,
And reach at last that glorious place,
Where they with joy again shall meet,
And cast their crowns at Jesu's feet.

She's gone!—May we her footsteps trace;
Adore the mercy, love and grace,
That makes us kings and priests to God,
And drown our sins in precious blood!

Then shall we worship Christ in God,
As sinners bought with Jesu's blood,
And join with all the ransom'd throng,
That bless'd, that never ending song.

Glory for ever—glory be,
To the great Undivided Three;
This song shall from my tongue resound,
For I have this salvation found.

With palms of victory—crowns of gold,
Free grace through blood that made them bold;
Shall they with rapture swell the song,
A bless'd eternity along.

Dover, May 9, 1848. E. W. E.

(1.) There is the SECRET book of God's everlasting covenant. (2.) There is the dark book of prophecy. (3.) There is the open book of the gospel. (4.) There is the EXPERIMENTAL book of the Spirit's work on the sinner's heart. And there will be the glorious perfect book of prophetic and apostolic consummation.

Blood Sprinkled on the Conscience.

[Dear Sir—I herewith send you the outline of a discourse delivered by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, of Hackney; on October 11, 1836. Your insertion of it in your next *Vessel* will oblige your's truly, W.]

“And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.” John i. 17.

VIEW Christ as the blessed Head of satisfaction. He covers all our sins, and now all the children are free. The non-imputation of sins to a justified soul is a truth; and whatever may have been your fallen sense of guilt since we last met; but there must be a view of Christ as the head of all grace, light, life, and divine influence to the soul. We have now to do with consciences: the blood is in constant and powerful operation, and is applied by faith to the conscience. Sin is hardening. There is no spiritual apprehension of life in Christ till the blood is applied. The drop of blood on the right ear, thumb, and toe, and then the oil, have much to do with this peace-speaking blood. The Holy Spirit shews the things of Christ: he unfolds the things before concealed, even the mystery of sprinkled blood. The Holy Ghost, in his operation, is clearly discerned by all souls walking in the light. The Lord's people who have not assurance of their salvation, are walking in darkness. Very intimate is the connection between walking in the light, and having intimate communion and fellowship with Christ. ‘How much more shall the blood of Christ,’ &c., &c. The blood pleads in the conscience, purges and cleanses the conscience. The blood of Christ applied is so cleansing, no sin can stand before it. ‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.’ Take heed of pharisaism; it is as bad as antinomianism. There is a counterfeit holiness, a feigned humility, a feigned humble mindedness; this ever bringeth souls into bondage. Jacob, Noah, David, and Peter, were not cut off from Christ. Does the blood cleanse from some sins, or some kind of sins only? No. *From all sin!* Lay your whole case before the Lord; ask him to break the chain of sin; make a right use of Christ. The Spirit gives us to see this blessed light; the fulness of grace in Christ, the Godhead-fulness of

life in Christ: the christian has to walk in it first by a living faith, as thou didst first receive Christ without any evidence of being a believer, but as a sinner. Secondly, not his blood in the absence of his righteousness, but in the fulness in him, as a man purchasing a field purchases all above and beneath its surface. Married to Christ; the poor sinner is married to all in Christ, going on step by step to the fulness in him. A right use of Christ prevents lasciviousness, and prevents staggering at daily infirmities; it enables a believer to draw strength from him; it works by love, and purifies the heart. Have fellowship one with another; the bond of union is the fellowship of the Spirit. ‘He that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit.’

An Epistle from Manchester.

MR. EDITOR:—I promised you that I would give you some account of the Lord's dealings with me at Manchester; but such has been the state of my feelings that I knew not what to write. If I had promised to give you some account of the treachery, and combined union between my own wicked heart and satan, I feel I should have much to say; but what is the use of poring over our misery, or taking part with the wicked one? He always was, and he always will be a liar, and the adversary of the heirs of salvation.

I was much struck with the account you gave of yourself when preaching in Yorkshire; and was truly glad that there was a man of God to be found in the same dismal path as myself; not that I rejoiced in your poverty; but that it encouraged me to believe that I was not alone, as the devil would have me believe, when I get there, as I do very often; and he is sure to come in with, ‘Do you think if you were sent of God to preach the Gospel you would be in this dark, miserable and impoverished state? No; the Lord fills his poor with good things, but you are sent empty away; the Lord never leaves nor forsakes his, but you are almost, if not altogether, alone; your religion only begun in the flesh, and will end in the flesh.’ Do you know that when the devil is allowed to broach such things as these, I am foolish enough to become his clerk, and say, ‘Amen.’ ‘Aye,’ continues he, ‘you see some of your friends are forsaking you, and others look cool; others come to chapel but seldom; and these that speak and smile at you are only flattering you; your bible has lost its sweetness; the Lord is withdrawn; you have no

access at a throne of grace; your matter is all done; and you will have to give over preaching, and retire into seeret.' All these things are so painted, that I cannot see through their deception, and they are so craftily whispered into my soul by satanic craft, that I do not know but that they are true at the time.

Last Sunday (the 13th) I had to preach the anniversary sermons at Baguerley, in Cheshire; and I was as barren in my soul as a man that had never felt the love of God, and satan was hard at my heels. As we were going, my friend pointed me to a placard with my name in large letters; he asked, '*Do you know that gentleman?*' He might, as well have knocked me off the carriage, though he spoke in friendship; he did not know what a conflict I had within, nor what advantage the enemy took of it. I went like a fool to the stocks.* This person that spoke

* This was rather different to the manner in which a certain *evangelical doctor* went the other day into the pulpit, when a *New Congregational Church*, [?] in the vicinity of the Metropolis, was opened. The doctor is a noble looking man; and when arrayed in his robes and appendages, the pulpit seemed hardly large enough to hold him. He took his sermon out of his pocket; laid it before him; and proceeded to address the people in an eloquent and lofty strain: but when I recollected that the same parties who are building such splendid chapels (as near like the modern English churches as they dare to come,) are at the same time, by the Evangelical Alliance, doing their utmost to pull down the established church; when I listened to their chanting; gazed upon their elegantly painted windows, and mighty aisles, reflected upon the *extravagant speculation* in building such a place—when I thought further of the motive for giving to it so gaudy and so ecclesiastical an exterior—(which motive, we were plainly told was that the *imagination of the masses* might be taken hold of—and induced to come in),—I say, when I put all these things together, I solemnly asked, "Is this pure and undefiled religion—or, is it not a deceitful mockery and daring insult offered unto the Majesty of Heaven?" Truly, the form of Godliness, and the making merchandize of what is called *the gospel*, is rapidly spreading: but where is the power, the spirituality, the devotedness and conformity to the image of Christ, which in the Gospel's early days it manifestly produced? Surely, I am either blind and deceived; or, England is fast being dressed up by the Mother of Harlots in that gaudy attire, of which, ere long, the Lord will make a most awful fire. Oh, cursed pride and covetousness! What are they not doing? Where are they not now to be found?—Ed.

to me was the minister of the place. When we got there, we had to arrange the preaching; and he persuaded me that the people would be best pleased if I preached; after a little deliberation, I consented, on the condition that the Lord would give me a text: on taking the bible my eyes were directed to Isaiah xxxviii. 17, 'Behold for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption, for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.' I know not what I said, but I felt much relief; and I saw the tears rolling copiously down the weather-beaten cheeks of some of Zion's travellers; their looks expressed satisfaction. In the afternoon and evening I felt much more at liberty, and much enjoyed the day. The sun was risen; the beasts were all gone into their dens; the lambs and the sheep fed sweetly; and if we may draw any conclusion from the liberality and willing-mindedness of the people, we must say that the Lord blessed us indeed. The little chapel is situated at the corner of a large field; it is very neatly fitted up; I suppose it will seat from 150 to 200 persons at the outside; and we had two collections, afternoon and evening, amounting to £18 2s. 8d. I was astonished, and could but admire the cheerful liberality of the people who love the truth in the heart. There are three old women here, one named Martha, another Mary, and another Betty, from eighty to ninety years of age each. Martha and Mary got hold of me, and said, that they had got it in their hearts; and they knew that that was Christ's gospel, for they had been more than fifty years sheep in that pasture, and they knew the Master's voice well; thus I proved that the Lord was present. O! that I could love him better, serve him more, and trust him implicitly.

I anticipate the day with trembling and holy wonder when I shall appear in the courts of my Lord, and witness against my accuser and all his deceptions; when I come to show my call by grace, and call to the ministry, and the faith that embraced me at the beginning, I fear not but in the name, and by the help of the Lord, to be able to silence angels, men, and devils. And what should I expect, but to be insulted thus, since the Lord has most signally blessed me in gathering together a goodly congregation, and by his grace added thirty to our number in six months; turned out contentions, and brought in peace; and we are dwelling together in love and harmony; not one hand or voice lifted up in opposition to the recognition, but there are many enemies running round and grudging. The Lord, who is in the midst of us is mighty, and we shall not be moved; and by his grace we shall be saved. The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble; let the saints rejoice; for he com-

eth to judge his people with equity and in righteousness. The Lord teach my soul to trust him, and live upon the things that I preach to others, and enrich all his chosen ministers with the outpouring of his grace, and support you, and deliver you out of all trouble, and his name shall have all the praise. Amen.

JOHN CORBITT.

Every Man's Work shall be tried

OF WHAT SORT IT IS.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:—I promised to write to you I think, but I am a poor thing, withered and dry, just fit to be gathered for the fire of God's wrath, and, was he to deal with me after my merit, there would be no alternative; I must perish. Now I can tell you I walk under a daily and almost hourly feeling of it, and I should go mad if I had no hope in Jesus Christ; but I often am questioning and fighting, and wrestling about the solidity of my hope. I am put to it greatly, I may say all the day long, week after week, months and years am I fighting about the genuineness of my hope; I am not disputed out of it, but that I do hope, trust, and believe, yes, and love too, and that the people of God, and that because they are begotten and born of God, and in their measure bear enough of his likeness for me to recognize them as the Lord's; and notwithstanding I have the word of the Lord at my beck (as we say), and at times seems very useful to me in this fight, yet I am constantly beset with this. Is it real silver and gold? I am grounded in the truth of God's sovereign, wise and gracious purposes in Jesus Christ; I am grounded nicely as to Christ's life, death, and justice-satisfying-guilt, atoning and sin-removing sacrifice, and for whom! But these are things without me, these are settled mountains, unshaken and everlasting hills. I am satisfied, and not at all wavering about the everlastingness and well ordered covenant, with whom and for whom: I do not want to be told that Jesus is full of grace and truth, these things, I see plainly in my measure; these are things done, settled, firm and fast for ever; my warfare does not lay among those things. But I read of a work distinct from those wonderful works, a work of the Holy Spirit, the third person in the Holy Trinity. If I am wrong in this, my knowing clearly in my judgment the other, will be of no avail, I shall perish in hell, I am sure. It is about my calling, my life, my faith, my hope, my humility, my patience in tribulation, and my tribulation, my prayer, my love, my sorrow on account of sin, and for the living God, my knowledge of sin, and what is called the plague of the heart, and my self denial, &c. &c.; about the good work begun, and carried on, and perfected by the Holy Spirit: a work worthy of

him that does it, and must be a work of holiness. Now, my brother, here lays my warfare; others, many at least, I fall in with, do not appear much concerned, they seem to take for granted they are right, and so go fishing in the world, and after this world's stuff, and its airy, frothy, light, bubbles: such as silver, gold, stones, wood, and earth, and respectability tinseling, as though Christ had died to procure a warrant from heaven for them to be licensed to covet earnestly the empty bubbles and vanities of this earth; and they can prate about faith in Christ and his fulness in a moment, at any time; but I assure you, I do not find it so easy to get into Christ's treasures. I hope I do sometimes. I have been very happy at times; but I never was happy through believing, but what I afterwards was in war and conflict about it, as to what of it was real and what was not, or if any of it was real, and so it continues. I am frequently very confident about matters for the Lord's family in the pulpit, and frequently for myself; but for myself, my confidence seldom lasts me to the bottom of the pulpit stairs, or into the vestry, before the pulling and hauling begins. I should like to enjoy my spiritual food, and become a strong and useful believer, have an honorable religion, live an honorable life on Christ, and die an honorable death—that would be to die in the Lord. Please to accept this letter as a token of spiritual affection, so far as I am aware of the truth of my own mind.

S. E.

Biggleswade, August 12, 1848.

A Letter by Mr. James Osbourn.

O LORD God of Israel, thou who art excellent in working, and in whose hands are all mortal and immortal affairs: thou, Lord, knowest the ignorance and stupidity of thy servant, and how incapable he is, without thy aid, of writing in a consolatory way to one whose soul is in such an embarrassed condition as greatly to need a letter of condolence; do therefore afford thy servant help to write to his son in the flesh in a way that shall prove healthful to his poor afflicted conscience.

MY DEAR JOHN F.:—Peace and pardon attend thee, my son. Wonderful news from Baltimore have reached my ears of late. Well may it be said, '*We know not what a day may bring forth.*' It is a truth that sin hath made direful work among the human family, and nothing but its opposite, *grace*, can remedy it; and that *grace*—divine *grace*, can set all things in the soul right and straight is our mercy; and so great too is this mercy that it leaves no just ground for a sin-burdened soul to despair of heaven at last. It cannot be well said that mercy is adapted to any but to the miserable and oppressed; and it is

said the oppressed are not to return ashamed, but to praise God's name, for he will in his own good time arise to the needy and oppressed, and set them all in safety; and the sweet Psalmist of Israel being confident of this matter, he says to the Lord, 'Thou who hath shewn me great and sore troubles shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.' And you, my son, as well as David, have reason to believe that the Lord who hath shewn you great and sore troubles, will, if he has not already, bring your soul up from the depths of horror, darkness, and long despair, and comfort you on every side; and then will cause you to cry out and say, 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.'

You may be sure, John, that I shall not fail to cry to the Lord on your behalf, since this I have always done, without your earnest solicitation; and much more shall I now do so since your dear soul is labouring under the burden of sin, and your poor conscience surcharged with guilt and misery, and you have so ardently requested me to plead with God for you. Your late communications, (I mean since I left Baltimore this time,) to me have produced a multitude of thoughts within me, and also a medley of feelings, and some of them have been extraordinary good and blessed ones. Indeed I can no more describe them than I can make a world. And in my addresses to God too I am at times more than encouraged on your behalf. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name. Doubtless your state of mind is as uncomfortable as it can well be, and your distress vastly pungent; and I know this must needs be the case when God with his troops of terror, and his fiery law invades the breast of a guilty sinner, and lays open to his view the fountain of sin within him; for the heart of man is a fount of iniquity, and when the righteous law in its noon-day strength shines into it, sin revives and the man dies, as was the case with Paul; and as the law continues to shine on the putrified lump or mass, the disclosure that is made thereby to the awakened sinner is horrifying beyond description, while at the same time the heart, like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, casteth up loads of filth and foul sediment, which have lodged there a long time, and this makes such rueful work that the poor thing is quite prepared to say, 'O Lord, I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.' But all this cutting, breaking down, and killing work is done to make room for, and to prepare a place where to establish the empire of grace; for grace must reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. In the first settling of a plantation there is an abundance of rough work to be done before any profit can arise to the husbandman: and in preparing room in a sinner's heart for the reception of the King of glory, there is so

much hewing, and squaring, and rooting up, and pulling down, that sometimes the man thinks he shall consume away like a moth; but still the Lord will be sure to take good care of his own plantation, and water it every moment; and lest any hurt it, he will keep it night and day.

Bad therefore, as you feel yourself to be, and condemned as you now are by the righteous law of God; yet in my view of the subject there is nothing strange in your present condition, nor is there any one thing in all you say against yourself to check a good hope that in due time you will be brought up out of the horrible pit, and be led forth into light, peace, liberty, and holy joy, to the praise of the glory of God's grace. Divine grace, ere now, hath done wonders on the behalf of the sinful sons of men in the business of salvation; and it can easily do the same again for my son John F.; and I hope, and have good reason to believe, it will in a day when you look not for it. I know right well that an afflicted conscience is hard to be borne, but God can support one under it. But few people, methinks, have suffered longer than has your father under a sense of divine displeasure, and I can but fancy it to be a type of that tremendous fire which is never to be quenched: but from a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, the Lord in the plenitude of his mercy, delivered me, and set my feet upon a rock, and from which no man shall cast me down. Many have tried their satanic skill, artifice, schemes, and devices to effect my remove from this rock, but in vain hitherto, and in future 'twill be the same.

Painful, my son, as it is to me to see your soul wading in such deep and troubled waters, yet it is but right that I should show my hearty concurrence in the mode which the Lord seeth fit to pursue in his treatment of you. And much rather would I see you dealt with after this sort, than to see you come into a public profession of religion, as is to be feared most do, without ever being wounded and killed by the law. As in your letter to me, dated the 17th inst. you say, you *will and must leave all in the hands of God who dealeth with all men as he willet*h, I hope you will be enabled so to do; and in reference to you and your condition, and your wife and children, I will try to do the same. Thousands and thousands of prayers have I put up to God on my bended knees for your temporal and eternal welfare; and not for you alone, but for your dear mother also, and for all the rest of the family; and I can but hope that some of my poor prayers are now showing themselves, and will yet appear more conspicuous. God Almighty bless thee, support thee, deliver thee, and save thee with an everlasting salvation. Amen.

Your affectionate father,

JAMES OSBOURN.

Person County, North Carolina, April, 1843.

P.S.—To all my dear family and brother Fenner—Knowing how very sudden the

powerful flood of divine wrath broke in upon the mind of my son John, and how greatly all of you must must have been alarmed to see him move before his wife and children, and from one part of the city to another, like a maniac, I here send you a few lines by way of condolence.

My dear souls, for you in your present distress I deeply sympathise, and hope that he will by and bye allay the surges of your mind, and in their stead send a calm, out of which may spring a surface as placid and serene as a May morning. The Lord alone doeth wondrous things, for he hath already turned bitter waters into sweet, and out of the eater brought forth meat and now from the present thunderstorm he can bring to our view a Pacific Ocean, and this I hope he will do, and in the same cause us to rejoice. In this sin-disordered world, however, we may consider ourselves sons and daughters of affliction; but in that bright world where God and angels dwell it will be otherwise. I long to see you and to talk to John, but at present my engagements are such that I cannot be with you under three or four weeks.

I am here in the midst of warm-hearted and undissembled brethren and friends; but there are some few false and hypocritical professors, and here and there a preacher among them, all lying in ambush to shoot at me; and they do shoot, and rave, and belie, and vilify me at a mad rate. I wish some one of you to write to me immediately, and direct to the care of General J. C. King, Edgecombe County, North Carolina. Your's in love, J. O.

The Harp taken down from the Willow.

A MEMORIAL OF THE LORD'S UNMERITED GOODNESS TO THAT PART OF HIS ZION MEETING AT BEULAH CHAPEL, SOMERS' TOWN. UNDER THE PASTORAL CARE OF MR. JAMES NUNN, LATE OF IPSWICH.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—It was said of old, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like those that dream." The tongue was employed in singing, 'The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' Psa. cxxvi. As a church we feel impressed, from the singular kindness of the Lord manifested to us, as a people, that we are called upon to give thanks publicly, in acknowledging his goodness and mercy towards us.

How vastly different the state of captivity to that of liberty, either of a church or a single individual; how delightfully blessed, therefore, when Jehovah, by his Almighty power and gracious application, causes the soul of a believer to revive as the corn, and grow as the vine; nor is it less blessed when it is seen and realized by a body of Christians.

Therefore, under a deep sense of the gracious and special favour of our covenant God to us, as a branch of his Zion, we desire to acknowledge his manifold mercies; for, notwithstanding we have been marked and pecked at as a speckled bird nearly ever since we gave our present beloved minister a call to preach to us in the name of the Lord, yet the Lord has been our refuge and present help in our times of trouble; blessed be his holy name, he has not given us up to the will of our enemies; nor has he dealt with us as some of our sister churches have done, who have cast us off, refusing to hold fellowship with us, by not dismissing removing members to us; this we wish to leave in the hands of the Lord, thankful the offence is not our's, for as a church, we acted cautiously and conscientiously in our movements and choice of our esteemed pastor, Mr. Nunn, and we desire to bless and praise the name of our covenant God that we were ever directed to hear his voice.

Previous to the Lord sending him among us our harps had long been hung on the willows, and many times we had wept at the low estate of our Zion—the blasting winter breath had left us almost like a withering tree; some of us held together praying and hoping that the Lord, in his mercy, would appear again for our deliverance, but hope long deferred had made our hearts faint; empty pews, heavy expences, finances exhausted, these, with burdened hearts, had brought us almost to the conclusion of giving up our house of prayer, hardly knowing how to keep it open, when the Lord, in his boundless mercy, 'heard our groanings, and came down to deliver us,' by calling, in his all-wise providence, Mr. Nunn to preach in our neighbourhood. Several of our number heard the word delivered by him, with great sweetness; the news soon spread, and it was proposed that he should be invited to preach at Beulah. But from various reports, the mind of some were double barred against his ever coming to preach among us; but in the good providence of our God, those friends were induced to go and hear for themselves; the word was sealed home with power, the strong bars of prejudice were completely broken, their hearts filled with holy joy, and thus a oneness of mind and heart was felt for Mr. James Nunn to preach the word of the Lord to us.

Previous to his doing so, two of the deacons waited upon some neighbouring ministers who had been intimately acquainted with Mr. Nunn for years; they spoke so very highly of him that all difficulties were at once removed, and we immediately invited him to preach to us in the name of the Lord.

Finally, Mr. Nunn came; the Lord was evidently with him to bless him and us. The water of life flowed freely, sweetly, and blessedly once more in our sanctuary, through his ministry; souls were refreshed, gladdened, and comforted; the cold shivering feelings of winter began to pass away, and the voice of the turtle was again heard in our land, through the atoning blood, and complete righteousness of our once crucified, but now reigning Lord; by the gracious power and operation of the Holy Spirit. The tree of life bent its boughs heavily laden with precious fruits; faith was brought into lively exercise. Many plucked fruit and enjoyed its invigorating power and blessedness. The healing virtue of its leaves were experienced by many; and a goodly number have been pricked to the heart, and brought to tell of the Lord's goodness and mercy towards them, through the ministry of our beloved pastor.

On Thursday evening, the 27th of July last, we were called to witness a heart cheering scene, our place of worship filled with orderly spectators, to behold twenty-four persons walk in the footsteps of their Lord, in the ordinance of believer's baptism. This made the fourth time the ordinance had been administered by our pastor within the space of twelve months. During the four years Mr. Nunn has been with us, the dear Lord has added to our number one hundred and twenty persons, whom we hope are trees of his own right-hand planting—filling our house with attentive hearers; and we have every reason to believe that many of their number are longing to say "the Lord is my salvation."

Amidst all these favours, we have had our portion of bitter herbs wisely and mercifully mixed, though in their working, we could not see how they would end; but we have in some degree learned what our pastor has often repeated:

"That every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of his (Jehovah's) love,"
and that

"His flock his own peculiar care,
Tho' now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where,
They best and safest may abide."

Our affliction has been greatly increased by the various reports circulated against our esteemed pastor. Our deacons have searched into these reports, and were much grieved to find that ministers, deacons, and members of various churches, have joined in reporting, what they had not even the least shade of evidence to support; and some driven so close that they were obliged to confess, that they knew not from whom they had received the things they had reported. These are awful and lamentable things to exist in the Zion of God. "If it had been an enemy we could have borne it," said one of old.

We feel great pleasure that we can testify, that our beloved pastor, through the grace of God, during his connection with us, has been enabled to walk before us worthy of our example; we speak not this to the praise of man, but to the glory of our God; but it gives us great joy that we can thus honestly, as in the sight of our Lord, stand forth to witness, what he has mercifully done, both for ourselves and our beloved pastor. Notwithstanding, feeling as we do, the weakness of our fallen nature, the wickedness of our hearts, the necessity of the perpetual gracious operations of the blessed Spirit, to keep us right and fruitful in every good word and work, our earnest desire and prayer to the God of our mercies are, "leave us not, nor forsake us; hold thou us up, and we shall be safe," praying thus, by the power of our God, to be preserved from the flesh, the world, and the devil, to the glory of his holy name. May the dear Lord thus mercifully bless and keep us, with yourself and the readers of your magazine, is the earnest desire of

Your's in him who ever liveth to intercede for his redeemed.

EDWARD AUSTIN, JAMES PORTER, JAMES FROST, JOHN TOOLEY, THOMAS DAWLAND,	}	<i>Deacons.</i>
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Read, and unanimously approved and signed, at our church meeting, Lord's-day, August 20, 1848.

John Bradford's Conversion.

FROM the first number of "*Dunhill Memorials*," we make the following extract:—

"Mr. Bradford was in the early part of his life a minister in the Established Church, and curate of Frilsham, in Berkshire. From his own confession we have it, that during that time he was an avowed Arian, and denied the Divinity of Christ. But when the Spirit of God regenerated, and made him a new creature, he then acknowledged that no man, by human wisdom, can understand the Scriptures; but, that the Holy Ghost himself must open them to the renewed mind. 'I was writing,' said he, 'a sermon from these words, *'Ye must be born again.'* I now felt as I never felt before. I had sins presented to my mind, which I had never thought of, and never considered to be sins: and *this sin* in particular, that—I wore the *livery* and received the *pay* of a minister of the gospel, whereas I was only an hireling. I now saw that I must be born again; I was convinced of the *necessity* of the new-birth, and cried earnestly that I might experience the *reality*. I never finished the sermon I had begun; but, instead thereof, I burned most, if not *all*, my old sermons. I was before that time an *Arian*. The first relief I felt was from a view that Jesus Christ was *God*. I heretofore had not doubted but that such a *man* as Jesus Christ had *lived*; I did not behold him as *God*; his deity I now see as the ground of all my christian confidence. I went to preach the next Sunday *from what I felt*, and the effect was wonderful. No less than five persons were awakened under that sermon.

"His immortal spirit" (saith the inscription on his stone) "ascended to God, July 16, 1805, in the 55th year of his age. Born of a spiritual birth, he lived the sweet life of faith on the Son of God; and, with that ardour of affection, and warmth of zeal for undefiled religion peculiar to a minister called of God, he publicly and boldly declared those things which he had *seen* and *heard*; to the refutation of detestable error, the liberation of sensible sinners from the galling chains of legality, and, to the establishment of many christians in the truth as it is in the Lord Jesus. The substance of whose preaching was—man nothing but sin, and *Christ all in all* in the great salvation of his elect!"

Smiting a Neighbour.

"Cursed be he that smiteth his neighbour secretly."
Deut. xxvii. 24.

BROTHER B.—:—I am still living in the midst of troubles: and wonder when the trying scene will end; but I am persuaded not till I put off my tabernacle. I have one mer-

cy, '*The Lord is my refuge—a very present help in this time of trouble.*' Beset I am all around with many of satan's tools, putting on the garb of saints; and then again, I have within a thorn in the flesh, '*the messenger of satan to buffet me.*' But hitherto, blessed be God, his grace has supported me; and I trust he will yet support me, though I walk in the midst of troubles and weakness, yet I know Jehovah's strength is perfect on my behalf. It is strange and painful to find that those that hold the doctrine of a free grace salvation should be no better employed than to raise any disrespectful thing they may think of, and report the same as though true; but so I find to be the case with respect to myself. There are persons who attend Abingdon, Wantage, and Wallingford, many of them who never saw me, and therefore never heard me preach; and yet they give the most contradictory statements; some asserting that I am an Arminian, others that I am an Antinomian, that I hold persons may live in any sin if they come to hear me, some assert that I cut off all mourning souls, and souls that are in real trouble. Now, brother Banks, I know if the Lord had cut off such, I myself should long ago have been cut off; but this I know, there is no real comfort for troubled souls but as they are led to Jesus by precious faith. Self-pity will never give comfort (nor yet the pity of others) to us; but the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart will give peace in the midst of trouble. Brother B. you got the tidings that you disappointed a whole barn full of persons at Steventon, which was not true; for although persons asserted that you were to be there on a certain evening, yet not one individual person put confidence in the assertion, so as to be there; but if you had come, and we had given proper notice thereof, the barn might have been filled. On my return from London, I found the father of all lies had been at work as usual; it was circulated both here and around us, that you would have been at Steventon the said evening but that I wrote a letter to you to prevent your coming. Now whatever slander might have been raised against me, I have generally kept silent; but in this case, as a reproof to the first inventors of the falsehood, it will be well for you to contradict the same in the next *Vessel*. May our God overrule the same to his own glory. Yours in the bonds of love,

R. RANDLE,

Baptist Minister, Sutton Courtney.

[Brother Randle, I will only just say, I am grieved that such wickedness should exist among the professors of godliness, but I find it every where abounds. So far from your hindering me from coming to Steventon, you have always pressed me to come when I could. But I could neither find time nor mind to come at the period referred to; so I left it, as I ever desire to leave all these things, in the hands of the Lord.—(C. W. B.)

A Bunch of Grapes.

BELOVED EDITOR:—I have sent you one out of the many bunches of grapes which my late valued and venerable pastor brought down from the heavenly Canaan.

Believe me your soul's well-wisher and fellow traveller to a better home.

W. A. HALL.

55, Upper Marylebone St., Portland Place.

"Christ has opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, and the doors will not be shut until the last elect vessel of mercy is safely housed. Faith in the atonement—love to the atoner and an hatred to sin, will damn no man. The Christian can never loose any thing from this world's stock without God sending a permit; his interest also in eternal realities is above loss—death itself cannot meddle with high things.

"The Christian's object of adoration is self-existent; who never began to be, and will never cease to be; who has all life in himself and of himself, and cannot be loved and adored without advantage. God never intended that the comforts he bestows upon us in this lower world, should be as curtains let down to hide his face, for every kind providence has a voice, 'Remember me.' God never puts a man in the crucible without design, and when he can see his own face in the silver he will put the fire out. Regeneration lays the foundation of all spiritual obedience, and whenever the Spirit becomes an operator, the Saviour becomes an object. The certainty of salvation is wrapt up in the glorification of the Saviour. The Lord wisely postpones our triumphs for a time, until he is pleased to send for us to chaunt his praises before the blazing throne. Christ could not be a saviour without being a sufferer; he knew before hand what his wedding-day would cost him. All the trials of the Christian are but expressions of a father's care, and what he will not prevent, he will help us to bear. Holiness without Christ is a dream; faith without Christ is a fancy. A defective religion is a religion the devil traffics with, and will melt like a snow ball under a burning sun. Christ was made the first born of all the Father's house, the great Lord of the establishment, the primitive heir of all the family, the person in whom the whole church is involved, the pattern of the house standing in his humanity, and the glory of the house in his divinity."

Christian Reviewer.

"*Bunhill Memorials. Sacred Reminiscences of a portion of the Blessed Living-Dead, whose Mortal Remains rest in hope, in Bunhill Fields,*" &c. Edited by J. A. Jones. London: James Paul.

We have carefully perused the first number of "*Bunhill Memorials*;" and have no doubt

but that the work will be interesting and valuable to the churches of Christ generally. Beside the names of the ministers, we have the denomination they were connected with, the scenes of their labours; the time of their departure out of this world of sorrow; and occasionally some little historical, experimental, and practical features connected with the time-standing of several eminent servants of God, which will render it not only useful as a book of reference, but valuable as a *Literary Monument* of the faithfulness of our covenant God in keeping up in every age, preserving, and making use of a succession of men who have served their day and generation in the ministry of the gospel, and have then entered into rest.

There is one thing in the work which we do not like; and we have received a letter from a Christian brother, expressing his disapprobation of the same: it is the mixing up *Unitarian* ministers with the "*blessed living dead*." We do not believe that Unitarians ought ever to be reckoned among the servants of the Lord Jesus Christ: and we do trust the Editor will be constrained to confine himself to the recording of such men, and such only as were contenders for the faith once delivered unto the saints.

"*Prayer, by the Rev. Joseph Irons, on Sunday, June 25th.*" London: Benjamin L. Green.

This is the title of a smart looking little book that has been sent to us for review: and whether we offend or please, we will say, this beats everything in the way of publishing that ever we yet met with. "*What?*" we said, "have they now begun to publish Joseph Irons's *prayers*, as well as his sermons?" Yes! verily it is true; and truly disgusted are we at this most abominable trafficking with the house and worship of God. Will Mr. Irons countenance reporters in his chapel on a Lord's-day morning to take down his prayers, in order that his printer may dress them up in beautiful borders and coloured wrappers, and then sell—"MR. IRONS'S PRAYERS AT THREE-PENCE EACH?" If this is not worse than Popery a thousand times, we are deceived.

Only imagine, for a moment—Mr. Irons, in the Lord's house, on the Lord's-day solemnly engaged in prayer to Almighty God, and close beside him, a reporter employed to take down the prayer, in order that it may be published. *Will the churches countenance such a thing?* Ah, that they will; because it is *Mr. Irons's*. Well, we say—although we know we shall bring down the wrath of hundreds of professors upon our heads, for this declaration—we care not. We say, it is an act against which every God-fearing man ought to lift up his voice. We are solemnly persuaded a Holy God will never countenance such proceedings: and we beseech Mr. Collingridge to pause, ere he persists in such unholy traffic.

Am I One of the Church of Christ?

MY DEAR SON IN THE GOSPEL OF LIFE, LIGHT AND LOVE.

Your letter of the 15th of June, I got safe, and rejoice in the mercy of our God so freely bestowed, maintained and expressed. The *Earthen Vessel*, I find, reminded you of gone by days, while on its pages you perused my '*Lily among Thorns*.' The fire appeared to burn while you ran through ten years of mercies with a feeling peculiar to those only in whose heart the Holy Ghost acts the part of a '*remembrancer*.' I find I baptized you on Good Friday, 1838, with three others; since that time how many changes we have seen, the Lord only knows, yet in some measure, I trust, lessons of benefit have been taught, and since you have ventured to step with me on board the *Earthen Vessel* unpressed, and volunteer to meet with her, and me, the dangers of the winds and sea to which she is and will be exposed, I am not ashamed of the vessel in which I have had a berth kindly granted me, nor of you; should you pass the quarter-deck, and be mustered among the crew.

I find, dear David, the time of your first feeling the power of God attending the word to your soul, excites both joy and grief in your mind. I am glad it is so; you speak of your trammels then being knocked off; how you then longed for the Sabbath; the liberty you felt; how your affections were raised to things above, and then you could and did run in the ways of God with pleasure and delight, &c.; and up to this day you say you look upon me as the instrument, and since you say so, I believe so; to our God be all the glory. But seven years have nearly rolled away since you left my ministry, and business led you to leave Cambridge. Six years, last March, I solemnized marriage between you and your dear wife, to whom also I have hope my God made my poor labours a blessing. Cares of various kinds have arrested you, such as business, which, with all its inconveniencies, must be properly attended to, Rom. xii. 11. The world, also, while we are in it, is to be used and not abused, 1 Cor. vii. 31. *The church* is complete in Christ, Col. ii. 10.; if I thought otherwise, I should have to undo all that I tried to prove on Lord's day last, while preaching to my people

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from Heb. x. 15, '*For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified*.' But I bless my God he hath done it; it is so, and you know, dear David, I have for years past been honest enough to say that what the Lord doeth standeth fast for ever. No, no, the church is safe enough, that never troubles me, my trouble is, am I of the church? I believe through his sweet grace I am, but believe me, my son, before my God, my greatest trouble this day is, because I have walked and worked so unlike a true son of the church. Pray don't be troubled about *the church*; perhaps you mean *a church*; if so, I can sympathize with you, and weep I would day and night between porch and altar, and pray him in mercy not to remove the golden candlestick, but to snuff and trim it until the brightness thereof go forth as a lamp that burneth, by day as well as by night. And what of the devil, and what of self, you say there is plenty to discourage; that there is indeed, and so I find it; but do you know my sorest plague, and most hateful foe, is my own self; not that I am without foes of various, yea, I believe, of every kind; but that sort of thing I can leave with the Almighty Jesus, who looks on, governing the whole to his own glory, and at times filling them with confusion and disappointment, and while I have had to learn, 'the men of this confederacy have brought me even to the border; 'the men that were at peace with me have deceived me, and prevailed against me; they that did eat my bread, have laid a wound under me.' Obad. vii. I firmly believe some have been convinced, and others will be, 'For their violence against their brother Jacob shame shall cover them.' I feel persuaded my prayer for them at this early hour of five in my study, is as profitable for me and them, as all they have, or can say or do will ever be, and hence you see 'Had I not a throne of grace to go to, and a friend to tell my rising grief and tale of woe, I should be of all men the most miserable; but glory to my lovely Saviour, he is my friend, my throne of grace, and he does hold my eyes waking and draws me to himself at times with a 'Lord, make me more humble, tell me

why the enemy is suffered to prevail to the casting down my soul so very frequently.' He tells me 'That he hath made all things for himself, yea, even the wicked for the day of evil.' Prov. xvi. 4. So that I feel the evil against me, is to correct for the evil that is in me; what a wonderful alchemist is my great Master, thus causing, by his working things together, (Rom. viii. 28,) one poison to destroy another; this you will learn as you get further on the road, if you look closely to the Spirit's teaching; and pray don't you imagine that only to be his teaching which fills with peace and joy, recollect the valley of humility will be as profitable for you, as mount Tabor. I firmly believe it is for me, both as a christian, and as a minister too. 'The Lord trieth the righteous,' and they are 'the just who shall live by faith,' and most blessed it is so to live. By what you say and feel, I do hope the good Lord is training you with these things for the glory of his dear name.

I make but little remark on your thinking upon the 'Lord's mindfulness of poor sinners.' I consider them very choice; am I too quick in judging when I ask, do you feel anything like a secret wish to become a preacher of the gospel; and are you thinking it to be right to attempt to glorify your Lord this way? Don't you imagine I wish to discourage; I have given, as you know, proofs to the contrary, but I would advise you to look well to what you are about, satan and self make a vast many parsons now a days, and they only do a deal of mischief, but never profit a Spirit-taught soul; they are beautiful in style, clear in doctrine, zealous in discipline, affable in manners till they are contradicted, and become very popular in the sight of men; but, my dear David, do they get their wisdom or work from the Holy Ghost? Can they open up the work of God in the soul, to the view of the poor bleeding, groaning, heavy laden sinner, who wants something more than fleshly finery? When the heart is overwhelmed within them, the Rock, and leading to it, is wanted. Many indeed, who cannot state a word relative to a law-work in the conscience, nor a regenerating work in the soul, can rattle away upon the externals of religion, talk of the security of the church, the certainty of salvation, and the glories of heaven, and damnation of hell, insist too upon ministerial support, respectability, and

parsonic authority. These are held up as ministers of the gospel; but if you ask them to tell you how and when God called them, pardoned them, justified them, wrought in them the grace of apostleship, gave them love to the souls of poor sinners dead in sin, sent them with his gospel to them, and to tell them, 'Except they be born again they cannot enter the kingdom of heaven,' and to look after, and look up poor runaway, falling, back-sliding, ungrateful Ephraims, they will soon let you see their love is not so much to the flock, as it is for the fleece. Now, I hope you will ever be preserved from such a spirit, for such is not of God; keep very close to your Bible, seek the Spirit's teaching, that you may go further than the letter, for God's book is mysterious and mystical, and none understandeth but the spiritual, and the Spirit-taught, and they who are so taught will quickly see and feel: for it is not till the alabaster box of ointment is opened will the precious perfume be smelled in the room, though Christ Jesus himself be there, but there he is sure to be when the ointment is poured forth to the melting of the heart of the weeper, and confusion of the Pharisee.

But, my dear brother, I will now go no further, only you intend taking the *Earthen Vessel*, at Cottingham, &c., do so, you will find some valuables in her hold; she replenishes monthly at a good port of supplies; and should she go to any other market than that of FREE GRACE, I should beg for my discharge from her service; may the great Captain of Salvation attend to order, steer, and bless. I commend both you and yours to Him who loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother, and subscribe myself your's in the gospel of the grace of God.

THOMAS POOCK.

Ipswich, July 5, 1848.

God's Comforts for God's Children.

"And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." Acts xxvii. 44.

THE church is the spiritual ship that sails on the boisterous ocean of time; all the chosen and elect of God are the mariners; God is the owner; Christ is the captain; the Holy Ghost is the Pilot; the Word of God is the compass and chart; the attributes and per-

fections of God are the bulwarks; the everlasting love of God is the cable, and the immutability and faithfulness of God are the anchors. Now this vessel is of God's making and God's preserving, and notwithstanding it has been out at sea for near six thousand years, not one of her crew has been lost. Many storms she has endured, and by numerous enemies been attacked, who have endeavoured by all the stratagem and policy of the infernal monarch of the bottomless pit to sink her; but she still swims, and will so long as God has appointed her destiny upon earth; and then will it come to pass spiritually, as it did literally, that all the mariners (or the children of God) will escape safe to land; be lauded safe on Canaan (heaven's) happy shore—none shall be lost—no, not one; for all are beloved of God, redeemed by Christ, and quickened by the Spirit, and shall, therefore, be received safe into the kingdom of glory above; hence the promise of the Captain to all the crew is, 'I give unto you eternal life, and you shall never perish, neither shall any pluck you out of my hand.' John x. 28.

'This is the way, walk ye in it.' Isaiah xxx. 21.

To a traveller by land, nothing is more useful than guide posts and maps; and to a mariner on the ocean, nothing is more useful than the compass and charts; even so to the Christian, how useful is the Word of God, and the Spirit of God! for by the former he is informed, and by the latter led and guided in the right way to the heavenly Jerusalem; and the language of his heavenly guide, the Holy Spirit is, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' Now Christ is the way in which all God's regenerated children walk. He is the way of access to, and communion with the Father, (John xiv. 6; Rom. v. 2; Eph. ii. 18; and iii. 12.) He is the way to the possession of all spiritual blessings. (Eph. i. 3; Phil. i. 19.) He is the way to the enjoyment of pardon, peace, atonement, justification, and sanctification, (Eph. i. 7; Rom. v. 1; Eph. ii. 14; Heb. ix. 28; 1 Cor. i. 30; 2 Cor. v. 21) and he is the way to the admission and possession of ultimate and eternal bliss in the realms of glory above.

Christ is the Old Way, the Right Way, the safe way, and the only way; and to walk in this way is, to trust in and depend upon the person, fulness, blood, righteousness, and Spirit of Christ alone, for all that we need in time, at death, and through all eternity; and therefore, my soul, listen not to false guides who would fain lead thee into other paths, but pray to thy Father to lead thee by his Spirit, and guide thee into all truth, so that you turn not to the right hand of self-righteousness, nor to the left hand of licentiousness, but 'let thine eyes look right on, and

let thine eyelids look straight before thee,' (Prov. iv. 25) even to Jesus, who is the author and finisher of our faith. He alone is the way, and therefore ever remember the exhortation of the apostle: 'As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.' Col. ii. 6. Lord give us more faith, more humility, and more love, that we may evince to all around us, that we are of the true circumcision, who worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh. (Philip iii. 3.)

"For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Rom. xiii. 11.

To the believer, the hour of dissolution is a happy one, for to him alone it will indeed be a salvation; hence he will then be saved, or eternally delivered from all the corruptions of his wicked and deceitful heart, from all bodily pain and infirmities, from all worldly cares, from all ungodly persons, and from all the temptations and vile suggestions of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Yes, from all these he will be saved, and what is the best of all, he will be for ever with the Lord, (1 Thess. iv. 17) enjoy the society of angels, and the company of those who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, (Rev. vii. 9, 10, &c.) and he will be eternally employed in praising the Trinity in unity, even a God in Christ, for his unparalleled, yea, unspeakable, and everlasting love. Now, believer, that expected time and looked-for period is nearer than when you was at first brought to believe. Every day, every hour, and every moment, brings you nearer to the end of your troubles, trials, and afflictions, both temporal and spiritual; nearer to the end of your warfare; nearer to the end of your race; nearer to the end of your pilgrimage; and nearer to your Father's home. Your trials, troubles, and afflictions may be great now, but they are light compared to the blessedness which awaits you; and in a very little time, perhaps, before another day, you may bid adieu to all things here below; therefore be not discouraged nor fainthearted, for 'He who shall come, will come, and will not tarry.' (Heb. x. 37.) Every day some of God's children are called home, and who knows but he may call you next, and then you will be abundantly re-compensated for all your sufferings and trouble here; but if you are spared awhile longer in this wilderness below; remember every day that your salvation is nearer, and that it will most surely come; and therefore, may God give us patience and then with Job we shall say, 'All the days of our appointed time will we wait, until our change come.' (Job. xiv. 14.)

The Recognition of Mr. John Corbitt,

AT BETHESDA CHAPEL, MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

"We had a most glorious time last Thursday and Friday (September the 21st and 22nd) when Mr. John Corbitt was recognized as the Minister of our Chapel. There was a good attendance; most able discourses were delivered and general satisfaction appeared to be found. I never witnessed such a solemn scene in my life before. I verily believe that the Lord was at this wedding, and turned the water into wine.

"At our tea meeting on Friday, all things were done decently and in order, and it would have cheered the heart of any real christian to see the glorious difference in the countenances of those present. This people have indeed "sown in tears," and yesterday they did "reap in joy." Gloominess, seclusion, bigotry, and self-importance, was gone; and cheerfulness, sociality, union, and affection have taken their place. We have now only to pray "good Lord, continue thy mercies."

"Mr. J. Freeman, presided. Mr. Beard, of Charlsmouth, Derbyshire; Mr. Goodfellow, and Mr. Matthews, deacons; Mr. Corbitt, Minister; and Mr. Wells (of London), addressed the meeting in very appropriate and profitable discourses.

"Mr. Wells, in a most noble, affectionate, and christian manner, referred to the late Mr. Gadsby; to his first coming to Manchester eight years ago; and in an honorable manner stated the whole matter connected with his visit to Manchester, in the presence of a large number who have watched Mr. Wells in all his movements, with many others who have been swayed by prejudices. Many went away declaring their surprise and satisfaction; and we are as a body fully persuaded that if certain persons preaching at other places had not been listened to, there would not have been so many false reports; or so much shyness manifested; but the people begin to see through these things; and are, very kind and I pray the Lord of life and glory may be with them, and bless them, and increase them with all the increase of God."

The Mystical Body of Christ:

AND THE FALSE CHURCH CONTRASTED, DISTINGUISHED AND DESCRIBED.

WE have now before us a new edition of Mr. James Osbourn's work, entitled, '*A Glimpse of the Building of Mercy,*' &c., &c.; and if any thing was wanted to prove him to be a scribe well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom of grace, that proof is here furnished. We know very well, that it matters not how sound a man's preaching may be; nor how powerful his writings; nor how deep and blessed his experience; nor how consistent his life; there will be jealousies, envyings, slanderings, and insinuations against him by some; it is no marvel, therefore, that our author has fallen in for his share.

It shall be ours, however, to praise the Lord that so faithful, useful, laborious, and truly able a servant has been raised up; that he is still in the vineyard; and that the Lord is going on to make use of him both in the pulpit, and from the press.

To produce a cheap and handsome copy of THE BUILDING OF MERCY; and to make it extensively known, has been our aim. We have laboured hard: and by the help of God, we will go on to labour, earnestly desiring that THE STRIKING AND DISCRIMINATING CONTRAST which is here made between the *real sheep of Christ*, and *wolves in sheep's clothing*, may be read by, and rendered useful to, thousands of our British professors of Christianity. We have not laboured in vain: several hundreds of the work were ordered before it was issued; and we have faith to believe that another large edition will be soon required. In the exertions we have made, great expences have been incurred, but we trust the Lord will bring us *safely* through the arduous task; and greatly own our labours, and this is all we desire. A short extract from the work itself must close our present notice of it.

Passing by the lengthened description of the BUILDING OF MERCY itself, we come into the 'House of Mourning,' and there we find a group of souls in trouble, all giving vent to the different experiences of soul-trouble through which they have passed. One is speaking thus:—

"It is a painful thing for a child of light to walk on in darkness, and a child of light I would fain hope I am; for methinks if I had never seen and felt the true light, the present darkness could not have yielded but little, if any inconvenience to me; but as it is, my condition is a perplexed one, for *I am desolate and afflicted, and the troubles of my heart are enlarged.* But still I know that the return of the Lord's grace and presence to my soul would produce an astonishing revolution in my condition for the better, and make up (with more than double interest) for all that I have lost, and am now suffering from. But as hinted above, as things now are with me, I of course must abide with you in this House of Mourning; and how long my stay here is to be, the Lord only knoweth.

"Bad however as things now are with me, I can say that my afflicted soul followed hard after the Lord, and I want to get near to his feet and to feel as I used to feel when he stood at my right hand. To me sin has no sweetness; and as to this wide world, with all its vast concerns and paltry show, they possess nothing cheery to me. Indeed, the world hangs as a dead weight on my mind, for I clearly see that it is filled to overflowing with villany, artifice, fraud, deceit, pride, ambition, roguery, and lies; and the generality of religionists, as well as mere worldly men, are of this class, for they are but legal workers, or bond servants; and under the yoke of bondage they are, but know it not. They toil at law and think it is the gospel. They

have been under some alarm of conscience and uneasiness of mind, and from the same they have met with a small degree of mitigation, and by ministers under a cloud they have been made to believe that they have met with a full release; and here in this mistake they stick, and under the old covenant they are, and so are their leaders, and the whole concern is *Levitical* instead of *Evangelical*.—In the letter, sound,—in the mystery, legal,—in notion, new covenant men, but in spirit they are under the old veil. In this condition I view them, and by them my soul has often been brought into bondage and darkness.

“But of a truth it gladdens my heart to find you here under these weeping willows. I’ve often read of the *brook of the willows*, Isa. xv. 7. And strikingly emblematical I deem them to be of the state and condition we at this time are in. This is the House of Mourning, and such it has been to my soul, and no doubt to yours also; and hope I do that the same will be sanctified to the good of our souls. God knows best; yes, he well knows what will be for our good and his own declarative glory; and to these points he will make all things subserve, for everything is under his control and at his sovereign disposal.”

The Cause of God at Guildford.

THE dear Lord has said in his word, “*set thee up way marks, cast thee up high heaps;*” which things can only be done by the sensible sinner, as God works in him to will and to do of his own good pleasure; and at the present time I believe there are many, very many, belonging to the church of Christ, that are really his, rightly his, graciously his, and yet not brought at present by the grace of God to confess that they ever cast up an high heap; but when put to the test, are compelled to acknowledge that in the wilderness they have their way marks, their hill Mizars, their Ebenezers, their “*hithertoos,*” And one solemn, sacred, spiritual, and *internal way mark* that every sinner has, (where that grace takes possession of the heart which does reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord), is, SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD; betwixt him and the world there is a gulf fixed; and fixed by infinite wisdom; he cannot walk as he once walked; he cannot sit down where he once sat; the seat that he once compared to a bed of roses is now become pricking thorns; the company he once loved, he now hates; the grace of God which bringeth salvation is teaching this poor sinner this lesson, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, he is to live soberly, and righteously in this present evil world; this world that was once his element, once his home, once his resting place, he now finds what dear Watts says to be true;

“Pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow.”

I must not forget the point, or the end for which I had at this time taken my pen in hand. God grant that it may be for his glory, and the cause of rejoicing to his dear saints, who are in his hands. Truly that is another solemn way-mark in the wilderness, when his dear children are enabled by grace to walk in his footsteps, in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. It must rejoice the heart of God’s true Zion for her to hear that God is still carrying on his own work, still bringing in her out casts, by taking one of a city, and two of a family; thus favouring the dust thereof, fulfilling his own truth in a God-like way and manner. “My people (says God) shall be willing in the day of my power.” He has undertaken to teach them, and declares that “great shall be their peace,” nay, further, that he himself will extend peace unto them like a river, and righteousness as the waves of the sea. Everlasting honours to the name of our adorable Redeemer, he is still carrying on and increasing his little despised cause at Guildford. Our late dear brother Combs once called it, “*Moon-light Guildford.*” Little did I think when that dear man of God baptized me, that God had designed me for Guildford, as a mouth piece for himself; but the promise to God’s living Zion in the midst of “*Moon-light Guildford*” is, that “the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold as the light of seven days.” Oh, that God’s true Zion at large may enjoy more and more of his sacred light until taken up to enjoy it, to bask in its seven-fold perfections and glories for ever and ever.

Five of the lost sheep of the house of Israel have been brought by infinite wisdom and almighty mercy from off the dark mountains; made to hear the voice of the good Shepherd; turn to his fold and enter in by Christ as the true door into the sheep-fold. After a profession of their repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, on Friday, the second of June, they put on the Lord Jesus Christ publicly, and openly; thus, by God’s grace, shewing to whom they belonged, by being baptized in water in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Truly it was a good time; the Lord was in our midst of a truth, and his dear children went on their way rejoicing. It is not the first, but the second fruits, we are enabled to hope of a glorious harvest; four having been baptized some time previous to these, and are still living and walking as the humble followers of the Lord, the Lamb, thanks to his name who hath not despised the day of small things.

Your Brother in the Vineyard,

ISAAC SPENCER.

What Death is :

AND HOW THE BELIEVER IS SUPPORTED UNDER IT: ALTHOUGH ALL THE POWERS BOTH OF MIND AND BODY MAY BECOME A TOTAL WRECK.

WHEN they told me that my poor brother Imeson was gone, I felt gratitude to God for having released him from that trembling house of clay in which he had suffered so much. That a dear vessel of mercy may, (in passing through the swellings of Jordan, and in other seasons of affliction) completely lose all the sensible and reasoning powers of the mind, is evident, from the case of our departed brother Imeson, as well as in the case of other dear souls whom I have known in the flesh. Nevertheless, if the Lord lay the foundation of divine grace in an elect sinner's soul, *that foundation standeth sure*; rough winds may blow upon it; heavy waves may, for a time, wash over and cover it; but the christian's life is hid WITH CHRIST IN GOD. Whatever wreck, then the natural mind, or earthly tabernacle may suffer, the divine life never can be injured. For the consolation of such friends as were distressed at brother Imeson's affliction, I give the following, as written by his son :-

"A few weeks before my father died, and the day before his derangement, he thus expressed himself. The words were taken down by me:-

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye."

Then he uttered these ejaculations—"Blessed God! blessed Jesus! blessed Saviour and Redeemer! Lamb of God! It seems as if the enemy would come in if he could; but he cannot. Where is your mother, William? let her see the last of me. A few more struggles, Mary, and all will be over; do not leave the room, dear; it is a hard struggle."

"Mention was made of seeking further advice, and he instantly replied, 'No doctor can do me good; Jesus is my physician; he hath healed me; he hath done all things well; his rod and his staff comfort me.' O to believe that Christ will bring me to his heavenly home: I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c. I saw the cross of Christ last night, and the two thieves, as if it were in reality before me.

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"

"Solicitude for his children then for a moment took possession of his mind, and he said, 'May the Lord be with you my dear children, and with the children he has given you.'

The late Mr. Imeson ever shewed the greatest anxiety and care for his children, his mind, however, was again directed from his children to higher and more important things, and he said,

"I have had one or two struggles with death.

"O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?"

O what a fight I have had! but I now possess a peace that passes all understanding. The Lord has made me submit to his will. A poor sinner may fight and struggle, but a strong man armed keepeth his palace. Aye, except Christ be in us, we are reprobrates. I know that Christ has been my hope, though I have been so sinful and wretched a creature. Hart says, 'the more wretched, the more welcome, and none were more wretched than I; but I feel cleansed by the blood of Christ, and covered with his robe of righteousness. The Lord says he will not leave me. My feet are cold; it is wonderful to think the strength I have now death is upon me. In the struggle of death we resist for the life. The time is not known when the Lord takes his people, but I think, from what he is doing with my mind, he intends to take me now. I have been in a doubting state, but I have faith now. What a riddle is man's life.'

"Mr. I. then quoted the hymn:

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"

He then quoted another:

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah."

He said he felt as if he must sing, and he repeated,

"Pilgrims shall hold on their way."

After a few minutes' silence, he began again: 'The path that a christian takes is full of briars and thorns, he must go bare-footed there. Where is the man that will not murmur? if God does not keep him, he will murmur. Jesus says, lay thy burden upon me. Our stubborn nature carries its burden as long as it can, but we must go at last to the burden bearer.'

"Asking how a friend was, who was expected to die, and receiving for answer that he was better, he said, 'What ebbs and flows there are; what is life? a shadow; a vain show. O that man could see what he is, how vain his life, like a tale that is told. O that he would consider his end! What a mercy to be preserved from sin, to be preserved in Christ! O if it should be deception, self deception; the enemy of souls is trying to come in. I should like the church of God to profit by my experience. Let Mr. Banks tell them how the enemy has assailed me. I want to declare the mercy of God to all that love Christ. I dreamed last night that satan (as Goliath) came to destroy me, but our spiritual David cast him to the ground. I trembled, for I thought he was not quite dead, and that he might yet revive and destroy my soul, but the spiritual David turned and smiled upon me, and I felt that he was my security, although I only stood by and took no part in the fight. The Lord says, I will be with thee, why should I doubt now? Oh, no! O the love I feel in my heart this morning. I am enjoying the foretaste of heaven, I never had such delight before; it

was not the bliss of earth. He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God; I cannot tell you my love, nor describe the faith that works by love.

"These are not all the expressions he uttered; but from that day Providence took away his reasoning faculties. Mr. I. always had a strange fear of death, a nervous apprehension of it, and it seems to have been a wise provision of the unsearchable God that his thoughts should not be influenced by this fear; for he died without being aware of it, gently, and without a groan."

The Precious Blood of Christ

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD:—I have been led to meditate upon the precious blood of Christ, this morning. O what heights, and depths, what lengths, and breadths, of love, there is in this all precious blood! What sweetness and blessedness to the soul renewed by grace! What infinite wisdom is manifested, in the blood-shedding of Jesus, for such guilty, hell-deserving creatures as we are! Who but the eternal God, could have found out a way to reconcile justice and mercy; and satisfy both their demands so that we might be saved? No created being could ever have devised the plan. But glory for ever, to the Most High; his infinite wisdom has discovered a way, to satisfy both justice and mercy; to punish sin, and yet pardon the sinner; to maintain the honor of the law-giver, and to give life to the law-breaker. Hereby mercy is manifested in sparing; and pardoning the rebel, and at the same time glorify justice more, and make sin to appear more odious than if the sinner himself had been eternally damned for it. O what riches of grace and glory, are seen in the blood shedding and dying, of the only begotten Son of God! This blood being the blood of God, (Acts xx. 28) hath an infinite virtue in it, by which the church of God is purchased. This precious blood hath unspeakable effects—it pleads for the guilty, and obtains pardon of sin, peace with God, nearness to, and fellowship with the Father. It cleanses, heals, satisfies, and beautifies the soul; it overcomes our enemies, liberates the prisoners, opens heaven's gates, and gives boldness to enter in; it protects and covers from wrath. Exod. xii. 13; Rom. v. 8—11. This blood can help in all straits, deliver from all fears, and is able to save to the uttermost. It hath saved many, who have been brought, (under the Spirit's teaching) to see, and feel themselves unworthy of salvation; it hath given relief to their consciences, when the terrors of the Almighty have made them afraid; it hath extracted the sting of death, and carried them safely through its dark valley, and landed them triumphantly on the glorious shores of heaven. Oh, amazing love of Christ Jesus! What am I, that thou shouldst die for me? A vile, ugly, diseased,

dead, loathsome creature by nature. O Lord, thou mightest have said of me, as Abraham said of Sarah, "*bury the dead out of my sight.*" But glory, glory, glory to rich, free, eternal, sovereign love, thou saidst "*live, live!*" And that I might live, thou saidst to the Father, "*I will die for him;*" and all mine elect, my spouse; that they all may live, though they are more loathsome than Job, or Lazarus, with boils and sores, or any dead carcass, with vermin." O love that passeth knowledge! O, all heaven sing, sing loudly the high praises of our glorious, precious, dear and ever to be adored Jesus! My soul praise, praise him, for ever and ever, amen and amen!

My dear Brother:—May the good Lord bless you, is the prayer of your ever affectionate, but unworthy brother in Christ,

Hull, August 28, 1848.

D. WILSON.

THE

Receiving of Christ by the Holy Ghost.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR SIR, — Allow me to submit to the consideration of your readers, a few things which appear to me to be of vast importance in reference to a sinner's first receiving Christ revealed in his soul by the Holy Ghost.

As I find that some of high standing in the church have described this matter in such a way as (in my view) to puzzle and perplex many sincere and upright souls. The few extracts enclosed are to this end, that others may judge for themselves. On this subject I beg to offer a few remarks, which are these:

Although the characters speaking in these dialogues may not be intended to mean any two persons in particular, yet, presuming that the name of *Instructor* or *Senior* is to be applied to the author of the dialogues, and that he is supposed to be one who can go before and explain to *Junior* the way of God more perfectly, then is it plain that this is Samuel Eyles Pierce's Experience. But I am somewhat like Junior, "I am very dull of understanding, and I want a more clear view of the subject." For if a sensible sinner groaning under the burden of condemnation in his conscience can pass from this miserable state of soul into a state of peace, pardon and salvation, without experiencing any *sensible comfort* when brought to believe in Jesus, I confess I am at a loss to account for that deliverance which I trust the Lord the Spirit wrought for my soul some years ago, when I was first freed from a state of guilt and condemnation by an application of the peace-speaking blood of Christ. But as I conceive that the state of a convinced sinner, prior to his receiving Christ, is a state of felt guilt, and apprehended condemnation, I cannot receive that for christian experience which knows of no comfort and consolation

at the time when he is first brought to hear and to receive the good news and glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's sincerely,
Brabourne. ELIHU.

[The following is an extract from a work entitled, "The Riches of Divine Grace Unfolded and Exemplified, in twelve Dialogues.]" By Samuel Eyles Pieroe.

Junior. I could wish to request you in the most simple and clearest manner to give me an account how you received Christ.

Senior. I most certainly will, and with the greatest pleasure. You are to know that the Lord had wrought effectually on my soul some years before I knew Christ, as he is set forth in the everlasting gospel of the blessed God. When I was permitted, through his good pleasure, to hear the everlasting gospel, it was under the ministry of the truly excellent Mr. Romain.—When I first heard him I was exceedingly struck with the subject. He was at that time constantly speaking concerning the covenant of the Eternal Three. He used to express how the Father had laid on Christ all sort of sin—that Christ had offered himself as the sacrifice for them—that his offering had perfected for ever the putting away of sin. That the Father was infinitely and everlastingly well pleased with the life and death of his co-equal Son, and well pleased with that sinner who was well pleased with Christ. That the Holy Spirit bore testimony to the truth of all this in the word—and that there was now nothing to be done for salvation.

I used to be all ear in hearing these important sentences: and my whole attention being most powerfully arrested with a consideration of the importance of what was contained in the subject; my mind was led *secretly and imperceptibly* to believe on the righteousness and most precious blood-shedding of the Lamb of God and the Father's infinite and everlasting delight in him, and acceptance of his work, without any thought about faith or interest in the subject. This is the way in which the Lord the Spirit led me to receive Christ. It was thus Christ was formed in my heart, and hereby I was led to rest and centre in Christ for my whole salvation.

Junior. But did you not experience something very remarkable and particular when you received Christ?

Senior. No, I did not. My whole mind was engaged with the subject. Christ was my one object; all my thoughts were exercised on the everlasting perfection of his righteousness and the eternal worth and virtue of his blood.

Junior. It seems that faith is nothing according to your account. I always conceived it a great and surprising act to believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

I have heard many say it is as hard a work to believe as to make a world.

Senior. I have nothing to do with what you have heard or with what others say. I can but speak according to *my own knowledge and experience thereof.*

Junior. My good sir, I dare say nothing against what you have said. I know not but it may all be truth. All I say is, it seems to make no difficulty of believing:—it appears to me from what you have said, that you found no difficulty in believing on Christ for salvation.

Senior. My dear friend, I have said all you suggest, and it pleases me well that you have so clearly perceived what I have delivered. I have made *no difficulty of believing*—it was not in all my thoughts whether I had interest in Christ or not; so that you have clearly understood my words.

Junior. But did you not feel some very sensible comfort in your soul when you first believed?

Senior. No. Christ was the object of my faith. His salvation was the subject my faith was exercised on. I was therefore taken off myself entirely. I was not led to think concerning myself. It was no subject of importance with me what I was or what I was not; but who Christ was and what he had done. These, in my view, were the only subjects I had any concern with.

Junior. It may all be very right; yet if it be, I am confident I want a more clear view of the subject.

Senior. Possibly so. I can only inform you how *I* was brought to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of my soul, and what I believed concerning him. It may be, were I to tell you all I believed regarding him, and what the substance of my faith is or what it consists in, you would think still less of my faith.

[We will not enter upon this subject now—only advise our friends to read Bunyan and Huntington on the same.—ED.]

John Bunyan says, "There is a faith that men may have; and yet be nothing like the saints of God."

Huntington says, "I read a book some time ago, written by a very great man who seemed to cast all law-work aside; and said it ought not to be regarded; but I trust I shall be enabled to set that forth in a scriptural point of view. We know there must be a beginning, and a labour too, before there can be a birth; and so it is with God's children; there is a labour, sooner or later, more or less, to bring them all forth; as it is written, they are begotten "with the word of truth," James i. 18; they are "in pain, and labour to bring forth," Micah iv. 10; are born again of the Holy Ghost, John iii. 5; and then "perfect love casteth out fear," and glorious liberty from bondage takes place."

Mr. Skelton's Farewell Sermon at Aldringham.

(Concluded from our last.)

I COME NOW, secondly, to call your attention to the holy, solemn, and comprehensive avowal standing in the text—'I am pure from the blood of all men.' And here, beyond doubt, the apostle was reminded of the solemn fact, that the Lord had made him a watchman on the walls of Zion; and was forcibly arrested in the consideration of the responsibility attached to, and connected with the holding of such an important office, concerning which we have a full account in the chapters we have read this afternoon in the service of the Lord; (the second and third chapters of the book of Ezekiel's prophecy) in strict accordance with which the Holy Ghost has declared in Hebrews xiii. 17, when speaking of the sent servants of Christ, '*Obey them that have the rule (that is the guide) over you, and submit yourselves for they watch for your souls as they that must give account, (and herein is the office and its responsibility set forth) that they may do it with joy, and not with grief, for that is unprofitable for you.*' And therefore Paul speaking of himself as one whom the Lord had made a watchman among them, and in reference to his having for a time sustained and filled such an office immediately among them, in the most solemn manner declares, '*I am pure from the blood of all men;*' seeing that as a watchman, in the execution of my office, I have given a certain sound; have not failed to blow the trumpet of alarm; and withal, have not ceased to warn and to caution you against whatever evil has presented itself to my view. And, therefore, as far as my office character is concerned, and inasmuch as while sustaining the same among you, a solemn and important responsibility devolved upon me, 'seeing I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God,' 'I am therefore pure from the blood of all men.' There were three things in which the apostle felt an honest and a clear conscience, and which enabled him thus to acquit himself before the people, and in the sight of an heart-searching God. First, he had declared the whole gospel of Christ, preached salvation in the name of Jesus Christ, as having been eternally provided for God's elect in the person of Christ Jesus according to the sovereign, free, unalterable grace of Jehovah; and that Christ had in his own person, and without human or angelic co-operation fully and completely made atonement by the blood of his cross for the sins of all his elect family; and by his righteousness, as the righteousness of the God-man, the same being imputed unto him had completely, perfectly, and justly justified those whose sins he bore in his own body on the tree, and that he having finished the work which was given him to do on the earth, was gone to prepare a place

in heaven. And here I would bear solemn testimony to the most awful fact our mind can reflect upon: namely, that every testimony declared by any man in the name of Jesus Christ, which makes not, or sets not forth the Lord Jesus Christ as the first and the last, the Alpha and the Omega, the great 'all and in all' in the matter of the salvation of lost sinners, and thereby fails to set forth fallen man as being utterly destitute of will and power in the matter of the salvation of the never-dying soul, such a statement, or testimony, renders such a man (as far as his testimony is concerned) chargeable with the blood of all his hearers who give heed to, and are deluded by his uncertain, and therefore, his erroneous sound. And so in the consideration of this solemnly awful truth, we may conclude that every free-will preacher, every propagator of the universality of the atonement, every promulgator of the so-called 'universal scheme of redemption,' and every teacher of the base and anti-scriptural error that Jesus Christ died for the whole race of mankind, and so put, or brought mankind into a mere salvable state, leaving the advantages or blessedness of his death to be realised according to the casualty or caprice of man's presumed free-will either to choose or refuse; such a man, (be he who he may,) is under the very curse of God; for the Holy Ghost saith in Paul, and by Paul—'*Though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, and which we have preached, unto you, let him be accursed.*' Secondly, in such declaration of the whole counsel of God he had unceasingly pointed out and shewed the real and awful state of the sinner before God, as he is found, cursed by his law, he having failed to 'continue in all things written in the book of the law to do them,' and that living and dying in an unregenerate state, whether professor or profane, whether openly immoral, or touching the righteousness which is in the law strictly moral, yet it was utterly impossible that unregenerate characters could enter into the kingdom of glory. And thirdly, in the course of his ministry among the church at Ephesus, he had not ceased to warn them, and that with a real gospel feeling of love for their soul's sake, he being not ignorant of satan's devices in his own heart, nor of the crafty workings and deceitfulness of sin in his own flesh, ceased not to warn them against its subtle workings, its prevailing influence, and consequently its baneful effects; for although he well knew, and rejoiced in the holy belief of the fact and truth that no child of God could possibly sin himself into hell, yet he well knew that a child of God may and did

through the prevalency of that inbred sin and corruption which abounds in his flesh, sin a hell into his conscience, which nothing short of a fresh application of atoning blood could possibly remove; and therefore in the midst of a felt sense of his own infirmity, and with an holy zeal in the cause of Christ's gospel, and being actuated through the power of the Holy Ghost, by a fervent desire to see in the walk, life, and conversation of his holy brethren the fruit of the Spirit exemplified, he ceased not to warn them against all innovations or inroads of error either in doctrine, principle, or practice, taking occasion at all times to expose its God-dishonouring prevalency, its baneful influence and tendency, and withal, its destructive effects, as being eventually the cause of the wrath of God coming on the children of disobedience, and intermediately (the same being followed after and stood in) destructive to all the comforts and consolations of God's living family. And so according to the third thing as standing in the text, and proposed for our consideration, he took the elders of the church at Ephesus, and by, and through them, took the whole church over the which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers, to record, or to bear witness to the truth of his assertion, 'I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God, and in so doing, I am pure from the blood of all men; and he now made such solemn assertions in the sight of God, and in their hearing, that they all fell on his neck, and kissed him, and wept sore sorrowing, most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more; thus establishing the fact of their giving full assent and consent to the solemn truths contained in his most pathetic and affectionate farewell address.

O! brethren, facts are stubborn things; and the great truths of God, and the declaration of them will admit of calling God, and angels, with the whole hosts of men and devils, and a man's own conscience to witness to them, and for them. And wherever there is a man sent forth to minister in these holy things among the people of God, in the name of the Almighty and Omnipotent Jesus, he having received his message and mission from the Lord himself, such a man shrinks not from an investigation of all the things he has been found preaching in the course of his ministry, while a consciousness of the purity of his motives, the integrity of his heart, and the holiness or uprightness of his pursuit, inspires him with such boldness that he is enabled to rejoice that the glorification of Christ in connection with the edification of the church, was, and ever will be, the great object he aims at.

I come now, in conclusion, to the fourth proposition, as proposed in my discourse; which was to follow the same line of things on my leaving you, as a church of Christ at Aldringham, as the apostle was prompted

to follow, and enabled to take, on his leaving the church of the Lord Jesus Christ at Ephesus. And though I cannot say with the apostle, in the verse preceding my text, 'And now behold I know that ye all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more,' yet circumstances have transpired and taken place among you, according to which, it has been settled upon by you that I am requested to resign my pastoral office among you; since which conclusion I have this day finished my three months (warning) service, according to the original compact between us. This being, under present circumstances, the last time of my occupying your pulpit, so that a kind of necessity is laid upon me publicly to refer to, and state things which have taken place among you, relative to my coming to you, and hitherto remaining among you in the office I have hitherto sustained in your midst. And of this, one thing I am positively assured, that the hand of the Lord was evidently displayed in the case of my coming to you, as has been generally, almost unanimously, acknowledged. Well, after my having been with you in the ministry by the space of six months I was invited by seventy-two of your members to accept your call to the pastoral office; the which, in the name of the Lord, I accepted, and consequently I became your acknowledged and recognized pastor. But a few months had elapsed after these things, and an eruption broke out among you, said to have arisen from personal quarrels between some of you, so that some of your members, (headed by one who had been for many years considered a prominent man among you) wholly deserted your ranks by withdrawing their attendance, and proceeding, as a divided party, to assemble themselves together in a separate place, to hold prayer meetings, the principal man among them undertaking, at times, to expound the scriptures; these all declaring the reason of their so acting was on account of my ministry; since which period some of such party have been separated from your communion as a church for various reasons, well known to God and to us, and all the others by the reason of their acting contrary to the order of this church, and in my soul's judgment, according to the order of the gospel, they have been adjudged to be under your censure for disorderly conduct, and consequently have been suspended from your communion as a church, until an acknowledgment of their error be made manifest unto you. Now in the midst of all these things, the one party has been laying the blame and the fault upon the other in *vice versa* manner, while in the main, it is generally represented that it is on my account the absenting party continue to absent themselves. But, to come to the point, some of your members, still in full communion, being fearfully apprehensive that the congregation has fallen off, as to numbers, since my coming

among you, have considered that by my removal the congregation would increase, and a returning of others would be seen, to their satisfaction, they have upon these considerations, by a majority of two, three, or four, signified their request and desire that I should resign my pastoral office; which, according to their request, I now do, beseeching the Lord, that if in his holy eye-sight, I have been the means of causing discord or division among the people, by any contrariety on my part to his truth, either in my ministry, in my public, or private life, to make it manifest in my removal. And if the wishes of a majority of the members of this church has been inspired by him—and if his glory be the chief object they have in view, in my removal—may he abundantly bless their undertakings by filling this chapel with crowded congregations, and bringing back absenting members with weeping and with supplication, and restoring them to the communion of this church; and may he add continually to your numbers daily such as are saved in the Lord Jesus Christ with an everlasting salvation. And here, in the discharge of an honest conscience, I testify to the satisfaction, joy, and comfort of my heart, that I feel happier in leaving this church, under existing circumstances, by a dismissal than to have been permitted to fall into the trap and snare which many a man in the ministry has fallen into; that is, to have gone about to seek out, or to look up, either in a direct, or indirect manner another place and people, and having secretly settled and arranged matters to the gratifying of the flesh, then tender in what I call a canting, lying, hypocritical resignation to the church among whom they have been, therein stating that they see the hand of the Lord in such matter, and that it appears to them to be the mind and will of the Lord that they must so resign. Now, bless the Lord, I have been blessedly preserved from such a deceptive line of things, in the midst of all my temptations; and having come to you honest, through the good hand and grace of my God, I shall leave you honest in the sight of God and of men. But enough of these things; perhaps some will say, too much. But in the midst of these things, I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God, having had but one object in view, in the whole tenor of my ministry, from the first day until now, and that has been to declare the whole counsel of God in preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

But to conclude, having not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God, I take this church and congregation, this day, to record, and to bear witness that 'I am pure from the blood of all men;' having fully and constantly declared the state, condition, and danger in which the dead in sins are found whether professors, or openly profane, moral, or immoral, constantly af-

firming that 'Except a man be born again, of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God; and, concerning the Lord's living family among you, I have not ceased to warn you day and night, not concerning a liability of your falling into endless hell, or the danger of your falling from the grace given and secured unto you, as by the oath of each divine Person in the Godhead in the Person of Christ, who is your eternal living head, and ye members in him, but I have warned you against all the inroads of error, not shunning to point out the evil of those things, into the which, if permitted to fall, brings guilt into the conscience, darkness into the mind, leanness into the soul, and woe into the feelings. And therefore, in the words of my text I conclude my present ministrations among you—'Wherefore, I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.' And may the Lord add his blessing, for his name and mercy sake. Amen and amen.

W. SKELTON, S.S.

Spiritual Desires.

One sight of thee, dear Lord,
Destroys the love of sin,
Do thou that sight afford,
And keep the conscience clean.

Oh draw the heart above,
To find its all in thee;
Fix, fix it in thy love,
And say 'abide in me.'

As branches in the vine
Themselves can nothing do,
So they who, Lord, are thine,
This feelingly must know.

Teach, teach the secret, Lord,
What 'tis to abide in love;
Thou living, quick'ning Word,
Let us the mystery prove.

Turn thou our souls away
From self, the world, and sin;
And say, oh Jesus! say,
My word hath made you clean.

Preserve us, Lord, from all
That would our souls beguile;
We at thy footstool fall,
In mercy, on us smile.

Oh, let thy joy remain!
Our hearts, Lord, with it fill,
We would thee, Lord, detain,
Give strength to do thy will.

Fruit, fruit's the proof of life,
It glorifies the Lord;
Purge, purge us with thy knife,
Thou circumcising Word.

Unfruitful souls, ere long,
Thou, Lord, wilt take away;
Then keep our souls among
The few who watch and pray.

G. H.

A Three-fold View of the Knowledge of God, and a Thirteen-fold View of the Grace of God.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—If I am not altogether deceived in soul matters, my inmost feelings warrant me to say 'The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me.' But how then, it may be asked, shall this be known? Let the Redeemer speak, and let an apostle answer. Jesus saith, 'When he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth;' now, this my soul knows right well, that there is neither entrance into, acquaintance with, nor enjoyment of God's truth, but by the conducting, instructing, and anointing power and influence of the Holy Ghost. The soul's entrance into the divine arcana of truth, is a royal privilege, sacredly secured to the children of promise, who are made to prize the doctrines of grace, by them most firmly believed, for the grace of the doctrines, by them as freely received. My daily cry is:—

O, that the Holy Spirit may
My ev'ry movement guide;
In me his mighty power display,
By me be glorified.

The apostle Paul assures us, that 'where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;' blessed be God! my heart adoringly exclaims, for a personal and powerful acquaintance with this precious testimony, as divinely sealed upon my poor trembling spirit, which often sinks beneath the load she bears, then soars by faith to Calvary's lofty tree;

And sings of love, and blood, and power,
Fair Zion's fort and royal tower.

Verily, my soul has been under bondage to the law of sin in my members—the galling yoke of the law of Moses has fretted sore my neck—and helpless and hopeless I lay till the appointed day arrived to set my spirit free from satan, sin, and death. Yes, the Spirit of the Lord ministered life, light, and liberty to my imprisoned soul, by revealing Christ Jesus, as mine in counsel, mine on Calvary, mine for conquest, mine to claim me, mine to cleanse me, mine to clothe me, command me, comfort me, and crown me. Hence I can sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also—

Precious Jesus! let me eye thee,
In thy beauty, as my King;
Holy Spirit, still instruct me,
Keep my soul upon the wing;
Waiting, longing
For the word that sets her free.

And, moreover, I know and am persuaded by the Holy Ghost, whose truthful testimony can never fail, that he who hath commanded and wrought deliverances for me in time past, will yet deliver me and defend me, because he delighteth in me, and determineth all my desires towards him, by his daily dealings with my deeply exercised soul.

You request me, my brother, to give you some account of my visit to Harrow, and of the subject delivered on the occasion. The Lord the Spirit refreshing my memory, I will present you a brief outline, praying the same Lord to bless to your profit the perusal thereof.

The text you will find in Ezekiel xiii. 9. 'And ye shall know that I am the Lord God.' From these all-animating, heart-cheering and soul-reviving words, we noticed three things:—First, *the promise contained therein*. Secondly, *the plenitude of the promise*. Thirdly, *the persons interested in the promise*. In the first place notice the promise, 'ye shall know.' This is a new covenant promise of immense and infinite importance, inasmuch as every blessing needed by the children of God for time and eternity stands inseparably connected therewith, and flows invariably therefrom, in their manifold experience thereof. In confirmation whereof, consider the four following passages, with their several bearings upon the subject:—'Be still, and know that I am God;' (Psalm xlvi. 10;) 'In Judah is God known; his name is great in Israel;' (Ps. lxxvi. 4;) 'Israel shall cry unto me, my God, we know thee;' (Hosea viii. 2;) 'And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee;' (Psalm ix. 10.) And further, while Job could boldly say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' the Redeemer blessedly declares, 'This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent;' (John xvii. 3;) and Paul triumphantly adds, 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' (Phil. iii. 8.) We are taught the vast importance of having the true and living knowledge of the true and living God, all whose words, and works, and ways, are just and true, and altogether right. The knowledge promised has a three-fold character. First, it is spiritual in its nature. Second, it is saving in its effects. And third, it is satisfactory in its result. The Holy Ghost is the author and advancer of all spiritual knowledge; Christ is the subject and substance thereof; growth in grace is the object designed, and the glory of the triune Jehovah the end determined. Thus we see the magnitude of the promise, which embraceth matters so inconceivably great, that none can comprehend but by divine teaching, and even then but in part, in measure, and degree, as we are made able to bear the revelation, ministration, and communication, of the mind, will, purpose, and pleasure of God.

In the second place, we noticed the ple-

nitude of the promise, 'Ye shall know that I am the Lord God.' Here we referred to the Lord God as being Almighty, all-wise, and all-gracious; and then proceeded to speak of his hand as being all-sufficient to save, to strengthen, to supply, and satisfy all the spiritual cravings, thirstings, and longings of his living family, redeemed from among men. We further noticed that his voice is an all-creating, all-communicating, all-commanding, all-controlling, and an all-consoling voice; that his presence is all-attracting, all-captivating, and all-animating; and that his truth is all-conquering, all-uniting, all-enriching, and all-ennobling. Thus we see the plenitude of the promise, inasmuch as to know the Lord God spiritually and savingly, is to know his name, his voice, his hand, his presence, his power, his peace, his truth, his love, his blood, his righteousness; or in other words, to know the Lord God, is to know his greatness in himself, his goodness in his works and ways, his grace in his acts and gifts, and his glory in his saints.

In the third place, we endeavoured to point out the persons interested in the promise; viz., the peculiar, purchased, and privileged people of God, who were fore-known, fore-loved, fore-named, and fore-ordained to eternal glory. Hence, they are called, 'the children of promise,' and 'the heirs of promise.' All of whom, according to the promise contained in Isaiah liv. 13, are taught of the Lord, and brought to know that the Lord he is God, even their own God; and moreover that they are his people, the sheep of his pasture, the trees of righteousness which he hath planted, the work of his hands, and the glory of his triumphs. And being thus taught, the believer adopts the lines of Burnham, as the language of his heart:—

To know my Jesus crucified
By far excels all things beside:
All earthly good I count but loss,
And triumph in my Saviour's cross.
Knowledge of all terrestrial things
Ne'er to my soul true pleasure brings:
No peace, but in the Son of God,
No joy but through his pard'ning blood.
O, could I know and love him more,
And all his wondrous grace explore,
Ne'er would I covet man's esteem,
But part with all, and follow him.

May we, my brother, daily increase in the knowledge of him, whom to know is life eternal; and whose perfect knowledge of us, is our holy guarantee, whereby we are assured of a safe passage through the wilderness, over Jordan, and into paradise—

Where we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
And from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

I have been recently speaking at Carmel, from the words of Paul, contained in 2 Cor. viii. 1, 'Moreover, brethren, we do you to

wit of the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia;' having more particular reference to 'the grace of God,' therein mentioned, than to any other point contained in the text. Grace warms my very soul, melts my heart, and moves my tongue to praise, it sets my spirit free and makes my joys abound, it keeps old Adam down, and keeps old satan off; it keeps me inly poor, and binds me to the throne, its triumphs make me sing.

Grace! what a delightful theme!
How ravishing its sound!
Sure 'tis of Deity a beam
That brightens hallow'd ground.

In contemplating the grace of God, notice, First, the appointments and acts of grace, as being sovereign, special, saving and sure. Second, the blessings and bestowments of grace, as given us in Christ Jesus before time, and granted unto us from Christ in time, according to the solemn appointments, and secret arrangements of the great Three-one. Third, the conquests of grace, as making known the Captain of salvation in his all-successful determination to recover the remnant of Jacob, even the redeemed of Israel, from the ruinous consequences of continued rebellion against

The sovereign ruler of the skies,
Whose acts of grace are just and wise.

Fourthly, notice the doctrines and deliverances of grace; the former with reference to what God hath taught *in* his word, the latter to what he hath wrought *by* his word; the one declaring, and the other displaying the manifold wisdom and goodness of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. Fifthly, the exercises and excellency of grace, as experimentally known by all regenerated souls, who are made acquainted with the deadly hatred of the flesh against vital godliness in the soul, and who also prove the superiority and pre-eminence which grace maintains over all opposing and resisting powers whether from without or from within. Sixthly, the fulness of grace, in its superaboundings over sin, flooding the soul, as it were, with life, light, love, joy, and peace, and enriching it with the treasures of heavenly wisdom, holy knowledge, and spiritual understanding, so that the previously distressed, dejected, and despairing soul is made to rejoice exceedingly in the wonders of triumphant grace, so blessedly opened up in the experience of a law-condemned, but grace-justified sinner, delivered from the curse and condemnation of the law, by faith in the obedience and death of Christ, the law-fulfiller, in whom (being found) there is no condemnation, and from whom there is no separation. Seventhly, the glory of grace in its perfect adaptation to meet all the cases, conditions, and circumstances of sinners, who are brought by the Holy Ghost, (the

quickener of God's elect, and sanctifier of Christ's redeemed,) not only to know their lifeless, helpless, lost estate, but to know the love wherewith they were loved from all eternity, the blood wherein they were washed from all their sins, and the power whereby they

We're saved from darkness, death, and hell,
And made on Zion's mount to dwell.

Eighthly, consider the head of grace, even Christ Jesus, the glorious head of all the heavenly host, the living head of elect angels, the loving head of ransomed spirits, the gracious head of the adopted family, the great head of the spiritual army and of the royal navy, the acknowledged head of all authority, influence, command, and control, the fountain head of all loving favour, living honour, and lasting happiness; yea, the everlasting covenant head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all. Ninthly, the influences of grace, as exhibited in the lives, conduct, and conversation of all such as have been made the happy partakers, and honoured possessors of that precious grace which powerfully teaches, not only the denial of, but also the necessity of departing from all ungodliness, and worldly lusts, and constrains to the observance of the truth, and obedience to the faith, so that even their very enemies are compelled to confess, concerning them, 'these have been with Jesus, and have learned of him;' for truly his teachings are heavenly, holy, and humbling, and must necessarily produce effects answerable thereto. Tenthly, the jealousy of grace, as witnessed in the holy anxieties of the heaven-born, yet oft earth-bound soul, which often fears the root of the matter is not within, and that the secret of God is not with them; which fears beget feebleness, and their feebleness brings on faintings, which cause the soul to cry with a holy earnestness, peculiar to souls in travail, and which earnestness can never be mimicked, though it may be often mocked; their language corresponds with the well-known lines—

'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?

Eleventhly, notice the kingdom of grace, which is internal, invisible, indestructable and immoveable, it is also heavenly, spiritual and immortal; compared with which, the kingdoms of the world, with all the glory of them, are not worthy to be named, inasmuch as they shall perish, but this shall abide for ever; for the kingdom of grace is founded on righteousness, maintained by truth, surrounded with the divine perfections, and shall be crowned with eternal glory. Twelfthly, the law of grace, which is written in the heart, and enforced on the conscience, whereby the kingdom of grace is established,

the subjects of grace saved, and the God of grace glorified; the law of life in Christ Jesus, justifies the living in him; the law of faith rules the faithful, the royal law protects the royal seed, and the perfect law presents them perfect in Christ Jesus before the throne of his glory. And, thirteenthly, glance at the ministry and mystery of grace as maintained and manifested by the Holy Ghost, in the employment of the various instrumentalities, whether prophetic, apostolic, pastoral, or evangelical, selected by him, and separated for him, to serve in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

May you, my dear brother, be abundantly satisfied with the aboundings of diving grace to you-ward. May your soul enjoy the healthful smiles of the Son of God, who ever sitteth upon his great white throne, as the Supreme Head of his church, which is ever glorious in his eyes. May your ministry be evidently attested, accepted, and approved of God, and by you may he be continually acknowledged, admired, and adored, as LORD OF ALL.

And O! for me cease not to pray
That God may teach me day by day,
And teaching, keep in the way,
That doth both truth and grace display.

That the very God of peace may keep you in peace, is the prayer of a peace-loving, and truth-seeking womer,

Your brother in bonds, JOHN STANSON.
Chelsea, August, 8, 1848.

The Doctrine of the Cherubim

OPENED AND EXPLAINED.

[Having given in previous numbers, the judgment of good men on the above interesting subject, we now, according to promise, make the following extract from the writings of the late Dr. Gill:—]

The first mention of the cherubim is Genesis iii. 24., quickly after the fall of man, and at his expulsion from the garden of Eden; when *Jehovah placed at the east of the garden of Eden, cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life*; but we are not told what these cherubim were, whether real creatures or only figures, nor what their form, nor their number, only their position at the east end of the garden of Eden, and their use, *to keep the way of the tree of life*, the meaning of which will be given hereafter; only it may be observed, that Moses calls them the cherubim, for the word in the original has the prepositive and emphatic article; as if they were well known, as they were to Moses, and might be to the people of Israel through him, who could inform them of them; for the book of Genesis was written after Moses had the order to make the cherubim, and place them with the mercy-seat over the ark in the holy of holies, as related in Exodus xxv. 18—22., from whence

we learn, that the cherubim were figures of winged creatures; that they were in number two; that they were made of gold, of the same mass with the mercy seat; that they stood at both ends of it, looking to one another and to that, and overshadowed it with their wings; and were so placed as to make a seat for the divine Majesty, who took up his residence here, and therefore afterwards is often described by him 'that dwelleth between the cherubim.' The same figures were set in the most holy place in Solomon's temple; and where also were two others of a larger size, made not of gold, but of olive-wood gilded, and whose wings extended, and touching each other, reached from one side of the holy of holies to the other; but still we are at a loss for the exact form of these figures: this is supplied in the visions of Ezekiel, related in this and in the first chapter: in which, four living creatures, he asserts to be the cherubim, are particularly described by their faces, their wings, their hands, and their feet, and by the shining appearance of the whole; but still we are left in the dark what these creatures were emblems of, until the gospel-dispensation took place, which brings dark things into light; when John had a vision similar to those of Ezekiel, with very little variation, in which he had a more perfect view of the living creatures, and which gives a more exact description of them, of their situation and employment; that they were round about the throne of God, were rational creatures, and spiritual and constant worshippers of the divine Being, or however, emblems of such; with other marks and circumstances, by which it may be known with some certainty, who they were, or who are intended by them. The vision is related in Rev. iv. 6-9, and as the key to the interpretation of the cherubim. From whence it appears:—

First, that these were not emblems of the divine persons in the Godhead. It is a fancy that some of late have embraced and are greatly elated with it, as a wonderful discovery; that the cherubim are an hieroglyphic, the three faces of the ox, lion, and eagle, of the Trinity of persons in the Deity, and the face of a man joined to them of the incarnation of the Son of God; and would have the word cherubim pronounced *ce-rubim*, and translated 'as the mighty ones;' but this is a mere fancy and false notion: for,

1. John's four beasts, or rather *living creatures*, as the word should be rendered, for that of beasts is an uncemely translation, the same with Ezekiel's living creatures, and which he affirms to be the cherubim, are represented as worshippers of the divine Being, and therefore cannot be emblems of the object of worship. They are said not only to be about the throne of God, and to admire and adore the attribute of holiness, and ascribe it to the almighty Being; but to give glory, honour, and thanks to him; to fall down and worship God, yea, to fall down before the Lamb in

a worshipping posture, and to give the lead to others in divine worship. See Rev. iv. 8-10 and v. 8, 14, and xix. 4.

[To be continued in our next; when a considerable portion of Gill's valuable 'Exposition on the Cherubim' will be given. Want of room compels us now to defer it.]

The Bunhill Memorials.

To the Reviewer in the Gospel Magazine:

MY CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—I would hope that, ere long, you will be of opinion that you have been somewhat premature in your sweeping condemnation of "Bunhill Memorials." You say, you don't know the 'professed principles of the compiler;' THAT being the case, I feel willing to forgive you your (otherwise) unfriendly remarks.

I would inform you what induced me to publish the 'Memorials.' I live near to Bunhill, and have long lamented that while we have guides to the monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, &c. &c., there was no little 'hand-book,' or guide to direct the serious enquirer to the resting-places of the remains of so many men of God who rest in hope in *Bunhill fields*. Some of our greatest worthies lie there, but the inscriptions on the tombs, &c., of several of them, *time* has ENTIRELY obliterated. Such is the case with Dr. Goodwin, Dr. Owen, and others, and these inscriptions are *far too valuable to be lost*. My library, which is somewhat large, afforded me materials *amply suited*.

My first intention, simply was, the putting out a little hand book, or *directory*, to the graves of ALL the ministers who are buried there; with the inscriptions on their tombs (as far as practicable) with no additional remarks whatever. I began on this plan; as the *first names* will incontestibly prove. One or two brethren in the ministry suggested the desirableness of *enlargement*, by the addition of a *further account* of some besides what was inscribed on the stones. This caused an *alteration* in my plan, as I intended the insertion of ALL the ministers, without which the work would have been exceedingly defective, and would be, in fact, no *directory* at all; I nevertheless judged it best simply to insert what was on the stones of those *Enemies of our adorable Lord*, without any remark besides, whatever. As I proceeded, on RE-consideration, I retraced my steps, and a SECOND edition being immediately called for (as the work is rapidly selling) I appended some remarks to Belsham and Benson (in the second edition pages 8 and 9), which I considered to be very explicit respecting their sentiments; but you will note that throughout the work I have invariably quoted from accredited historians who have narrated the sentiments of the several persons; and there is nothing of mine unless 'Ed.' is affixed to it. I refer you very particularly to my note, page 43 in second number. Persons of Arian and Socinian sentiments can have

no favour from me, as there is not a person living whose soul more recoils at their *pernicious* doctrines than myself. I refer you to the account of *Emlyn*, and especially *Fleming* in the second number, and if further proof is needed, then wait the coming forth of the account of Dr. FOSTER in the third number, (it is already in the printer's hands) and you will have what ought to *satisfy* you to your *heart's content*. Having engaged to insert ALL, I could omit none; my work is to comprise ALL the ministers, of whatever denomination or grade of religious sentiment, who are buried in Bunhill fields. Perhaps, pondering in my mind on the many blessed men of God, of whom 'the world was not worthy;' and there is, as I have stated in my preface, 'no spot of ground upon the face of the whole earth, where so much of the sacred dust of those who sleep in Jesus, is deposited, as in the hallowed inclosure of Bunhill fields;' (of this there can be no question) these thoughts, I say, pervading my mind at the time I drew up my preface, led me to express myself therein, in words which I assuredly never intended to convey the idea of viewing *Socinians* as among the number of the 'blessed living-dead;' no, God forbid! But there are hundreds of faithful ministers who are buried there, and to these, and these alone, I had my eye. However, the title I now see, is NOT properly worded, and advantage has been taken of it, and conclusions drawn, that are not warranted.

You have the names of Asty, Bradbury, Bradford, Brine, Bunyan, Burford, Button, Cartwright, and Chin (and others beside) in the first number, these were men of God, and among the excellent of the earth in their day and generation. In this avowment I give place to no man. In the second number you have Thomas Cole, Crole, Doolittle, Dowers, Durant, Dyke, &c., all of them entitled to the *same character*; and you have also a faithful delineation and condemnation too of *Emlyn, Fleming, &c.* In the third number you will find accounts of Dr. Gifford, Dr. Gill, Dr. Goodwin, &c. On the tomb of the latter great divine, time has obliterated every letter of the inscription, which was exceedingly long, and in language and blessedness almost unequalled as an inscription. It tells us, 'he was exceeded by none in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. This is a truth. Again, in a subsequent number, you will have an account of Dr. Owen, who has been entitled "the prince of divines," his inscription also, which was very long, is totally obliterated. I have said of Dr. Goodwin's 'almost unequalled;' Dr. Owen's does equal it, if not surpass. Of him it is declared (it was on the stone) 'He was a Scribe every way instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom of God. The Arminian, Socinian, and Popish errors, those HYDRAS, whose contaminated breath, and deadly poison, infested the church, he, with more than herculean labour repulsed, vanquished, and destroyed.'

Now, Mr. Reviewer, when I present the reader with an account of these gigantic divines, each of whom was higher than any

twelve of us, from the 'shoulders and upwards;' and when I rescue from oblivion what had been the stone memorials concerning them, will you again have the hardihood to warn the reader 'not to look into or circulate such productions?' If so, I shall exclaim, 'Fye, for shame!'

Again, Mr. Reviewer, have you read the folio volumes of Dr. Owen, and have you studied them as well as read them? I have: his display of Arminianism, being a discovery of the old Pelagian Idol 'Free-will;' I have studied. Ah! he has ground Arminianism to powder in that work. His sublime volume on 'Communion with God, or, the Saints' fellowship with the *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, unfolded, I have read till my mind has been overpowered and lost in the contemplation of the 'mystery of godliness,' as unfolded by this great master in Israel.

But I stay my pen; go on, Mr. Reviewer, in warning your readers not to read "Bunhill Memorials." The work is selling largely, and your attempted hindrance will only tend to increase its circulation. Nevertheless, I find the old adage to be still true, 'Who shall decide when doctors disagree?' Another Reviewer has characterised the work very differently. He says,—'The work is full of interesting matter; to all who value authentic memorials of departed ministers and men of God, we can heartily and honestly say, embrace the present opportunity of obtaining the information you value, by purchasing this first number, and we feel convinced that you will need no further recommendation of ours, to induce you to peruse, as regularly as they appear, the forthcoming numbers of this valuable compilation.' *Gospel Herald* for Sept.

That the Lord may open your eyes (Mr. Reviewer) and remove prejudice from your mind, is the hearty desire for you, of your humble servant,

THE EDITOR OF "BUNHILL MEMORIALS."

"It is a humbling truth, that vast multitudes in our churches, are *periodical or Sunday christians*; never to be seen at the weekday services, for prayer or church-meetings;—such should be affectionately urged to arouse from their apathy and lukewarmness, lest they dishonour the Lord, and inflict serious injuries on their own souls. The apostle directs the saints, to 'exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day, lest any should be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.' Caryl remarks on the passage, 'It is a dangerous error which some hold, that the saints in this life may out-grow counsel and exhortation, as if there were no need to bid a godly man pray and seek unto God; no need to bid a godly man to repent, or humble himself, or believe. *He cannot but do these, (say they,) these are natural to him.*' They are, indeed, to the new man; but let it be remembered withal, that the neglect of these duties is as natural to the old man. The christian needs to have his mind stirred up by way of remembrance, on both doctrinal and preceptive topics."—*C. Slim.*

There is a Vein for the Silver; and a place for the Gold where they fine it.

TO MY FAITHFUL FRIENDS FULFORTH, OF STURRY, IN KENT:—

DEARLY BELOVED—That great grace, mercy, and a peaceful prosperity of soul, may be with you, and with all that love our Lord Jesus Christ, is, and I trust ever, will be my most earnest prayer. Two things appear more particularly to have moved me to write unto you:—First, because when I was with you at Sturry on the 7th instant, I could not open my mind to you as I desired; and, secondly, because I feel persuaded that your sincere and faithful attachment to the cause of Christ has brought many afflictions and severe trials into your souls.

Soon after I took my seat this morning in one of the carriages of the Great Western Railway, being on a journey into Wiltshire, Buckinghamshire, and Oxford, to speak in the name of the Lord, these words—‘There is a vein for the silver, and a place for the gold where they fine it,’ came into my soul; and it did so seem to open up the deeply mysterious path through which I have walked; and did stir up such feelings of sympathy towards those who are opposed to me, as well as those who kindly receive me, that I resolved to give you some account of the severe exercises of my mind in coming to Canterbury, and how (I do hope) the good Lord delivered me from them.

As to my coming down to Canterbury, I never came with more peace and gratitude to God for what he had done for me. But the next morning all my past transgressions were canvassed over. I was carried back to the unhappiest part of my life; and I found that some, instead of being prepared to receive me as a servant of Christ, were as determined in their prejudice against me as ever. Well; this was painful to me. Most thankful should I be, if I could heal every wound that I have made, and repair every breach. My soul would greatly rejoice if I could restore a thousand fold, (in every sense) for all the wrong that I have done; but I cannot. Wrong has been done; sin has been committed; injuries have been sustained; but when I declare, as in the presence of God, who searcheth me through and through, that these things were not done with wicked and wilful intentions; when I declare,

(after years of deliberate consideration, and painful suffering,) that they all resulted from an overpowering temptation, against which I fought with prayers, and groans, and resolutions, and promises; but which stole upon me, overcame me, and, at length, put such a yoke round my neck, my heart, and my conscience, as to work out everything that was black and bad; when I say this—is it christian-like to lay up these things, which have been like arrows in their souls, and now turn them back upon me; and prevent every attempt that might be made to bring about reconciliation? Let me tell you two things, friend Fulforth: first, it is a great comfort to me that these dear souls have not been permitted to turn back into Egypt; however weak and divided they may be, I feel a consolation that they are kept in the way. Oh, may the Lord be pleased to unite and strengthen their hearts, and make them to flourish in the courts of his house. Another thing I can say, my spiritual love to them has never diminished; and I do pray that you will not allow their feelings against me to separate you from them. Do you with me, as they did in days of old with Jonah—throw me over-board sooner than dissensions and divisions should spring up among you.

Now to come to the exercises of my mind. When I left Canterbury on Friday morning last, (although I had preached in your little Zoar the night previous with some holy confidence, yet when I awoke the next morning, and set out for London) such a cloud of darkness covered my mind, that I began to look upon myself as one of the basest and blackest of wretches: something said within, ‘I had been all my life-long deceived, and was only a deceiver of others.’ This filled me with woe, and dark forebodings of something worse to come; and I sunk so low that I almost felt a wish to cease from preaching altogether. In this state I continued, with little intermission, all the way to London; and after I arrived home these dark and dreadful feelings greatly increased upon me. I preached that night at Mile End to a crowded congregation, from Ezekiel x. 4, 5, but still inward

sorrow, and secret fear were gnawing the very vitals of my heart. Saturday came; I had heavy sums of money owing me, but none could I get in. I had heavy bills to pay, and nothing to pay them with. Oh, what a day of sorrow was that to me. But I was helped through it, and retired to my bed with a heavy heart, and a mind as apparently vacant of all spiritual matter as it could well be. I arose on Lord's Day Morning, and said to myself—'How solemn a thing it is to be going into the service of God in such a state of mind as this!' I besought the Lord to appear—twice in my bed-room did I go and beg him to come into my soul; I felt a real inward desire to come near. I went down into my room, and I tried to draw near to the throne again. Some little quietness began to possess my heart, and after about two hours waiting and seeking, my soul was solidly stayed and comforted with these words—

"I called upon thy name, O Lord, out of the low dungeon. Thou hast heard my voice: hide not thine ear at my breathing, at my cry. Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee: thou saidst, Fear not. O Lord, thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life. O Lord thou hast seen my wrong: judge thou my cause." Lam. iii. 55—59.

From these words I did derive soul-satisfaction. And I will here give you an outline of my meditations upon them:—

THERE are three things I can say of these words. (1.) They are the language of a real child of God. (2.) They are words which describe what my soul has passed through. (3.) They are descriptive of the condition of many a living soul in this day.

First—I may speak of the low dungeon. Secondly—Of calling upon the name of the Lord, out of that low dungeon. Thirdly—How a soul may know that God hears its voice. Fourthly—Of the conflicts and desires still at work in the soul. Fifthly—The testimony it bears of delivering mercy and sustaining power. Sixthly—The appeal which the soul makes unto God. And lastly—The *request*, 'Judge thou my cause.'

First—Of the low dungeon. We read of two dungeons into which Jeremiah was cast. Read that in Jeremiah xxxviii. 6, 7. I may say there are many dungeons into which a poor child of God may be thrown. Bailey says, 'a dungeon is the darkest, the lowest, the most dismal part of the prison.' When a poor sinner lays under the terrors of God's most righteous law—when he sinks into a sight and sense of the wickedness of his own heart—when he is pressed down under the power of temptation—when God hides his face, clouds

gather thick, old sins come up to remembrance, and dense darkness veils the mind—then it is a low dungeon. In this low dungeon I know I laid from the early part of 1840, to the latter end of 1843; and into some fearful sense of this low-dungeon-state I have gone this week. In fact, I never go to Canterbury but all my old wounds seem to be opened; arrows are shot into my soul; darkness veils my mind; unbelief says, I am a great deceiver; and this unbelief throws me down, and I sink in deep waters. I said, when I got into Canterbury, I am come down comfortable, and hope to remain in peace; but I find it cannot be. Jeremiah describes this low-dungeon, in this third of Lamentations; (ver. 5—11; and again 42—47); 'He hath compassed me with gall and travail,' bitterness of soul and heavy labour, without deliverance; to be set in dark places; to have the chains made heavy; to cry and shout, and find prayer shut out; all your paths *crooked*! Ah, this is dreadful to a living soul. This, in a measure, my mind has passed through again and again. And as I travelled home, last Friday, my soul sunk in sorrow; I groaned and cried, yet found no help, or not enough; I must not say, I found none. In this low dungeon the living soul confesses sin, (ver. 42,) but it finds no pardon; sees nothing in God but anger and judgment.

Secondly—'I called upon thy name, O Lord.' The name of the Lord is *Jesus Christ*. Now, a man is known many ways: sometimes by his appearance, if we have seen him before; sometimes by his writings, if we have read them before; and sometimes by his name, though we have never seen him. Christ is known (to living souls) by his appearances, by his voice, by his writings, by his name. Faith in Christ (as a SAVIOUR able to save unto the uttermost,) will stay up a living soul, and keep it from wholly sinking, even in the worst of times. "They that *know thy NAME* will put their trust in thee." Faith will hang the soul on Christ, and finally sink, it cannot!

He hath appeared unto my soul, and I feel bound to believe that with the eye of faith I have seen him, and long to again; by his voice, I heard him saying, unto me—'Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead; and Christ shall give thee light.' This was twenty years ago; and I may say he hath given me *life*; he hath sweetly led my soul into the love of the truth; and kept me there; although my path has been so dark.

But his name. This is a word descriptive of what he is. A *rich man*, is some men's name; a physician is another man's name; a lawyer is another; a Doctor in Divinity (a curer of souls) are other men's names. But what is Christ's name? See Acts iv. 10, 11, 12. **JESUS CHRIST OF NAZARETH. A SAVIOUR—ANointed OF GOD—A SEPARATOR OF THE PEOPLE.** This is what the living soul calls for—To be saved—to be separated!—to be brought into the presence of God. I have found this

one thing—that as a sense of sin, and sorrow for sin works in my soul, so my soul ories out for the name of Christ, for salvation, for sanctification, and for holy communion. Are you in a low dungeon? Is all darkness, uncleanness, dreadful forebodings and distress? Yet, are you compelled to breathe, to cry, and to call after God? Surely there is hope for you, sad as your estate may be.

Thirdly—But, how may a soul know that the Lord *has heard his voice*? I will tell you. First, by the whispers of his word. As I was riding home, thinking over my dark path, these words came, 'Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.' (Prov.) I felt a little relief, though but little. When I got home I was going to the Lord for a word; as I drew near, he seemed to meet me with these words, 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous.' This did lift me up a little. So you will find that God the Holy Ghost will whisper in such words as will help you. And I can tell you these words brought me where David was. (Ps. cxix. 49, 50,) he says, 'Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope. This is my comfort in my affliction, thy word hath quickened me.' The words which God whispers in become a prop to the fainting soul; and they quicken or cause the soul to spring up in hope, faith, and prayer, and strong desire. Thus, I say, if God speaks words into your soul, and thereby holds you up in hope, in desire, and prayer, depend on it deliverance is not far off—He may hear, and yet not appear to notice; nor whisper in any word; but, if thy soul is compelled to cry on, and to sigh on, he will not forsake you. He will help you with a little help; although you may neither see his hand, hear his voice, nor enjoy his presence.

Fourthly—The conflicts and desires still in existence. Hide not thine ear. As though a temptation came in, that God would yet forsake. Oh, if God leaves us, hides his face, closes his ear, all is done and over then, as far as peace and confidence is concerned. Fifthly—The testimony concerning past mercies. 'Thou drewest near, thou saidst, Fear not.' Here are two things—God draws near in providence supplying us; he draws near in mercy, causing us to hope, and then he speaks so as to remove dreadful fear. These two things are exceedingly blessed to be known and noticed in the experience of a living soul. After a child of God is *delivered out of trouble*, he can then see how silently and gently the Lord did draw near unto him, and did also kindly support him, though at the time no real comfort was derived.

Sixthly—The appeal. 'Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul, hast redeemed my life, hast seen my wrong.' Here faith expresses the work of Christ. He is a Pleader, a Redeemer, a Watcher. These are the three essential characters and works of

Christ. Before time, he pleaded for us: in the fulness of time, he redeemed us; through all the dangers connected with time, he watches over us.

Seventhly—The request. 'Judge thou my cause.' My cause is wrapped up in so much mystery, there is so much apparent sin, and actual sin about it; men are so ignorant of the hidden springs, both of the workings of sin in our members, and the workings of grace in the new man, that very often they cannot come to a true judgment of a man's real condition before God. Jeremiah, therefore, throws himself upon the righteous decision of a holy God, '*Judge thou my cause.*' I feel I can and may do the same; and leave him to make manifest the true character and determine the eternal condition of your poor servant for Christ's sake.

C. W. BANKS.

September, 12, 1848.

The Lord on His People's Side.

The Lord was on his people's side;
And as he was, so he'll abide,
For nought can change his mind;
What was his will in ages past,
Will to eternal ages last—
He'll prove for ever kind.

The Lord was on his people's side
When he the cov'nant did provide
With their Redeemer God;
This cov'nant seal'd and order'd sure,
And still to make it more secure,
'Twas ratified by blood.

The Lord was on his people's side
When he in mercy did provide
A sacrifice for sin;
This sacrifice was Christ alone,
For none but Christ could thus atone,
And wash his people clean.

The Lord was on his people's side
When he stern justice satisfied
And righteousness brought in;
When his own arm salvation wrought,
When he on Calvary boldly fought,
And made an end of sin.

The Lord was on his people's side
When he in pity bled and died
Upon th' accursed tree;
When he the glorious victory gain'd;
When he redemption's work obtain'd
To set his chosen free.

The Lord is on his people's side
When by his spirit he divides
The precious from the vile;
When he eternal life imparts,
And with the blood of Jesus' heart
He cleanses the defil'd.

The Lord is on his people's side
When he through storms and tempests guides.
He strengthens them by grace;
Tho' oft cast down yet not destroy'd,
For they shall fear and love the Lord,
Their shield and hiding place.

The Lord is on his people's side
When he thinks fit his face to hide
But he will smile again.
Here is the language of his heart—
'Though hills and mountains may depart,
My love shall still remain.'

Tho' earth and hell 'gain't them unite,
The Lord will put them all to flight,
And with his saints abide!
He'll surely take them home to bliss!
And there they'll sing no song but this—
'The Lord is on our side.'

Greenwich.

BISHOP.

New Baptist Chapel, Greenwich.

THE church accustomed to assemble in London St. Chapel, Greenwich, under the ministry of Mr. Gwinnell, having commenced the erection of a much larger, and more commodious building in Bridge Street, determined to commemorate the foundation by a public religious service, which was held on the afternoon of September 25th. The walls of the edifice having been raised to a considerable height, a platform, covered by an awning, was raised at one end of the interior, while the space below, and the scaffolding around were crowded by spectators.

The proceedings commenced at a few minutes after three, by the singing of the hymn—

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name.”

After which an appropriate and fervent prayer was offered by Mr. Moyll, of Peckham. This was followed by another hymn—

“Come let us join our cheerful songs,” &c.

Mr. Wyard, of Soho, then came forward to address the audience. He said, that probably many of them had come there, expecting to see the ceremony commonly called, ‘laying the first stone;’ and, indeed, it was his opinion something of the kind was to take place; and they might be disappointed at finding such was not the case. They had met, however, in this roofless house, this pulpitness chapel, and without so much, it seemed, as a bible to speak from; but many of them, he trusted, had the doctrines and sentiments of that book written in their hearts, and exemplified them by their lives. He would endeavour to address them from the words of the apostle Paul—“For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus.” 1 Cor. iii. 11.

The text, taking its natural order, informed them three things—*First*, that Christ is really a foundation; *secondly*, that this foundation is laid; *thirdly*, that none other foundation can be laid.

He then proceeded to remark—

1. Christ himself is a foundation. He is diversely spoken of in sacred testimony of truth: sometimes he is represented as ‘a corner stone,’ ‘a tried stone, elect and precious,’ ‘a stone of the building, and so on; at other times, as the head of a body, as the shepherd of sheep, and a variety of other metaphors introduced by the Holy Ghost to set forth his wondrous person, character, and achievements, as the Lord of life and glory. On the present occasion, we have to view him as a foundation; and we may notice the following few particulars:—

1. He is a foundation *personally*. There may be among those gathered here, some who deny the divinity of Christ, and even some who deny his humanity; but we have

to do alone with the testimony of the Spirit of God, if we speak not according to that, it is because there is no light, no proper light in us. We find that the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, just goes to prove and set forth the eternal self-existence and independence of the Lord Jesus Christ—his abstract Godhead. And it sets forth, too, the complexity of his character, as God and man—as the mysterious being in whom eternity and time are conjoined, whose return is at once self-existent and dependent; who was from everlasting, and yet who had a beginning. Then was the person of Jesus constituted a fit and proper foundation on which to rear the fabric of divine mercy. In connection with his abstract and complex character, must be considered his pre-mediatorial engagements and performances, rendering him *personally* the foundation which God has laid in Zion.

2. He is a foundation, relatively considered—that is, as interested in, united to, and identified with his people; sometimes he called his church his brethren, his family, his people, his household. Upon him does Jehovah the Father erect his temple of grace, the household of faith. No Jesus, no salvation; no Christ, no church; no Lord of life and glory, no eternal life for poor sinners.

3. Christ is a foundation, *doctrinally* considered. There is no doctrine contained in the sacred testimony of divine truth, but has its original source in him. Suppose we begin with the doctrine of everlasting love. Jesus says, addressing his Father, and speaking of his people, ‘Thou has sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me;’ and then he adds, ‘Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.’ (John xvii. 23, 24.) Then the doctrine of God’s everlasting love takes its rise in the person and mediation of Christ; and so with his covenant of grace, Christ is the foundation of that; for it was with him God entered into covenant, for the future salvation and ultimate eternal blessedness of poor guilty men; but for him, there could have been no covenant of grace in which all the people of God now simultaneously rejoice. If we consider the doctrine of election—a doctrine despised and slighted by some, but cordially embraced, and dearly loved by God’s Spirit-taught people—we see Christ is also the foundation of that; he is the root of the eternal choice—for we are chosen in him before the world began—before God said, ‘Let there be light,’ and laid the foundation of this natural earth; a choice that shall stand good for ever, even when the heavens shall have been rolled away as a scroll. So is he the foundation of a sinner’s justification, whether in the presence of God, to his own conscience, or in the sight of his fellow men. And

Lastly, he is the foundation of pardon, of preservation, of glorification; and through

his blood and sufferings we have the forgiveness of our sin—by his power we are kept from falling—and by him shall we be admitted into the eternal kingdom. On these points we have but touched. If they be amplified to each of you by the Holy Spirit, not only lodged in your head, and retained there, by the power of memory, which may only nourish pride and vanity; but let down into your heart's affections, then, they will excite humility and love—you will esteem Christ, indeed, a stone elect and precious, as greater and dearer than any on earth or in heaven.

4. He is the foundation, moreover, *experimentally* considered. All that a christian man experiences is not christian experience; all that a godly man experiences, is not godliness. There are always in the heart of a believer the two principles, the flesh and the spirit, which continually strive one with the other, and will never coalesce, or be at peace; so that experience must be spoken of discriminatively. There is no experience, after all, worth feeling or recollecting, which does not wean the heart from the world, and set the affections on things above. And of all such experience, all heavenly and holy emotions, Christ is the source. Faith centres in him—the hope of immortal blessedness, and of union with the spirits of the just made perfect, anchors on him—all true love to his truth, his cause, and his people, flows from, and is concentrated upon him.

Lastly, Christ is the foundation, *authoritatively, preceptively, and imitatively*. I mean, by saying he is the foundation authoritatively, that whatever is not appointed by him is not to be observed in his church; and that whatever he has commanded is to be done. No man has any right to introduce any doctrine, to establish any practice, upon his own authority; it is at his peril to do so. On the other hand, no man must depart from that which Christ appointed, and the apostles observed. His doctrines and ordinances go together, and no power on earth or in heaven can separate them, or alter them. His commission to his apostles was, to 'go and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and that is at once the authority and obligation of all his servants. He who sent me to preach the gospel, commanded me also to baptize; and I am bound as much to do the one as the other. Preceptively, also, he is the foundation. The injunctions contained in the New Testament are the transcript of his will: and are to be kept from love to him. And he is set before us imitatively. We are to follow in his footsteps, to 'mind the same things,' to imitate his example as far as it is imitable; but with this difference, he did it meritoriously; we cannot, must not attempt it. What he

did to procure heaven for us, we should do from love to him. The spirit and conduct must be the same, the motive and principle different.

Thus then, is Christ the foundation, in these several aspects, of salvation—of a salvation perfectly sovereign, free, and eternal.

II. Christ is not only the foundation, but he "*is laid*" as such. "Behold," says God, "I lay in Zion a foundation stone." He was laid in the eternal purpose of God before men or angels had a being, before the heavens and the earth were made. That was the decree and the design of God, which nothing could prevent or alter. All things were ordered and arranged for that end. The natural universe was built, that on it God might rear his spiritual temple, of which Christ was then laid as the corner stone, in purpose and decree. He was laid by the prophets—by all the sacrifices and typical ordinances under the law and Mosaic economy. All the invitation and promises made by the prophets were made with reference to him, and the souls of ancient believers built up on him; as we read, that the saints "are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." (Eph. xi. 20.) He was laid by the apostles—in all their preaching, and all their epistles, they, as "wise master builders," laid this "sure foundation," and built up the church thereupon. And while many have built up "wood, hay, and stubble," which shall perish in the "fire that is to try every man's work," all the true and good servants of Christ in every age of the church down to the present day, have laid him, as the basis of a sinner's hope, as the ground of a saint's security.

III. Christ being laid as the foundation, *no other can be laid*. There is no room for any other—blessed be God, there is no necessity for any other. Man may attempt it, but God will not permit it,—no Godly man will wish it—the world will never sustain it. He that builds upon it will never be put to shame; sin nor satan will not be able to confound him; heaven will realize and consummate the hopes and anticipations that are based on this foundation, against which the gates of hell will never be able to prevail.

If I had not some pleasing hope, that this great matter will form more or less, the sum and substance of preachment within these walls, I could not conscientiously, have countenanced your proceedings to day. As it is—in the belief and expectation that it will be so, I wish you "God speed," in the name of the Lord.

On the conclusion of Mr. Wyard's address, of which the above is a mere skeleton, Mr. Gwinnell announced that a tea meeting would be held in the old chapel.

After prayer by Mr. Abbott, the large assembly dispersed.

Tidings from Exeter.

[A christian brother has earnestly requested us to insert a letter from which the following extracts are made; in the hope that some of the family of God might be led to sympathize with an afflicted brother. The Lord grant it, is our fervent prayer.—ED.]

DEAR BROTHER IN THE BEST OF BONDS:—“In the world,” (our dear Lord hath declared) his people shall “have tribulation;” and this is a truth which you, my dear brother, and me are made to know by daily experience; and often in the bitterness of our souls we exclaim with the Poet:

“My soul with various tempests tost,
Her hopes o’erturn’d, her projects cross’d;
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.”

But, adds the dear Lord “*be of good cheer, I have overcome the world: in me ye shall have peace:*” blessings on his precious name, he hath made peace, by the blood of the cross: and when he is pleased to come and preach peace to our poor hearts, be we ever so far off in our feelings from God, we are immediately made nigh in real heartfelt experience by the blood of Christ: feeling that it cleanseth us from all sin. I hope, my dear brother, I can say with the poet:

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

I know not how it may be with my dear brother, but it is a day of small things with me; I can enter feelingly into the prophet Micah’s complaint; “*Woe is me for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruit, like the grape gleanings of the vintage: there is no cluster to eat;*” and my soul desired the first ripe fruit; “my poor soul is necessitated to hang all her hope upon the unchangeable faithfulness of Jehovah in his covenant love and mercy in Christ Jesus before the world began. Oh, what an unspeakable mercy I do at times see and feel it to be, that there is such a one on whom God the Father can look at all times with complacency and delight; one who answers all the just demands of his most holy and righteous law, which I have wickedly broken in every part; one whose righteousness exceeds the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, which righteousness I lay my humble claim unto, because it is freely imputed without works. At present I am in great heaviness, and feel much discouraged, by reason of the roughness of the way in temporal things. I think I may say, I never felt more disheartened, having passed through such bitter and trying things; during the last winter I sunk into debt which I could never have paid had not the Lord in much mercy moved the hearts of some friends at Plymouth, to send to my relief; my debts being paid in a wonderful way, my unbelief for the time was put to the blush, and little

faith was strengthened and encouraged, again; and with the summer before me, I hoped that the dear Lord in his kind providence was about to shine upon my endeavours in the fruit selling, that I might get a little before hand against the approaching winter; but alas! all my hope in this is dashed, notwithstanding all my tugging and striving, and that of my poor dear wife, who is very weak in body, and works and strives far beyond her strength, for she has, during the summer, bought fruit in the Exeter market, and in the gardens, and gone down by the railroad to Dawlish and Teignmouth, and sold it; but it proves too much for her strength, so that she has not been able to continue it. Thus, my dear brother, I may in a measure say with Paul, “bonds and afflictions abide me, and this the Holy Ghost witnesseth;” and when in my right mind, and setting at the feet of Jesus, I dare not wish it otherwise, but the flesh lusteth exceedingly for an easier path, and for a smoother road; and oftentimes of late when my poor soul has been shut up in darkness and felt bondage, and being sorely tried with poverty in temporals, hath my poor soul felt with poor brother Job, to choose strangling and death rather than life; but bless his name, he knoweth the way I take; when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold. Bless his dear name, he doth still remember his promise, I will not leave you comfortless. I will come again, and when he does come, it is all well in a moment. I am sure you will join with me in this, and say, he is worthy to wear the crown; for he hath done all things well; he hath trodden the wine press of the wrath of God for his redeemed alone; all we like sheep have gone astray; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquities of us all; he hath finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness for every poor bankrupt feelingly lost, feelingly helpless; and feelingly destitute sinner, who, by and under the divine leading, and power of the Spirit Jehovah, is enabled to believe.

Has our dear friend Mr. Skelton, called upon you? He has been at Brighton; having left the church at Aldringham, where he lives at present. I hope the Lord will direct his steps. I must inform you, that we have been very highly favoured at Exeter, with spirit-taught men of God who do not shun to declare the whole counsel of God as far as they are taught. At present we have a Mr. Darke, an old veteran, who is well instructed to speak a word in season to him that is weary. I have found his ministry sweet and refreshing to my poor burthened and weary soul. When you write, dear brother, let me know how it is with you in these things, and may you be blessed of the Lord more and more, in hungerings and thirstings, in eating and drinking that which Christ says is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed. That is a most precious declaration spoken by our Lord, on that great day of the feast, Jesus

stood and cried: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink: and out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters," and this he spake of the Spirit. O that we may be led to drink deep. Ever your's,
93, North Street, Exeter. R. ANGEL, S.S.

Henry Fowler's Removal

FROM BIRMINGHAM TO LONDON.

[We have in previous numbers given various extracts from the *Life of the late Henry Fowler*. The following interesting sketch declares how, in the providence of God, he was removed to the metropolis.]

"THE last two years that I spent in Birmingham, I used to visit Walsall frequently. I went there first to preach at the earnest request of a number of persons who had separated from the chapel in which Mr. T. Grove preached for about thirty years. When Mr. Grove died, the people chose for their pastor a young man who preached, as was said, very different doctrine to what the people had been accustomed to hear from Mr. Grove. Many of the people, therefore, left, and hired a large club room.

"How far my testimony was blessed is not for me to say; but I met a person in Reading, on my return from Bath, a few years back, who used to hear me at Walsall, and he told me my testimony had been blessed to many. He mentioned one person particularly, a common prostitute! This reclaimed poor sinner went, after my removal from London, to join the church where Mr. Grove used to preach. When this woman was requested to give an account of the means of her conversion, she said, 'The life I have lived, and the sinful course I have followed, is generally known through the town; and these practices I followed, till I went, one night, to hear a man by the name of Fowler, at the *mud hole* (for that was the name these pious people gave our preaching room,) where I was struck with horror at the awful state I was in; and I could no longer continue in those abominable practices, but wish to be with God's people—not that I am worthy to be in their company.' I have thought if this was the real work of God on this poor sinner, I am amply satisfied for all my harassings of mind and body, which were sometimes too much for my frail frame. But the day shall declare it.

"God has, in all ages, manifested his rich and sovereign grace to many of the worst of characters; as Rahab, the harlot, the woman of Samaria, the woman taken in adultery, Mary Magdalene, and others; and in viewing these things, I am ready to exclaim with George Whitfield, 'Free grace for ever!'

"I must here relate an anecdote, which I receive from the mouth of a character of the above description at Exeter many years ago.—She had been as notorious as any per-

son of that description in Exeter: but, under the ministry of that blessed servant of God, Henry Tanner, she was snatched as a brand from the fire; and the power of God was so manifest in turning her from darkness to light, that she was received as a proper member into Mr. Tanner's church.

"Some envious and pharisaic persons raised a report that Mr. Tanner had received into his church a base character. This was busily circulated to the injury of Mr. Tanner's character. One Saturday two ministers waited on Mr. Tanner to reprove him for the impropriety of his conduct in receiving such an awful character into his church, which was calculated to bring reproach on the cause of God. Mr. Tanner listened patiently to all they had to say, and casting his eyes towards the field opposite his window, across which was a common footpath, he saw the obnoxious character with a piece of serge on her shoulder, taking it to her employer. He ran to the door, and called aloud, 'Molly! come in; here are two gentlemen who want to speak to you.' Molly entered with her piece of serge on her back, and set it down in the parlour. Mr. Tanner then said, 'Molly, these gentlemen are blaming me for receiving you into my church: they say you have been a notorious character?' 'It is all true,' said Molly, 'and I know that I am not worthy to be among the children of God.' 'Well,' said Mr. Tanner, 'I wish you to relate to these gentlemen your conversion and experience. She then gave them a full account of God's dealings with her, and they had not one word to oppose. Mr. Tanner then said to them, 'Find one in all your congregations that can give a better account of God's teaching than Molly, if you can!' and they were perfectly satisfied.

"In August 1819, I received an invitation to preach at Bodicott, in Oxfordshire. The morning as I was packing up for my journey, a letter arrived from London requesting me to supply the chapel in Conway Street, three Lord's days. I had no time to consult my friends on the subject; but when I arrived at Bodicott I wrote to London to say that I would supply them. At Bodicott I found but few persons that I could be satisfied with, as partakers of the grace of God in truth. I was as barren and lifeless in my soul the five weeks I was there as I ever was since I knew the Lord.

"It added much weight to my trial, that I must go to London in this miserable and barren state of soul, and have to preach to a large congregation who had sat for years under Mr. Huntington, and other great men, the latchet of whose shoes I was not worthy to loose. I was vexed that I had so hastily given my promise; but now it was too late. As I had engaged, I proceeded to London, when I had finished my engagements at Bodicott. This was early in October.

"When I arrived in London, I was kindly received by the friends, but greatly tried in my mind, from the bondage and darkness of soul I had laboured under for many

weeks. Oh, how I grieved that ever I should have been so foolish as to make any engagement to preach in London! But I believe the enemy had a great power over me, though I could not then see it. When Lord's day morning came, I was surprised to see such a number of people crammed together, so that it was with some difficulty I could get to the pulpit. I was obliged to lift up a prayer to my gracious God and Father, that as he had often brought me through many difficulties, so he would be pleased to give me all I needed, both for myself and his people. I felt, indeed, the need of his helping hand; and he was graciously pleased to grant it to me; for as soon as I began to pray, I found nearness of access to his blessed Majesty; and I was overwhelmed at a sight of his goodness, which was made to pass before me. My text was, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." This had been my prayer for many weeks; but the answer was delayed till this time of great necessity. Suffice it to say, I never found so much liberty in preaching as at this time; and I was persuaded that the presence of God was with the people, as well as with myself: nor was I deceived, as several now with me can testify, from their own experience. I spent three weeks with this people, and left them, in love and affection, with a promise, at their request, to see them again. This event led ultimately to my being settled in London."

Christian Reviewer.

"*A Memorial of the Free and Unmerited Goodness of God towards John Corbitt, Minister of the Gospel, Bethesda Chapel, Oldham St. Manchester.* (See Advertisement.) London: Published by Houlston and Stone-man, Paternoster Row.

AFTER perusing a good part of this memorial of God's goodness, we could not help breaking forth, and saying—"If ever the Lord did really convert a wicked sinner from the error of his ways, and make a christian of him, then John Corbitt certainly is one. We do honestly and really believe that no child of God can read through this memorial without being deeply humbled on the one hand, at the awful workings of man's fallen nature; and rejoiced on the other hand, at the superaboundings of that sovereign grace which turns the lion into a lamb, and the monster of iniquity into a faithful and useful minister of Jesus Christ! We fully agree with certain of our friends, who, (on speaking of the publication of some ministers' lives,) have said, they had better never have been published; but such clear and powerful records of the power and grace of God, as John Corbitt has given, should never be hidden, either from the church of God or the world, if we could help it. This account which brother Corbitt has given, is a BOOK OF FACTS: and although there are many facts detailed which may be offensive to refined minds, yet, when you get into the

blessed deliverances which God wrought for him, the abundant mercies manifested unto him, and the great use the Lord has made of him, you can but rejoice that there are still here and there to be found such living witnesses of the mercy of God to poor perishing sinners. We can only this month make a very brief extract. But the work is to be brought out in two-penny parts, in order that the poorest of God's family may be enabled to purchase it.

"But now the time arrived for the Lord to speak more powerfully to my soul, and to make this the more plain to me, he suffered me to come into a most dreadful state, so that I verily wished I had never made any profession, for I really thought I had deceived myself and others, and felt that I should draw out a most miserable life, and die a miserable death, and sink to an eternal hell. O how my soul was tossed about under this temptation; not a gleam of hope; no sun, no moon, or stars, appeared for many days, and no small tempest lay on me, so that all hopes of being saved was lost; and I had cast out (with my own hands) all my former hopes of conditional comfort; had struck sail, and committed myself to the merciless ocean, never again to think of salvation. In this merciless state I went to Fenstanton to hear Mr. Drawbridge, (of Wellingborough) and he took his text from Amos iii. 12, 'Thus saith the Lord; as the shepherd taketh out of the mouth of the lion two legs, or a piece of an ear: so shall the children of Israel be taken out that dwell in Samaria in the corner of a bed, and in Damascus in a couch.' This sermon was the first I ever heard that shewed up the deceitfulness of the heart. I felt truly I am the man described, in all the legal workings and self-persevering endeavours of the flesh; this very much deepened the wound: but when the remedy was brought forth, and the sovereignty of the Lord shown, I could not apply them to myself: so I returned writing bitter things against myself; and instead of better I grew worse and worse, and instead of acting faith, and taking God at his word, and shaking off my trouble, as some tell us is our duty to do, I found unbelief abounded, and God's word appeared all against me, and I could take none of it but such as sealed my condemnation. I should have been glad enough to have shaken these off, but I found I could as well create a world as to take the comforts, or neglect the sorrows. However, before I arrived home that night it pleased God (who commanded the sun to shine out of darkness) to shine into my heart, to give me a sight of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

"This was done, first, by telling me (as sensibly as with an audible voice) his 'grace should be sufficient for me.' So strange, sudden, and sweet, were those words applied to my soul, that I stood still to repeat them; when, to my further astonishment, these words came with redoubled power and effected a deliverance so surprising and joyous, that the snare was broken and the bird liberated. 'Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth, for I am God and there is none else.' Notwithstanding all I had realized before of the Lord's goodness to me, I had had nothing so sovereignly, suddenly, and powerfully applied before. My other changes had been gradual and almost imperceptible, but this was too powerful and plain to leave for the moment any suspicion; this was none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven to my soul. I did not erect a pillar as Jacob did, but the deliverance wrought such a deep impression on my heart, that time nor eternity will never efface."

Made Nigh by the Blood of Christ.

"But with the precious blood of Christ."

SUCH a theme is the delight of all the redeemed of heaven. Those who have, through grace, arrived within its portals, and those who are travelling onwards oppressed with sin, (and sorrow the consequences thereof) all vie with each other in exalting the Lamb that shed his precious blood, and surely my soul can, from a felt need of cleansing, a felt need of purifying, say with one now singing in immortal strains in the high court of bliss—

"Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

Peter, like the rest of the apostles, was an experimental preacher of the gospel of Jesus, he laid for a foundation the precious blood of Jesus, and exalted the atoning Lamb as the only way to happiness and God, he insisted on a life and conduct becoming that gospel, by the teaching, leading, and indwelling of the Spirit of God, and such only would he receive as bore those evidences and marks which he felt in his own soul — and which was manifest in his conversation, 1 Pet. i. 13—16. How very little do we find of that blessed spirit inculcated in our churches, where the truth in the letter is preached! Oh, where is that spirit of love — those bowels of mercy?—That holy longing for each others good, which was found in the primitive church? Alas! alas! we find it not. But, on the contrary, there is beating and devouring one another, evil speaking, and envying and jealousy. Such things ought not to be. Still there are a few names in Sardis which have not defiled their garments, they shall walk with the Lord in white, emblematic of purity, and of every believer that is clothed in the righteousness of Jesus has a tender conscience, a heart made soft by the precious blood of Jesus. What a soul-ravishing place it is to be in! Where mercy streams into the soul in streams of blood divine!

There seems to be much darkness enwrapped about the judgments of many concerning repentance, the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul. There is a legal repentance and an evangelical repentance. The former works in every one of Adam's posterity, the latter only in the posterity of the Second Adam. We find Esau re-

pented, Cain repented, Saul repented, Judas repented, but it was all unto death—it worked wrath and condemnation in their natural consciences. Now, that repentance which is unto life is of a different kind, being the result of the Spirit's operation on the heart, it proceeds from life, and is unto life; it never miscarries; we often put self pity in its place; we only truly repent when we see a bleeding Jesus, by the eye of faith; when we are led, by the Spirit's mighty operation on our souls, to see the tragic scene of Gethsemane, to behold the spotless Lamb crying out, under the immense load of our sin; and to follow him to Calvary, and there to contemplate over his overwhelming sufferings: the Holy Father hiding his face to hear him cry out, in all the intense agony of his soul, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' I say, and believe it is in accordance with the word of God, we only truly repent when we are thus led; that, and that only will ever lead a sinner to hate his sins. And if a mere outside garb of profession was to be torn assunder by some hot persecution or other, how few would there be of whom it could be said, they are walking with Jesus in white. My soul trembles while I thus write, lest I should be found, after all, destitute of that work I am here contending for; but I would rather go all my life long bowed down under a deep felt sense of sin, guilt, and bondage, and in the end find deliverance, than go on in a blind presumptuous confidence, and in the end prove only to have light in my natural judgment; which light will be sure to go out in death, and leave its possessor in eternal darkness; 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission.' Now, before sin can be remitted in the court of conscience, there must be sin felt; when the Spirit first takes a sinner in hand, he leads him to Sinai. I do not believe that which many affirm, that sinners are drawn by love in the first onset; before any sinner can have any love to God, he must first know God; for how can he love an object he has no knowledge of. God is revealed in his word as 'a consuming fire,' as 'an angry judge,' and when the soul is first quickened into life, in such character he beholds God, as a holy and righteous God, and himself as a vile and filthy sinner, full of every thing opposed to God. Paul

says I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came sin revived and I died, and the commandment which was ordained unto life I found to be unto death,' &c. Now, in such a solemn position, taken hold of by the thunders of Sinai, how can such a notion be maintained as that of being drawn by love out of the world into the fold of Christ? I know it is all of the love of God. But what they affirm is that the sinner feels love working in his heart at such a season. My reader, it is a delusion of the devil; it is not according to the word of God, nor according to the experience of the children of God. And there is one thing worthy of remark—all such parsons, for I can call them nothing else, are violent opposers of experimental preaching. They say, oh, you don't want experience preached, you want Christ preached. But it is Christ only in the head—not in the heart, or they would not thus speak. How can such know anything of the precious blood of Christ as a balm to heal all the festering wounds of sin? A POOR WORM.

(To be continued, if spared.)

Delivered out of the Mouth of the Lion.

Read 2 Tim. iv. 16—18.

DEAR BROTHER—I write a few lines to you with a deep impression of mind so to do; and to reveal a little of the secrets of my heart to you. Since I undertook the agency of the *Vessel*, I have been in company with several ministers whom I much esteem, and who are public men in London, that have expressed some bitter feelings towards you; and I began rather to reflect upon the steps I had taken, lest I should expose myself to censure for co-operating with you in the sale of the *Vessel*; but as I had long appointed to spend a Sabbath in London, I thought I should like to hear you; therefore with something of these feelings, I came last Sabbath week (September 24th,) in the evening, as you are aware, expecting to see you, a man partly forsaken of God, and with a very few people to hear you, but (after waiting at the door to speak you, to my great surprise,) when I entered the chapel, I found it nearly or quite full, so much so, that I had to set very uncomfortable on the free seat, under the pulpit; this rather, I confess, touched the pride and naughtiness of my heart, to think that no one offered me a better seat. But soon after you began to preach, my heart began to get warm with the precious truths you were enabled to bring forward, that I could say my hearty amen to them, having lived upon them for some years; therefore, they were new and odd to me; so that my pride was quelled—

prejudice of feeling towards you was removed—and I felt persuaded that you was one of the seed which the Lord had blessed and honoured with the gift of grace to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Therefore having thus opened my mind somewhat freely to you, and feeling an union to you, I should feel obliged if you would put in your next month's *Vessel* the following account of the goodness of God towards me:—

Last Sabbath Day, (October the first,) it was appointed for me to baptise two of the Lord's dear family, (for the first time I have administered that ordinance,) at Gadsden Row, Herts.

I was baptised by brother Collyer, (of Ivingho,) four years ago, after having been a preacher of the gospel six years, but never saw the importance of it, nor the blessedness connected with attending to it, to such an extent before. During the last four years my mind has been much exercised because the Lord had not given me that establishment of mind upon baptism, as he had favoured me with regard to the general truths of the gospel. And, in looking forward to that day, it was my earnest prayer that the Lord would grant me that establishment of mind that I wanted—and he was pleased to grant me my request. I think I shall never forget the impression of mind, even from the hymn we sung at the pool, and his presence felt in giving the address. Yet, it appeared to me, the hardest task was to come, to preach a sermon upon baptism; this being a subject that was in its infancy in my mind; but I found the promise of Christ verified—'Lo, I am with you always,' while preaching from those words in Acts ii. 41, 'Then they that gladly received the word were baptised.' From which I endeavoured to shew, first, the persons who were fit subjects for baptism, as 'those that gladly received the word,' in distinction from those (like Herod) that only heard the word gladly; shewing the sweet agreement there is between the word preached by God's sent servants, and the word received in the heart in the exercise of living faith. The second particular was the nature of baptism, and the mode of administration. Thus I found the Lord better to me than all my fears, as I do not know that I ever preached with more liberty; and after preaching, I felt my soul brim full of the love of Christ, and the solemnity of what we had attended to, and I believe that the power of God accompanied his word through the day so that it was a good day to many precious souls.

My object in writing these few lines, and their appearance in print, is, that some of the Lord's dear family, who are halting between two opinions, relative to this ordinance, may gather some comfort, and derive the same blessing and favour.

May the Lord bless you, and prosper you, is the prayer of

Your's affectionately, R. SEARLE.

Apsley Mill, Oct. 7.

The Calling of the Lord.

"Many are called, but few are chosen."

MY DEAR EDITOR:—You ask if some one of the scribes can give you a clear distinction between that call of the Lord which is outward, and that which is effectual unto salvation. Now, I do not profess myself a scribe, nor do I promise you a clear distinction, as that will much depend on the judgment of the reader, seeing that often what is clear to one is not so to another; but so far as the letter of the law and the testimony is concerned, I hope to show that there are more divine calls than one, or two; and also somewhat of the nature of those calls. And I shall be glad if the matter is made plain to your correspondent with that unction and power he desires.

Doubtless, many of us in our pursuit of the doctrines of grace, have overshot the mark to some dangerous extreme; so that as we have advanced to more mature and sober judgment, we have felt obliged to return and gather up certain valuables which in our perutile haste we had thrown away; and perhaps in nothing more so, than in those proper calls from the Lord which are not effectual to salvation. And truly, unless these be understood, the Scriptures must appear contradictory, and our minds wrapt in confusion on the whole general drift of the word; for neither practice, experience, doctrine, or prophecies, can be justly understood, if we understand not that line of truth which, though highly important, yet comes not within the bond of the covenant of grace. And

I. We find there is a *verbal call* on the part of the Lord, which may, or may not be responded to by the persons called. This call we find in the following passages, 'Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded. I also will laugh at your calamity,' &c., Prov. i. 24. Again, 'Therefore, it came to pass that as he cried, and they would not hear, so they cried and I would not hear, saith the Lord of hosts,' Zech. vii. 13. And this call is given in these several ways: First, by the force of natural conscience, as acted upon by the *common* power of the Spirit. 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.' And again, 'Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye.' Secondly, By the *letter* of the gospel. 'Come ye out from among them, and be separate.' 'God now commandeth all men every where to repent.' 'Repent and believe the gospel.' 'Break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor.' And on this ground, exclusively, it is said, that our Lord could not do many mighty works there because of their unbelief. Also, 'For this cause shall God send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteous-

ness.' The truth here to be believed is merely that contained in the letter of the gospel report. Thirdly, By the wonders of creation and providence, both in blessings and judgments; for these have a voice, and that voice is a call. Fourthly, By the miracles of our Lord; for these called men to believe in his divine mission, and hence the condemnation of the pharisees, as it is said, 'But though he had done so many miracles among them, yet they believed not on him;' whereas, of others it is said, 'Many, when they saw his miracles, believed on him.' And thus he had many disciples, who like Magus, were still in the gall of bitterness. And fifthly, By the visitation of affliction in body, mind, or estate; on which point you have this remarkable passage of Elihu's in Job xxxvi. 8, 'He openeth their ears in affliction, to discipline, and commandeth that they return from their iniquity. If they obey and serve him, they shall spend their days in prosperity; but if they obey not, they shall perish by the sword.'

Here, then we have a mere verbal call on the part of the Lord *exclusively on moral ground*: to which, if obedience is rendered, temporal blessing is the result; but if not obeyed, then judgment: and this call is common both to saint and sinner.

II. We find a *providential call*, and that attended with a choice to a certain end, but not to salvation. By this a person is called to act as an instrument for a certain work, just as we make choice of a pole for scaffolding which must be adapted to that purpose, as anything would not do. And thus Pharaoh was called to oppress Israel, and to oppose Moses. 'For this cause have I raised thee up,' &c. Thus Jehu was called to be king, to execute judgment on Baal; and Hazeel on Israel. Thus the evil spirit was called to tempt Ahab, by being a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. Thus Nebuchadnezzar was called to be the Lord's servant to punish the nations; and be a special type of anti-christ. Thus also was Cyrus called and chosen to destroy Babel, and deliver Israel. And those last two might, or might not be saved characters; but this affects not the question at all. And lastly, we find that Judas was both called and chosen to do that great work of betraying the Lord of life and glory.

Here, then, we have a call from the Lord in providence, by which, persons *previously* adapted, are chosen to do that work, which, without such adaptation could not be done. A good angel could not tempt Ahab; nor a good man betray our Lord. And here, both in the case of Pharaoh and Judas, for lack of understanding, we are ready to say that Jehovah is an austere man; but no; he is mercifully just.

III. We find a purely *legal call*, by which bond children are found in the family of God, and servants in his house. And this very nearly resembles an effectual call, just as the birth of a bastard resembles that of a legitimate child. And a right

knowledge of this call is exceedingly important, because without it our blind zeal must hurry us into the guilt of very rash judgment, and induce us, like Saul, to fight even against God. And indeed both of the Sauls were guilty here: the first, in cutting off the Gibeonites, even as many now cut off professors, just because they think they are not the elect: and the latter in persecuting the saints, just as now, one good man (through ignorance) persecutes another. And I am bold to say that most of our present dissensions arise through ignorance of this branch of truth. Hence, let me intreat of you, reader, seriously to consult Paul in Galatians chap. fourth: and then turn to the history, and carefully look at the circumstances of Ishmael's birth. Is he not the child of Abraham *even as Isaac*? only by the bond woman after the will of the flesh: which will, worked in each of the three parties; viz: in Sarah to propose: in Abraham to obey; and in Hagar to comply: by giving herself a concubine? Now get into this matter, and strike out the mystery even as you would on the part of Isaac: and you at once find that Ishmael is the prototype of the bond family, even as Isaac is of the free. And this might lead you into a secret line that runs all through the scriptures, by which many dark things may be tried and opened up. By this legal call many are so wrought upon, as to be born, and brought forth into the church visible; and so similar are they in form and feature to the elect, that rarely to be found is the man, who, *for the time*, can tell the bastard from the heir. Nor is this done by looking at the two babes playing before you: but only by knowing the circumstances of their begetting and their birth. Both have been wrought upon: both are professors: and both are endowed with marks and evidences. The bastard has had his strong convictions, his legal terrors, his fierce temptations, his deliverances, his hopes, his prospects, and his assurance! He has his gifts and talents: and his zeal and devotion to work in the vineyard. He is made use of to accomplish a certain general work, and he knows it. He is enlightened by the illumination of first principles; and thus through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, he has escaped the pollutions of the world, and from those who live in error. He is a partaker of the Holy Ghost by a divine gift, and thus he may talk as an angel, know the letter of mysteries, remove mountains, and by zeal, give his body to be burned to attain the name of a martyr! He tastes the good word of God in conditional promises, of the heavenly gift by faith, hope, and joy: and also of the powers of the world to come.

Here then is a pure legal call, and the standing it gives (*as a servant*) in the house of God, in its visible form. Such is the calling by which many are called, who, nevertheless are not chosen to eternal salvation: and hence, with all the knowledge

they possess, they know nothing in a saving and new covenant way, any further than the letter. In this they may be very sound and positive; but they lack the grace that softens and humbles; they want the savour; they want the real spiritual life and power. But still, as vessels of wood, and of earth, they endure for a while, and then like their father Ishmael, they are cast out, even as they are appointed. As servants they are hired till the year of Jubilee, when they willingly go out; for they now wilfully persecute the heirs of promise, and thus reject Christ the one offering; and they will find no other. The jubilee liberty is come to some who are cast into the vineyard, and these are provoked; they have spied out that liberty, and they hate it. Some one or more of the little Isaacs are come to their weaning and feasting days, and these bond children put forth the finger and mock. But now comes forth the mandate of the covenant of grace; "Cast out the bond woman and her son." And now even by the true Abraham they are thrust forth, and he saith: "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, I know you not." And thus they go out from us, because they are not of us. They have gone in the way of Cain, and hated their brethren; (see Isaiah, lxvi. 5.) in the way of Esau, and sold their birth-right; in the way of Korah, and gainsayed the gospel; and in the way of Balaam, and preached error; and their last estate, like that of Saul, is worse than the first.

Now, doubtless, it will appear strange, if I say, that even thus are the saints called! but, bless God, none of them thus fall away. But my meaning is, that they all pass under the same legal change, which stands as a shell to a more special work. Many in writing their experience, lay down things, which, however striking, are common to the bond-child, and hence, no evidence, no proof of the genuineness of the work. For, as we are all constituted under the covenant of works, so we all come under the *moral* force of its precepts; and thus equally with the bond-child, we have a legal call from the Lord, and by this, we engage to serve, and as servants in the visible church we stand; but then we have another call super-added, and this:—

iv. We find to be an *effectual call*. And this is heard and responded to by those alone, who are quickened in a super-natural and new covenant way, as none but the elect are; and it is internal and saving; it is spiritual and heavenly; it proceeds from everlasting love, and is a proof of sovereign choice. And by this call we become manifestly the elect; the chosen to eternal life; the gift of the Father to the Son; the charge of the Son to the Holy Ghost the Comforter. And this Holy Ghost we receive as the spirit of adoption bearing witness with our hearts that we are born of God. And under this special and secret teaching, the covenant of grace is opened up before us, and line upon line is made plain to our understanding, and written

upon our hearts. By virtue of this effectual call, we strive; we agonize to enter the straight gate; the new and living way consecrated for us; and by power given us, we enter into life, into liberty, into joy; and thus we are no longer servants, but sons; no longer under legal tutors and governors, but are possessors of our own estate in Christ Jesus. And we are now come to that standing which no bond-child can possess; for as they were not chosen, or ordained to this end, so have they not received power to become the sons of God in this saving way. They could indeed accompany us up to the gate of righteousness, but there they must be left behind, while we go forward into heights and depths, and explore the rest that remains for the saints. They might indeed have been called before us, and even exceeded us in gifts; but now the first are become last, and the last first. They murmur at the good man of the house, and turn away in wrath; they rebel, they persecute, and are cast out; while he who is effectually called overcomes, and eats of the fruit of the tree of life; he is comforted by its sweet shadow, and his soul is refreshed from the presence of the Lord, in which is the fulness of joy; and at whose right hand, with Christ Jesus, are pleasures for evermore.

Thus then we see somewhat of an effectual call, as differing from the other three; and to make the distinction more clear, more might be said, but the above must suffice. I am, my dear Editor,
Brenchley, Oct., 11, 1848. W. C. P.

Ministerial Correspondence.

Cuckfield August, 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE ONE LORD:—I return you many thanks for the epistle you sent me, and I would that my cup were full and running over like unto your's. I bless the Lord, the giver of all good for what he has done, and is doing for you, that while troubles, trials, and afflictions abound on the one hand, peace, comfort, and consolation superabound on the other. It is our mercy that we have to do with him who is of one mind, and none can turn him, so that nothing can make him his purpose forego; therefore, we may sing with the poet—

Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail;
The word he has spoken,
Shall surely prevail.

Those sweet words of John have been a great help to me, and still are, 'He that cometh from heaven is above all;' in his person, his love, his wisdom, his power, his grace, his faithfulness, his constancy, and as he hath said, 'Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world,' what need we fear what man can do unto us? Our Lord is above the world, sin, death, and hell. His precious blood all mountains

overflows, and the ark—his church—still rests on the mount of eternal and immutable love. Thus we may still shout, and ask 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? &c. Nay, in all things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.' My dear brother, God's love in our election, has been opened up in effectual calling, and whom he calls he justifies, and whom he justifies he will glorify. For, 'he is the rock, his work is perfect,' and 'he worketh all things after the counsel of his own will,' and therefore 'hath he saved us, and called us, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.' And this grace hath been, and still is, and ever will be sufficient for us; and every trial allotted us here below, I believe grace was given us in Christ according thereto. God's people are called, 'a nation meted out,' then nothing can come by chance; no, 'all appointed were by him;' and he that appointed the trials of his children, appointed their duration and their end, and gave them grace in Christ accordingly. God doth with the temptation make a way for the tried soul's escape, though I often find, as Elihu said to Job, 'Now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth and cleanseth them.' But, blessed be the Lord, he does give me at times to see that all things are working together for good—working together—so that you see there is a harmony, no discord, no jar, all is in perfect unison with God's will and pleasure; and I believe he does nothing in time; but what he had before determined to do. My path, since the Lord called me to speak in his dear name, has been a trying one, especially at the outset; but I do believe, as much as I believe I am a dying man, that God sent me to Greenford, in order to break up the little church there, on account of their ways and doings being sinful in Jehovah's sight, though I have no doubt but there were some precious souls there. Although at the time it was a heavy trial to me, yet God hath given me to discover since, that 'out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong man came forth sweetness;' therefore, I would not have had things different from what they have been; for trials have brought, and still do bring me to the feet of Jesus. I am often very much tried now in my soul in studying God's Word; I often read, and pray, and try to think, but seem to get nothing, sometimes hardly the text: I go up to God's house on the Sabbath trembling, and sometimes I tremble and shake all the time I am reading and praying, and yet to my great astonishment, when I have taken my text, the Lord has opened such a field that the hour for speaking has appeared to be only a few minutes, and the truth delivered has been so sweet and precious to my soul, that my cup has run over, and I have had to bless the Lord for his thus withholding

the spring until the time of speaking; but these trying seasons have been humbling opportunities. I often think that if I were to feel such liberty of thought as you do in laying out a subject, my heart is so sinful it would soon be puffed up with pride, therefore, I see, at times, that in this thing also,

My Jesus hath done all things well.

I had a good day, last Sabbath; morning text, 'Christ loved the church and gave himself for it.' Afternoon, 'Behold he is to thee a covering of the eyes.' Evening, Job xiv, 10; a funeral sermon. Our little Bethel was like a hive of bees, so crowded. The young man that died was one that the Lord had blessed my poor labours to; he stood proposed for baptism, and (like David with respect to building the temple,) it was well that it was in his heart, though not permitted to follow the Lord through it. We have one more stands for the ordinance; so I find, (as Mr. Stringer said at your anniversary,) that they come not by twenties, but by ones and twos. This I do believe, that all the chosen of the Father, and redeemed by the Son, shall be quickened by the Spirit, and when he hath a soul to quicken and make alive he can do it without the help of man, therefore, though the preacher be what the world calls a fool, God can speak through him to the heart of the sinner. I often tell the Lord, that if any good is done at our little Bethel he is the doer thereof; and shall have all the praise. I need not say to you, my dear brother, pray for me, for I feel confident you do, and I trust I also pray for you, and sympathise with you in your joys and sorrows. May the Lord graciously give you a still larger measure of his Holy Spirit, as a Spirit of life, light, wisdom, grace and love, to enable you to live above either the frowns or smiles of mortal man, and to be determined not to know anything among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Mrs. A. joins with me in love to self, Mrs. S., and family.

To Mr. STENSON. E. ARNOLD,

MY DEAR BROTHER IN BONDS:—Blessed be the name of the Lord who has removed the galling yoke of bondage from our necks; by whom the days of our captivity and darkness are all numbered, and by whom, also, the days of our sorrow and sighing shall be ended, when he shall have perfected all the good pleasure of his will, which he purposed in himself concerning us and our salvation. The Holy Ghost has blessedly tutored your mind in the delightful truth that the designs and determinations of the eternal God, are all infinitely perfect and inconceivably glorious.

Whether those designs and determinations have respect to worms and all creeping things—to sparrows and all flying fowls—to sheep and all cattle—to infants and all mankind—to devils and all damned spirits—to angels and all ransomed spirits

—to satan and all evil—or to Jesus and all the glory of his work, they fall not of their accomplishment, no, not in the least iota thereof: well may we therefore exclaim, when contemplating his wondrous works and wisely ordered ways,

How deep his counsels, how divine!

The glorious Lord in whom we trust, and of whom (as our peace, preserver, portion, and praise,) we may boldly say, 'he is all our salvation and all our desire;' designed wherefore, and determined when we should come into the world, how we should be delivered from it, raised above it, have the victory over it, be conducted safely, though apparently strangely, through it, and at last be carried far beyond it—

Far, far beyond the skies we see
Up to the glories of his throne,
We shall ascend, and with him be,
Who loves and claims us as his own.

I have been recently speaking of 'the sons of God,' enlarging on the following important points, all of which may be fully sustained, and abundantly illustrated by Scripture, observation, and experience, as the Lord the Spirit shall be graciously pleased to instruct us. First, that they were set apart by love in the council-settlements of wisdom ere time began. Secondly, that they are sought out by kindness in the day and way of the Lord's appointment. Thirdly, that they are separated, by power, from the world of the ungodly. Fourthly, that they are saved by grace. Fifthly, that they are sanctified by faith. Sixthly, that they are strengthened by mercy. Seventhly, that they are willingly subjected to the authority of Christ. Eighthly, that they serve him in true holiness. Ninthly, that they seek him with humbleness of mind. Tenthly, that they are satisfied with his favour. Eleventhly, that they are surrounded with his faithfulness. Twelfthly, that they are sealed for glory. Thirteenthly, that they sigh for home. And lastly, that they sing of mercy and judgment for ever and ever.

We also noticed the four following sure signs of being the sons of God—the saints of God—the servants of God—the sealed of God—*viz.*, these 1st, they tremble at his word. 2nd, they trust in his word. 3rd, they are tried by his word. And, 4th, they triumph through his word. Hence, they overcome all opposing powers whatsoever name they may bear, or from whatsoever quarter they may arise, through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony. And therefore, do they continue to plead his word earnestly, to prove his word experimentally—to prize his word exceedingly, and shall praise his word eternally.

My dear brother, having carefully read your kind letter, which I received with heart-felt gratitude to God, who has so blessedly imbued your mind with his holy truth, and having reflected thereon, I have gathered therefrom five or six particulars.

First, that you are made to review the

wondrous way in which the dear Lord has graciously led you, without desire to retrace your steps. Go forward, having your loins girt with truth. Secondly, that you delight to rehearse the righteous acts of the Most High, without regretting that his judgments have been executed, as well as his mercies exercised, in order to declare his righteousness. Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God, and he shall exalt you in righteousness. Thirdly, that you are led to remember the earlier days of your ministry at Greenford without repenting or repining, that you were there made instrumentally a destroyer, (but not of men's lives) rather than a deliverer. May you be unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish. Fourthly, that you desire to record the goodness of the Lord, in that your ministry at Cuckfield is made efficient to the salvation of sinners, as also to the edification and consolation of believers, through the abundant supply of the Spirit of God, and that without any rejoicing in the flesh. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his holy name, having continual respect unto the honours of his throne. Fifthly, that you have hitherto realised the helping hand of God upon you, in proportion as your reliance has been upon him; the happy result of felt weakness in self: and faith working in Christ. Cease not to cast all your care upon him, whose eye is not dim, whose ear is not heavy, whose arm is not shortened, whose hand is not weakened, whose heart is not weary, whose mind is not changed, whose love is not lessened. Sixthly, that you are kept resting on, and rejoicing in covenant love, atoning blood, and almighty power, inasmuch as the glories thereof have been opened up in your lengthened and deepened experience of the power that first spake life into your soul, of the blood which sprinkled upon your conscience, brought salvation nigh, and set your soul on high, and of the love which, shed abroad in your heart, by the Holy Ghost, destroyed tormenting fear, and causeth continual thanksgivings to the all-glorious, and ever-blessed Three-one Jehovah.

May you, my beloved brother, be kept honest-hearted, humble-minded, daily feeling your own nothingness, and hourly proving the preciousness of Christ as being made of God unto you wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, *yea, your all in all.*

Preach Christ Jesus, my brother, with all the renewed powers of your soul subjected to the high authority and good pleasure of his holy will; preach him fairly—that is fully, freely, and wholly; preach him faithfully—that is constantly and everywhere the same; preach him firmly—that is without hesitation or fear; preach him as a dying man—to dying men; as a living man—to living men; and as a sinner saved—to sinners saved. Make no more nor less of Christ in your ministry, than the Holy Ghost makes him in your experience. Base

all your confidence, and build all your expectations upon him from whom you received your call, commission, and credentials; and aim to bring all your conclusions to bear analogy with his heavenly counsel. Never suffer yourself to be charged with willingly concealing any part of God's truth, but conscientiously deliver that message, and declare that testimony, which requires no other defence than the sacred authority under which, and the solemn spirit in which, you act. Let me suggest to your thoughtful mind, the propriety of frequently recurring to the four following axioms:—

First, that as ministers of God, our reliance must be upon him for strength supply, and success. Secondly, that our reception must be from him of life, light, and liberty. Thirdly, that our remembrance must be of him as our rock, refuge, and rest. Fourthly, that our rejoicing must be in him as our portion, preserver, and praise.

Remember me affectionately to your spouse. Peace be with you both, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, by the inwrought operations of the Holy Ghost upon your heart, enabling you from thence to draw living water of lasting consolation. I must now conclude by reminding you that

When all our enemies are slain
And we the promised land obtain,
Our joys will be complete;
We there shall see his lovely face,
Whose beauties here we love to trace,
In whom all glories meet.

May we indeed in him be found,
When the archangel's trump shall sound,
To call us from the dead;
Then, in a never-ending song,
We'll praise with all the ransom'd throng,
Our resurrection Head.

That the Lord God Almighty may abundantly and lastingly bless you, is the prayer of

Your brother and lover in the Lord,

JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea, Sept. 8, 1848.

“It is the hold which Christ hath of us, and the rooting which we have in him, by which we are confirmed. Israel, the people of God, is said, ‘to grow as the lily, and to cast forth his roots like Lebanon.’ The trees of Lebanon are high, and spread out their branches, but they are also deeply rooted, they have as much under ground as above, they have as much hold in the earth as they have shew in the air. As the saints grow up and spread forth their branches, so they grow down and cast out their roots like Lebanon; so that the winds and storms which shake them, do indeed but settle them. It is the goodness of the root which at once makes them fruitful, and makes them firm: he that stands by this strength shall stand, and he that is fruitful by these roots shall be fruitful still, and bring forth more fruit in age. ‘The righteous shall hold on his way.’” — *Caryl*.

The Banqueting House :

WHAT IT IS—AND HOW A REDEEMED SOUL IS BROUGHT INTO IT.

[During a recent affliction, I was induced to peruse at intervals a work entitled—'The Drawings of Everlasting Love made known in the conscience of a sinner.' By JOHN WADE. And, truly I can say, I found it to be a very solemn, yet blessed testimony of what I fear thousands of professors know nothing; but of which most of the real sheep of Christ shall sooner or later, (in a greater or lesser degree) realise in their own souls. Passing over the very lengthened account which our beloved brother gives of his deep travail of soul, temptations, and conflicts, I only furnish my reader with a part of the account which he gives us of coming into liberty—a point in divine experience so little preached, because so little known in these days of cold formality, empty hypocrisy, and vain, pretended pulpit humility. Reader! in this book thou hast DEATH and LIFE clearly and spiritually traced out. Read it for thyself; and if it prove a mirror to thy soul, and a confirmation to thy experience being divine, happy art thou!—ED.]

Of his happy deliverance, he thus writes :—

"Now for the eternal glorious *it* that came to pass, in my instance—no powers that I possess can describe the mercy—I will, as the Lord shall enable me, simply relate it to the Lord's glory, as a testimony to his truth, and for the comfort of his people, as the Lord has appointed. It came to pass, on the eleventh of May, 1829, (Ezekiel xxiv. 1,) that I arose from family prayer (if it might be called prayer) with my heart if possible more insensible than ever. I went immediately alone to the Lord, and simply asked him if he ever had any purposes of love or mercy to me, if he pleased, to make it manifest? In about half an hour after, I was called out to work. While I was at my work, these words were darted with sweet power across my mind—'GOD THE FATHER'S LOVE!' which much astonished my soul. I cried in my heart, 'What is it, Lord?' Astonished at the relief I felt, I wondered whatever it could mean, as they were not the exact words of Scripture. In about half an hour after, as I returned home, which was about half-past nine, these words were spoken to my heart, 'By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified;' for, both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren.'

"The light and power that flowed into my soul with these words, broke assunder my

fetters, and revealed to me the great mystery of godliness. 'God was manifest in the flesh.' The Lord Jesus Christ, in my nature, bearing my sins in his own body on the tree: this wrought the sweetest melting, mourning, and rejoicing as can never be described. O the sweet overpowering love, the precious love of Christ! How wonderful how astonishing! so richly and freely poured into such a poor, disconsolate, wretched, rebellious, polluted, and guilty soul. O the sweet embracings of soul as in the very arms of Jesus; and Jesus pressed to and clasped to my heart as my beloved, my chief one among ten thousand, and 'altogether lovely!' Here I lost all my inward secret dread of the wrath of God; all my terrors, bondage, fears, darkness; and all my sin completely and for ever pardoned and put away by the sacrifice of himself. He finished the transgression, made an end of sin, and made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought into my soul everlasting righteousness. And what gave still more sweetness to the mercy, and fixed it with double firmness and delight to my heart, was the delightful power which came with these words, 'It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.' Col. i. 19. Oh! the sweet and delightful opening as into the very heart of God the Father, and the overflowing of his everlasting love to my heart. Not persuaded to it by my prayers, &c. but of his own good will and pleasure chose me *in Christ*, blessed me *in Christ*, adopted me *in Christ*, and accepted me *in Christ*, 'to the praise of the glory of his grace.'

"No pen or language can describe that experience when the rejoicing of the Lord is very graciously felt and enjoyed in the soul."

"Here I am constrained to leave the subject, as I have no words or ability to set forth all that passed between the Lord and my soul, under these divine manifestations. It was indeed a 'joy unspeakable and full of glory,' a love which 'passeth knowledge,' and a 'peace which passeth all understanding.' As it was under the curse and wrath of God, revealed in my conscience in a broken law, so in the divine manifestations of Christ by the Holy Ghost, my poor nature could not have borne up under it; had not the Lord, who weigheth 'the path of the just,' weighed out both judgment and mercy, and also weighed out strength in both. 'This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality,' before we shall be able to bear that 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory;' and 'see him as he is.'"

"After about three weeks it pleased the Lord to close the communion for the present, and my comforts declined; the Comforter withdrew, and left me with an aching heart."

The Watchman's Complacet—and his Expostulation.

BRETHREN—This is an age of but little union and communion; it is an age of scattering and division among both nations and churches. The nations are divided one against another, scattering and destroying one another—and people professing religion appear to be under the same unhappy influence. It appears that satan is come down unto us, having great wrath, because he knows that he hath but a short time. But, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, let us consider one another not to provoke one another, to anger, envy, and strife, but rather to provoke unto love and good works; for, if others do wrong, it is no ground for us to go upon, nor license for us to do wrong. He that doth wrong shall suffer for the wrong, and there is no respect of persons with God; *viz.*, God loves and respects his people above all the nations of the earth, but he doth not respect one of them more than another; nor prefer one before another: they are all loved with the same love — everlasting love in Christ Jesus. And as we have known the love of God, let us endeavour to live in love; for ‘God is love,’ and he that liveth and dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God dwelleth in him. See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently. ‘Marvel not if the world hate you.’ It hated Jesus when here in the flesh; and as we are the followers of Jesus, it must hate us, it cannot love us, because we are not of the world, even as he was not of this world. The world is not our home, we are only travelling through it to the world of love, where ‘we shall never die any more.’

The nations of the world are fighting for trifles—that which vanishes away. If we must fight, it should not be with one another; it should be ‘the good fight of faith’ against vile self, hell, sin, and satan; and for a crown that fadeth not away, a crown of righteousness and glory to which we are ‘heirs, and joint heirs with Christ.’ And when the Holy Ghost bears witness with our spirits that we are the Lord’s, by his inward anointings and comforts, it makes us bold to fight the good fight of faith in the name and strength of the great Captain of our salvation. But the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, and

mighty through God, to the pulling down strong holds; and satan’s strongest hold is in our carnal hearts and fleshly minds; therefore, with the weapons of the holy word, prayer, and faith, we must endeavour to pull down proud, vile, deceitful self, and mortify our members which are on the earth; and be assured if we know anything of ourselves we shall have work enough against this great citadel, ‘satan’s strong hold’ in our flesh. And we must in this fight have weapons only from the King’s ‘armoury house,’ where there are ‘a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.’ Song iv. 4. Therefore our weapons must be something stronger than the pikes and blunderbusses of the poor Irish repealers, or English Chartist; for we wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places. Satan is a high, proud spirit though he is consigned to a low place at last; and indeed he has some high places, and spiritual wickedness too, in our high, proud, wicked, and deceitful hearts. And these are high places that we must be endeavouring to throw down, and pull down about satan’s ears. O we parsons! parsons! parsons! when shall we set about throwing down the high places of mystical Baal, and pulling down the strong hold in ourselves? Do ye indeed, (who profess to be the followers of Jesus and Paul) wrestle with spiritual wickedness in yourselves? — Spiritual pride, conceit, and vain glory? Are ye going about to pull down the strong holds in others, and set them up in yourselves? Or in some others that will flatter you, and puff you up for a great man? And thus seek flattery for flattery, and ‘honor one of another,’ and have ‘men’s persons in admiration because of advantage,’ flattering proud pharisees, and covetous oppressors, and bless ‘the covetous whom the Lord abhorreth.’ Ah, that is ‘spiritual wickedness in high places,’ and one of satan’s strong holds in this day. O! ye godly ministers of Christ’s gospel! set about pulling down these strong holds, and throwing down these high places! These are the altars of Baal in our times! And Baal priests are many, who justify the wicked for reward, and make the heart of the righteous sad, ‘whom the

Lord hath not made sad.' Let us not be mingled among the heathen and learn their ways. That which we see to be evil in others, let us watch it in ourselves. 'Watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation; and by help from the Most High, endeavour to wrestle against this 'spiritual wickedness in high places.' And if we must fight, we shall find work enough at home, without going with the mob in the nation, backbiting our brethren, or killing our neighbours, or railing on our Queen.

Oh! this is a sad day of strife, among both political and religious bodies; and even those who profess the truth are divided into sections; and when they assemble in private, the chief topic of conversation is, 'slandering their own mother's sons.' I have known some go hundreds of miles, slandering their brethren. And if a brother has had a fall, or a broken bone, instead of endeavour to bind up his wounds, and wash one another's feet, (as Christ gave us commandment,) they have raked together all the dirt they could find to defile him more, mixed with some falsehood of their own. Depend upon it my brethren, satan is present in all such parties; the old accuser of the brethren is there; and the Spirit of the Lord withdraws, and leaves them to their own way and wickedness, and ultimately their own mischief falls upon their own pate. 'He that diggeth a pit for his neighbour shall fall into it himself.'

'Holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling,' you cannot be at home in such company. 'Come out from among them.' You are only at home in your Father's house, in the presence of Jesus, and holding communion with saints. Then, let us, who know the love of God, and the fatness of our Father's house, be 'laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisy, and envies, and evil speakings, and, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' 1 Pet. ii. 1. 'Grow in grace,' in which you were born from above, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; and by drawing from the breasts of the consolation of the gospel, you will grow up from babes to strong men in Christ, and become fathers in Israel to instruct others in the knowledge of Christ; to know him as your life, strength, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. 'Evil

communications corrupt good manners.' A man cannot be long in evil company without being evil affected; you must either honestly resist the evil, or be partakers of the evil; you must either offend, or be offended. 'Be not partakers of other men's sins.' Where there is railing, evil speaking, whispering, and backbiting, there is nothing good to be learned; from such turn away; and turn to your bible in retirement, and seek the Lord by prayer and meditation. 'Jesus saith, learn of me, I am meek and lowly, and ye shall find rest to your souls.' You will learn more true religion in one hour's communion with the Lord, than you will in a month with all the so-called, great preachers in England. Your father's house is your home, and Jesus' bosom is your resting place, and the Holy Ghost is your comforter. Look for but little comfort or peace anywhere beside. These are not days for much communion with men, seek it with the Lord. Preachers are become heady, high-minded, jealous of one another, jealous of their own glory. Jesus is lowly. 'It is better to dwell with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud.'

'When the sons of God met together, (it is said that) satan came amongst them.' And do you think satan is grown old, and cannot go out visiting now in these days? Not he. There is scarcely a tea-party, or a social meeting among professors of religion, or among the sons of God but that he is there intruding, and perhaps invited by some of the guests. But sometimes he is so extremely religious and polite in his way that one would scarcely think it is he, he has so many dresses and masks of disguise, but malice is covered up under all; and if in conversation and communion of saints the room is not full with the breath of the Spirit, and the savour of Jesus's name, you will soon smell satan's offensive breath; and if there is a jealous parson there, most likely you will smell satan's breath there first; the names of some ministers may be brought up in conversation, and spoke well of by some others, who have been comforted under their preaching, out comes the devil, in railing, backbiting, and accusations, and the poor dupe, made satan's agent, will go many years back but that he will rake up some dirt to blacken his brother preacher; and if any godly sober-minded men are in the company, they feel hurt,

and their countenances fall, and a gloom fills the room, for the dark spirit is there, the accuser of the brethren. What is to be done? You must either resist him, and make him flee from you, or be partaker of his evil deeds. Holy brethren! we should resist him and say, 'Satan! whence comest thou? From whence gathered you this slander? Is it truth, or a lie? Is it from report of others, only, or from personal knowledge?' Say to satan's poor tool, 'wilt thou go face to face with me to the accused brother?' Satan draws back, he draws his horns in, and tries to conceal his cloven foot, and begins to make excuses to withdraw. Resist him! resist him, brethren, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you. The Psalmist says, 'It is good for me to draw nigh unto God; I have put my trust in the Lord God.' Brethren! we were brought nigh unto God by the blood of Christ—a people near unto him, and dear unto him.

May the Lord draw us again out of troubled waters, and from evil things, and evil men, into his presence chamber, to enjoy the light of his countenance, and live in his love for ever.

Then they may fight, and rage, and rave,
I shall perceive their noise no more;
Then we can hear a shaking leaf
When rattling thunders round us roar.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.
Visiting in Kent.

PASSING REMARKS ON

The Present State of Things.

A LETTER TO MR. GEORGE ARROWSMITH,
OF NEW YORK, BY JAMES OSBOURN.

Sept. 22, 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Grace be with you. I am still alive and well, only almost broken down by preaching so much. I am now in the ancient city of Peterborough, in Northamptonshire; it is a bishop's see, and it hath a cathedral, which in ancient days was a monastery; it is seated on the river Nen, over which is a bridge, leading into Huntingdonshire; it is eighty-one miles N. of London; and but a few miles from here, (an hour's ride,) Dr. Gill was born, raised, and married. I have been here several times before now to preach; but to preach last night, and next Sunday, I came yesterday, and intend leaving here for London on the 26th inst.

My calls to preach are still many, more than I can attend to. I expect to remain in England till spring. A new edition of my *Building of Mercy* (one-thousand copies)

is just now before the public, and will be sold all off in about two or three months, and by that time another edition (the fourth) of my *Lawful Captive*, will be placed before the churches in Great Britain. I have now two more new works ready for the press. I am mortally hated in this country, and also greatly beloved; but God is my refuge and strength, a present help in trouble. From the world I am much weaned, but to the Lord of Hosts I am enabled to cleave with full purpose of heart, and hence I neither fear the horse nor his rider. Why, indeed, should I, since 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day?' The grace of God in the soul, with the enjoyment of the same, is an all-sufficient antidote against the fear of man, and a world, which lieth in wickedness. I know not what I should do but for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, for I am a poor depraved mortal, and at times my soul is very heavily laden with sin and foul corruptions. Yes sir, these inbred things are my tormentors, and under them I suffer much, and should yet suffer more, but for that grace which so freely flows from the slaughtered Lamb. By this grace I am helped along and made to hope in a covenant God for better things, and for more sweet and permanent rest in a world to come, than can be obtained on these mortal shores.

I have home, eternal home in view, and expect, ere long, there to arrive, and many others with me; 'some on boards, and some of us on broken pieces;' and so it will come to pass, after awhile, that we shall escape the dangers of the tempestuous ocean, and land safe on the continent of glory, where, 'without a veil between,' we shall see 'the King in his beauty;' and One also shall we behold exalted on 'a great white throne,' who once stood condemned at Pilate's bar. O my soul, think on home, thy happy home, for which place thou hast so frequently and so ardently panted; and of which home also thou hast received so many sweet and exhilarating foretastes and prepossessions! I say, I am looking out for, and fully expecting this home soon. It cannot be far away, according to the course of nature. Through the mercy of God, I at present have no scruples on my mind concerning 'finishing my course with joy,' and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus Christ with a *All is well!* And indeed, all must needs be well with those 'whose life is hid with Christ in God,' and who are brought to live a life of faith on him, and to walk in the truth, and in love, and in the light of the glorious gospel, for he is the ark of safety to all pilgrims bound for Jerusalem above. I can find no real peace, rest, comfort, nor safety, but in *him that liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore*. The world hath no charms with me; my treasure is in heaven, and there. I trust, are the most of my thoughts, and I

wish they were all there, for there are things pleasant to behold; things to make one forget his poverty, and to remember his misery no more; and things they are to make people healthy, and wealthy, and wise. They are durable things also; things which fade not, neither pass they away, but maintain their prime they will so long as immortality endures.

These things, these heavenly things which I now allude to, appear to me, at times, as if they were very near at hand, and also very bright and sparkling, and thou do I sing for joy of heart, and call all these heavenly things mine: and much, yes, very much has my little soul seen, and felt, and enjoyed of these precious things, since I have sojourned in this, my native land; and should we live to meet again, there will be much to talk about in reference to my visit to this country, and of the many strange people and things which have come before my eyes and ears in Old England, not forgetting to make honourable mention of the vast many kind friends, and the extraordinary courtesy, liberality, sympathy, and christian respect and tenderness, which I have met with, and received since here I have been; nor shall I dare to leave untold some of the sweet and soul-refreshing seasons we have had together in different chapels and private houses.

But, my brother, be it known unto you, this is a land of much smoke; and it is increasing, and it will increase, for clouds, and frightful clouds are gathering together from round about, and churchmen and dissenters are pretty much in one and the same predicament; but the latter claim a superiority of condition, and perhaps in some things it may be so, but it is to be feared that the core is the same. Here is some light, however, but nothing like what I expected to have seen. Indeed, where most life, light, and liberty was expected by me to be seen, there my disappointment has been by far the greatest. But more of this when we meet together in New York City, where we have often talked things over again and again: and there also have we rejoiced in God our Saviour.

Whether you recollect it or not, is more than I can say; but when we first became acquainted with each other is now over twenty-five years ago; and many things and persons in the shape of religion, and religionists have we seen since then, not worth a groat. And also, did we not in those days, and at that time, spend many happy hours together till midnight in talking on subjects which make for peace and everlasting joy? And whither are those divine joys fled to? You, perhaps will be ready to reply to my question by saying, 'Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?' Is this the voice of my

George? If so, then, where art thou my brother? Hast thou, since my first acquaintance with thee been carried away captive and made to endure hard things? And also made to suffer from the loss of those drops of the night, and the dew with which thy head and locks used to be bathed? Dear George, hast thou, for I want to know, hast thou, then, lost sight of the ancient land marks, and hence, wandered from mountain to hill, and found no resting place? If this be thy condition, my soul feels for thee; and if I can pray for Zion, I can also pray for George the wanderer; for long ere I knew thee, all about the mountains, and hills, and deserts, and dreary places of which in Scripture we read, I have roamed half starved, and half dead. Yes, sir, I am quite well acquainted with the swelling of Jordan, and with the correction of stocks, and with the prison houses, and with the waters of Marah, and with the secret places of thunder; but at present my foot standeth in an even place. Jer. xii. 5; Prov. vi. 22; Isa. xlii. 22; Exo. xv. 23; Psa. lxxxi. 7; and xxvi. 12.

But where will this rhapsody find you? I hope at the foot of the cross; and that you, since we were last together, four years ago, at times are enabled to realize Christ to be your rock, and refuge, and the only foundation stone on which to build your hope of eternal happiness. A precious Saviour is this rock and refuge to my poor tried and tempted soul. In difficulties great, and when in very troubled waters, I have found him to be unto me all that I have really craved, wanted, or wished for; and hence you will, I trow, bear with me in calling him a *precious Saviour*. I have sometimes thought that if my opposers knew, felt, and enjoyed, even but one half of the blessings of Christ, and the comforts of the gospel, which the Lord is pleased to indulge my soul with from time to time, how very differently they would think, and talk, and write of me from what they now do. I pity them, while they in wrath come out against me. Methinks no one would be worse off than myself in case I had no Saviour to take care of me; for my ignorance and weakness is such that an enemy might knock me down with a feather; but as God is with me and is my defence, no man can knock me down.

The three sisters, (you know who they are,) I hope are yet alive, and Miss Eliza I hope is enjoying better health than when I was with them all the last time. I hope too that God is with them still, and that he will be with them, and bless them, and do them good, and keep them from all evils, and feed their souls with the bread of life, so that they may be fat and flourishing in the courts of our Lord's house, which house is an honourable place of abode, and happy they whose station is here, and whose God is the Lord. Do try to remember me before God, and ask of him favours for yourselves. My principal home in England is, 'No. 60,

Bedford Square, London.' Write when you can. My love to your family and all friends. Adieu.

JAMES OSBOURN.

Mr. GEORGE ARROWSMITH,
Of New York.

P.S. I have informed you somewhere in this letter, that all the sweet and solid rest and peace found by me in these days, is in the dear Redeemer; all out of him is marked with mortality and afford my soul no divine solace; but in Christ there is an ample store of most fragrant fruit to feast an heavenly mind; and when the whole of it, or any part of the same is brought before me by the Holy Ghost, on it my soul feeds and thrives as the corn and vine; and I heartily recommend all and every whit of it to you, and to each one that loves and fears God in and about the city of New York. I don't think you can well tell how very ardent my wish is that you and others may have the testimony of Jesus confirmed in your heart; and that the substance of this divine testimony is, making known to the regenerate children of God their predestination to the adoption of sons. Yes, my brother, this is that very momentous point in the christian religion, which most of the Lord's children in America, and in England too seem to be in the dark about; nor can I see that they are particularly solicitous concerning it, though we are exhorted to give diligence to make our calling and election sure. They appear to me to be afraid of the exhilarating testimony of Jesus, and of that liberty wherewith Christ makes us free.

In one sense of the word it may be said, that 'they love darkness rather than light'; and I know and am sure that this perfectly agrees with the state of the church of Christ at large is now in—a shut up state—under a cloud—the bottles of heaven stayed—the joy of the heart ceased, and the dance turned into mourning. This is the condition of the church, even of the regenerate church of Christ at this time; but still there are yet some few rejoicing ones in Zion; and as by an act of divine clemency they have been brought out from under an old covenant state of things, so they are now walking in the life, light, spirit, love, comfort, and liberty of the everlasting gospel of Christ. And oh, that you may again, and again, receive by faith the sweet refreshing testimony of Jesus, and then feelingly say, *My beloved is mine, and I am his*; and also make free with him, and to him draw near, and on him rest, and of him sing, and speak good of his name, and walk humbly before him all the days of your life, and so shall it be well with thee in the land of the living, and after death a crown of glory. J. O.

"The Lord will not bring to the birth and refuse strength to bring forth. Wherever there is soul-travail, there is labour and pain, and struggling 'with all prayer and supplication in the spirit' for deliverance, pardon, and peace."—Wade.

Prayer—A Covenant Privilege.

ITS SIMPLICITY IN THE HEART—THE CERTAINTY OF ITS PREVALENCE IN HEAVEN.

[We have received some little tracts published by Mr. Collingridge, City Press, Long Lane, London, which (for the most part) contain sound, experimental, and interesting matter; and are adapted for gratuitous distribution. Why should not the churches holding divine truth, have a Gospel Tract Society? From one of these tracts, headed, 'PRAYER—AND ITS ANSWER,' we make the following extract, which we believe our friends will peruse with pleasure.—Ed.]

"I was directed (says the writer) to one of the worst localities of our city, to enquire for an artizan, who was represented to me as a skilful workman. With some difficulty I found him out. He was a fine-looking, intelligent young man, with a very saddened cast of countenance. In a foreign accent, he returned my salutation,—and glancing his eye round the miserable room, which contained but two chairs, one of which was occupied with a washing-pan, he placed his own seat for me. I declined taking it. After a minute's silence, he said, 'Our Lord Jesus Christ was poor: why should I care?' 'No,' I replied, 'you need not, if through this, his poverty, you have been made rich; and if he feeds the fowls of the air, surely he will take care of his own.' 'Aye,' said Graaffe, 'that is what I want to feel; I want to give up work.' I answered, 'God has appointed us to labour.' 'I don't mean *there*,' said he, pointing to his lathe, 'but I mean *here*,' and he struck his breast as he spoke. 'Tis here I want to give up work—to be quiet—to rest. I want to lay my head in my Father's lap and go asleep, and leave all to his care.' 'And can you not?' I asked. 'No,' said he, 'only for a little minute, and it is gone, and I go to work again, and work harder *here* than *there*; but God has said, 'What you build I will break down, and what you plant I will pluck up.' 'Well, I said, 'he is still the just God,—he does no iniquity.' 'I know it, I know it,' said the poor man, with affectionate eagerness. 'But sometimes our Lord and I have great fights which shall be master.' 'Well,' said I, 'how do the battles end?' 'God reigns,' he answered, 'and when he makes me feel this, I lie like a little child at his feet, and tell him I will never try to be master again.' On further inquiries, I drew from Graaffe his little history, the latter part of which will serve to illustrate my opening remarks. His father was a respectable mechanic, a native of Dresden. He brought up a family of five children creditably, and gave them an education suited to their circumstances. The eldest son, the subject of this brief account, married a poor servant girl, which so greatly

displeased the father, that he would never see his son again. After a few years, the father died, and left his property and business to the younger brother. This so greatly disgusted Graaffe with his relatives and country, that he determined to start for England. With little money, a mismanaging wife, and scarcely a word of our language, he found himself in Plymouth. He soon set to his trade, but times were bad, and employment scarce. Day after day rolled on, and things waxed worse, till Graaffe was nearly at his wits' end. One night, when he was meditating upon the aspect of affairs, it came into his mind to try the Lord in prayer. He did so; and Providence seemed to smile upon his petitions. This encouraged him to ask again. After some weeks of pleading for providential mercy, with no little success, the Lord laid it upon his heart that he was a sinner, and then the Lord directed his cries and prayers for pardon. But *how* was he to be pardoned? Through Christ he knew, but how could God pardon *him*? Then the thought sprang up in his mind, if I had but a Bible that would tell me all, and I should see if there were any pardoned in the Bible who were as bad as I. Well, thought Graaffe, the Lord has lately listened to many a prayer, and given me many a meal when I asked it, surely he will hear when I ask for spiritual food; perhaps he will send me a German Bible. Month after month passed away,—Graaffe prayed daily for a Bible, but no Bible came. One evening as he was preparing some wood for his work, at the door of his dwelling, two way-worn travellers passed, who addressed each other in German. Graaffe hailed them, and mutual inquiries were exchanged. The travellers were brothers, on their way to London; they had neither food nor money, and were purposing to walk as far as they could, and rest for the night in the first shed they came to. Graaffe told them he was poor, but he would share his supper with them, and give them the shelter of his roof, for the sake of their father-land. The travellers were grateful for his offer, and gladly accepted it. Next day they spoke of starting, but Graaffe persuaded them to stay till his return in the afternoon. He was successful in selling some of his ingenious works during the day, and was enabled to provide for the wants of the travellers, by giving them a good meal. 'I wish,' said the elder traveller, 'I had it in my power to repay your kindness, but I am poor.' 'I know what it is to be a stranger in a strange land, myself,' replied Graaffe, 'but I wish you knew how to pray to God, and he would provide for your wants.' 'My mother taught me some little prayers,' answered the traveller, 'when I was a child, and in times of deep want I have repeated them, but I got nothing for it, so I gave up saying them.' 'O,' answered Graaffe, 'that is not what I mean; my prayers were put in my heart by God; like you, I have often repeated prayers,—

but it is only that which comes from God, can go to God.' 'Well,' said the traveller, 'if God has not given me prayer, I cannot have it, by your account, so it is not my fault.' 'I did not say it was,' replied Graaffe, 'but it is your loss, for I find it is very sweet to get what I want from God by prayer.' 'You don't get much,' retorted the traveller, 'dryly,' for you seem poorer than you deserve to be.' 'No,' replied Graaffe, 'I deserve nothing but damnation; my poverty does not trouble me,—I only want to get rid of this load, and feel my sins pardoned.' 'Well, why don't you pray for it,' asked the traveller. 'I do,' answered Graaffe, 'but God will not be hurried; my prayers do not alter God's mind, or hasten his acts. I believe all things are fixed by him, but he teaches his children to talk to him, and ask for what he means to give, and wait his time for the answer.' 'Well,' said the traveller, 'I do not understand you, but I deeply feel your kindness, and if I *could* repay you, I *would*. I have nothing worth your acceptance, I know; but I have with me an old German Bible, that perhaps may serve to teach your little ones from.' Graaffe was almost stunned by this offer. The traveller unfastened his small bundle, and drew forth the Bible. Graaffe snatched it with spasmodic grasp, and claspng it to his breast, exclaimed, 'He *does* hear my prayer. Oh, what a God is my God!' The travellers were amazed at his emotion, and still more so, when Graaffe declared this Bible had been the matter of his prayer for eight months. 'It would have been kind of God to give it me without prayer,' said Graaffe, 'but it was far kinder to teach me to pray for it.'

"This precious gift was greedily read, and the Lord graciously blessed the reading to Graaffe. Light broke in upon his soul,—liberty followed, and peace by the blood of the cross was richly enjoyed. He had been four years in Zion's way when I met with him, and I soon found his soul was cast upon the Rock of eternal truth. God's sovereignty, in the everlasting salvation of his chosen church by the blood of the cross, was the foundation of his hope,—and an experimental acquaintance of his deep depravity, by divine teaching, drove him to embrace the rock for want of a shelter, and to live upon a free-grace God."

Satan Sifting a Minister of Christ.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS—Through the goodness of our New Covenant God and Father, I am permitted to write to you once more. Since I last wrote to you it has pleased our heavenly Father to cause me to pass through severe affliction of body and deep distress of soul. The devil and my own wicked heart have laid hard at me; unbelief, carnality, legality, and darkness of soul, (as it regards my interest in the everlasting love of God, and the work of Christ, and of any divino right I had to be in the ministry,) have been

tumbling me up and down at a fearful rate day and night.

O, what groaning, crying, and agony it has caused in my poor distracted soul! At the same time I was greatly afflicted with pain and giddiness in my head. My dear brother, I believe that the old serpent is determined to give me all the annoyance he can. As I was walking one day, he set upon me with this temptation, 'there is neither God nor devil; heaven nor hell; and religion is all a farce.' This temptation came upon me so suddenly and powerfully that I absolutely stood still, and looked round to know if any body was speaking to me. 'Now,' says he, you see that you are deceived, and have been so all along.' The distress of soul that this occasioned, I cannot describe. This temptation and distress continued for some time. When I tried to pray I could not. I felt I could do nothing but groan and sigh because of the soul anguish I was enduring. What to do, I knew not. I was at my wits' end. 'Well, (I thought,) I will give it all up; for it is of no use. I am undone for ever.' But, O, adored be the glorious Three-One Jehovah! who was pleased in his own time to send me deliverance from the horrible pit. I cannot but admire his goodness in not only giving me deliverance, but also in the manner in which the Holy Spirit effected it; which was nearly as follows: I had, as I have said, concluded in my own mind, that I would give all up. Then, says the devil, 'CURSE GOD.' This temptation seemed to horrify my mind. No sooner had the temptation crossed my mind, than the following thought rushed like lightning through my soul, 'What, curse a being that does not exist? How foolish—how absurd!' Yes; as if a voice said to me, 'absurd in the extreme.' 'Yes, (cried my soul,) it is absurd; THERE IS A GOD! THERE IS A CHRIST! THERE IS A HEAVEN, AND HELL; and glory to my precious Jesus, he has saved my poor unworthy soul from that hell; and I will praise him for it.'

I now felt some sweetness and power in that text which says, 'He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.' Blessed be the Lord, I had now another proof of his love power, and faithfulness in Christ Jesus. CHRIST JESUS! O precious name to a sin-burdened, and satan-harassed, world-hated, and empty professor despised soul! Well may he be said to be our peace. From a vast eternity he was contriving with the Father and the Holy Spirit about the nature, medium, and perpetuity of our peace. In the glorious gospel he has published peace. By his holy Spirit he gives peace to his elect in the day of power and love, and in renewed manifestations of his pardoning love and blood, when he sets his beloved on high, and makes them inherit the throne of glory. Who is like unto the Lord our God, who in his mercy leadeth forth his ransomed from the power of the enemy; and guides them by his strength unto his holy habitation, so that he makes them dwell on high. (Isa. xxxiii. 16, 17.)

Thus, though the devil, the world, and the flesh torment, trouble, and disquiet them, they cannot destroy them; for our dear Jesus hath said, (and his words are truth,) 'I give unto my sheep eternal life, and none shall pluck them out of my hand.'

My dear brother, excuse my scribble. I have had my dear young brother, Isaac Nutsey, (who is preaching to the dear people at Partney, near Spilsby, whom I was compelled reluctantly to leave) at Hull. I shewed him the *Vessel*, and gave him some home with him. He has written to me, and tells me that he, with others have ordered the *Vessel*. I am thankful it has got there, it will be a great help to them. Brother Nutsey is a very amiable young man, but very much exercised in his mind about the ministry, but I believe the Lord is leading him in the right way. May the good Lord the Spirit keep him humble at the foot of the cross. Amen and amen.

Your's truly,
D. WILSON.
Hull: 20, Kingston Terrace,
Holderness Road.

The Doctrine of the Cherubim

OPENED AND EXPLAINED.
(Continued from p. 233.)

2. The cherubim are in many places most manifestly distinguished from the divine Being; they are represented as the seat and throne on which he sits, and as a vehicle in which he rides; so they are described at the first mention of them in Gen. iii. 24, where the words may be rendered *he, Jehovah, inhabited the Cherubim*, or dwelt with, over, or between them; and so he did in the cherubim over the mercy-seat, from between which he promised to commune with *Moses*: and therefore, as before observed, is often described as dwelling between the cherubim, and on which he is said to ride. See Exodus xxv. 22, Psalm lxxx. 1, and xviii. 10, and here the living creatures in my text are said to be *under the God of Israel*, and so distinct from him; and in John's vision are described as about the throne of God, and as distinct from him that sat upon it; and the seraphim in Isaiah's vision, the same with the cherubim here, are also distinguished from the Lord *sitting on a throne high and lifted up*; and are represented as attendants on him, and worshippers of him, Isaiah vi. 1-3.

3. If the cherubim could be thought to be emblems of a plurality in the deity, they would be emblems, not of a trinity of persons, but rather of a quaternity, since the cherubim had four faces, each distinct from one another: yea, John's four living creatures were four distinct animals, each having a distinct head and face; and the face of a man, both in his and Ezekiel's living creatures, is as a distinct a face as any of the rest; and if they are emblems of persons, that must be so too; whereas the human nature of Christ, this is said to be an emblem of, is no person; Christ did not take an human person, but an human nature into union with his divine person, for

reasons that might be given; much less is it a person in the Godhead, as this supposed emblem would make it to be. Besides, the human nature in Christ is his inferior nature, whereas the face of a man in the cherubim is the superior face, the rest being faces of irrational animals.

4. If the cherubim were an hieroglyphic of the Trinity, this would give a similitude of the divine Being, and of that in him which is the most incomprehensible to us, a Trinity of persons in the Deity; and would furnish with an answer to such a question, suggested as unanswerable, To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare with him? Isaiah xl. 18, 25, and xlv. 5, for then it might be replied, To the cherubim; but there is no likeness of God, nor any to be made of him; though the Son of God often appeared in an human form, and in the fulness of time became incarnate; and the Holy Ghost once descended as a dove; yet the Father's shape was never seen at any time, John v. 37. This notion also is repugnant to the second command, which forbids the making any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, Exod. xx. 4, and then most certainly forbids the making of any likeness of the divine Being. Supposing the cherubim at the garden of Eden were made by God himself, as those in the tabernacle and temple were made by his order; yet he would never make, nor order to be made, such as he forbid, which he must, if they bore the similitude of him; but the truth is, the cherubim were not a likeness of any thing above in heaven, nor of any thing on earth; there never having been seen nor known by any man on earth, as Josephus affirms, any such creature whom they describe; and a certain Jewish writer observes, the making of them came not under the interdict or prohibition of the second command; which if made in the likeness of God it would.

5. To all which may be added, if the cherubim were known emblems of the Trinity, it can hardly be thought that any man would take the name of cherubim to himself, or impose it upon any of his family, or should be so called by others; yet we find a man with his family of this name, Ezra ii. 59; Neh. vii. 61. And still less would it be given as it is, to Antichrist, the anti-type of the king of Tyre, the man of sin and son of perdition, Ezek. xxviii. 14, where he is called the anointed cherub; which can never be in allusion to the divine Being, and the persons in the Godhead; but may be in allusion to the ministers of the word, the cherubim are the emblems of, as will be presently seen; since he is an ecclesiastical person, calls himself a bishop, an universal bishop, Christ's anointed vicar, and head of the church, the sole and infallible interpreter of the sacred scriptures. Nor, are the angels meant by the cherubim; though this is a much better sense than the former, and has been generally received by the Jews and Christians: and what has led many to embrace his sense is, the supposed allusion to the cherubim looking at the

mercy-seat, 1 Pet. i. 12, where mention is made of angels being desirous to look into the mysteries of grace: though it may be observed that ministers of the word are sometimes so called, and may be there meant: however, John's four living creatures cannot be angels, since they are so often distinguished from them; not only by their names, the one being called angels and the other living creatures in the same place; but also by their situation, the living creatures are represented as nearest to the throne of God, and round about it, then the four and twenty elders next to them, and round about them, and then the angels as round about both; but what puts it out of all doubt is, that these living creatures are by themselves owned to be redeemed to God by the blood of the Lamb, out of every kindred and tongue, people and nation: which cannot be said of angels; for as they never sinned, they never stood in need of the blood of Christ to redeem them. See Rev. v. 8, 9, 11, and vii. 11, and xv. 7. Wherefore,

Since the four and twenty elders in the visions of John are the representatives of the gospel-churches, so called in allusion to the twenty-four stations of the Levites, fixed in the times of David; who, as they in turn attend the service of the temple, represented the whole body of the people of Israel; so these twenty-four elders before the throne, and the temple of God, represent the whole Israel of God, all the members of the gospel-church-state from first to last; and since the four living creatures are clearly distinguished from them both by name and by situation, and by giving the lead to them in divine worship, as ministers of the word do to the churches: it remains, that the ministers of the gospel only can be meant by the *living creatures*, or *the cherubim*. See Rev. iv. 4, 6, 9, 10, and v. 8, 11, 14, and vii. 11, and by considering the several places where they are made mention of, this will appear to be the truth of the matter. As will be shewn in our next.

Lines addressed to a Young Minister.

Go forth, my friend, and preach
The oracles divine;
And may the Spirit's brightest ray,
On thy hard labours shine.
Go forth in Jesus' name,
Ask wisdom from on high;
God has engaged to give it thee,
Thy Maker cannot lie.
Speak of electing love;
This glorious truth proclaim,
Diffused throughout the written word
In one pure golden chain.
Speak of that 'council held,'
To rescue fallen man;
Held by the Father, Spirit, Son,
Ere time its course began.
'Fear not;' take up thy cross,
Tho' weighty it may be:
Thy Saviour bore it first, and now
He intercedes for thee.
Then roll thy fears on him,
Go forth in his great name,
And Calvary's lovely mysteries
To dying worms proclaim.

Two Ministers of the Gospel Walking in the Ordinances of the Lord's House.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee. By the particular request and desire of mine and your friends at this place, I make an attempt to give you a brief account of a day we spent together at Ripley; hoping it may be the means in the Lord's hands, of stirring up the pure minds of some of the Lord's living family to a practical obedience of our Commander's commands; excited and moved by love, agreeable and in accordance with that portion, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments;' and (if it be the will of our God) to confirm, and encourage, and comfort others by the testimony and example of these professed followers of the Lamb.

There is a young man in the ministry of the name of Matthew Welland, whose ministry the Lord has owned, and blessed to many souls, who practised, as others do, that unscriptural and nowhere commanded system of man's inventing, flesh-pleasing, and in many instances, soul-deluding practice of sprinkling infants. Some time since his mind has been greatly exercised on that point; searching for authority from the Word of God, and finding none, he was obliged to refuse and decline this false institute, feeling conscience upbraid and condemn for the neglect of the Lord's plain commands to them that believe. If I understood right he got some help and encouragement from the ministry of our dear brother, James Raynsford, on this point. In communicating publicly and privately he found he was not alone in this exercise; for, he had brethren and sisters in this trial, who inwardly longed to follow their Lord, but they did not know how or which way; having little or no acquaintance with the dippers, or their place or mode; having never seen what they found in the Scriptures of truth. These souls had desired to form themselves into a church; and as the Lord was pleased to open their eyes to see for themselves in his truth, it was baptised believers according to God's word, who should compose the church, fresh difficulties arose, as some of their friends, whom they loved and received, were of a contrary opinion with them, counting it fleshly, non-essential, unimportant, and quite unnecessary; thus the commands of our dear Lord are slighted, treated with indifference, and his followers branded with trusting to it for salvation. Why do they not throw out some of their aspersions on the spotless Lamb in Jordan's river? This is a place of trial for 'helpless ones.' And as one says,

Prayer is a weapon for the feeble,
Helpless souls can wield it best.

So I trust they found it. What mingled

feelings do we pass through in these things! a fear of being wrong—a hope of being right—a light on our path, and on the word—and then a cloud seems to cover all—and we question all we see through a glass darkly; and thus it is all dark, and we cannot see at all.

In the midst of these things, the tenth verse of the first chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians was found by one of them, which seemed to be good indeed in settling their minds on particular communion.

I having an invitation to preach one of their anniversary sermons the day you was at Knowl Hill, I felt impressed in writing an answer about my coming, to say (not knowing how they were situated) if the Lord had opened his eyes to see the way the saints of God walked in former times, (the way of obedience, the Lord had left on record for them to go now;) and he, or any friend which had a desire to follow the Lord in the way the fathers trod, we had a pool of water deep enough, at Ripley, to bury such poor things as were dead to the law, as a covenant of works, whose souls hung and clung to Christ alone for salvation; dead to sin as it regards its service; that they had no pleasure therein, though they found it alive in all their members, warring against the law of their mind, and bringing them into captivity; dead to the world, as being their home, resting place, or element, and that could say 'the time past of our life sufficeth us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles. Now they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God, and there were a few travellers at Ripley, with myself, who would give them a hearty welcome to follow our Lord in the good old way of the Master's example; *not to obtain salvation*; but out of love to the Lord.

In answer to this, a communication came that there were ten or eleven willing and desirous of being baptised; and that they had made, or given a confession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that they, with one of their ministers, would, on Monday, September 11, come to Ripley, and there make an open profession of their attachment to the Lord and his ways, as there was much water at Ripley, and a good report of some honest souls, so they saw nothing to hinder. Three of our kind hearted friends proposed meeting them on the road a mile or two; which they did, and thus got their up and down (journey of eighteen or nineteen and more miles) over between ten and eleven o'clock, in time for our service to commence. A good gathering of friends from Guildford, Godlingham, Farnham, Woking, &c., were

present. I do not think we had many curious ones that day, but a good gathering of those that love, seek, and serve the Lord. Six men and four women from Hazelmere, (and one to join us;) one or two are waiting at the wrong end of the pool in their own feelings, but still I hope well. I believe it was a true earnest begging morning with many that were present, and others that were absent, for the Lord's presence to be realised, his power to be made known, his service to be perfect freedom, his ways pleasantness and the consciences of his humble followers to have the impress of his approbation and approval.

Ah, my dear brother, this is sweet work when it is so; and you and I, and thousands more, are no strangers to this blessed reality. Brother Spencer, of Guildford, commenced the service by singing the well known favorite hymn—

Dear Lord, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

I read from the sixteenth to the twenty-third verse of the third chapter of Luke, and implored the Lord's blessing; and truly I did find it begging; and the dear Lord permitted me to get very near; and the nearer I get, the bolder I get, and the more I want, and nothing will do for my soul but he must bless me and mine, which are his. Another hymn, and then I attempted to speak from the words that had been solemnly and sweetly impressed on my mind, 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21. It seemed a solemn bearing time, and some said a good time unto them. Then a hymn; and an address. And truly, in addressing my dear brother Welland, (which I trust and feel is a God-sent minister, manifestively so in the consciences of many,) we found it solemn and good. I then took hold of his hand, and with big tears of joy dropping from mine and his eyes, and many more, we went down into the water, and I baptised him, beneath the water in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and thus came up out of the water, as our brother Spencer and friends were singing—

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days;

as we had sang the first two lines before we went down into the water; so the second, and to the twelfth. After which service we sat down together to dinner in the chapel, about forty. After dinner, commenced services with

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God.

Brother Welland read, prayed, and preached from the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the fifth chapter of Revelations, and truly it was

a good time with many. After which about seventy sat down to tea, and then separated to our wide apart dwellings with the savour, sweetness, and preciousness of the ways of God and truth of God; and I have heard by many that it was one of the best days that ever they witnessed. Oh, how good the Lord is, to help, and own, and bless us! Our friends got home well, went on their way rejoicing, having the answer of a good conscience; and though one or two of the females were weak in body, and the journey long, (it took the day, and part of two nights) they were better when they arrived at home than when they started in the morning, realising what the poet expresses—

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
With blessings on your head.

Now if you think this plain statement of unstrained facts will do in the hold, under deck, or on deck, afore or aft, stow it where you like, but I should not like to see it on her sails; if you throw it over-board you won't offend me, though some of my companions will not be best pleased if you do not stow it in the *Vessel*. A shepherd and a flock is rather a rare thing; and it was a rare day, a solemn joyful day, such a one as the Lord only can make, and make us keep it too. So that worthy is the Lamb to receive power, riches, wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, for ever, amen. Your's in the bonds of the gospel,
Sept. 12, 1848. HENRY ALLNUTT.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A

Child that died One Hundred years old.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have been requested to furnish you with a short account of a scholar in our school at New-Land; if you think well, put it in the *Earthen Vessel*.

Sarah Willoughby died Sabbath-day, September 24th, aged fifteen; though young in years was blessedly led to see her ruined and undone state by nature, and to know the worth of Christ and his power to save; and if ever the power of grace was displayed, methinks it was in this instance. I (with several others) often visited her, and as often I have been refreshed by her testimony for God. She was very much afflicted, and confined to her bed for weeks, during which time she gave many proofs of the Lord's work upon her soul. Once when being asked what her hope was resting upon, she said 'upon Christ, the Rock of ages; I have nothing else to rest upon!' and often would she repeat the words of the poet,

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

"I want to hear of him, and his finished

work and power to save." On being asked by her teacher, whether she would not like to be free from pain and her disease, and to be about with her brothers and sisters, she lifted up both her hands and said, "not my will!" and on being asked at another time what we should supplicate for at the throne of mercy, she said, "just what the Lord enables you, ask for." She rejoiced in the fact, that none for whom Christ shed his blood could go to hell and be lost; and any thing in the shape of uncertainty in matters of salvation, she had no ear for; she saw how utterly undone and entirely ruined she was, that nothing but the work of Almighty God would do for such, and was well acquainted why she had recourse to God's method of salvation, because all man's way and method of salvation was nothing else but damnation. On these points, at times, she expressed herself with such clearness, one would think an aged pilgrim of long standing was conversing; so that we may well hear testimony to the truth in Isaiah lxxv. 20. "The child shall die an hundred years old." During her illness, it pleased God to remove her father after a few days illness; he, too, was a real, humble soul; she bore this stroke with great patience, and tried to comfort her mother by telling her it was the Lord's will, and all was right, and that the Lord had promised to be a husband to the widow, and he would provide. About this time the nature of the disease was such that she required much to support her, and her appetite was very good, and in this she was enabled to rest upon her God to send her what she wanted, and she said once in the presence of myself and others; with cheerfulness I shall never forget, "I cannot see where the supply is to come from, but I know I shall have it, because God has promised it." She would often pour out her soul to God to bless her mother; and the cause of God was often earnestly pleaded for. "Ministers and deacons (she said to her mother,) ought to be prayed for, for I compare them to pillars in God's House, and if they are not kept faithful and decided for truth; what would be the consequence? the cause would soon come down." Mr. Evans was called in to see her once, when she was thought to be near her end, and asked her how matters were with her? She said, "Well, well; I am going home." She was in fact in holy raptures, and exclaimed: "Oh! my Father, my Father;" Mr. Evans asked her, which Father? "My father's Father," she said; "I am going home." But her end was not fully come, but it was evident there was a great change; on being low in her feelings, she said to her mother, "the devil has been telling me I am too great a sinner to be saved," I told him "Once in Christ in Christ for ever," and this truth was brought home to her, and she became more composed. Towards the close,

being in great pain, her mother said, "it grieves me, my dear, to see you in such pain," She said "why grieve, mother? it is the Lord's will." On the Afternoon of the 24th, Mr. Evans called to see her, and while engaged with the Lord to give her a easy passage to the realms of eternal day, her happy spirit took flight to her Redeemer's breast, to be for ever with the Lord.

Oh, what enlargement! who can tell?
The overwhelming glory given;
When once a soul has burst its cell,
And finds itself in heaven.

Mr. Evans preached the following Sabbath evening from Job v. 17. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." Which she chose herself.

We have in this account, surely, a plea for Sunday Schools; a witness of the power of grace; the promise fulfilled.—"All thy children shall be taught of thee."

Your's in Christ,

High Wycombe.

R. COLLINS.

A Spiritual Mariner.

To God give the glory that such a weak worm,
Who so oft' is driv'n by a boist'rous storm,
Am thus far preserved, and kept safe on board,
And led to tell out of the goodness of God.

When first I embark'd in King Jesus's fleet,
I knew not the cares I should have there to meet—
I thought 'twould be pleasant to sail in the breeze—
But was not acquainted at that time with the seas.

I knew not that mists would so often arise,
To shut out the light of the sun from my eyes;
Which has since caus'd me sorrow, and anguish and fear,
Not knowing what course in the dark I should steer.

I knew not that pirates so often would strip
All things that they could from this poor little ship;
I knew not that shots would so oft be let fly
From the enemy's crew, that was lying close by.

'Midst all these rude billows, so bitterly toss'd,
I often have feared that this bark would be lost;
But here she is still, just kept sailing along,
Tho' not very fast, for the waves seem too strong.

But what keeps her sailing, midst pirates and storms,
The mists, and the shoals, which so often alarms?
Why, there is a Steersman, although not in sight,
That safe keeps the vessel, and steers her aright.

Yes! this blessed Captain, this Steersman is true,
Knows well every part of the way she must go;
And though many perils around her may be,
He safe will convey her right over the sea.

And O what an harbour of lasting repose
He will lead her into, when her journey has clos'd!
Where pirates can't enter, where mists cannot blow,
Which, all through her voyage, impeded her so.

But until the sea of my life I have cross'd,
On which I with billows shall often be toss'd;
Oh may I tell boldly to sinners around
What a Pilot in Jesus I always have found!

ELIZA.

Things as they should be,

BETWEEN A FATHFUL HUSBAND, AND AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

[The following correspondence between Mr. James Osbourn, and his loving spouse, we think will be read with interest.]

MY DEAR JANE AND FAMILY,

I this morning arrived here from the West, —two months' tour of preaching. To-morrow I start off again for Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, &c. Through the mercy of our God my health is tolerably good, and I am happy to hear you are all well. Your letters come very regularly now, and I'm glad of it. Your last epistle, and a nice one too, came safe to me in Dorsetshire. I hope you will get this safe, and that it will find you all in good health and spirits.

The time I calculated to be at home is near at hand, and if you say that I must shew myself in the Monumental city early next autumn, according to my word when I left it, an effort must be made to accomplish the same, but it will be attended with some difficulty; for by the request of many friends here, I some time ago put my Building of Mercy to the press, and have just found out that it will not be ready for distribution till the last of September, and by the time it is circulated among my subscribers, winter will be upon us, and crossing the Atlantic ocean in the dead of winter is not a very desirable undertaking, and especially if 'twas known that the passage would be as severe as was my trip to England, and the time of performing it eight or ten weeks, as is sometimes the case. If therefore you could and would be so indulgent as to prolong my furlow till next spring, it will be greatly to my advantage, in reference to my work now in the press. Think on this subject, Jane, and let me know as soon as you please.

May Israel's God be with, and bless, and defend, and take special care of you all; and I believe he will as he hath always done. Yes, in answer to thousands of petitions put up by me on my knees on the behalf of you and the children, hath our heavenly Father graciously and wonderfully appeared for you. Never once do I forget, or leave you out in my private addresses to God at a throne of grace; and this too has been my uniform practice for more than thirty years; and often I feel a heart to pray to God for you all, when I've no feeling or spirit to pray for myself; and many sweet answers too have I received from the Lord of hosts to the petitions put up for you. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Never a day passes away but I'm with you in spirit, beholding your movements and order; and I shall have an abundance of things to tell you about when we are together; and I hope the Lord will bring us together in peace, and love, and

health, in his own good time. The Lord hath raised me up here an abundance of warm hearted friends, and from them I receive strong assurances of love and respect; and on brass I wish to engrave friendship, while unkindness I will write in sand. My inestimable friends here in Bedford Square, are still kind to me with a kindness that has no parallel. It will take an afternoon by itself for me to tell you of them. As I'm in haste you must excuse brevity. God Almighty bless you all. Amen! Praise ye the Lord! Yours in love,

JAMES OSBOURN.

No. 50, Bedford Square, July, 1848.

P.S. I wish one of my daughters would write to me. Suppose the baby tries her hand next; and if she will, and also writes a pretty good hand, and composes tolerably well, I will bring some handsome present home for her. As this is the longest time I ever was absent from you, so will it be the last time till death parts us; for I fully expect my travelling will come to a final close on my arrival home. My love to all friends.

J. O.

MRS. OSBOURN'S REPLY.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

Your affectionate letter came safe, and it was gratefully received, and glad I am to hear of your good health. Your absence from home seems long and painful; but what can I say? Providence is what we all have to submit to, for who has any control over it but a God? I should like for you to come home next fall, but it is not for me to dictate, either to my husband or my Maker. I wish I could leave all these things in the hands of him who has been with us all our days, but I find a difficulty in doing so, and it comes hard upon me at times; but it will not last ever. Do come home as soon as you can, or as soon as you see it is the will of your Master for you to return; and do write to us often and at length. I am glad indeed that you are so very well off at No. 50, Bedford Square. Do tender my best respects and wishes to your kind friends there. I should like very much to peep into that square occasionally; but the wide sea is a terror to me. We are all quite well at present. Farewell, I am your JANE still.

Baltimore, Sep. 13, 1848.

THE GATES OF THE CITY.

"Christ, as the Lord our righteousness, leads us to the happy enjoyment of the wedding garment, the clean linen, white and clean. It is God that justifies; and to us the obedience of Christ shall be imputed if we believe on him that raised Christ from the dead. God accepts us in his dear Son as just, but he will accept us in no other way. These are the gates that lead to this city; and Christ, as mediator, is the only way into it; and Christ, in his covenant characters, is the

gates of it; and he is the sum and substance of all the sweet enjoyments of it. Christ is the tree of life which the saints live on. He is the end of the law for righteousness, in which the saints shall for ever shine. And as their surety, he is the discharger of all their debts; their goal-delivery is by an act of grace in him; and their eternal enlargement and perfect freedom is by the blood of his covenant, and the embracing of his truth."—*Huntington.*

Twelve Fruits found on the Tree of Life.

The first fruit, free and sovereign Love;
This brought the Saviour from above;

And fix'd his heart on me;
This love hath length, and depth, and height,
And brings the soul 'gainst sin to fight;
It draws to Jesu's feet.

The second fruit doth Life impart;
And puts within the vital spark
Of everlasting life;
This makes the soul to mourn for sin,
Creates a craving thirst within;
To know the Saviour's name.

Third fruit is Light, life doth impart:
This shews the evils of the heart;
The need of Jesu's blood:
It shews the Saviour's sacrifice,
That paid to God the ransom'd price,
And made an end of sin.

The fourth fruit Gospel Liberty,
This sets the royal prisoner free;
From all that would condemn;
His debts are paid, his soul array'd,
Nor need he ever be afraid;
For Jesus answers all.

Fifth fruit is, Pardon of all sin,
However vile the life hath been;
Christ's blood doth cover all,
This pardon comes through Life's fair tree,
By suffering on the cross for thee;
Thou sin-distressed soul.

The sixth fruit, Peace, through Jesu's blood,
To all the sealed of the Lord;
And reconcil'd to him;
There's peace in life, and peace in death,
While faith believes what Jesus saith;
'In me ye shall have peace.'

The seventh fruit that Jesus yields,
Is wisdom to guard on the shield
To fight his battles in;
He has all wisdom to direct
The souls of all his own elect,
Whose hearts confide in him.

The eighth fruit is, Christ's righteousness,
Designed to be the wedding dress
Of his beloved bride;
Whose cause he doth now represent,
In whose behalf his prayers were sent;
'Father, their sins forgive.'

The ninth fruit found, is Holiness,
Imparted in this wilderness,
By sanctifying grace;
The soul is washed in Jesu's blood,
In whom complete it ever stood,
As holy as the Lamb.

The tenth, Redemption through his blood,
From sin, from death, from hell, from wrath,

All this we have through him
Who have been plucked by mighty grace,
And brought to Christ the hiding place,
From every dangerous foe.

The eleventh fruit hangs on this tree,
Is, Preservation (you may see.)

For all the Father gave;
Not one have ever been destroyed,
Who on his saving grace relied,
But all are safe in him.

The twelfth and last of all the fruits,
Is, Glory with the heavenly host;

Eternally shut in;
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can come,
But light will shine without a gloom,
Through one eternal day.

O may it be our happy lot,
To enter in without a spot,
Within the heavenly gates;
There to behold his lovely face,
And sing the wonders of his grace,
Through all eternity.

Do you not long to cast your crown,
At Jesu's feet, and there sit down
To gaze upon the Lamb?
There with your golden harps above,
To praise free grace and sovereign love,
Through all eternity.

This is the work I long to do,
To sing the song that's ever new,
Praising the Saviour's name;
He hath redeem'd my soul from hell,
And I with him shall surely dwell
Through all eternity.

These lines, my sister are bad rhym'd,
And blemishes therein you'll find,
Yet do not them condemn;
There is some truth, do'n't that refuse,
But hold it firm as the good news,
The gospel brings to thee.

DEAR SISTER:—In returning these lines
when read, you will oblige yours affection-
ately in him whom you love and serve,
Cuckfield, Oct., 4, 1848. E. ARNOLD.

MY BELOVED PASTOR,

I return these lines with thanks, and having carefully perused and meditated upon the different fruits with self-examination, to know if I have really been made a partaker of them, I do hope that I may come to some comfortable conclusion that I have, at times, in some small degree tasted, realized, and enjoyed the sweets therein contained, or the greater part of them.

1st. Is that of Love—I believe love to poor, lost, undone, and helpless sinners, was the first and last moving cause of all his sufferings and actions; and such I feel myself to be, but where is the returning love, both in providence and grace?

Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around;
But O how few returns of love,
Has my Creator found.

2nd. Life—I seem to indulge in a hope of life within, on account of felt deadness, and I cannot express my feelings, better than by again quoting the language of the poet :

Cold as I feel this heart of mine ;
Yet since I feel it so,
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.

3rd. Light—Here I can say but little, only that whereas I was blind, now I trust I see.

4th. Liberty—Methinks I have long since been liberated from Sinai's Mount, where I toiled again and again, but without success, till the words came with power,

It is finished !
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

and that

All the fitness he requiroth,
Is to feel your need of him.

Truly that was a sweet fruit, and that hymn has ever since been very precious.

5th. Pardon—6th. Peace—And here I would ask if I may not take comfort from the peace I have at times enjoyed, that pardon has been granted; can there be peace without pardon ?

7th. Wisdom—This I greatly need, to gird on the shield of faith, and not the shield only, but the whole armour; for the battles of sin appear too strong for me.

8th. Righteousness—Satisfied I am, that it must not be a robe of my own, nor a borrowed one (as you lately remarked) but a given one, a perfect one, without spot or blemish. May such a robe be cast over all my imperfections, that I may be found at last without spot, and blameless.

9th. Holiness—What can I say here, when I look within, alas ! how sinful, what a nest of uncleanness ! Still, I think I do know something of the spiritual warfare spoken of by Paul, and I remember your telling us if there were no holiness implanted, there would be no warfare felt within, so I hope to take courage and press forward, and may the Spirit help me so to do.

10th. Redemption—And if a believer in Christ, redemption work is completed, the price is fully paid, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.

11th. Preservation—I cannot for one moment doubt that where a work of grace is begun in the soul, it will be preserved, and carried on, and finally made secure.

' Grace will complete what grace begins, &c.'

12th. Glorification—This must be left for futurity and eternity to unfold ; but,

When the toils of life are past,
May Jesus be the first and last ;
And when I bow before the King,
I'll Alpha and Omega sing.

Your's very sincerely in the bonds of the Gospel.

S. A. PAN.

P.S. Please to overlook the deficiencies, and receive it as coming from one of the weaklings of the flock. I need not ask for an interest in your prayers at the throne of grace, this I believe I have, and of many of the righteous. May the Lord grant me an increase of faith, and teach me also how to pray.

Cuckfield, October, 10th., 1848.

THE EDITOR,

To his Friends and Correspondents.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you. It having pleased the Lord very carefully and kindly to lay me down on a sick bed for several days, and thereby preventing me from fulfilling many engagements which I had made for preaching in different parts of England, as well as at home, it has seemed to be my duty to write you a few lines descriptive of the Lord's dealings with me, that so we may praise his name together; and still be assured that what he does is best.

I must first tell you of a few things which preceded this sickness, because they have been useful to me, and the Lord can make them a blessing to you.

Well, you must know, that a little before this sickness came, there had arisen among us (at Crosby Row) a cry, that we must have a new Chapel. I must confess this had originated with me, for I had publicly told the people that the following scripture had much impressed my mind—*'The God of heaven He will prosper us, therefore we his servants will arise and build.'* There certainly was some faith in my soul, that the Lord would permit me to build a house for his name, but that faith has been sorely tried, still I must not say, it has been destroyed.

The question, of course arose—*'Why do you wish to leave the old chapel?'* Plenty of answers were ready at hand; such as, *'it is not large enough—nor clean enough—nor convenient enough—nor quiet enough; above all, it is not safe enough.'* This made some stir and confusion amongst us. Many were for standing still; some were for pressing on to build. In connection with other temporal matters, this wrought deep anxiety in my mind. I knew not what to think; nor what to do; and in this state of agitation my mind was tossed up and down to no small degree. On the Lord's-day morning before I was taken ill, I was silently waiting upon the Lord for a message, and felt so forlorn, so forsaken, so discouraged, so downcast, that I hardly seemed to have a heart to plead much with God. Something like sullen rebellion was at work within; when suddenly these words were spoken right into my very soul—*'BE STILL; AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.'* (Psalm xlvi.)

Under the power of this word, I certainly did enter into rest; all my burdens were cast upon the Lord; and I do not think one anxious thought either for time or

eternity, troubled my breast. I went and preached from the words, and I know many souls were blest.

The next day, a little before the time came for me to preach at Shoreditch, I was in a waiting posture of soul, when these words were spoken directly into my spirit—in which are some things hard to be understood.' My mind went to work with these words, and when I got into the pulpit at our little Bough, I began to preach about them, and pretty warmly to declare that between law and gospel, between the works of the flesh and the works of the Spirit, between the possession of gifts and the possession of grace, there were indeed many things 'hard to be understood' by flesh and sense. I little thought that these striking Scriptures which were speaking so loudly in my soul, had to do with something more immediately touching myself.

The following day, Tuesday, I had to preach at home; but was in a poor, low state of soul until about six o'clock, when (being alone by myself in my little cabin, and wondering what I was to say to the people when I reached the chapel) these words struck in upon my heart—'Now I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, BUT OF THE SHIP. Howbeit, we MUST BE CAST UPON A CERTAIN ISLAND.' With this text, away I went to chapel; the service had begun; and my brother Packer was giving them that sweet hymn,

"Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear."

How marvellously suited to my soul's feelings, and to my contemplations appeared these words—

"With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm."

Seeing my honest ship-mate and brother Bill Skelton in the vestry, I presses him to go and read and pray for me. Up he goes, and reads the 107th Psalm. 'They that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep,' and so on. No sooner had he done, than up gets our clerk, and begins

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

Bless me, why one would have thought that Banks and Skelton, and Packer had been agreeing together to have a service all about the seas, and the storms, and the ships; whereas not one word had been said, nor had we even met together, until by the blessed Spirit's guidance, singing, praying, reading, and preaching all harmonised to declare that

"Tho' painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song."

In my sermon, I was led to shew that the Christian's life was principally made up of storms—but that his life could never be lost; he might lose every thing, even the ship and all her tackle, and like a poor drenched destitute creature, be cast upon an unknown island, yet, even there his God would be with him, supply his needs, and preserve his soul. I cannot tell how deep an impression those words made upon me—"There shall be no loss of any man's life, BUT OF THE SHIP.' Why, says I to myself—I have lost the ship before now; destitute and dismayed, I have been cast upon the providence of God: and he has never forsaken me yet. Bless his precious name!

I am led to record these things, because on my first being raised up from my recent affliction, as soon as I was out of bed, I took up the Bible, and opened right upon these words in the 28th Psalm, 'Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of his hand, he shall destroy them, and not build them up.' From this solemn Scripture I resolved (by the help of the Lord,) to record his mercies, as manifested to one who is the most unworthy. Passing over Wednesday and Thursday, (though they were days much to be remembered) I came to the Friday night when I was taken ill. I had, as usual, to preach at Mile End; and although I felt very ill, yet I set off for that place, and walked all the way, with these words on my mind—"Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him.' When I reached the chapel, it was full, and very hot: and I was in a strong perspiration. I went into the pulpit and preached from Acts xx. 10, 11. 'And Paul went down, and fell on him, and embracing him, said, Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him. When therefore, Paul was come up again, and had broken bread and eaten, and talked a long while, even till break of day, so he departed.' Never, I think, did I feel such a glorious fulness in the gospel before. My soul was ready to burst with the precious matter that came bubbling up. First, I spoke of Paul's preaching till midnight, and of the vast subject he had; then of Eutyclus, and of Paul's raising him up; and so on; until I felt compelled to hold my peace; and no sooner had I left the pulpit, than I felt illness was coming on me. I crawled home as I could, retired to bed, and there I lay for nearly eight days.

Never did I know what it was to lay so quiet and comfortable in an affliction before. Every day the Lord appeared to give me some token of his presence; and, for the encouragement of his people, I will simply state things as they occurred. Some will sneer, but others will rejoice. I will tell you the truth, and leave it with the Lord to deal with it as seems him best. On the first day of my illness, I had this word—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' I saw that word 'stayed,' means, one whose mind

can rest no where but on the Lord. Here is where, and only where, my mind can stay, and resting here is peace. During the night of Saturday I was very ill, and much awake; and, lifting up my heart to the Lord, I said, 'Lord is my work done?' when I plainly heard these words in the ear of my soul—'Your lamp has burnt too bright of late to last long.' Indeed! thought I, then, who can tell, but my work is nearly done! I felt no uneasiness about it. Lord's-day morning came; it was the first Lord's-day that I ever had been laid aside by sickness, since I have spoken in the Lord's name. This, however, did not disturb my mind one moment. I truly felt that I could bless the Lord for the affliction. About noon, as I was laying quietly in my bed, I saw a glorious burst of holy light, by which I discovered, as it were, a beautiful entrance into the mansions of eternal and immortal glory. Never did I before have such exalted, soul-ennobling views of the heavenly state. I did solemnly behold, and in a measure realise such a heavenly peace with, and reverence for, God, as cannot be known by any but those to whom these things are revealed. There seemed but a step between me and those pure and peaceful plains; and for some time after these words were continually with me—'Dying is but going home.' My soul appeared by this vision to be established in two things; first, that the Lord can make death to a believer very easy indeed; and, secondly, that the transition of the soul from a body of sin into the heavenly paradise is instantaneous: 'absent from the body, and present with the Lord.' I really felt I could gladly leave all earthly toys to enter on that rest. On the following day, (Monday) I had these words—'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.' I said, 'How is this to be done?' I was led to see that before a sinner could put on Christ, he must be undressed by the righteous law of God: this being done; the poor sinner being stripped naked and bare, then the Holy Ghost brings the atonement of Christ to view; therein is redemption: then the blessed Spirit brings Christ's righteousness, wherein is justification, and by faith the soul puts on Christ, wears his image, breaths his spirit, and walks in his commands. During the whole of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, it seemed as though the Lord had taken me aside to consider over matters of vast importance to me and to the cause in which my heart is engaged. I received from the Lord much encouragement, counsel, and establishment: and my fervent prayer is that I may be raised up to carry into practice what I received by faith into my soul. Thus I might go on to declare how from day to day, the Lord favoured me, but I pass over all and come to Friday. On this day, I was helped up, and sat for a time in my chair. I was impressed, that weak as I was, I should preach the following Lord's Day. This I made a matter of solemn prayer. I earnestly begged of the Lord, that if it was his will that I should be a mouth for him again, that he would be

pleased to seal home some precious word upon my heart with heavenly power. And I can say, I had scarcely risen from my knees, when these words came again and again—'THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD; I SHALL NOT WANT.' So blessedly was my soul instructed and confirmed by these words, that I was sure I was to preach; and accordingly, on Lord's Day morning I arose from my bed, and having sought for strength and instruction, I went forth and delivered my message—'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.'

I must close this poor, brief, imperfect epistle, by declaring unto you that I am thus far raised up with a stronger desire than ever to be found more devoted to, and useful in the cause of my loving and glorious Lord. What I have seen and heard of him in this affliction has greatly stirred up my soul to be living and walking in peace with all the saints; in great boldness against the devil and all his works; and in encouraging the weaklings in Zion to lean upon him.

"Whose heart is made of tenderness,
Whose bowels melt with love."

One thing I can assure you, that I have felt entirely raised above all the suspicions, and slanders, and bitter speeches of such men as cannot receive me. So many of us as are redeemed by blood, and regenerated by the Spirit of God, shall meet together in that blest abode, where there shall be no more curse; no more night; no more envy.

There we shall see his face,

And never never sin;

But from the rivers of his grace,

Drink endless pleasures in."

Dearly beloved, until that blissful period comes, may we have grace to be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing our reward is certain, our inheritance secure. So prays your willing servant in the gospel of Christ,

C. W. BANKS.

Christ's continual care of his Chosen.

I give, 'saith Christ,' to all my sheep,
Eternal life, and then I'll keep
While in this wilderness below;
I came in their law-place to stand,
And none shall pluck them from my hand,
For they my pard'ning love shall know.

My Father lov'd and gave them me,
By an Almighty fix'd decree,
Long 'ere this lower earth was made:
By whose omnipotence and power,
They're kept in every trying hour,
And in my righteousness survey'd.

The Holy Spirit whom I'll send,
Shall guide, and guard, and safe defend,
And with them take up his abode;
Their souls thus blest, shall pant for me,
And love th' incarnate mystery,
By which they are brought nigh to God.

May we thy grace and power adore,
That sea of love without a shore,
That chose us in eternity;
And called us from our guilt and shame,
To rest on Jesus' precious name,
And bless and praise the Sacred Three.

Portsmouth.

T. H. B.

Recognition of Mr. John Corbitt,

OF BETHESDA CHAPEL, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE recognition of Mr. John Corbitt, as pastor of the church assembling for divine worship in the above named chapel, took place on Thursday, September 21st, 1848.

Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, London, stated the nature of a gospel church.

Mr. John Foreman, of Mount Zion Chapel, London, called upon one of the church to state the rise and progress of the cause.

After which statement, Mr. Foreman called upon Mr. Corbitt to give an account of his call by grace, and also to the ministry.

In the afternoon, Mr. Foreman gave the charge to the minister; and in the evening, preached the sermon to the church and congregation.

On the following evening, a social tea meeting was held in the chapel, when speeches were delivered by Mr. Wells, Mr. Foreman, and several of the friends.

[We give the following verbatim, as received from Mr. Goodfellow:—]

“To the christian reader, but more especially to those friends composing the church and congregation worshipping a Three One God, Father, Son, and Spirit, at Bethesda Chapel, Oldham Street, Manchester, is the following account of the rise and progress of the cause dedicated:—

“In doing so, I cannot but exclaim in the language of one of old, ‘What hath God wrought?’ Many of you are witnesses of the wonderful works of the Lord in bringing you together, and in building up the cause you are identified with, and in uniting you in the bonds of the gospel of peace; so that you are walking together in love, giving glory to the Lord’s great name, are become ‘strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, and the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.’ Many good men, and many of his sent servants in the ministry stood aloof from you, through false reports of your character and conduct, mistaking your motives and object, prejudicing the minds of very many of the Lord’s people against you, and raising an opposition towards you as a people striving together for ‘the faith once delivered to the saints.’ But for the help of the Lord you must, (agreeable to the wishes of many) have been broken to pieces and scattered—had not the cause been of God it must have come to nought. But powerful as the opposition against you was, you found as powerful a necessity upon you to persevere in the name of the Lord, notwithstanding the vain attempts of men of whom you had hoped better things. You can say, and that in truth, to the honour of the Lord and to the glory of his great name, that the existence of the cause at Oldham Street, is not by might, nor by power, but by the Lord alone, who

made bare his arm to defend and prosper you: ‘Choosing the foolish things of this world to confound the mighty, and things that are not to bring to nought things that are.’ It is now several years since the Lord, in his providence, brought you together, and from that time to the present many have been the discouragements you have had to encounter, and great has been the trial of your faith; yet, by the help and good pleasure of the Lord, you have been favoured with a firm, prudent, persevering confidence in him, ‘who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will,’ superior to all the devices of men and the enemy of souls; and, for your comfort, the Lord is still prospering his word amongst you by the ministry, and turning many sinners from darkness to light, from error to truth, and ‘building up his saints in their most holy faith;’ and others, who once united with you in the courts of the Lord’s house, walking in his ordinances, are now passed to their eternal rest, giving glory to God and the Lamb for ever. With these encouragements and examples, may you go on in the name and fear of the Lord, having a proper sense of the importance of your position as a church and people, living from day to day in a feeling sense of your own weakness and the helplessness of your nature, and of the preciousness and suitableness of a free grace salvation; glorying only in the Lord, till you join the ransomed throng to praise his name for ever and ever, is the prayer of your’s to serve in Christ, E. GOODFELLOW.”

The following is the account of the rise and progress of the cause at Oldham Street, as delivered at the meeting above referred to:

“Christian Friends, Brethren and Sisters in the Lord,—In the order of the Lord’s providence and by the desire of the church meeting for divine worship in this chapel, and at the request of our brother, Mr. John Foreman, I rise to give you a statement of the rise and progress of this cause. In doing so, I stand before you this morning with a considerable degree of debility of body and with a sacred feeling of the solemnity of my position; and if ever I felt the great responsibility of my position since my connexion with you as an humble individual, I do feel it to be so on the present interesting occasion; and if I know my own heart, I can say before you, and in the presence of him before whom we must all one day appear, that in the commencing and carrying on of this cause, my only motive and object has been the Lord’s honour, in the proclamation of a free grace gospel; next, my own soul’s good, and an ardent desire for the moral and spiritual benefit of never-dying souls; and I do desire to bless the Lord that ever he did put it into my heart, as an humble instrument in his

K K

hands, of being a means, with the rest of my friends, of opening a door whereby the glorious gospel of the ever blessed God is fully and faithfully preached from time to time. And from the time I was 'called out of darkness into his marvellous light,' I have felt, and do feel, a union to and oneness with the people of God; and can sing with the poet,

'I love her gates, I love the road,
The church adorned with grace.'

And if in the progress of our carrying on this cause, any brother or sister in the Lord has had his or her mind wounded by anything said or done, I take this opportunity of begging their forgiveness, and stating that it was not intentional on our part. We have (as a church) been called to wade through seas of affliction, and to encounter difficulty after difficulty, yet the Lord in his great mercy has preserved us and kept us as a people, amongst the raging billows of professed friends and enemies; and though we have had our sorrows, yet we have had our rejoicings; yet we have not been left without hope—we have proved the truth of that scripture, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' And though our trials have been principally from those professing the same *faith* and *order*, who ought to have been *helpers* of our faith, and promoters of our joy, and well-wishers of our prosperity: alas! they lifted up their heels against us, and *prophesied* that we should be *broken to pieces* and *scattered*; but God has enabled us to surmount every difficulty, and enabled us to persevere, believing in the omnipotency of truth, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. And when I call to mind the scenes of trials through which we have had to pass, and when I reflect on our present position as a people, what cause for thankfulness and gratitude to him who hath preserved us. And when I review the *motive* which induced us to open this door for the proclamation of a free grace gospel, I derive an inward satisfaction in believing it was by the *appointment of heaven*, and as such, supported and encouraged to go forward in the name and strength of the Lord. I well recollect on one occasion having to encounter a trial of no ordinary character—the purchasing of this chapel, which was encumbered with many legal difficulties, that stood in our way of obtaining a safe title to the property. In consequence of which many of our friends *drew back* and withheld their promised support. Being much cast down in mind, not knowing which way to take, in the midst of trouble and great anxiety, the Lord graciously broke into my mind with those words—'Fear not, I am with thee: Let not your heart be troubled.' By this manifestation I was enabled to go on and to encourage my friends also, believing the Lord would *appear* for us: which he did, by raising up friends, and by their kindness we were enabled to purchase this house to worship the God of our fathers in,

'Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his wise designs,
And works his sovereign will.'

The following letter, written by the then owner of the chapel, will give some idea what difficulties had to be encountered, and what our position was at that time:—

'Manchester, 31st December, 1845.

'My dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in giving my testimony to the zeal and diligence with which you conducted the negotiation for Oldham Street Chapel, and more especially to the christian spirit and courteous demeanour manifested by you throughout the whole of our intercourse. When I consider the many difficulties you had to encounter in keeping your friends steadily to the purpose of becoming possessed of a comfortable house in which they could worship God; when I remember how many fainted under the accumulating hinderances, both of a legal and pecuniary nature, cast in your path; and when I contrast these with your great prudence in reconciling parties, and your unwearied, yea, I may say, unexampled perseverance, until you brought the business to a close; I have no hesitation in adding, that to these exertions, and to them mainly, is the Baptist church now worshipping in Oldham Street Chapel indebted for the possession of what I hold to be a valuable property, and a comfortable house for prayer. With most sincere wishes that you may have the happiness to behold many souls born to God within the walls of your Zion, believe me to be, my dear Sir, your's faithfully,
WM. MEDCALF.

'To Mr. E. Goodfellow.'

With these remarks, I will now proceed to give a statement of the main features of the rise and progress of this cause:—

There are, in the retrospect, things both painful and pleasant; and we think you will not desire a repetition, in detail, of those recriminations and reproaches which did unhappily attend the establishing of this cause: But, while on the one hand, we desire to avoid personalities and unpleasant recapitulations, we should not, on the other hand, do justice to our own consciences, nor to the cause of God in this place, nor to the most solemn motives by which we have been actuated, did we not take this opportunity to repel, to repudiate, and denounce with all becoming gravity, and determination the slanders which have been so liberally and unjustly cast upon us. We are not this day met in the *fear of man*, but in the FEAR OF GOD. And where is there the christian, the minister, the individual who knows the grace of God in truth and love that can deny but that the Lord of Hosts has been with us, and the God of Jacob our refuge? And what one incident is there to which this cause has been subject, which is not more or less common to all the churches of the saints? Have we had difficulties of a pe-

cular nature? Have not others, also, had difficulties in this respect? Have we had difficulties in finding suitable ministers? Are we alone in this? Have we had difficulties with unruly men, of whom we had once hoped better things—and is our cause in this respect solitary? Have other churches had no unruly members to disturb their peace? Have deacons of other churches always been what they ought to be? Have other churches had no troubles of this kind? Let facts speak for themselves. We here fearlessly assert, that those who have reviled this cause can point to no anomaly amongst us, the counter part of which has not been found in their own church, or churches. We do not undertake to justify the unchristian sayings of hostility that occurred at the time that the God of heaven and earth was pleased to plant this cause. But, if on the part of some who came to us, there were faults much to be deplored, what shall we say to the conduct of those who seemed delighted to view the rise of this, through the worst medium they could find? Who, or what authorised them to take the judgment seat and hurl at this cause the thunderbolts of heaven—to select the most terrible threatenings of the Bible as applicable to this cause; but, happy for us, the hand that wielded the sword of vengeance was too feeble to render it effectual; the tongue that dealt in threatenings could not obtain sanction of the God of judgment, so that these threatenings fell to the ground as did the accusation of Job's mistaken friends. It has been said that members of a *certain church* laid their heads together in the dark being afraid of the light. We treat this accusation with scorn and contempt, and are prepared to prove that not only did not certain members lay their heads together in the dark, as the assertion runs, but that this cause positively did not originate with the members of the said church at all. Nor was the question of backsliding or non-chastisement for sin, practically, or indeed at all, connected with the formation of this cause. The persons advocating the above sentiments were, at that time, members of the church charging us with holding the sentiments. Personally, I did not then understand the sentiments, much less advocate them, and the church at Oldham Street, will bear me out when I state that from our first formation, as a church, the above sentiments have not been so much as once named amongst us. It has been said that this cause began in *malice* and was carried on in *malice*, headed by several persons separated from the church by various causes. To this statement we give a flat contradiction, and challenge any one present to say to the contrary, that I was separated for any misconduct, or for holding or advocating any *unscriptural sentiment*. Through mercy, I can say, that whilst a member of that church for twelve years, I was enabled to bear an honourable testimony for the truth as it is in Jesus. My

withdrawal from that people was contrary to the wish of the minister, and solely on the account of one of its officers. I did claim the right of worshipping God where-soever the Lord was pleased, in his mercy, to bless the word to my soul by any of his sent servants; and I do hope ever to be kept in that spirit, to give the right hand of fellowship to all his servants that love the Lord in sincerity and truth. Nor had Mr. James Wells, of London, any hand in forming this cause, or any knowledge of it until after a notice appeared on the wrapper of the *Gospel Ambassador*. Nor was it any peculiarity connected with his ministry, but the weighty matters of faith, judgment, and mercy.

The following letters which I will read, will give you some idea of our motive and our object, and bear out the above assertion in reference to Mr. Wells.

Manchester, April 20, 1843.

Dear Sir—I write to you on behalf of myself and friends who I may say fear God, and love a free grace gospel, soliciting you (God willing) to preach for us at Manchester two or three Lord's days in May next; say 7th, 14th, and 21st. It will be necessary that I give an explanation to you of our motive. In a few words, we have been members of another church in the town, but not so now; we have not sat at the table of the Lord for reasons which may be herein after explained. We pray that the dear Lord may dispose your mind to serve us in the cause of truth. If so, we pray that the word may be attended with power and with an unction from the Holy One. And that you may come in the fulness of the gospel of peace. An early reply will oblige your's for the truth's sake,
E. GOODFELLOW.

To Mr. Chas. Drawbridge, Wellingboro'.

MR. DRAWBRIDGE'S REPLY.

Wellingboro, April 22, 1843.

Dear Sir—I should have replied to your's yesterday but for having returned from a week's pilgrimage in my holy Master's service after post time. I am willing (God willing) to supply in May, May 7th, 14th, and 21st. I am able to sustain fatigue in my Lord's cause cheerfully, therefore, if you know any consistent persons in or about Manchester, who would wish to avail themselves of my labours, I am very willing, say three, four, or five times on week evenings. And may the Lord Jehovah get glory to his great name by the arrangement he has determined upon.

Your's very truly, for Christ's sake,
C. DRAWBRIDGE.

To Mr. E. Goodfellow.

The following letter is one written by myself to Mr. James Wells, of London, in answer to one written by a person in town and sent to Mr. Wells conveying wrong information.

Manchester, May 30, 1843.

'Dear Sir—I had put in my hand a letter of your's to a person in Manchester, seeking information respecting the new cause, which calls for a reply on behalf of myself and friends, the said person's conclusions being erroneous. It is not a party squabble, as he is pleased to term it; but a stand made for truth. The late Mr. Nunn's people have nothing to do with the cause; nor anti-backsliders: nor yourself either, which is evident; seeing you have no knowledge of our present movement; nor does it emanate from a party spirit, in opposition to any other cause. We have been members of a church in the town; but of late only occasional hearers. A variety of circumstances have been instrumental in our present movement. We have been waiting and watching, and have availed ourselves of the present position of the church of Christ; and so far as our judgment goes, we greatly lament its present state. We can say from an honest conscience, in the fear of God, our only motive is the Lord's honour, in the spread of truth, the good of his people, and the prosperity of Zion at large in this large and populous town. We are desirous of coveting the best things through the ministry of the word of God. Your ministry was useful to the writer and others of his friends when you visited Manchester. The ministry we have heard ceased to be useful to us. We do not disrespect the minister the less. No; we pray for him, and for his prosperity; we hope to meet with him in heaven, and join together in singing the same song: 'To him that hath loved us,' &c. We have no wish to fall out by the way; but helpers of one another's prosperity. Believe me your's in the truth,

To Mr. J. Wells.

E. GOODFELLOW.

"I cannot let the present opportunity pass without giving my humble testimony to the disinterested labours of Mr. Wells on behalf of the cause of truth in and around Manchester; the Lord has blessed them in an eminent degree, as hundreds can at this day testify. Many have been 'turned from darkness to light,' and to a saving knowledge of themselves as sinners, and have been built up in the faith of the gospel of Christ; and not a few have been brought out of the yea and nay system of the day, that are now decided for truth as it is in Jesus, and an honour to the same. Notwithstanding opposition, and of this there has been no lack, to stay the progress of truth, we have this testimony, that the word of the Lord is not bound, and that it is in vain for men to lay down a rule where people ought to worship; for if the Lord designs to bless his word at Oldham Street, or anywhere else, 'who shall stay his hand, or say what doest thou?'

'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'

It may be asked, that if all these aspersions be false, what then was your motive

in forming this cause? To which we answer, that our motives were the most solemn, imperative, and overwhelming, arising from that which is most dear to God and to man—the well-being of our never-dying souls. And we ask, can there be any human considerations that ought to outweigh the claims of eternity? And we mean no reflection when we say, that the ministry which had been useful to us in times past, the Lord had now ceased to bless to us; nor can there be any who hold in greater respect the memory of the honoured servant and minister of God to whom we allude. But what were we to do?—where we so far to confer with flesh and blood as to be content without a ministry by which we could profit? Had we substituted profanity in the place of the gospel of God—had we substituted error for truth—had we given up the ways of God, we might have been entitled to the revilings which have been cast upon us; but as a cause we have been preserved; we have sought our God, and he has been entreated of us; we looked unto him, and we were enlightened, and our faces this day are not ashamed. By the help of kind friends, in temporal matters, we have, through many difficulties, arrived at our present position; having had supplies till Mr. Bidder settled among us in April, 1844, and resigned his pastoral charge June 23, 1847. After this time, we had supplies till Mr. Corbitt first came, August 8, 1847, and supplied us during the month; and it was proposed he should be sent for again, and on Friday evening, October 15, 1847, we held a special church meeting, when the members then present expressed their affection to, and desire of having Mr. Corbitt for their stated pastor. We met again on the Lord's-day following, when the same unanimity of mind prevailed, and the same evening the matter was laid before the congregation, who unanimously united with the members of the church in their decision. Mr. Corbitt was sent for, and supplied for us in the month of December, 1847; towards the end of which, his mind was decided to accept our invitation to the pastoral office. Mr. Corbitt's ministry we felt and saw was divinely adapted to our circumstances as a people; the cause had become weak and thinly attended through a variety of distressing circumstances, we had as a church been called to pass through; we were a few, by the help of the Lord, striving together for the faith once delivered to the saints, and for a living experimental ministry. We were favoured with a spirit of prayer, and the Lord graciously heard and answered us. And when Mr. Corbitt came among us, our mourning was turned into joy—there was a noise and a shaking among the dry bones—new life was ministered, we felt the power thereof—we have been raised up into fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

"The word by Mr. Corbitt has been at-

tended with power, so that we know what manner of man he is; and not only so, that others have been called out of darkness into light and liberty, and peace of the gospel. The congregation has been considerably increased, and the Lord has wrought by him, and made him manifest in our consciences, and we hope still in christian love to hold him, and to honour him, for his work's sake, with earnest and united prayer. That he may still go on to minister among us the unsearchable riches of Christ; and that many souls yet unborn may have reason to bless God that Oldham Street Chapel was ever opened as a place of truth."

(To be continued in our next.)

Disunion among Ministers.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR BROTHER IN BONDS OF GRACE:—I have it laid upon my mind, to send you a few thoughts upon a subject, which appears to me of great moment. We live in a day of great profession; excitement is doing wonders, but whether for a lamentation or triumph, is very questionable to thinking persons; much complaint is made that ministers who are preaching the everlasting gospel, should evidence so much distance from each other: but the cause is really in the ministry itself; aided by those unthinking multitudes, who will say Amen to almost any nonsense, or fanciful interpretation of God's word; besides, there is such a want of honest dealing in many quarters, which prevents an upright mind from an association with such double dealing. Some men have a sermon suited to such a place; others, to please their admirers, will hold up men who have been sworn foes to the grace of God, as really sound in the faith, they will quote lines from certain hymn books containing precious truth, as evidence of what they affirm, and could you but whisper to them to shew you the other side, what an awful comparison would appear. I stand in doubt of that man's religion, which rests exclusively upon the verse of an uninspired hymn; and valuable as are some of our poetical compositions, yet let the infallible Book be ever more prominent: 'To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.'

Again, we cannot but lament that sordid trickery, practised by some would-be faithful ministers of the word; tampering with the members of neighbouring churches, to induce such persons to join their ranks; regardless of all consequences, as to who they disturb or distress. This is called zeal in the cause of God; whereas, its true character is simply, 'come, see my zeal for my own glory;' they will point to their numbers, as a proof that God is with them; and impudently count

the congregations around them, in order to exhibit what they call littleness, for the purpose of swelling their own consequence. Do such persons know that they may be fattening some proud minds, for the slaughter of the great day? Or, admitting that much good is doing; do they shew that grace reigns? Why all this bragadocia? Surely if it is the work of God, the God of the work ought to be honoured. The entire glory should be laid at the foot of the cross; but is this the case? Let observing minds give an honest verdict. I am only surpris'd that Godly, sober-minded men, should countenance such baneful practices. I can truly say, if the whole gospel of Christ be preached, whether of envy, or of good-will, my soul will rejoice; but, if in these wonderful places, the entire truth came out; how soon would the dust fly! Let a Triune Jehovah be faithfully proclaimed; let the Holy Spirit's testimony be clearly set forth, in his solemn awakenings; quickening the soul to life; stripping the soul of all its native repose; ministering the law in all its killing power upon the mind, and thus exalting the wondrous mediation, blood, righteousness, and delivering mercy of the Great Surety of covenant love. I am no advocate for law terrors merely. I believe that it is possible to apprehend the torments of the damned, without a particle of saving grace; but I will contend that a soul must see its ruin, before it will cry for a refuge. To be really lost, is the true road to know we are found; I therefore affirm, that where a man is led to deal faithfully to the consciences of his hearers, the Holy Ghost will honour such a minister. Let the sinner be laid in the lowest place; let the God-man be ever exalted, whether we speak doctrinally, experimentally or practically, it is safe to begin and continue our ministry, by insisting upon the Spirit's work in the new-born mind, then we shall have faithful reproof; the conscience searched; the mystery of Godliness defined; and heavenly consolation administered; false religion will be exposed; the pharisee solemnly warned; and the real child of God will be able to trace the way marked with the worth of the cross; but this, I am confident, would thin the ranks of many, and curtail their *salaries*; my lord, or my lady would not like it, and therefore some lulling opiate must be introduced, to keep the fleece together. 'But what saith the scripture?' 'He that hath my word, let him speak it faithfully, taking forth the precious from the vile as God's mouth,' distinguishing mere renovation from regeneration, mere terror from true broken-heartedness; natural excitement, from felt pardon of sin, and inward peace with God; distinguish the Lord's *bringings* from men's *dragings*, we shall then know the voice of the child from the servant. Let us have volunteers, such as will bear wit-

ness to the power, quickening grace, redeeming love and melting mercy; we shall not then need to call upon such, and pray them to be baptized. 'They shall come which are ready to perish.' Such are not satisfied to hear pretty tales, and amusing anecdotes, in lieu of the gospel of the Son of God. I know it will be said—'but we shall not get so many hearers;' no, I reply, nor be allowed to amuse so many hypocrites.

These my remarks, are only personal to those who are verily guilty; and to such I say, if the cap fits you, then wear it; and may the great Master of assemblies make you ashamed of your work; and teach you the good and the right way.

Another ground of disunion amongst ministers, is the covering up a wrong conduct. The Lord knoweth, we are all frail, and fall before him seven times a day; he who walks nearest to God, will need the felt blood of atonement upon his best performed service; but when men trifle with sin, and, having fallen, justify themselves in it, from such we are to withdraw; this they call persecution; the Lord knoweth, the great sinner who writes these lines, has need to magnify the amazing riches of divine mercy; and to a fallen but recovered brother, I feel it a sacred pleasure to hold out the heart and hand of friendship. We should rejoice, at the returning of the prodigal; and those whom we believe are restored by the Lord, we should hail as our brethren. 'Forgave it I, saith Paul, in the person of Christ;' but to justify the wicked for a reward; and to cover men's sins because of their purse, is awful conduct in a professed minister of truth; are there none such in our denomination? Let us make diligent search, and each put that soul-rending question to himself, 'Lord, is it I?' We ought also to be extremely careful how we recommend a minister to a people, without a full knowledge of his character ministerially and practically.

Again, it is cause of sorrow, that those of our brethren, whose talents are calculated for more public employ, do not study to serve the churches as free of charge as possible; this was the glory of the apostle Paul. I deem it extremely wrong, that where a minister is well supplied with temporals, say to the amount of £200 per annum, that such should take 10s. for merely preaching an anniversary sermon, from a collection mostly drawn from the pockets of poor working men, or industrious tradesmen; such conduct I deem wholly unbecoming a servant of the living God. Whilst we preach against the love of money in our hearers, we should be anxious to prevent their having occasion to say, 'Thou art the man.' I have always ranked amongst the poor ministers of our denomination; but I have aimed in my labours from home, especially amongst the poor, to make the gospel without charge. And if our often

coming together will promote the good cause, whatever has a tendency to keep us apart, should be avoided. No minister should be left to pay his own costs; but, beyond that, he ought not to stir in reference to money; at least, not amongst the poor of the Lord's household. I would suggest that writers to ministers should always enclose a stamp, or expect no reply to their communications. I often write seven or eight letters in a day; but if it be but three-pence in a day, on an average, it is just eighteen-pence per week, or £4 per annum. This is a serious task upon £80 or £90 per annum.

I mean no offence to the honest sober-minded christian — with others, I am not concerned. I have written in the sincerity of my heart, and what, through grace, I hope to practice.

Wishing you much success in your many labours of love, believe me your's in the love of our great Immanuel,

WM. FELTON.

New Town, Deptford, Nov. 18th, 1848.

[We have read the above communication with painful feelings; and if we were not fearfully persuaded that bold, presumptuous, unclean, and covetous men stand in the ministry in what may be called '*our denomination*,' we should not have inserted it. But, we know it to be as much our duty to warn the churches against spiritual wickedness in high places, as it is our desire (instrumentally) to pick up poor down-cast souls out of low places. Our brother Felton has spoken faithfully; but we have long desired to see Paul's conduct with-standing Peter face to face carried into practice. ED.]

On the Close of the Year.

AMIDST the cares of every day,
The weeks, the months, they pass away,
And brings us, though we often fear,
Safely to close the present year.

How vast the blessings to us given,
While we are on our road to heaven;
Tho' death we know is very near,
We're spar'd to close another year.

Many who join'd with us in prayer
In the beginning of this year,
Have laid their clay mud cottage down,
And took possession of their crown.

The crown prepared by God above,
For all who know a Saviour's love;
For those who live to him on earth,
And prove they are of heavenly birth.

O, happy change—O, blessed day,
When we shall leave our sinful clay,
Our happy spirits then shall rise,
To join the chorus of the skies,

Shall meet our friends that went before,
And God in Christ we shall adore;
Shout victory, through redeeming blood,
And bask before the throne of God.—E. W. F.

"Nevertheless."

Upavon, near Pewsey, Nov. 11, 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Grace be with thee, amen. I embrace this opportunity of sending you a line, and I trust that it will find you in the rich enjoyment of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. I am truly thankful, that, in the order of providence I was directed to Trowbridge: truly, if ever I felt at home any where it was with you. And what a mercy! all the dear children of the Lord being taught by the same Spirit, are led into more or less the same things; and the same truth which suits the souls of the Lord's regenerate family at the uttermost parts of the earth, is the very same provision which the saints feed upon and love who are nearer home. And blessed be the Lord I have often found it very strengthening to my own soul that when I have been supplying miles from my own place, I find that the testimony I preach, as to the discriminating grace, love, and mercy of Jehovah is received by some, and by others rejected, so that I am a sweet savour unto some, and an ill and stinking savour unto others. And further, the preaching of these things, when received, is sure to bring about union of soul between the saints of God and the servants of God; and it is such an union as cannot easily be broken. And these things strengthen and confirm the souls of the Lord's ambassadors in the midst of the conflicts and trials of this waste howling wilderness.

Truly, my brother, it is a waste howling wilderness, and lost and cast away should we be were it not that 'Salvation is of the Lord.' Hence for our encouragement it is written, 'He found him in a desert land; and in the waste howling wilderness he led him about, he kept him as the apple of his eye.' And into what awful places should we get my friend, if the Lord was not about our head, and about our path; and did not in much mercy keep us night and day. True, the Lord's people do slip and slide, some of them into open sin, all into secret sin, so that they have need with the poet to exclaim,

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for dress,
Sinful plead thy righteousness,
Black I to the fountain fly,
Wash me Jesus, or I die."

My pathway, at the present, is very dark, and lies through much tribulation; but it is the appointed way to the kingdom. My illness has very much increased since I left Trowbridge, so that I am obliged to lie by,

being under the doctor's hands, and I find that 'No affliction for the present is joyous, but grievous;' yet I would desire to feel thankful for the '*nevertheless.*' Oh the sweetness of those *neverthelesses!* Solomon proved the blessing of the '*Nevertheless* my kindness will I not take from him,' after his backsliding. Nebuchadnezzar proved the sweetness of that '*Nevertheless* leave the stump of his root in the ground, when the rest part of the tree was to be cut down, his fruit and leaves scattered, and his boughs and branches broken off;' and those who are in the furnace of affliction shall assuredly prove the blessedness of that, '*Nevertheless* afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby.'

Moreover, my brother, I would wish to be thankful that I am not out of Zion when I am in the furnace of affliction: 'His fire is in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem;' and the name of that city, from the day of its founding, shall be Jehovah Shammah: the Lord is there. Yes, he is there as a refiner and purifier of silver; and, mark, he sits there, not walking to and fro, but he sits there and saith, 'I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and and take away all thy tin.' 'Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver: I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;' and this in order that the soul may bring the Lord an offering in righteousness.

But how few there are that know anything about this track. 'There is a generation of professors who are clean in their own eyes, but who have never been washed from their filthiness;' and, again, there are a few who, though in their feelings are black as the tents of Kedar, are accepted in the beloved, and are comely through the comeliness of Christ, which is put upon them.

But, much as I could wish to enlarge, time and strength warns me to conclude. I heard yesterday from dear Mr. Banks; if you see him, give my warmest love and regards to him. I desire also to be remembered to brother Prior, and the Lord make him a blessing to you—friends Davis and and Simons, with all those who love our Lord in sincerity. I purpose dropping a line to brother Prior in a day or two.

I have not forgotten what you said about that sermon for the *Vessel*; it has exercised my mind, and, if the Lord see good, I may send it to our friend and brother Banks of the *Vessel*.

I conclude, desiring that your cause may prosper, and your soul be fruitful in every good word and work. With kind love and christian regards to you and your dear partner in life, believe me, dear brother, to remain very truly your's in the gospel,

JOSEPH RUOMAN.

To Mr. Joseph Purnell, Trowbridge.

L L

The last Moments of Mr. Coleman.

DEAR BROTHER:—I have forwarded you the account of the death of our aged brother Coleman, as it may be of interest to the readers of the *Vessel*, whose edification I desire. Yours, &c. JAS. BLAKE.
14, Southampton Row, New Road, London.

ON Wednesday, October 4th, our brother Coleman, pastor of the Baptist Church, Bexley Heath, Kent, fell asleep in Jesus. Of his last moments it might, indeed, be said 'his end was peace.' Four things his dying breath gave expression to as being sufficient for him, 'love, blood, power, and righteousness.' Upon the experience of these he was enabled, by grace, to breathe his soul into the hands of that God whose covenant stands for ever sure.

Sabbath, October 15.—His death was improved at Bexley Heath Chapel by Mr. Hamblin, and at Lessness Heath by James Blake. It was at the latter place where our late brother Coleman was first set apart to the ministry, nearly forty years since. Thus, while he is before the throne, wearing the crown bought with blood, the scenes of his labour remain for others to occupy. May the Lord continue to be gracious in raising up his own servants to preach the gospel in this truth-bartering and Christ-dishonouring age.

Lessness Heath. J. H. B.

Letter addressed to Mr. Garrard.

MY DEAR MR. GARRARD:—I had proposed writing to you a long time ago, but was hindered on account of my being entangled in a snare; for the minister I had sat under had a strong aversion to his members speaking in favourable terms of other ministers, especially those who were not his favourites; and as you did not appear to be one of those, I was fearful that some one of the people would tell him that I had written to you, and thus I be the cause of a disturbance; and at that time there was no other place that I could conveniently attend. But now, having full liberty and a seasonable opportunity, I will endeavour to relate to you some things that have befallen me since you left. Indeed I have a copy of a letter which I did intend sending to you, ever since Mrs. A. Johnson told me that you did wish to hear from me. I cannot communicate to you with ink and paper all that have transpired concerning me since you were amongst us; but I can say, that I have had many, very many sore conflicts with 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' even as others that have travelled this road; but, through the tender mercy of God in Christ, am preserved until now. For I found that all things appeared to make against me (as I supposed); and oh, I found myself lodged in 'doubting castle,' which is indeed a doleful place, for

there is no bottom to it except despair: so you will be able to judge a little of my feelings. I began with all my might to work myself out of this very miserable place. I was then sitting under preaching that did not profit me; and as the minister was about leaving, I was in hopes that one would come that would be a helper to me; but, alas! I was quite disappointed; for 'they bind heavy burdens on poor weak souls, grievous to be borne.' I found this last man's little finger more weighty than the whole body of the other man's ministry, which made me cry out for help from a higher source. But I had not then learned, as I trust I have now, that it was not then my time for deliverance; 'for there is a set time to favour Zion.' Thus I had to go through seas of sorrow before I came into the place of rest that I longed for.

Now, indeed, I have something to tell you, for I secretly began to fear that it would soon be all over with me in this world, as I felt my bodily health and strength fast declining, and thought I should never have the privilege of hearing a gospel ministry any more, and that I should be a cast away after all; and my case appeared to me much worse than that of those who had never heard the gospel, nor known God at all. Oh dear! I cannot tell you one-third of my feelings, for the dismal forebodings in my mind almost drove me to distraction. And the minister and people being all up in arms against me because I did not like his ministry, thus I had no spiritual friend on earth to speak with; for, while in this weak state, the doctor's orders were that none should come to speak with me. So it was dark with me indeed, even as darkness itself; and worse than all, I really began to fear that the Lord himself had forsaken me; but I am thankful to say that the Lord is as good as his word, for my hope was not quite removed from me, therefore I had a little anchor hope. Oh, how full of mercy in the midst of judgment is the Lord! Had not this been the case, I think I must have sunk for ever into black despair; but to the praise and glory of his great name, he brought my soul up again from the depths of the earth; and now I ought to have nothing to do but to praise him, for he has brought the gospel to be preached in our own house, which is the delight of my soul. And though my poor body is much better, I am still very weak, but hope the Lord will raise me up to glorify his holy name for all he has done for my soul. But whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, even as a father corrects his children, whom he loveth; and I have found his chastisements very profitable to my soul, though for twelve months I went bowed down and weeping excessively for all my folly and foolishness, and was led to feel and see the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin.'

But now I must tell you how very kind and merciful the Lord appeared to me, when all appeared to forsake me, and some reproached me and said hard things of me. But 'the Lord sent his word and healed me.' None but he himself could do it. He applied these words with power to my soul, which comforted me exceedingly: 'THE REPROACHES OF THEM THAT REPROACHED THESE ARE FALLEN UPON ME.' The words melted my heart with overflowing joy; and these words followed: 'Though thou art not, thy Saviour is a match for all thy foes.' So you see the Lord brings his people along through various trials. I am glad to hear how you have been preserved, and I often hear something about you, though not directly from you.

Should you find it in your heart and mind to visit Dunmow again you could speak in our house, for those that attend the preaching here are chiefly your old hearers; some of them who heard you when you were in your first glory here, and they cannot forget your ministry, and I can say that I am amongst that number; for whatever others might say, I did not then speak against your doctrine, for I must say that my eyes were opened under your preaching to hear of another righteousness, rather than that of my own, which I was seeking to establish; and many of your discourses have made a lasting impression in my heart, as you often described between the righteousness of a pharisee and the righteousness of Christ, which I really first distinguished under your ministry, which delivered me from a great burden. And one of the many sermons that I was made to rejoice under was that which you preached while at Dunmow, concerning 'The kingdom of heaven being like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened.' I felt such a satisfaction in my own bosom that that leaven was hid in me, and I trust I was quite right, although the enemy has been trying hard to make me believe that it was not the true leaven.

I hope Mrs. Garrard and the family are all well—please to present my kind remembrance to them. Mrs. Caton has just been in, and wishes to be remembered to you and Mrs. G.; and she says if you will visit Dunmow she would be so glad to hear you. She has lately lost her daughter by death, and is very much grieved; but she died very happy, though, poor girl, she had a great conflict. Mr. Burton, my husband, sends his kind regards to you and Mrs. G.; hope if you come this way you will be sure to pay us a visit—please to accept of my sincere regards, for the gospel's sake, and believe me gratefully your's on that account,

Great Dunmow, Essex, E. BURTON.
Nov. 6, 1848.

John Corbitt

TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AT MANCHESTER.

To my dear and affectionate brothers, sisters, and friends composing the church and congregation at Bethesda Chapel, Oldham Street, Manchester.

MAY grace, mercy, and truth rest upon you, and the love of my covenant God dwell richly in you, and grant that a double portion of the Spirit of God may rest upon and flow through my affectionate brother Wells into your souls, warming, enlivening, invigorating, and comforting you, and great grace be on you all, and great glory redound to the honour of the Eternal Three, who in covenant love condescended to look with love, mercy, and deliverance on such poor, helpless, undeserving things as you and me; to choose, redeem, call, and quicken to eternal life such as know themselves to have been without God and without hope in this world; once enemies but now friends, reconciled by the blood of Christ, and 'made meet to be partakers of the inheritance with the saints in life.' Oh that my soul could rise higher in thankfulness and sink lower in humility, in adoration, praise, and thankfulness to the Holy Three; but flesh loads me, the world allures me, the devil harasses me, and sin perplexes me, and I can only say, and that I can say with delight, 'thanks be to God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,' the foundation of God stands sure against all storms, tempests, floods, fears, enemies, devils, angels, or men. Here my soul finds a solid rest on the divine purpose of Jehovah, a safe resting-place in the cleft side of Jesus, a blessed shelter from law, curse, justice's sword, and hell fire, in the complete life, death, resurrection, prayers and intercession of my loving Lord.

I am happy to inform you, my brethren, that your poor hobbling parson is well received in this great-metropolis. I am very comfortably provided for in all respects, at brother Butts. The dear and ever to be adored Lord was very gracious to me on Lord's-day. He has taken from me all fear of man, and poured in and enabled me to pour out to the people; and I think at the close of the day we could, with divine propriety, say, with the apostle, 'did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?' I am ashamed of my distrust of the dear Lord, and am well assured that 'he keepeth mercy and loving-kindness for ever, and by his grace worketh to will and to do of his own good pleasure.' Oh that peace, harmony, brotherly love, and holy concord may dwell amongst us as brethren, return me in safety to Manchester, and by his Spirit enable me to preach the gospel amongst you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. My kind love to Mr. Wells and all friends. Believe me your's in the love of God,

JOHN CORBITT.

Division and Distraction.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE ONE LORD:—I have forwarded you the following extract, which, though written nearly two centuries ago, will be found far too true in its bearing upon the present day of distraction and darkness, divisions and desertions, produced for the most part by the diversity of conflicting opinions circulated both from the pulpit and the press, the inevitable consequence of carnal reasonings, the element of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth.

The Lord mercifully hasten the time when the one Church shall be blessed with the labours of men distinguished for sincerity of soul, simplicity of spirit, spirituality of conversation, soundness of speech, solemnity of mind, sobriety of judgment, and steadfastness of faith.

May your recent affliction prove to have been a happy inlet of heavenly instruction to your truth-warmed soul, and your future ministry be an honoured outlet of holy information, to others, of what God hath done, and is doing for you.

Peace and prosperity attend you.

Pray for your's affectionately,
Chelsea, Nov. 2nd, 1848. JOHN STENSON.

ALEXANDER ROSS in 1658 wrote thus, "So vain and luxuriant are the wits of men, in finding out many inventions, and shaping themselves *forms* and *ideas* of religion; every one esteeming his own the best, and as much in love with his own imaginations, as *Narcissus* was with his shadow in the water, or as *Deucalion* with his own picture. Some reject the scriptures—and others admit no other writings than the scriptures. Some say the devils shall be saved—others that they shall be damned—and others that there are no devils at all. Some hold that it is lawful to disseminate in religion—and others the contrary. Some say that anti-christ is come—some say not: others that he is a particular man—others that he is not a man, but the devil: and others, that by anti-christ is meant, a succession of men: some will have him to be *Nero*, some *Caligula*, some *Mahomet*, some the *Pope*, some *Luther*, some the *Turks*, some of the tribe of *Dan*; and so each man according to his fancy will make an anti-christ: Some will observe the Lord's-day only—some the Sabbath only—some both, and others neither. Some will have all things in common—others not. Some will have Christ's body only in heaven—some everywhere—some in the bread—others with the bread—others about the bread—others under the bread—and others, that Christ's body is the bread, or the bread his body; and others, again, that his body is transformed into his divinity. Some will have the eucharist administered in both kinds—some only in one—and others, not at all.

"Some maintain that Christ descended into hell in respect of his soul—some only in his power—some in his divinity—some in his body—and some not at all. Some by

hell, understand the place of the damned—some *Limbus Patrum*—others, the wrath of God—and other, the grave. Some will make Christ two persons—some allow him but one nature, and one will—some affirming him to be God only—some man only—some made up of both—and others, altogether deny him. Some will have his body come from heaven—some from the virgin—and others, from the elements. Some will have our souls to be mortal—some immortal—some bring it into the body by infusion—others by tradition: some will have that the soul was created before the world—others after: some will have them created altogether—others severally: some will have them to be corporeal—and others, incorporeal: some of the substance of God—and others, of the substance of the body. So infinitely are men's conceits distracted with variety of contradictory opinions, whereas there is but one truth, which every man professedly aims at, but few actually attain to; every man thinks he hath it, and yet few enjoy it.

"The main causes of these distractions are pride, self-love, conceit, ambition, contempt of the church of God, ignorance of the power of God in reading the scriptures of truth, the ill-humour of contradiction, the high spirit of faction, the growing desire of innovation and intrusion, the want of true humility and sincerity, undue anger, cruel envy, and bitter malice; the benefit that ariseth to some from fishing in troubled waters; the malignant eye that some have on the churches prosperity; the greedy appetite that others have for quails and the flesh-pots of Egypt, rather than for manna, though sent from heaven; the want or contempt of authority, discipline, and order, in the church; which like bulwarks, walls, or hedges, keep out the wild boars of the forest from rooting up the Lord's vineyard, and the little foxes from eating up the grapes thereof.

"Therefore, the wisdom of God hath appointed and authorized bishops, pastors, overseers, presbyters, elders, or ministers, (call them what you will) for regulating, curbing, and reprovng, such luxurious wits, as disturb the peace of the church, by their fantastical inventions; knowing that too much liberty is no less dangerous than tyranny, and too much mercy as pernicious as cruelty."

Blessed be the name of the Lord, truth shall triumphant be, notwithstanding hell's opposition thereto; and blessed be the people who solemnly submit themselves to the felt authority of divine truth. Because "the Lord reigneth" therefore, "let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains;" yea, let all those that seek the Lord rejoice and be glad in Him; let such as love his salvation say continually, "The Lord be magnified!" Sure I may add with David, "But I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me; thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God." Psalm xl. 16, 17. J. S.

The Experience of a Converted Curate.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

RESPECTED SIR—As a constant subscriber to, and reader of your invaluable periodical, I take the liberty of submitting the undermentioned poetical effusion—being the experience of a curate whom I have frequently heard on my annual visits to Ipswich. He was casually and necessarily invited to read prayers for the Rev. R. Lunsden, of St. Peters, (who is a pure unmixed gospel preacher,) having three services on the Sabbath, his regular curate being obliged to go into Wales, his father and mother near death, caused this change. And I must premise, this new supply was a truly worldly man, (when so engaged) he being merely on a visit at Ipswich. But mark ye, the leadings of Jehovah! He read the prayers well. And you will perhaps say, 'Oh, yes, so far well; but what then?' Why, I will shortly tell you. The present rector, Mr. Lunsden preached from Jeremiah xxiii. 6, 'The Lord our righteousness.' The curate was by that sermon convicted, convinced, converted, under a deep law work, and through grace divine, rich, sovereign and free, became the regular curate, and a most zealous, faithful minister. He is now not long gone out as a missionary. The following lines I received from a lady to whom Mr. Boswell presented them. They run thus, and hope to see them in your valuable publication, should you think them worthy.

I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Tho' friends spoke in raptures of Christ on the tree,
Still Jehovah TSIDKENU was nothing to me.

I oft' read with pleasure to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure, and John's simple page,
Revealing my Christ on the blood sprinkled tree,
Still Jehovah TSIDKENU was 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 nail'd to the tree
Jehovah TSIDKENU—O! '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,
'Twas Jehovah TSIDKENU my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name,
As also my guilt; thus with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain so copious and free;
Now Jehovah TSIDKENU was all things to me.

'Tis Jehovah TSIDKENU my treasure and boast,
Then in him I'm safe, nor my soul ever lost;
Through him I shall conquer in flood and in field,
My Cable, my Anchor, my Breast-plate, my Shield.

And when treading the valley, dark shadow of death,
'Tis his watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For, while from life's fears my God sets me free,
'Tis Jehovah TSIDKENU my death song shall be.

REV. W. BOSWELL,
Curate of St. Peter's, Ipswich, 1844.

A PARODY ON THE ABOVE.

In eternity's round my TSIDKENU I'll praise,
And to his great name, this anthem will raise:
TSIDKENU, my prophet, my priest, and my King,
My Jesus, my Saviour, everlasting will sing. [tell
My friends both in Greenwich and Ipswich I'll
TSIDKENU, my God-man hath done ALL
THINGS WELL; [dead,
By grace hath he quicken'd my soul that was
My life, by his Spirit, that soul he has fed;
Through sharp troubles and trials with me he has
been, [scen.
And through all my long journey his glory I've
Yes, my precious TSIDKENU, I cannot despair,
For thy promises bid me quell every fear;
Though satan oft' rages my peace to annoy,
And tells me the gospel is mix'd with alloy,
Oh, aid me to trust in thy name and blest word,
For thou art my God, my unchangeable Lord.
Now, join me, dear friends, in proclaiming that
name, [shame;
That hath ransom'd our souls from sin and from
Tell the wonders he wrought to preserve us from
hell;
The vast conquests he won, when on Calv'ry he
fell. [last,
'Twas TSIDKENU our Aleim, our first and our
Our Christ all in all, future, present, and past;
TSIDKENU our Brother, Companion, and Friend,
Whose compassion and love know no measure nor
end; [throng,
That name then we'll boast midst the ransomed
TSIDKENU resounding eternity's song. W. R.
Norfolk College, Greenwich.

God's People Dwelling Alone.

"Behold the people shall dwell alone."

It is the voice of prophecy,
And precious is the word,
'Tis said by Him that cannot lie,
By Israel's faithful Lord—
"By this my people shall be known,
For they shall dwell unharm'd alone."

He lov'd them in eternity
Before the worlds were made,
For they by his divine decree
Where chosen in their Head—
Jesus received them for his own,
And in his love they dwell alone.

Though deep involv'd in Adam's fall,
In Christ their life is hid;
The Holy Spirit's heavenly call
Awakes them from the dead—
Then from that hour they sigh and groan,
And in the world they dwell alone.

No matter if their lot be cast
Where thousands round them throng,
It is to them a dreary waste,
Where sad they move along.
Only to God their grief is known,
In sorrow's path they dwell alone.

But when the Lord his love reveals,
And whispers "thou art mine;"
Mercy and peace unto them seals,
Their transports are divine.
The promises are all their own,
And in their joy they dwell alone.

In vain the hosts of hell engage
Their ruin to effect;
The Lord shall laugh at all their rage,
Against his own elect.
Zion can ne'er be overthrow'n,
Her safety is in God alone.

AMICUS.

The Natural Man and the Spiritual Man:

THE AWFUL CONDITION OF THE ONE,
AND THE HAPPY ESTATE OF THE OTHER.

THE great mass of mankind live and die in their sins, they are totally ignorant of regeneration except in word—the experience of being born again they are strangers to. While in this, their natural state, they are described as ‘dead in trespasses and sins,’ ‘children of wrath,’ unable to please God, unable to receive ‘the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto them, neither can they know them because they are spiritually discerned.’

The God of this world—the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, blinds the minds of them that believe not, so that they are kept as ignorant as possible of the awful state they are in. The great bulk of our population in England are brought up under the idea, that they were regenerated when infants, and that they have received ‘forgiveness of all their sins’ though they have neither felt their sins, nor felt forgiveness; they take it for granted that they are not misled, when they are told that they are in a state before God which they have no experience of; they pass through the various stages of delusion from childhood to age, and in their turn help to delude their own children, as they have been deluded themselves. Great exertions are made from time to time to build and endow places where the population around have missed the advantages of this blind guidance for a time. It is better to be a sinner conscious that he has no religion, and without a shelter at present, than a poor deluded creature asleep in a refuge of lies. His false refuge lulls his conscience, and he hopes he is what he is not. ‘The blind lead the blind and both fall into the ditch.’

All people who live and die in ignorance of their need of the inspiration of God to enlighten their mind and enlarge their heart, are lost. ‘No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost.’

As men are naturally in this fallen blinded state, no amount of instruction—no degree of education—no obedience to the highest degree of light and understanding their natural conscience can attain unto, will save them. ‘The goodness of the flesh is as the flower of the grass, it fades and falls away when the

Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. As the things of the Spirit of God are foolishness to the natural man, he, of course, rejects them—despises them; if he will be religious he takes satisfaction in that which is a vain show in the flesh, some form of godliness which appears most reasonable in his own eyes; and if the truth which condemns his state is brought before his mind, the truth appears folly, and his own folly appears wisdom. ‘The world by wisdom knew not God,’ but the world often thinks it knows God and rejoices in its freedom from those (so called) enthusiastic, bigoted, mistaken, fanatical notions possessed by a scattered few, who are really taught of God and who worship God in spirit and in truth.

Men naturally are ‘without God in the world.’ Though his name may be repeatedly on their lips, either profanely swearing by it, or connecting it with some form of religion with which they are satisfied. The Jews of old persecuted the prophets and murdered the Son of God under a form of reverence of the name of God, which they could not bear to be blasphemed. They considered themselves right, and the bulk of our present professors are as far from God as those poor people were: they are alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, they lie exposed to the wrath of God as sinners in their sins. They form their plans, follow their various inclinations, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, without reference to the Spirit of God, whether that be grieved or not. As their bodies are not temples of the Holy Ghost, nor does he dwell in them, they are not conscious of what is pleasing or displeasing to the Lord by spiritual experience. Self complacency, they may have; but divine favour manifested to the soul, they know not. When they are satisfied with their religion, they are pleased with themselves, but the true child of God loaths himself for his own ways, and shrinks from his own fallen nature, when he is delighted with the grace, mercy, and peace God has shewn him.

How great must that change be which God effects when he quickens a sinner’s soul—when by his own Almighty power he plants incorruptible seed in the heart, and takes possession of the sinner he has freely redeemed, that he may dwell in him, and walk in him, be to him a God, and cause him to find that delight

in the Lord, which no person destitute of spiritual life could possibly enjoy. It is indeed a change such as no language can describe to the full. 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift,'—it is a gift which is without repentance. Once born again—born again for ever. Once in living union to Jesus Christ,—eternally saved in Jesus Christ. All needful instruments for fitting such a saved sinner for his proper place here, are ordained and prepared by God, whether ministers or furnaces, rods, afflictions, friends or foes, all are ordered by the Lord so as to work for the good of them that love him, who are the called according to his purpose.

When the new born babe in grace comes into the consciousness of his union to Jesus Christ, old things are passed away; behold all things are become new; he is a new creature in a new world, the value of every thing is changed; in the light he has received, he views every thing afresh, he now sees what he never saw before, all subjects that affect him have to be reconsidered, his position toward all around whether relations or others has to be reviewed, and his conduct in every case is right or wrong according to the word of God. 'The entrance of thy word giveth light.' As it would be impossible for all this to be carried out in a day, and as he cannot have everything before his mind at the same time, the Lord teaches him by little and little, opens various parts of his word as he is able to bear it, and casts a light upon particular parts of his path which he will have his child particularly notice at any time; an infant cannot bear the discipline needful for a youth: and the understanding of a child cannot receive what the mind of a man may easily comprehend; there is growth and training for the children of God, as marked as growth in nature; the senses of both are exercised by experience to discern good and evil according to what each esteems good or evil. The child of God is passive in receiving life, but this life soon shows that it is real life, by its actively exercising his senses and causing him to feel pain or pleasure according as the Lord hides his face, or lifts up the light of his countenance upon the soul. 'In his favor is life,'—and when he hides his face none can behold him, which causes distressing pain to a child who loves his father's smile.

As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word that they may grow thereby, so young men desire to know their father's will in all points which will affect them, that they may come out from every thing dishonouring to God, and however great the opposition they may meet with. 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.'—The things he is connected with, the path he treads, have to be brought to the light of truth, compared with the footsteps of the flock which the Lord has approved, and according as the Lord shews him light upon any part, he feels bound to obey the voice of God in his conscience, let the cost be what it may to the flesh; he may delay, he may shuffle with his conscience, he may backslide and for a time seem to escape much pain, but he will be overtaken and brought back through some means, and generally through painful paths. 'The way of transgressors is hard.' The world in general does not find it so, but they find the end to be most dreadful, the living child proves the truth of scripture as he travels here.

To the child of God, Jesus Christ is life, his presence is a foretaste of heaven. The sheep know his voice and love it, they desire to follow where he leads, and from time to time he enables them to walk with him. After being born again we do not forget all our former prejudices and false views of things, nor do we become ignorant of the way in which the world judges us, we soon find in our own heart that which is still on the side of the world, and which is in league with Satan to destroy our infant life if it were possible. This wretched nature may be confounded and beat down repeatedly, but it will never die and can never cease fighting for long together, till the present body is put off. We have all the weight of habit, custom, natural prejudice and ignorance to contend against and put off. 'Put off the old man and his deeds.' As the mind becomes transformed by the renewing influence of seeing light in God's light, and gradually becomes established in the knowledge of right and wrong in certain things, then the will would obey this knowledge and cleave to the good, abhorring evil; but the flesh hinders, the reasoning mind brings its arguments from the usual habits of the society around, points to the cross,

and the difficulty of bearing it, and urges a little delay at all events.

When the child of God is first brought into the consciousness of being reconciled to God, he can see the state he was in, but is now delivered from, in a light which affects him beyond all he felt when in it. He can scarce believe for joy that all his enormous sins are forgiven him, and yet he cannot feel them as he did, there is no longer wrath upon his conscience when he looks at the blackest of them; they are his sins, and yet not his; they looked fearful before when he was under their weight, but they look more base and hateful now they are laid upon another. Mercy through the blood of Christ, has different effects to those generally supposed. A light frothy joy such as stony ground hearers delight in, is altogether different to the joy and grief of a pardoned sinner. While under these feelings of mercy, in what a pitiable condition do those appear, who are in the state of ignorance and death we have so lately left; they were our companions, we are deeply interested in them still, we would gladly awaken them if we could, but as no one could quicken my soul but the Lord, so I cannot quicken the soul of another.

What miracles of grace are those who were for years hurrying on in the crowd, as ignorant as the rest, but who have been stopped from going into the pit by the Almighty grace of God, quickening their souls, shewing them the road they were in, bringing them to cry for mercy, and at the appointed time blotting out their crimes in the blood of the Lamb. 'Blessed is the man whose sin is covered.'

These people whom God has chosen for himself, and whom he has formed to shew forth his praise, are brought into the nearness of actual relationship to God, they are sons and daughters of Almighty God. He that sanctifies them and they who are sanctified are all of one, so that Jesus Christ is not ashamed to call them Brethren. He was made flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone, and he gives them his spirit. 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his.'

Now, all things are to have a special bearing upon their welfare. They are the salt of the earth—the light of the world—the witnesses for God. And in order to bring this about more and more clearly, they are so dealt with in provi-

dence and grace, pass through such trials and meet with such deliverances that the hand of the Lord becomes known towards his servants; many openly talk against them, who secretly wish to die their death. They are chastened in a manner no other people are chastened; an independent spirit often seems to prosper in the world, but in them it is smitten and maimed, they find that God is a jealous God who will not give his honour to another. He calls upon them to trust in him with all their heart and makes them feel that all other trust proves a broken reed. He is their rock—their strong tower—their dwelling place in all generations. If he shuts them out from his presence, they get no rest till restored; rebellion or sullenness only add to their pain. This people are a peculiar people, travelling a narrow way and proving the word of God from year to year, they go from strength to strength. Their trials are used to strengthen them for trials; their afflictions are means of preparing them to glorify God in hotter furnaces and to be patient under severer trials; their victories are to encourage them to attempt greater conquests; they go on conquering and to conquer till at last they are more than conquerors through him that loved them.

[The above extracts are made from Mr. Tryon's last work, entitled—"*A Special Providence for the Children of God; or the Principle of General Clubs and Insurances considered.*" And these extracts we have found valuable, and feel a desire that our spiritual readers may profit by them also. If the Lord permit, we will notice the other parts of this work, but as we are now confined to our bed, we cannot.]

HEB. vi. 19, 20.—'Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus.'—Hope is the anchor of the soul, but this anchor must not be cast as the mariner casts his, who, that his ship may be stayed in a storm, casts his anchor downwards to take hold in the earth. We must cast the anchor of hope upwards, and fasten it in heaven. Our hope must enter into heaven, and fix there. The best of the earth is not ground good enough, nor sure enough for our anchor hold. Whatsoever we make our hope, we make our God; and is there any thing on earth good enough to be our God?—*Cary's Bible Thoughts.*

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND
Happy and Triumphant Death of Mr. ROBERT CREASEY.

Minister of the Gospel, March, Cambridgeshire.

Mr. James Creasey, of Sleaford, has just published a neat shilling work, under the above title, from which we make a few extracts. We are constrained to premise, and express our gratitude to the God of all our mercies for this blessed testimony which his dear servant has left behind: it is encouraging to us poor sinners who are yet in the wilderness; but, who, through grace, are looking for a better city, that is a heavenly one. There are two things that we have often been tempted to fear; first, that *death* would be very dreadful, and that *eternity* would be eternally awful. But in our late illness, we certainly did realise that blessed nearness to heaven, and solid assurance of interest in heavenly things, that makes us to rejoice, and join in with two sentences uttered by this dying saint. He said—"It is nothing for a saint to die! There is nothing terrible in death to a believer." These things we believe; and record them for the comfort of Zion's travellers as they onward pass to glory. But we come now to the account of Mr. Creasey's death, which is given as follows:—

"The subject of the following account, was well known in different parts of the country as a faithful servant of the Lord; and where known was highly esteemed. His health had been on the decline for the last twelve months of his life. The change in his state of health was painfully noticed by several of his friends after his return; but they did not apprehend that his end was so near as the event proved it to be. He was in a sweet spiritual frame of mind; very spiritual in his conversation; had much deadness to the world, and the things of the world. He was never laid aside from his beloved work of preaching the Gospel; but preached three times the Lord's-day before his death, and administered the ordinance of the Supper. When preaching he was so much helped as to appear as if nothing ailed him, but was so weak that he was obliged to lie down on the bed between each service. His last text was, 'We are the clay, and thou our potter.' It was a solemn and weighty discourse. On the Tuesday evening following he attended a prayer meeting at the chapel, and engaged in prayer at considerable length. He was out of doors on the Wednesday and Thursday, and came down stairs on the Friday morning, but was taken so much worse, that he was obliged to go to bed again, from whence he never came down. During the last week of his life, his conversation was truly heavenly. He said he was firmly

fixed on the Rock of Ages; and would often say,

"How can I sink with such a prop,
 That bears the world and all things up?"

"He said the Lord had given him that promise in the beginning of his illness, that he would strengthen him on the bed of languishing, and truly it was verified, as will appear in the sequel. He was almost constantly in fervent prayer, and would say to his wife, 'Don't be afraid when you see me thus engaged; I am perfectly sensible; I know what I am about.' He would often mention the following words, 'Mighty to save;' and, 'His own arm brought salvation.' 'I want to see his blessed face; I want to see his blessed face.' 'Leave me not, dear Lord, to self and sin, but have mercy on me.' And under a sense of his own sinfulness, he would say, 'I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him;' 'but, oh! let me exalt a precious Christ, who shed his blood for me; not one drop was shed in vain: O, sovereign grace.' After mentioning the above passages, and sweetly commenting upon them, he appeared to be much exhausted, and dropped asleep; after dozing a few minutes he awoke with these words on his lips, 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' At another time, and indeed many times, the eighth chapter to the Romans was very precious to him, and he sweetly commented upon different parts of it, but especially, and very frequently, upon the first verse, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." He said his end was near; but he was not afraid of death: he longed to die. He said, 'I am washed and cleansed in the blood of Christ; I am clothed in his righteousness; I shall stand before the throne without spot or blemish.' Sometimes when about to take any refreshment, he would say, 'I want the blood of Christ in every thing I take and do: I want his precious blood in every thing.' About four o'clock the morning before he died, he wished his wife to read to him that chapter in Isaiah, beginning, 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah,' &c.; before the chapter was finished he appeared again exhausted, and after waiting a little time, he said, 'Satan pushes hard against my soul.' His wife replied, 'Thou hast proved, times without number, the truth of that passage, 'When the enemy comes in

like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifteth up a standard against him.' He answered, 'Yes, yes, mighty to save, mighty to save.' He then told his wife she might finish reading the chapter, and afterwards he would try to go to sleep. He wished to be alone, he said, but as he got rapidly weaker, his few minutes of sleep were broken and restless. He tried to raise himself up in bed, and repeated the following hymn:—

'Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free,
And to thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be.
Burden'd, dejected, and oppress'd,
Ah, whither shall I flee,
But to thy arms for peace and rest ;
For there I long to be.
Empty, polluted, dark, and vain,
Is all this world to me ;
May I the better world obtain ;
For there I long to be.
Lord, let a tempest-tossed soul
That peaceful harbour see,
Where waves and billows never roll ;
For there I long to be.
Let a poor labourer here below,
When from his toil set free,
To rest and peace eternal go ;
For there I long to be.'

"He again repeated the following passage, 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.' He would often say, 'The sting of death is taken away ; *It is nothing for a saint to die ; There is nothing terrible in death to a believer in Christ ;*' and many times in the course of the day would repeat that blessed portion of Scripture, 'Now unto the king eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be glory and honour, for ever and ever.'

"His wife, on going to his bed-side to hear what he said, for his speech was much altered, heard him say, 'No, satan, no.' On asking him if satan was permitted to harass him, he replied, he would if he could, but that he was the father of lies, and had no power over him ; for he could truly say, The most high God was his refuge, and although he was base and vile in himself, the weakest and most unworthy of all saints, yet he had a firm reliance on Christ, and a blessed trust and assurance at that moment, that the Lord was his God ; and that he would be the most ungrateful being if he did not say, I know these things for myself:—I know them experimentally:—I know them to my soul's satisfaction. He then said, I should like a little sleep if the Lord will: he said, 'I should like to fall asleep and sleep till I die, or rather till I live.' He then repeated that

passage, (Rom. viii. 1,) and shortly after that other passage in Timothy, 'Now unto the king eternal,' &c.; and said he wished to be alone; he was not afraid to die; but said, 'Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Being asked how he felt, he said, 'I am a dying man,' and shortly after repeated part of that well known hymn of Cowper's, beginning,

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

"He was again restless for some time, and afterwards about six o'clock in the evening, he commenced praying, as he lay on his bed, in a loud, clear, and distinct voice, so as to be heard at the foot of the stairs. First, for his wife and family, solemnly committing them into the Lord's hands. Then for his own church and people, commending them to his Father's care; and earnestly wrestling with the Lord to gather them and keep them, that they might not find the Gospel of Christ a vain thing; and pleaded earnestly with the Lord for his blessing upon them. And lastly, for Zion's prosperity universally: for all the servants of the most high God in all places and in all circumstances; and for the Lord to bless their labours abundantly; and that he would arise and appear for his poor church in her present sickly state, to remove what was amiss; and that there might be a plentiful outpouring of the Holy Spirit both on ministers and people, &c., in the most solemn and weighty manner. His prayer lasted about two hours, with only one intermission for a short time, when he appeared quite exhausted; but after a short pause for rest he began again with that passage, 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,' and went on for a considerable time; and concluded his long, full, and very comprehensive prayer, which appeared to contain, or include, nearly all that could be named or needed, with these very solemn words, 'Now to the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be glory and honour, for ever and ever, Amen.' (1 Tim. i. 17.) He then said, 'Amen and Amen.'—'I will now gather up my feet and go to sleep.' He did so; and went into a sound sleep, and about ten o'clock died in his sleep without a struggle or a groan, on Lord's-day evening, January 2nd, 1848, aged forty-four years, having been upwards of twenty years in the ministry.

"How very similar was his death to the death of good old Jacob. It is said, "After he had done blessing his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and gave up the

ghost.' The Holy Spirit has left upon record the manner of Jacob's death; and why not record the happy deaths of other of his servants to his praise and glory."

Beside this brief record of Mr. Creasy's death the work contains a number of letters from which may be gathered some idea of his character as a minister and a christian. We subjoin a few sentences, and in doing so, would observe the profits of the sale will be devoted to the widow and family. The following striking description of his character is found in a letter written by Mr. Morgan of Leicester:—

"I believe many can testify, I think I may justly say, that he has, at the age of forty-four, fallen as a martyr to the cause of closely and conscientiously adhering to his Master's revealed will in his Word; in addition to Satan's fiery darts, &c., aiming to know no man after the flesh; and not flinching to declare the whole Word of God; not excepting that part now so much neglected, the precepts; which has raised up carnal, graceless professors to oppose and withstand him, so that bonds and afflictions have attended him in all places at different times; some even of the real family of God, through prevalent carnality at times could not endure this part of sound doctrine. The great adversary has been permitted to try him with fiery darts and cruel temptations to an amazing extent; and no wonder Satan should have been so violent an adversary, seeing he was raised up to destroy, as a means, his works of darkness."

Recognition of Mr. W. H. Bonner,
AT UNICORN YARD, TOOLEY ST., LONDON.

NEVER since the Farewell Services of Mr. Denham, has Unicorn-yard Chapel assumed so interesting an appearance as on the occasion of which we write.

Tuesday evening, November 7th, was the time appointed for the public recognition of Mr. W. H. Bonner, as pastor of the church assembling at Unicorn-yard Chapel.

At five o'clock a very large body of persons sat down to tea in the chapel; and before the tea could be cleared away, the chapel doors were besieged by persons anxious to obtain admission.

The gas burners in the pulpit and body of the chapel were decorated with evergreens and flowers; and on the front gallery was hung a long strip of holland, on which was worked with evergreens in large letters the words "*Jehovah Shallom.*"

Shortly after six o'clock, the services of the evening commenced by singing and prayer; after which Mr. Foreman, (who presided) rose to state the purposes of the meeting.

Mr. Foreman said there was a deal to be done in a little time, and therefore they must say a great deal in a few words. He then remarked, that the last thirteen

months had been thirteen months of great anxiety to him; for within that short space of time he had attended the funerals of four aged servants of God; and the recognition of six. He would call this meeting a sort of testimonial meeting—a thank offering meeting, and a prayer meeting, that after this night they might live in peace.

Mr. Bonner then rose to give an account of his call by grace, &c.

[The outline of what Mr. Bonner delivered as descriptive of his experience and call to the ministry was put in type, and a proof of the same presented to him; but, since that, we have received a note from Mr. B. strongly protesting against its insertion in the *Earthen Vessel*; therefore we have withdrawn it; we have done so, simply because we have no desire to do violence to any man's feelings in cases like this; at the same time it is due to ourselves to state, that a Minister's experience, when thus publicly declared, is public property, and no man has any right to attempt to wrap it up in a napkin, or keep it back from the church at large after he has openly and publicly declared it. Mr. B. indirectly charges us with acting under the influence of self-interest; this is cruel; no minister or christian friend who is acquainted with the heavy outlay and insufficient returns connected with this publication (and many such there be) would throw such an unjust accusation in our face. The one leading desire of our heart is, to serve—to edify—and to be useful to the churches of Christ. This desire we most solemnly believe was implanted in our breast by the Lord himself: in the working out of this desire, we have freely sacrificed time, ease, and money; many are witnesses, however, that while we have hitherto been great losers on the one hand, we have been richly rewarded in the use the Lord has made of us on the other. We should not have deigned to notice this petty affair, but we find in many parts of the country, *Ministers* (professing to be christians) are doing their utmost to injure the character of the *Earthen Vessel*. In the strength of the Lord we shall persevere; and sincerely do we pray that his blessing may still accompany our labours.]

The church publicly acknowledged Mr. B. as their pastor in the usual way, and he assented to the call. Mr. Jones offered up the Recognition Prayer.

Addresses were then delivered in the following order:—

Mr. Milner, on "The Duties and Rights of the Christian Pastor."

Mr. Felton, on "The Duties of the Christian Members towards their Pastors."

Mr. Dickerson, on "The Dangers, Difficulties, and Discouragements of the Pastorate."

Mr. Curtis, on "The Scriptural Distinction between Pastors and Deacons;" and

Mr. Wyard, on "The Means of preserving the Peace and Purity of the Church, and promoting Prosperity."

The Work of God's Grace

IN DELIVERING JOHN CORBITT FROM
ERROR AND LEADING HIM INTO TRUTH.

WE make the following extract from the Second Part of "A Memorial of the Goodness of God towards John Corbitt." This is, indeed, an original and interesting portion of the work:—

"Thus I went on with my piety a little while, but the Lord soon brought me to observe that there was much more form than reality. I could not learn when to kneel, or when to bow to the East; when to set down, or when to stand; and as for the lessons, prayers or collects, I could never find them; thus I became the gazing stock of the company, and the ridicule of the discipline, for I could not keep rank. I did not know when to halt; or retreat right or left: indeed, I was almost ashamed of myself, for I seemed like a hog in armour; not but I could soon have learned my discipline if that had been all, but I wanted to learn how God could be gracious to so great a sinner; and while I was listening after that, the people would be up and down, right and left, until I was quite lost; but the dear Lord soon put a stop to this, in the following manner:—One day, a farmer in the town had a child to be christened, and I having never seen this trick played off before, was all attention, hoping that surely I should learn something now: and so I did; for the first thing that particularly struck me was the minister's request to the Godfathers. 'Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works: the vain pomps and glories of the world: with all covetous desires of the same; and the carnal desires of the flesh; so that thou wilt not follow, nor be led by them?' Answer. 'I renounce them all.' This declaration of the sponsors run me through and through, and my heart trembled at the consequence: for I knew the person that had made the vow, to be a wanton, drunken, swearing sabbath breaker; and I really pitied the minister, for I thought him a good man, and secretly wished I could get at him, to tell him what sort of a man this was, that made this vow. I thought the minister was deceived: for he appeared very grave, and solemn on the matter, but when the official part of the business was over, I learned to my astonishment and sorrow, that like priest like people. At the conclusion, the minister kneeling down, said, 'we yield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased thee to *Regenerate* this infant with thy Holy Spirit; to receive him for thine own child by *Adoption*, and to *Incorporate* him into thy holy church; and humbly we beseech thee to grant that he being dead unto sin, and living unto righteousness, and being buried with Christ in his death, may crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin.' My heart cried within me, 'Mockery! Lies! Deceit! and Fraud!' my hair felt as if it

stood erect; and I trembled at the awful state of those who could thus tamper with the immortal souls of their fellow creatures; mock God, and deceive man. This one circumstance spoiled all my church-going religion, and I never went to church after; for I was fully assured that there was no more real love to God manifested in these abominable deceptions, than in the regions of darkness itself. I knew that this was the blind leading the blind, and if they lived and died in this state of deception, they must all fall into the ditch of eternal perdition.

"I now became much more than ever concerned about which was the right way, and commenced a strict search through all the bodies of professors, to see where was the most perfection; or who approached the nearest it; and finding some in every society, whose conduct would not bear the strictest investigation, I became very jealous of them all, and I wondered whether there was any true religion in the world or not; (for indeed I had no notion of perfection at this time, but in the flesh;) and as I could find none in others, nor none in myself, I was ready to conclude there was none; and indeed if I could have got rid of my inward desires after holiness, I could well enough have believed that there was no such thing as vital godliness. Now I was driven to my wit's end; and could say nothing, but '*God be merciful to me: Lead me in a plain path, and make me know thy salvation.*' In this distress, the dear Lord was pleased to lead me in a plain path, by giving me to see that **JESUS IS THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE;** and the complete Saviour of all the chosen of the Father. Under this consideration, I was led to consider that as Christ is the Saviour, so hath he left proper directions for his children to walk by. At this time my mind was turned to the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; believing that if I read them carefully, I surely should find the right way of Salvation; this resolution to search the word was no sooner formed, than put in practice, and to my satisfaction, I found it to be the word of God, and the word of Life; and truly with one of old I could say, 'I found thy word, and did eat it; and it was sweeter to my taste, than the honey or the honeycomb.' Here I found the everlasting love of the Father, in choosing to salvation, a number which no man could number; the gift of them to Christ to redeem, and their eternal security in his hands; the quickening influence and power of the Holy Ghost, assuredly and effectually coming upon and dwelling in them; indeed I was so entirely enveloped in these truths, that they not only filled my soul with love, but they clothed me with the garments of salvation; they removed the cares of the world, and many a time I have set from dinner-time to tea-time, reading and talking of these blessed things, and have not known that the time was gone, until my dear old mother has announced

me to tea. This, indeed, was a foretaste of heaven to my soul; and the reason of my composure, I attribute to the sweetness, the lovingkindness, and solid satisfaction I found, sitting under this appletree, whose fruit was sweet to my taste."

One of the Lord's Huntsmen.

(See *Jeremiah xvi. 16.*)

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS:—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. We want a smooth path, but we find it is very rough. We have strong shoes and strength promised; and our promise-maker is a promise-performer. We can say that 'not one thing has failed of all the Lord our God has promised;' and I am sure not one ever will. I have proved it more than forty years, and the longer I live, the more I admire his goodness to me a poor, vile, weak, and hell-deserving sinner; a poor nothing worth worm. The longer I live, the more I love his service, and the more I think I do enjoy talking to my fellow worms about a precious Jesus, and a free grace salvation; though my poor stammering tongue can say but very little about it. I can scribble but little of what I feel, and feel but little of what I want to feel. I often think I am the poorest thing on earth. I have found much melting down in reading the *Vessel* you sent me. There is James Raynsford's letter to James Wise; I never saw my feelings set forth so before; I could not have put them down so well; I have prowled and mourned about this wood, and often thought I was one alone in my feelings; but I find there is a family likeness with some of the Lord's tried and tempted children. Your *Vessel* has come to our shore richly laden with rich stores of good things. I hope many a poor tried soul that is called to do business in great waters meets with your *Vessel* and finds some sweet refreshment; so that they may be constrained to see and admire the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. A sweet word came to my soul this morning, 'I AM GOD, and CHANGE NOT, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.' Blessed be his dear and precious name, he rests in his love! 'Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' I am at this time very much tried in almost every way. Satan and temptation are so strong, and I so weak, I often think I must give up; and I often think no one of the Lord's children have so much within to fight with, as I have; so full of unbelief, and so much sin working that I am constrained to say with dear Hart,

"Can ever God dwell here?"

And what often grieves me is, there is such a giving way, a giving up to the thing, and when fast bound down by them, there is only, as it were, a lazy wish that things were not so; there is not that earnest desire to be brought out that I want to feel. I am a poor stupid, weak worm.

R. MASON.

A poor thing in the wood.

Christ and a Crust.

THE SAYING ONCE OF A POOR BUT GOOD WOMAN.

Christ and a crust, a woman said,
If he's but mine, with only bread,
How richly shall I then be fed
With bread from heaven.

Content I surely wish to be,
And yet contentment's not in me,
I look for this, and all from thee,
My covenant head.

My path has been a scene of cares,
Along this mournful vale of tears,
A pilgrim almost fifty years—
And yet preserv'd.

But should I murmur 'cause the way
Is hard and rugged every day,
And fills me oft with soul dismay:
But sweet is hope.

My hope is not beneath the skies,
I seek my portion with the wise,
And hope to glory soon to rise,—
My happy home.

My happy home, where all is praise,
When shall I on thy wonders gaze,
And vict'ry shout thro' endless days?
And all to grace!

Soon now shall this vile body have
A quiet resting in the grave,
No more distress, no more to grieve
Forever here.

No more to roam from street to street,
To get a crust of bread to eat,
And there my portion will be sweet
When I get home.

But having Christ I all things have,
I shall not want, I shall not starve:
And these are more than I deserve.
Christ and a crust.

For in this earthly house I sigh
And groan, to be dissolv'd and die,
And to an unseen country fly,
And be at rest.

Knowing that when this house of clay
Falls into ruin and decay,
I shall be cloth'd in bright array,
With one from heaven.

O, could I always plainly see
What would at last become of me,
How pleasant would the journey be
From earth to heaven.

But no: see, that immortal throng,
Thro' seas of grief, have toil'd along,
And oft in mournful strains have sung
Their hymns below.

Gone but a little time before,
Safe landed on that happy shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more,
And that for ever.

My passage has been hitherto
In stormy seas, where winds have blew,
Cast down with trials, not a few;
And yet I swim,

And shall that vessel ever fail,
Whose anchor's cast within the veil?
To say it roay's, a lying tale:
H, port must gain

And shall her many storms outride,
Tho' tempest tost from side to side,
Christ is her wise and skilful guide
To certain glory.

W. II.

Labour and Rest.

MY DEAR READER—If you will sit down a moment, I will briefly relate to you a few things connected with my recent tour. I have a feeling against writing anything respecting myself, but I seem compelled to record the goodness of the Lord. Necessity was laid upon me to preach the anniversary sermons at Hawkesbury-Upton, in Gloucestershire, on the second Lord's-day in November. I travelled all the day previous in darkness of mind, arrived at friend Rodway's late in the evening, and soon retired to rest. I awoke early in the morning, and earnestly besought the Lord to give me a message for the people, but the heavens were like brass, and no heavenly voice was heard in my soul. However, I went up to the chapel, and after reading and prayer, read these words for my morning's text, 'Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like. He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock;' and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house; and could not shake it; for it was founded upon a rock.' I was led to speak first, of the *actings* of grace; secondly, of the opposition by which it is assailed; thirdly, of its invincible power. The chapel was filled with many living souls; and I believe the Lord blessed the word. In the afternoon I preached from these words, 'And the Lord appeared unto him the same night, and said, I am the God of Abraham thy father; fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed. And Isaac builded an altar there.' Gen. xxvi. 24. In the evening I spoke from 'The sufferings of Christ, and the glory which should follow.' Thus ended a very solemn day's work in the sanctuary of the Lord. The friends at Hawkesbury-Upton dealt kindly with me; and sent me off next day to Trowbridge, where I preached to a chapel full of people from, 'I am the least of the apostles; that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God; but, by the grace of God I am what I am,' &c. &c. I spoke in a brief way of God's dealings with my own soul. Here I met with Mr. John Prior, and Mr. Peirce—two ministers of Christ; and very comfortable christian-like men I found them. The next morning I was permitted to look over and to stand in the pulpit of our old friend John Warburon; I also called upon him, and spent a few moments with him in converse upon the best things. In the evening went to Hilperton and preached from—'Take care of the church of God,' in the chapel where John Dimott laboured so many years. On Wednesday morning went to Bradford; Mr. Hawkins (who had invited me) received me

with much christian affection, and I spoke in his pulpit in the evening from these words, 'And the ark of God was taken; and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain,' &c. (1 Sam. iv. 11, 12, 13.) Bradford is an ancient town dropping, apparently, into decay; but there is a vast body of professors of the gospel. The next day I went down the river to Bath, and preached in the evening, (at Mr. Cromwell's chapel,) from 'Bless, Lord, his substance, and accept the work of his hands.' Brother Cromwell has recently been in deep afflictions; but I hope the Lord will raise him out of them all. The last sermon I preached was at Grittleton, in a very ancient chapel, on the Friday evening, from Ezekiel xliii. 4, 5, 6. Brother Smith's kitchen was that night (after service) a Bethel to my soul: some choice saints dwell in those parts. Saturday morning, I set out for London, whither (through divine goodness) I safely arrived. I felt, however, much cast down, as well as greatly fatigued; for I could not say that the Lord had spoken sweetly to my soul during the whole of my journey, although (through me) he had spoken to many. I also found that my beloved brother's (John Wigmore) ministry had been so blessed to the people among whom I labour in London, that they were greatly rejoicing. I was inwardly afflicted in my soul with a temptation that the Lord had ceased to commune with me. This burden I was enabled to carry and lay before him; and while I was on my knees, sighing over the dark and barren state of my soul, these precious words were spoken in me, with savour and power: 'Return unto thy Rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.' I said, and felt that it was the voice of my Beloved. The next morning the same words came to me again; and I was led to preach from them with comfort, confidence, and joy. And, blessed be the name of my Lord, I have found a little springing well in my soul ever since I came home: so I can tell thee, dear reader, 'that though darkness endure for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning.' I have thus given you a mere outline of what I call eight days' hard work; for to travel in darkness of soul, and to preach among strangers in *inward* bondage, is to me most distressing. It may be, however, that much of this comes from pride; for when I go into places where I am not known, I cannot help feeling a desire that the Lord would make me manifest to the consciences of his saints; and I am foolish enough to think that if my own soul is not richly feeding on the word delivered, none others can. But the Lord knoweth. That thy precious soul may ever rest and rejoice in Him, who is still the Sun of Righteousness, is the prayer of your willing servant in the gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.