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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL :

AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD & REVIEW ;

FOR
1849.

VOLUME V.

London :

PUBLISHED BY JAMES PAUL, CHAPTER-HOUSE COURT,
PATERNOSTER ROW : AND

GEORGE W., JOHN W. & ROBERT BANKS, PAGODA TERRACE,
BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD, SOUTHWARK.

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THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

A New Year's Address to the Church of God

AND TO THE READERS OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

HAIL! All hail, heaven-born sons of light, brothers and sisters in the Lord, partakers of the heavenly calling. We salute you all in the name of our lovely, and loving Lord Jesus, on this morning of another new year, 1849. 'Hallelujah! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' Amen.

Brethren! 'Time is short.' Time is but the Lord's transforming moment of changing his church from her dying mortal state into immortality, eternal life, and glory everlasting. 'A thousand ages in his sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.' From our cradle to our grave this life is but one night of sickness—a sickness most loathsome, that no physician on earth can cure. Oh, poor sickly daughter of Zion! God, thine own Father, shall make thy bed in all thy affliction: he is thy great Watcher, that watcheth over thee every moment; and Jesus, thine own Husband, in thine own flesh, is thine only physician: his presence, his word, his love, and his blood, the only cure for thy sickly soul. Up, saint! and look out at your windows: 'the morning cometh—the breath and the dews of the morning shall cheer thee. God help thee. Ah, God, thine own Father, help thee to look off the dying things of a moment, and to look by faith through the glass of his word, (if but dimly), and to see through the momentary *vista* of things temporal the things eternal, which God, that cannot lie, hath promised to all those that love him. 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' 2 Cor. iv. 17.

Awake! awake! Come, 'Let us not sleep as do others: let us watch and be sober.' What! sleep while the thunders of God's judgments are roaring around us? What! slumber while the sound of the trumpet and the alarm of war is echoing in at our windows; and while the sword is made fat, in ten thousand of our falling fellow mortals? Shall we sloop and be snoring while the pestilence is devastating around us, and while the plague is in our own earthly houses? May the alarm of war, and the stench of our own sins, awake us to watchfulness, prayer, self-examination, and righteousness, that we may know where we stand in these evil times; that

VOL. V.—PART XLVIII.—Jan. 1849.

we may not stand on another man's faith, nor walk in another man's light; but rather let us pray that we may have the light of life in our own souls, and the witness of the Holy Spirit in our spirits, that we may know that we 'stand on holy ground, and in the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High;' even in Jesus, where God himself dwells; and then we shall say, 'Blessed be the glory of the Lord from this place.' No place of safety but in holiness, and that is 'the holy and secret place of the Most High;' even in love, and the life of God, and the life of God in our own souls, and thus we shall abide in his love, and his love abide in us; and 'abide under the shadow of the Almighty;' even Jesus, whose blood and righteousness is 'a hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

And now, friends, with regard to self, we have but little to say, because we do not like much egotism. We have passed through some sore conflicts, fiery trials, afflictions, and temptations, and some persecution, but 'they are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us;' and, God be praised, we have had, in the midst of all, some happy moments, some holy dews and sunshine, which have been exceeding sweet; but the days of darkness have been many. The days of youth, both in nature and grace, are generally the most blythesome, light-some, joyful days; but, nevertheless, at evening-tide it shall be light.

Respecting our *Earthen Vessel*, we would say to the readers and correspondents, that some things have been very encouraging, and some discouraging. Many have been professedly strengthened, encouraged, and built up, through its contents; and some few have complained that too many prolix and insipid pieces have been inserted. To this we say,—Well, the most richly laden vessels generally have some rubbish on board. Like all other human compositions on divinity, some pieces from our correspondents we trust have been excellent, some indifferent, and others, perhaps, would have been best left out. And you know, that in king Solomon's navy at sea, even the vessels that brought home gold, silver, and ivory, had some apes and peac

cocks also on board. 1 Kings x. 22. And you must know that in all our poor earthen vessels and fallen nature, there will be some apish folly and peacock seen at times, as well as precious faith, more precious than gold. Ah, even a greater than Solomon has vessels with some foolish things on board, as well as precious things; and he that would scold at his neighbour, must look into the glass of his own imperfections, and perhaps he may see the same things there in himself. Let us all take the words of a greater than Solomon kindly; viz. 'when we begin to fish for the mote in our brother's eye, let us see to it that we have pulled the beam out of our own eye.' Well, should the great Lord of the seas spare us, we expect to go twelve voyages in the present year, and we hope that the men who do business in great waters, and who live nearest to the King's court, and have the most frequent access to the throne, and who hold the nearest and sweetest communion with him, will stow in our hold some precious things. 'Gold tried in the fire,' with as little alloy as possible—holy anointing eye salve, 'ointment and perfume that rejoiceth the heart,' 'wine, oil, rich fruits, and all manner of spices;' and 'bread-corn that was bruised,' meal and fine flour; and unleavened bread, 'the bread of life,' and shew bread hot from the King's golden table; and some honey from the Rock, honey in the honeycomb, balm, with sweet spices, and the 'BALM OF GILEAD,' that 'heals all manner of diseases, bruises, wounds, and putrifying sores.' White raiment we need—'fine linen, clean and white, perfumed with myrrh, and all the chief spices'—to keep the earth-moth out, iron-mould, and rust that corrupteth. And we must have some robes of purple and scarlet, died in that royal colour, with solemn, sacred *Sanguis*, that we may be known in the King's gate, as princes and princesses born of our royal mother the Queen, who stands at the King's right hand 'in gold of Ophir.' Psa. xlv. 9. And thus being clothed in princely vestments, and by living on these holy, heavenly, and precious things, we shall smell of heaven, wherever we go, and be known in the King's gate, and make known the savour of his knowledge in all places. 2 Cor. ii. 14.

We find that some of our brethren think us not severe enough, because we are not continually whipping, cutting, and slashing others. To this we answer, that hunting of foxes and fighting with wolves is not feeding Christ's sheep. When circumstances call for it, 'in righteousness and judgment we would make war,' and pray 'that our weapons may not be carnal, but rather spiritual;' and thus we desire to fight against all ungodliness, error, and hypocrisy. Neither would we be backward in sharply reproaching our brethren when they are not sound in the faith, and in the doctrine, discipline, and ordinances of God's house. Yea, by the help of our God, we

would not 'be frightened, with any amazement;' neither at great men, so called. Yea, in the strength and by the Spirit of our God, we would (if required) draw the sword and cut an *Agag* down; but as we see no greater *Agag* than vain, proud self, 'the old man,'—the foolish old king that will not be admonished,—let every spiritual soldier draw the sword of the Lord, and fight with him until he falls down dead into the grave. While we are here we must 'fight the good fight of faith;' but must not cut, wound, or mangle the spiritual church, the limbs and body of Christ, because 'we are members one of another.' You would think that man a maniac who would be cutting and wounding his own flesh and his own limbs. Thus if through the temptation of the devil and our own wicked hearts, we at any time cut and wound the brethren, we wound Christ again, and cut our own flesh, and must, sooner or later, feel it severely. We have seen too much of that already in our times. Therefore, rather let us endeavour to walk in love as brethren; and if one member is wounded, let the rest seek salves and balsams for it, rather than 'throw firebrands, arrows and death;' and rather than rake in their wounds, bind them up, 'and hide not thyself from thine own flesh;' for we are all members of Christ's body, of his flesh, and of his bones. Eph. v. 30.

We wish to be understood that, by this body, we do not mean any particular sect or party formed by man, or men's creation. No, we mean the mystical body of Christ, the church—the eternally beloved bride in the Beloved—the chosen, called, sanctified, justified, redeemed, spiritual, living church of the living God; and as we are *supralapsarians*, we believe that the Lord God Almighty, who is infinite in all his perfections, have no after thoughts, or second sight of things. For from whom should he desire a new thought, and who shall shew him 'a new thing which he had not purposed in his eternal mind to bring into existence?' For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever.' Amen. Rom. xi. 36.

And this church is Christ's mystical body, 'the fulness of him that filleth all in all.' 'There is but one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling.' And this body, gathered together from all nations and ages of the world, will be an habitation for God the Father, Son, and Spirit, in the unity of the divine essence, to dwell in for ever. 'An holy temple in the Lord, in whom ye are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.' We make these few remarks, that in doctrine we may be 'shewing uncorruptness.'

And, on the other hand, the wicked and ungodly, who live and die in sin and wickedness, and at enmity against God, his truth, and his people, are quite a distinct body: they are said to be 'the

children of the wicked one? Whether it be the Pope and the Papist, Turk, or Mahometans, Pagans, and the Heathen, Jews, or Gontiles, or any other sects in Christendom, who die destitute of the spirit of Christ: 'For if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his.' And it is a solemn thought, but all these will but compose one body—a habitation for the devil for ever—the body of Antichrist, and by the prophet Ezekiel are called 'Gog and Magog.' Ezek. xxxviii. 2. And this body will be a habitation for the prince of darkness for ever. The chief prince of *Meshech* (which signifies shut up) and of *Tubal* (which signifies the world and confusion). This body of the wicked will be an 'habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit,' (Rev. xviii. 2.) even after the second resurrection.

But we would not be prophets of melancholy things only, for satan is a melancholy spirit, and labours to sink us into despair; and we are liable to think that our times and our days are the darkest and the worst of days. Dost thou say, 'What is the cause that the former days were better than these?' 'Thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.' Eccl. vii. 10. The church (like your soul) hath always had her dark days and sunshiny seasons, her declensions and revivals; but she has never been more than a 'remnant,' and a 'little flock,' in comparison with the profane world and the false church. And 'the daughter of Zion has always been left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, and as a besieged city.' Isa. i. 8. And is now a besieged city, either directly or indirectly, openly or secretly, and will be till her last triumph, when she will be 'terrible as an army with banners.' Song vi. 10.

Now, as it regards the 'signs of the times,' we shall say but little—we know but little. Only that we believe we are living quite late in the evening of time. But we will not venture upon vain speculations, as many have done, concerning precise epochs; because 'it is not for us to know the times and seasons, which the Father has put in his own power.' Acts i. 7. We know that Antichrist made its appearance in the beloved apostle John's time; and in A. D. 606, it was openly manifested in a formidable body; and in the following dark centuries, she (the whore of Rome) reigned as a queen for many ages over the benighted nations of Europe. But, in the early part of the sixteenth century, that flaming torch and blazing star, *Martin Luther*, burst forth from the monastic night of darkness, and exposed much of the old harlot's filthiness and fornication, and gave her a deadly wound, which has since then been slightly healed. And in 1794 and 1795, she again was shaken with another fit of apoplexy; and again the Lord made use of that infidel Emperor, Napoleon Buonaparte, to weaken her by the sword. And now, in these alarming

wars of 1848, in which all the powers of Europe have been shaken, we see her staggering and strangely divided against herself! which makes us think her kingdom cannot stand long. 'She hath shed the blood of saints and martyrs, and God shall give her blood to drink'—she is drinking it in these wars. France, Italy, Austria, and other Popish nations have been divided, and slaughtering one another. God preserve Old England, and our gracious Queen, and Christ's own church in this nation, Amen.

Since I began to write the above, the news came to my ears that the triple-crowned pontiff, the Pope of Rome, has been driven from his throne and Vatican. What! are we to live in the days when the lying Oracle of the fabulous deity Vatinus is struck dumb?—from which went forth the stern edicts of torture, burning, and death. Must we live to see that gate of hell tremble, that has made the nations tremble before it, and she that tortured the flesh of our forefathers, must her flesh, like Jezebel's, be eaten of dogs, and she herself burned with fire? For through her sorceries were all nations deceived; and in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.' Rev. xviii. 24.

It is evident the great whore of Babylon, 'the lady of kingdoms,' begins to shew her grey hairs and wrinkled face; and 'the nations begin to see her nakedness, and the kingdoms her shame.' Nahum iii. 5. And those that have committed fornication with the old harlot will soon cast her off, and will hate her, now she is growing old, wrinkled, and grey. Harlots are commonly cast off when they are old. The nations begin to be tired of the old lady, she has been so expensive; and they will prefer infidelity, rather than her mummery and tomfoolery. And it appears that the nations and kings will become infidel that destroy the old harlot—have they not began their work in these wars of 1848? The ten horns are ten kingdoms that sprang out of the Roman empire, and they begin to be weary of the old lady. 'The ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire.' Rev. xvii. 16.

But, beloved of the Lord, 'let us not be high-minded, but fear.' If we fear and serve God, there is nothing more to fear. And though we have not to creep on hands and knees to do penance at Rome, nor to go on wearisome pilgrimages to Mecca, nor to the tomb of Thomas a Becket in Canterbury Cathedral, let us be diligent in our holy business, that we may eat holy things, and 'be fervent in spirit serving the Lord.' And amidst all the distress of nations abroad, poverty, oppression, and distress at home, may God give us humble spirits, tender consciences, and thankful hearts for the mercies, blessings, and present peace that we enjoy. May we, amidst all

the confusion at home and abroad, be enabled, like loving children, to creep into our Father's bosom, and he shall 'hide us in a pavillion, in the secret of his presence, from the strife of tongues, until the indignation be overpast.'

THE EDITOR'S FRIEND AND
FELLOW-HELPER.

December 5th, 1848.

One Woe is Past :

BEHOLD,

THERE COME TWO WOES MORE HEREAFTER

To such Believers in Christ, and Members of the Church of God, as may read this short epistle.

BELOVED—In the midst of my secret sorrows; and overshadowed as I appear at this time to be with dark and heavy clouds, there are two sacred scriptures which have been of some benefit and comfort to my soul; and, in addressing you for the first time this year, I feel it laid upon me very briefly to direct your attention to them. The first is, "The Lord KNOWETH HOW to deliver the godly out of temptations." Poor Zion! Poor Child of God! it may be, that one wave after another now beats upon thee; it may be, that all hope of thy being saved, seems to be taken away: it may be, that thy Father's face is hidden, his hand is withheld, and all things appear against thee. How suitable to you and me are the poet's words,

"O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save;
With darkness surrounded, with terrors
dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is de-
cayed."

Nevertheless; if thou art a godly soul; that is, one who is exercised with godly fear; one that is the subject of godly fellowship—(walking in some measure with God and his people)—one that is privileged with godly favours; then remember this—"the Lord knoweth how to deliver thee:" and deliver thee He will.

"Then trust him, and fear not,

Thy life is secure:

His wisdom is perfect, supreme is his
power:

In love he corrects us, our souls to refine;
To make us at length in his likeness to
shine."

The second scripture which came to me early one morning when I was bowed

down in my soul, was this—"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." Oh, how clearly did I see that I was not guilty of that awful blasphemy! and then, being led back to the cross of Christ, something within me said—"By that one offering he perfected for ever them that are sanctified." All my sins appeared to pass away; my burdens rolled off: I lifted up my heart and hands in gratitude and praise; and while thus employed—to seal the matter (as it were) more deeply upon my heart, these words rolled in upon me—"ONE WOE IS PAST." The glorious doctrine of the entire removal of sin (from the church) by the sacrifice of Christ: and the soul's experimental deliverance from the curse of a broken law, was most solemnly opened up to me; and as quickly as possible I found the words in Revelations ix. 12, 13, 14, 15. From these words I was led to preach twice: and will hereby give you a scrap or two of what was said.

These words may be considered, first, Politically, as connected with the history and events of nations and kingdoms; (2ndly) in a doctrinal point of view—the first woe, was, Christ being made a curse for us: the second woe was that bloody and cruel persecution which followed upon the introduction of the Gospel dispensation: and the last woe will be when Satan shall be loosed for a little season. But, thirdly, these words are strictly applicable to the experience of true believers in our Lord Jesus Christ. The first woe, is, when the quickened soul lays under the terrors of a broken law, and a guilty conscience: when, in coming up out of Egypt—(a *night* to be observed by *all* the children of Israel,) the soul comes into Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-zephon. Pharaoh and his host are behind; the red sea is in front; and huge mountains are on either hand. Here they are commanded to STAND STILL, and to see the salvation of the Lord. Now look at the seven mighty things which followed!—Moses stretched out his hand over the sea: the Lord caused the sea to go back: the children of Israel went in upon dry ground, and the waters were a wall unto them: the Egyptians pursued and threatened to destroy: the sea returned to his strength, and by it the Lord overthrew the foe, while Israel walked safely on dry ground: saw that

great work which the Lord did : and, upon the banks on the other side, Moses and Israel sang a glorious song unto the God of their salvation. "ONE WOE IS PAST;" the redeemed soul is brought out of bondage, and is made to praise the Lord.

In the experience of the church of God, there is a second woe—a going down to Babylon. How simply—(see Ezra vi. 3—13.) did Zerubbabel and his companions declare the cause of Israel's going down to Babylon : they said, "We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded many years ago ; but after our fathers provoked God, he gave them into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, who destroyed this house ; and carried the people into Babylon."

Ah ! indeed there is such a thing as having the house pulled down, and the poor soul carried captive *after* the spiritual temple of Grace and Truth has been set up in the soul. How dark and dreadful ! How full of anguish and sorrow is such a state ! See a description of it in Psalm cxxxvii. : sitting down and weeping, by the rivers of Babylon seem something like a poor child of God when sin, and shame, and sorrow have encompassed him about. Look at Jonah crying out of the belly of hell : look at Peter weeping bitterly in deep remorse : look at Hezekiah prostrate and crying before God.

But what is that which is written in Jeremiah xxix. ? Why, it is the Lord's own letter of love and faithfulness to his children even when in captivity, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, unto all that are carried away captives from Jerusalem unto Babylon." What does he say to them ? Does he condemn and cast them off ? Does he leave them to mourn in darkness without one ray of light, or hope of mercy ? No ! indeed ; he does not. Art thou, my reader, a *living soul*, sitting down by Babylon's streams with thy harp hung upon the willows ? Take your Bible : read Jer. xxix. see these seven things which the Lord Jehovah sends to his poor captive-bound children ; and may the Lord very blessedly apply it to thy soul ; then, in patience and faith you will wait for Him. First, the Lord says — "After seventy years be accomplished at Babylon *I will visit you.*" You see God fixes a time *when* you shall be delivered ; he will not

come before, he will not tarry after : the Lord will be to his time ; and when that time comes He will *visit* you ; that is, you shall have some tokens for good, some manifestations of His grace. 2. The Lord will then perform his *good word* towards you ; that is, he will give you faith and repentance, and prayer ; and so you shall return. 3. See the cause of all this—"for I know the thoughts that I think towards you ; thoughts of peace and not of evil ; to give you an expected end." Poor captive soul ! you think God has evil thoughts ; but he says—No. My purpose is not altered, my love is not abated, my arm is not shortened, I will come unto you, and I will save you. You say, "How can I know this ?" By the effects of grace in your soul : for (4) you shall seek the Lord ; (see Jer. xxix. 12.) and (5) He will be found of you ; you shall find him at the throne ; in His word ; in his ordinances ; and in communion with his saints ; (6) by these means he will turn away your captivity ; and ultimately bring you to Jerusalem, where pardon, peace, and rejoicing in God shall be most solidly realised in the soul.

This is the passing away of the second woe ; and, all that now remains, is, satan's last conflict in the article of death—"for the LAST ENEMY that shall be destroyed is death ;" and this woe, with millions of happy saints has already passed away ; and, "*Victory through the blood of the Lamb*" shall soon be the song of the whole election of grace.

I must close with a word upon the sixth angel sounding through the four horns of the golden altar. This golden Altar is CHRIST ; the four horns are figures of the four-fold strength of Christ, as Mediator, Redeemer, Minister and Intercessor. As Mediator, he was strong ; he brought God and sinners together : as Redeemer, he was strong, he conquered death and hell, and put away sin : as Minister, he is strong, he breaks the rocky hearts of hardened sinners : as Intercessor, he is strong, he pleads, and must prevail.

This four-fold strength of Christ is the glory of the Gospel ; there can be no Gospel without it.

Dear Friends, that this glory may be great in your salvation, is the prayer of your willing Servant in the Gospel,

C. W. B.

A Letter from Baltimore

TO MR. JAMES OSBOURN, AND MR. OSBOURN'S REPLY, RESPECTING THE STATE OF THE GOSPEL KINGDOM, BOTH IN AMERICA AND IN ENGLAND.

MY DEAR BROTHER OSBOURN:—Your communication, dated Wolverhampton, Oct. 7th, came to me the first day of the present month, but my sight is so infirm that I could not read it, nor can I see to read any letter I receive; my good daughter is kind enough to assist me in all such concerns; and, after hearing this, you will suppose that writing a few lines is a heavy tax upon my eyes. Were I capable, christian friendship would induce me to write you a long letter, but the weight of four-score years renders that impossible: however, I will exert myself to the utmost and do as well as I can. I am pleased to hear that in all your travelling about, the Lord has preserved and continued you in health; but I desire more abundantly to rejoice in hearing you say that the Lord is propitious, and feeds your soul with truth and grace, and keeps you in his fear, &c. &c. I hope I can say that they are well kept that the Lord keeps, and those under his care and keeping need continually to cry out and say, *Lord, hold thou us up, that we may be safe.* You say you have not yet seen my niece, Mrs. Bunce: I hope you will visit her more than once. Mr. Bunce has been pastor, as I understand, of a Baptist church more than twenty years: your visit and intercourse may be a blessing to them. When you see them, please say that I received the letter my niece wrote me about a year ago, and that I replied to it in a long letter shortly after; and, if my letter has been received, it made them so thoroughly acquainted with you, that they will receive you as affectionately as they would receive their uncle, and I am sure your society will afford them much gratification. Let me pray you to give them some of your company. When I visit the city of Baltimore I always call at your house to learn what they hear from you. All at your home appear to be proceeding in the same order as heretofore; all appears comfortable and well.

My own feelings tell me that you still wish and pray for the prosperity of Zion and love to hear of her welfare, and it would be my delight to rejoice your heart with pleasing tidings; but alas, alas, my brother, Zion in this section of the earth, is in a languishing condition, few come to her solemn feasts, yet I trust the Lord has not entirely forsaken us, nor can I think he ever will; but to me it appears a sifting time, as spoken of by Amos, a day of famine, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the word of the Lord. Some few berries, however, in

the uppermost boughs, and a few (and very few) on the outermost branches, yet assemble together and unite in the worship and service of the Lord at Warren Chapel. The Lord has, I hope and trust, in love and great mercy, and in consideration to our very destitute state, and by a remarkable and unexpected providence, sent our beloved brother Thorne to preach the gospel in our neighbourhood; but for this faithful servant, the Harford, the Warren, the Saters, and Patapsco houses of worship would be entirely closed.

On the first Lord's-day in the month, brother Thorne preaches in Baltimore, and on the second Lord's-day he preaches at Warren in the morning and returns to town to preach at candle-light; and on the third he preaches at the Harford Meeting-house, and I believe at two or three private houses before he returns to Baltimore; and on the fourth he preaches at Warren in the morning and at Saters in the afternoon; and when a fifth Sunday occurs, he attends at Patapsco and preaches four or five times in that neighbourhood before he leaves. After thus relating our state, would not brother Osbourn, was he placed in my situation, be ready to say, *My brother, come over and help us.*

Two of the London Baptist places of worship, I was from necessity obliged to attend in my young days—my mother was baptized by Dr. Andrew Gifford and was a member of the church he was the pastor of; their house of worship was called Eagle Street Meeting, and was near Holborn, and I served a regular apprenticeship to a gentleman of the name of Williams, a wholesale draper and calico-printer; he was a deacon of Abraham Booth's church near Whitechapel; of course I had to attend there, and at both places I have no doubt but the pure gospel was preached. I had at times in my youth stings of conscience, but, like Balaam, though I knew what was right, I done what was wrong, and but for the Lord's love and mercy to a poor, helpless, unworthy sinner, it would have been the same at the present time. My dear brother, I have a good hope that the Lord has done great things for me, whereof I am truly glad. He has delivered my soul from death, my eyes from tears, and my feet from falling, or running after the lo here, or the lo there, of the present day; the Lord has plucked me as a brand from destruction, and in passing through a long life, I can look back and in many instances see where the Lord in mercy has snatched me from the brink of destruction; the language, therefore, of my heart is, *What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits unto me?*

You are fond of good news, although you have heard it before; there is precious news in Romans v. 8, and in I John iv. 10; these

and such like passages delight and support me in my pilgrimage through this wilderness world; my time of life is so advanced, that probably I may be called home before you return, and if so, we shall not be privileged again to unite at a throne of grace; yet I trust and believe, through the rich, the sovereign, the distinguishing love of Jehovah, we shall be brought to a throne of glory above to praise the great Jehovah for ever and ever. That the blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, may be your portion, is the prayer of your affectionate brother,

RICHARD PEARSE, near Baltimore.

Baltimore County, November 14th, 1848.

MR. OSBOURN'S REPLY.

MY DEARLY BELOVED AND LONGED FOR,—
May the dew of heaven rest upon thee.
Amen.

Your letter of Nov. 14th ult. came safe to hand yesterday, and the day before I received one from my dear family, dated Nov. 12th ult. and both of them together bring me much glad tidings, that my heart is full of thankfulness, and they fill me with such longing desires to return home that I feel restless, and I long for spring to come that I may return to America.

Your affectionate epistle makes me think of old times when we rejoiced together in hope of the glory of God, and when we talked together by the way of the things of the kingdom above, and under which talk our hearts burned within us. Christ was precious to us, and the gospel was the same, and the ways of Zion were pleasant to our souls and we were alive in them, and so we are now. *Bless the Lord, O my soul;* and I know my brother Pearse's soul will reply, *Amen! Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will toward men.* Ah, my brother, our hearts have long been knit together in love as were the souls of Jonathan and David, and we love each other in the gospel, and we also love God and it is because he first loved us. Our christian acquaintance, and even intimacy, has been of more than thirty years' standing, without being so much as once disturbed. Thanks be to God for such friendship as this, and also for a good hope of a glorious immortality. And as soon as ever this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall we enter into the pavilion of God, even Jerusalem above, where we shall for ever be at rest. That home, that happy home, the anticipation of which brings to our little souls many sweet and most blessed endearments, and you and I are on the look out for them, and we are in full expectation of them ere long, for you are eighty, and I am in my sixty-ninth year of age; and in

and of ourselves we are as unworthy of divine regard as we ever were, and we stand in as much need of grace to help us now, as in the hour we first believed; and grace also is equally as precious to us, and stands quite as high in our estimation as it did when we first came together in Baltimore in the year 1816. Jesus was precious then and he is precious yet. And our hearts were deceitful and very naughty, and gave us a deal of pain and uneasiness then, and the same is true now. And satan warred against us at that time, and at this day he does no less. And empty professors, and mere letter preachers vilified, and belied, and cast us (or me at least) out and cut us off at that period, and the same is true at present.

My brother, I am glad, and very glad, that you have once more written to me, as it does so revive and stir up things in my soul,—things, the remembrance of which is very refreshing to my spirits, and it makes me think of the throne of grace at which we have so often bowed together and cried to the Lord for grace to help in time of need, and in so doing our souls you know have been much refreshed and encouraged. Oh how attentively have I listened to what you have said when on our knees before God, and what a heavenly warmth and sweet moisture it has brought on my soul! and what a cleaving I have found to you, and I feel the same yet. Yes, brother Pearse, you and I are one,—one in Christ,—one in covenant,—one in divine love,—one in the everlasting gospel,—one in the faith of God,—one in the bundle of life,—one in the hope of salvation,—one in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, and one we shall be through a vast eternity.

I hope the Lord will lead you down the steep of life with much gentleness, and that your end may be quiet pacific. *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.* If I could have my will you should abide in these low lands until I return home next spring. I shall have much to talk with you and others about concerning England and English preachers and religionists in general. There is no real need for you to come over here to find clear heads and shining hearts, for in searching after such things I'm of opinion you may do quite as well in the United States as in this Island. But if you are desirous of acquiring the art of defaming, judging, reviling, finding fault, slandering, quarreling, censuring, disputing, backbiting, condemning, casting out and cutting off head and tail, branch and rush in one day, you had as good come this way as quick as possible.

I, sir, have visited almost every county and shire in Great Britain and some in Wales, and I have hundreds, and it may be said, thousands of warm-hearted friends, and to them God makes my preaching and writ-

ings abundantly useful. My calls for preaching are many more than I can attend to. In preaching I'm greatly favoured of the Lord, and the same is true in my private meditations. Indeed this is the life and spring of all my ministerial labours. Should a failure overtake me in my private studies and addresses to God at a throne of grace it would be sad indeed. Sometimes I get out of my bed in the night season, and at the throne I am so indulged with such nearness of access to the Lord God, that my soul dissolves like wax before the sun. Such employment is sweet work! 'Tis my delight!

My love to your daughter, Mrs. Poteet, and family. I intend to visit your niece. God bless you. JAMES OSBOURN.

Sherborne, Dec. 9th, 1848.

The Grace of God in Life and in Death.

WE have read with much holy-pleasure, and some soul-profit, the fourth and fifth parts of "BUNHILL MEMORIALS," edited by J. A. Jones. Without guile or hesitation, we pronounce this work to be one of the richest records of sterling useful matter that has issued from the press in these latter days. We are pinched for room, or we would steal a few choice extracts; as it is, the following must suffice:—

"William Hockly was born at Godalming, in Surrey, Nov. 25, 1751. At the age of fourteen he came to London, and ran wild into the follies of this great metropolis. 'One day (says he) meeting with an ungodly companion of mine, I took him by the hand, and told him, 'I was determined to play the very devil this summer, that was to run greater lengths in sin and transgression.' But, O to sovereign, distinguishing grace, how great a debtor! The time, the set time, to favour a fallen, sinful creature, like me, was come; when I was to be plucked as a brand from the everlasting burnings. I worked in a warehouse with two young men, who induced me to accompany them to hear Mr. Ryland, at Dr. Gill's meeting, in Carter Lane. I heard the preacher, both morning and afternoon, but with no concern. Nevertheless I was prevailed upon to go with them in the evening, to hear Mr. Brewer, at White's Row. O that memorable day to me! Methinks in the morning, God the Father was drawing; in the afternoon, God the Son was pleading; and lo! in the evening, God the Holy Ghost set his seal to his own work of grace in my heart. Thus the glorious Trinity said, as it were, to the adversary of my poor but precious soul, 'Deliver him from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom.' Under the word, my attention was arrested, my soul became alarmed, and I was driven to inquire after that Saviour, who had been so strikingly exhibited, and so affectionately recommended by that blessed man of God. * * I for two years attended a class meeting, with late and early preach-

ing; and was told by my class-leader, that, 'when I had found the Lord, I should be admitted into a band.' But, what with struggling against corruptions, the temptations of satan, and the consideration of the uncertainty of my salvation, I was reduced at times to so low a state of mind, that I have envied the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field; often thinking them to be much happier than me. After some time, hearing a Mr. Richardson preach of the imputation of Christ's righteousness to a poor sinner, for justification and acceptance before God, my poor struggling soul was brought, I trust, into the glorious liberty of the gospel: I concluded that this was what my class-leader meant by *finding the Lord*. Mr. Hockly was ultimately a useful labourer in the Lord's vineyard for at least sixty years. He calmly fell asleep in Jesus, Aug. 29, 1833, in his 82nd year."

The other extract is the death-bed scene of Joseph Ivimey:—

"The closing scene was now commencing; still he continued to preach occasionally, though with extreme fatigue, till Dec. 8th, when he delivered his last sermon from 2 Tim. i. 12, 'I know whom I have believed,' &c. On the 22nd of that month he took to his bed, with an impression that he should never go down stairs again. His mind was perfectly calm, he appeared to be in a waiting posture; and the fear of death was entirely removed. He once said, 'I have nothing to do; I am quite safe and perfectly happy. Satan has shot his sharpest dart at me in former times, but he is now restrained.' On requesting his wife to read 1 John chap. i. when she came to the 7th verse, 'And the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,' he exclaimed, 'Ah! that's it; there's the foundation; there's my hope.' On the same evening there was read to him, at his request, Bunyan's account of Christian and Hopeful passing the river; he enjoyed it very much. 'Ah, (said he,) I feel the bottom, like Hopeful, and it is good.' On remarking to him, that 'it was encouraging to us to see him supported, in such a trying hour, by the truths of the gospel;' he replied, 'I am glad that my dying experience does not contradict the doctrines which I have preached.' About eight in the evening he said, 'My struggles will soon be at an end. Dr. Ryland said, O for the last groan; and I say, O for my last groan! The wicked will never have a last groan.' About nine o'clock he said, 'I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord;' and he continued for a few minutes, quoting passages of scripture, concluding with, 'Behold God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid.' After this he lay very quiet till near eleven o'clock, when he requested to be raised up. We did so; turning to his wife, he said, 'It's all over.' These were his last words; and, in about ten minutes, the emancipated spirit quitted its clay tenement without a groan. Thus on February 8th, 1834, departed Joseph Ivimey. He is now, and will be for ever, 'with the Lord.'"

Glorious Testimonies of a Dying Saint.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I transmit you a short memoir of the last days and triumphant exit of a dear brother in the Lord, Richard Smith, of Rotherhithe, deacon of the Baptist Church, Jamaica Row, Bermondsey, for fifteen years. It pleased the great Head of the Church to take up to himself his immortal spirit, and to give him an abundant entrance into his everlasting kingdom of glory, on Thursday, the 23d instant. My motive in doing this is, that some of those glorious sayings which fell from his dying lips may be read by some of the royal family, under the Spirit's power, to their joy and confirmation in the truth of the gospel.

I have been acquainted with him for upwards of twelve months, and can say I never met with a more choice man, exemplary christian, or confident friend, richly taught, gloriously kept, and blessedly led into the truth as it is in our precious Christ. I believe it may be said of him of a truth, 'his last days were his best days.' His complaint, which laid his earthly tabernacle in the dust, was a consumption; for three months ere he closed his earthly career, he was confined to his bedroom; and oh the blessed seasons I have had with him there, in talking of our best Beloved, of union to him and oneness with him, I cannot describe, and shall never forget. A few weeks previous to his final adieu to time, a distant relation called to see him (who was unacquainted with truth, and ignorant of the things of God,) and said, "Well, you certainly have no cause to fear death; for all who know you in the parish are persuaded there is not a more honest, upright, consistent character than yourself, so that you cannot doubt of going to heaven." So, after he had finished his remark, our dying friend looked up at him and spoke, with much gravity: "'Tis true, my Lord has kept me from many outward acts of sin which many of my fellow sinners have fallen into; but there is not a greater sinner upon earth than myself, and those things which you have been mentioning, and which you think would bring me to heaven, are the very things which would take me to hell! Bless his dear name, though I am a great sinner, I have the testimony of the Holy Ghost in my con-

science that my sins are all forgiven in the blood of the cross, and this is the ground of my hope of going to heaven!"

I remember, when bending the knee by his bedside, at one time in particular, and the Lord gave the spirit of prayer, he said, as I arose, "Don't you think that my groanings after the sentences are feigned: no, I have felt every word."

A few days previous to his dissolution, I said to him, "Suppose I should survive you, and that it should fall to my lot to say anything to the Lord's family relative to your departure, what shall I tell them?" "Tell them that I am a poor sinner saved by grace, (adding, with an emphasis,) and that I am CONFIDENT."

On the last Lord's-day morning he lived upon earth, a dear friend and sister in the Lord called upon him, to whom he said, during the past night, "I have enjoyed 'a peace which passeth all understanding;' no heart can conceive or tongue express what I have realised:" and then repeated that verse—

"Jesus, lover of my soul," &c.

He then observed, with much affection, "That Mr. Bidder's ministry had been much blessed to the establishment of his soul in the truth of God;" and then prayed for him, that God would give him that day a message for the family and bless it to their souls. He then said, "Do you think I can be here much longer?" She said, "She thought it would be his last Sabbath upon earth!" He then took her by the hand and said, with much earnestness,

"O glorious hour, O blest abode,
I shall be near, and like my God."

On Tuesday morning, after suffering much pain in the poor dying body, his own sister, Martha, came into the room. He said, "Martha, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and that I shall soon be with him, and like him. Oh, had you been here in the night, I could have told you such glorious things. Oh, it is a peace and joy unutterable!" Other friends came in, to whom he said, "You are come to see a poor dying worm, who, by the grace of God, will soon be a glorified saint; and I ascribe it all to the praise of the glory of his grace. Oh, the

riches of his grace to a poor worm like me." He said, "I have been for years in bondage through fear of death; but now I rejoice, for there is no death for me: it has lost its sting: my Lord hath taken it away. Bless the Lord, O my soul; no sin; no condemnation. Bless him, O my soul." To his brother William he said, "Don't you recollect we used to sing

'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah?' &c.

And now that great Jehovah is guiding me." He then asked if Mr. Bidder was come. They said, "No; shall we send for him?" He said, "No, bless his heart; if he could do me good, he would soon be here. He has been an inestimable friend to me. We have been brothers; but I have a better brother than he," (meaning his precious Lord). His sister said, "You will exhaust yourself." He replied, "Bless his name, I cannot help talking about him, he hath done such great things for me." He then repeated those lines,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,"

with much emphasis.

I called upon him for the last time that afternoon (Tuesday). He whisperingly said to me, "He is dearer and dearer: 'He sticketh closer than a brother.' May God bless you and your labours wherever you go. Farewell! farewell!" To his sister he said, "I am now brought where the dear old man was." She said, "What old man?" He replied, "Old Simeon, when he said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'" he then said, "Great salvation," with an emphasis, "great salvation, you know." His brother John observed to him, "You are now on the borders of Jordan." "Yes," he replied, "bless his name, and not afraid to launch away!" All these weighty expressions bespeak the sweet, the holy confidence his regenerate soul possessed. Oh, enviable man, enviable state—what are all earthly possessions compared with 'a good hope through grace?' an earnest of the blissful, eternal inheritance—to thy great name, O Lord, all the praise belongs, for giving thy chosen on earth such assurances of heaven.

Soon after this, his bodily sufferings

were great. He said to his sister, "What are my sufferings compared with his who bore the weight of all the sins of all his people, the just for the unjust." After another paroxysm, he said, "Oh, thou great Shepherd of Israel, come and release thy poor worm." At another time he said, "I am dying;" then, with a loud voice, he exclaimed, "All Hail—All Hail!"

The following morning (Wednesday) he said, "What, am I to see the light of another day, and no message from my master for me!" Great gratitude he felt and expressed for all the favours shewn him by his friends, desiring that no one might be allowed to come into the room but the Lord's people. He would often remark, "We must go back to the eternal settlements; that's the place to rest."

In the evening he said (to a sister in the Lord, who was with him to the last), "This is service night at our chapel; I hope the Lord will bless the labours of that dear man in that place; I wish to see him once more."

Thursday morning, between one and two o'clock, he said, "A weapon! a weapon!" (This seems to have been the enemy's last dart at him.) Our sister quoted Isaiah xii. 2. He said, "That will do; he's gone. Look! look! 'God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid.'" She then said, "My dear friend, I trust you now have and are realising the divine presence." He said, "Yes, yes."

'He made the glorious victory mine,
And he shall have the praise.'

He then said, "Dear Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, and thou lovest me." He then requested to be turned round. As soon as this was done, he said, "Look! look! (fixing his eyes upwards.) 'God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid.'" About three or four minutes elapsed, and he asked for his dear wife, and then breathed his last: his disimprisoned spirit took its flight to its mansion near the throne, to bask everlastingly in his presence, 'where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.' Glory to his blessed name, for thus bringing the ransomed spirits of his chosen ones around the throne: 'Faithful is he that promised, who also will do it.' Of our departed brother it might be said, as of one of old, 'Sick-

ness is no affliction; pain no curse; death itself no dissolution.' 'May my last end be like his.' That these lines may be read by the living family to their furtherance and joy of faith, is the prayer of, dear Editor, your's in a precious Christ,
W. BIDDER.

November 30, 1848.

L I N E S

COMPOSED BY JOHN SMITH, ON THE DEATH OF HIS AFFECTIONATE BROTHER RICHARD, *Who bid adieu to time on the 23d day of November, 1848.*

Sleep, brother, sleep in Jesu's arms,
Secure from death and hell's alarms;
No more shall sorrow seize thy breast,
For thou hast enter'd into rest.

In sickness, and in conflicts long
With sin and satan's busy throng,
Christ was thy helper, and thy shield
Through all the dangers of the field.

At length the blissful moment came,
Which took to pieces nature's frame;
He look'd, and caught his captain's eye,
Then strong in prayer, in faith, and joy.
Servant of God, well done! he heard;
Enter the bliss my love prepar'd;
Thy ransom'd spirit soar'd above
To heaven's eternal high abode.

Sleep, brother, sleep in Jesu's heart,
No more with heaven and peace to part:
And now with all the saints above,
Joins in the song of sovereign love.

The Divine Experience of John Epps, (OF BRABOURNE, IN KENT.)

ALMIGHTY GOD, who dwellest in thine own eternity, and in thine own essential happiness, with whom is one eternal now, thou knowest I am wont to put a few thoughts together, and those thoughts to compose a few words, so as to form a plain, simple, honest narrative of facts, relative to what thou, in infinite mercy, hast done for a poor worm of the earth; now be pleased to be very kind, gracious and merciful to me in bringing circumstances and events to mind and memory, so that they may be those things that thou hast conferred upon me as a covenant God, through the redemption of Christ Jesus, by the internal operation, witnessing and sealing of the Holy Ghost, and so be led to testify that they are a plain, sincere declaration of my personal experience of the vitality of godliness, (and thus be enabled to leave all calumniators, being conscious they are many, to my poor soul,) so that I may be enabled to testify and declare that 'behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high,' and that 'I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost;' and may my sole desig-

nation by this solemn testimony be, to shew, on the one hand, what a Triune Jehovah can do for a worthless worm, and, on the other, that it might be, in a diminutive degree, encouraging to some poor soul; for, Lord, since thou hast saved me, who canst thou not save, provided they feel their need of thy salvation? and now, Lord, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, if thou wilt be thus propitious unto me in granting this request, the praise shall be thine. Amen and Amen.

JOHN EPPS, the subject of this narrative, was born, Monday, September 28, 1801, at Mersham, in Kent, and, although nothing in particular occurred in my childhood, save only that I was very miraculously preserved in providence, having slipped into a deep pond, and yet enabled to extricate or get out myself, to my utter astonishment, and then, to shew my awful depravity, told the greatest falsehood relative to the event. It is very clear to my mind now that I was never without convictions for sin since I was five years old, well remembering a circumstance that then transpired, wherein it might be justly said, here is a full proof that 'I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me;' have had many a restless night on account of sin even when a child, and I must confess, even from this time, I could not sin unmolested, for there ever was remorse of conscience for the same. About the age of eight, I was placed at school at Ashford, under that dear man of God, Thomas Tappenden, (who afterwards, as will be noticed, became my pastor,) and he being by profession a dissenter, used to hear us the ten commandments only; who, when we had gone through the exercise thereof, used to tell us the consequence of breaking the same; and, as he has since told me, preached the law to us according to the capacity of our tender minds, which did then condemn me in almost every action, so that I have trembled from head to foot, and would for a few days endeavour to separate from the rest of my play-mates, and strove to be more consistent and moral; but, alas! I as often returned to my childhood folly, so that I was weekly sinning and weekly repenting after this manner; yet still I must declare I was most mercifully preserved from gross acts of immorality, both in childhood and youth, which might be attributed (as a secondary cause) to my poor father's peculiar preciseness to my morals. About the year 1815, I was removed to another seminary in Ashford, where I finished my plain education; at which time I became an assistant in the same establishment, and used to attend the Baptist chapel in the afternoon of the Lord's-day, and thus continued for a considerable time before anything of a peculiar nature took place in my poor mind, only that I was often led to understand that I was a great sinner, and as often thought I could and would reform,

but found, to my utter confusion, it was impossible; was led to read much, and often much affected. Often has the reading of the Scriptures by the children convicted me, that I have scarcely been able to proceed; and now I have arrived to the solemn crisis of time when I was to be brought through that solemn exercise declared by our Lord Jesus Christ, 'Ye must be born again;'—now was the period arrived when I was to be stopped in my untoward career by supernatural, invisible power, by the application of God's most righteous law; and then was I led to internally experience—'For 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. For sin, taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me.' Which event took place in the before-mentioned chapel, on Lord's-day afternoon, May 29, 1820, from a discourse preached by the Rev. W. Broady, from these words: 'I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.' Prov. viii. 17. Which period I have ever since considered, yea, rest assured was my spiritual birth-day, and now began a real experience of that mysterious conflict treated of in that astonishing chapter Romans vii.; yet this was the blessed day that a covenant God had ordained I should arrive at for this very self same purpose. On the evening of which day I trust I attempted to pray extemporary for the first time, having then something in reality to go to the dear Lord about; and now came on fourteen months of most awful, violent, collision or opposition, combat, strife, contention, struggle and soul agony, as I can only express a shade thereof, being that which may be and is felt, but cannot be communicated; now sin appeared to my poor soul exceeding sinful; now sin became superlatively heinous indeed; sin indeed was sin; not only sins present but past came in awful battle array, and filled my conscience with unceasing terror, dismay and distraction; now sins long forgotten, even from childhood, all came to mind and memory; yea, hundreds of things appeared as but of yesterday. Now being totally ignorant what it could all mean, I was an entire wonder to myself, not having the least idea that people were exercised after this manner; for I knew not the meaning of experience, and only one person, in all my soul travail, spoke to me one word relative to religious matters; she being in the same house was, with the rest of the family, much alarmed at the sudden and vast alteration which had taken place in my manners and appearance, (she being, I believe, a gracious soul, said to me, 'Are you concerned for your soul, or has Mr. Broady said anything that distresses you?' This was truly the sum total of the whole matter—all expressed in the two interrogations—and yet so ignorant was I, that I

considered she could not, in any measure, enter into my feeling, that I shamefully replied 'No!' I attended the same place of worship, and the preacher did so portray my mind and case, that I have often vowed I would never enter that place again, and used to think he must be truly an exceedingly wicked man, and, in hearing, have called him the most abhorrent names, for I verily hated him, considering he was exposing me to the uttermost; and such was my simplicity, that I used to think that by my physiognomy he could discern that I was altogether such an one as he was indeed proclaiming me to be; and yet before half the week was past, I wished the Lord's-day was arrived, to hear more of my awful condemnation: for such indeed was my state of mind and exercise, that I still sought for more distraction; used to read the most alarming portions of Scripture with eagerness; and now I became worse and worse: numberless cases of the most alarming instances of the strongest temptations occurred, that I could specify their variety and nature, but I forbear by saying, it might justly be said, 'there is but a step between me and death. Yea, as it were only a shade between me and an awful eternity: and was it not that the children of God are immortal until effectually called by free sovereign grace, and led to Jesus for life and salvation, I had long, yea, many years, been in endless misery; indeed, nothing but the imperceptible interference of supernatural power could have prevented; for it might be truly said by me, 'my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than life:' and ofttimes could I have said unto the enemy, 'how long wilt thou not depart from me, nor let me alone till I swallow down my spittle.' For oft was I in that bitterness of soul that I could exclaim, 'I am weary of my crying! my throat is dried!' And again, 'For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer:' for many times when spoken to, was not able to answer until I had swallowed my spittle; then was that exactly my case, 'In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even; and at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning; for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see.' And consider, that for the long space of four months, I actually, day and night, choose death and damnation; for I considered I was ruined and undone to all intents and purposes; yea, in a word, lost and lost for ever; so that I did wish for the worst to be executed upon me, even damnation. Now this was awful indeed, with scarcely any cessation day or night; I have gone a whole week together and never closed my eyes to sleep; yea, bed hours were my choice hours, because nothing then disturbed or removed my mind from my distracting thoughts. These things, as may readily be supposed, did very much unfit me for my calling, which required

all the intellectual powers I possessed at the best of times, so that it was evident to others that I was exceedingly strange, and I used to be allowed half-an-hour to take a walk, for the supposed benefit of body. The first solitary place I came to, put an end to recreation; for I neither wished to see, nor to be seen; for to speak plainly, nothing was to me any delight, for the whole was damnation, do what I would and be where I might. Many a morning have I gone out of the town with my mind resolutely bent, as I have run along towards the river, have solemnly protested it should be the last morning mine eyes should behold. I remember rising in the night season once, and walking to the end of the town, where I stood still and considered that my distress was then so great that it was sufficient to disturb the whole inhabitants thereof, for I was vehemently bent to execute an awful catastrophe, it having been premeditated a whole week, and in that week I never slept; it was of a Lord's-day morning, and that was the worst day I ever knew, (if there was any difference) never to be forgotten. After a season these dreadful temptations somewhat subsided, and then was I as much afraid these awful things would be effected, so that I would never suffer myself to be alone.

As I have been somewhat prudent in not wholly specifying these temptations referred to, yet I should desire to mention two singular ones, yet not half so awful, shewing that satan's stratagems are innumerable.

JOHN EPPS.

(To be continued in our next.)

Divine Providence, Rich Grace, AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

To the beloved, redeemed, sanctified and eternally justified Church of Christ scattered abroad throughout the whole world:—

GRACE, mercy, and truth rest upon thee, and the divine love of God dwell richly in thee, enabling thee to bring forth much fruit unto old age.

Another eventful year has run its destined round, proving and opening to us the certainty of a divine and overruling providence, whose manifestations (like unfolding leaves) have brought to our view various and unexpected scenes, testifying that he who rules over all things is divine, unchanging and Almighty.

Sometimes the leaf of consolation has opened with the sweetest manifestations of divine love, and has allured our souls onward in the firmest satisfaction that the Lord reigneth, and that he is our's, and we are his; and with unshaken confidence we have said, 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, he is on my right hand, I shall not be moved; he is my rock, fortress, and exceeding great reward; whom have I

in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee?'

The next day has unfolded the leaf of disappointment, loss, sorrow, and sickness; satan has been permitted to tempt, while some latent evil of the heart is brought to view; the Lord withdraws the rich manifestations of his love; and we, (by the temptation) begin to distrust every past evidence, and to conclude that we are not the children of God. In this state we groan, being burdened, feeling what it is to be cast down, to be shut up, and cannot come forth; and only able to say, 'Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thee.'

The next day produces the opening leaf of creature kindness. Some kind friend manifests his sympathy, liberality, and encouragement. In this we are apt to put too much trust, and confidently expect this is a medium through which we shall realise deliverance, having found much encouragement from promises made. Thus, we are very apt to lean too heavy on an arm of flesh, to trust too much in men; for which reason the Lord will make us know that he has sworn that we shall have no other gods but him, and from all our idols he will cleanse us. Therefore,

The next leaf unfolds with disappointment; the friend is gone; the promise is broken; our confidence in him destroyed; his countenance changed from a smile to a frown; his sympathy is turned to persecution; his familiarity is changed to forbidding and unapproaching sternness; and we are taught of God that 'Cursed is man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm;' and thus by terrible things in righteousness we are made to cease from man; and while the soul labours against sin and laments its own vileness and weakness; it tremblingly cries, 'Lord, show me wherefore thou contendest with me; and lead me in the way everlasting!' The Lord answers—

"That thus thy pride and self may fall,
That Jesus may be all in all."

Again, as sovereignly as the rain cometh down from heaven, the dear Lord, in order with his divine purpose, promise, and providence, unfolds the leaf of secret and sacred communion, and some precious portion of divine truth falls into the soul, like a drop of honey from the rock on the dew of Hermon, and opens up to the soul its eternal interest in the complete atonement and eternal redemption by Christ; the soul, with joy, enters the sacred enclosures of divine love; the winter is past, the dreary and rainy season is over; the turtle is heard in the land; the singing of birds is come, the pomegranate sends forth a goodly smell; the soul goes humbly down to the fountain; drinks to the full, and returns singing, 'Spring up, O well, sing ye unto it;' here he meets his beloved, falls into his bosom, and feels his left hand under his head, while his right hand embraces him;

thus they sit together under the apple tree in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; and here they partake of the fruit; and it is sweet. There, too, they exclaim, Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that in me dwell, bless his holy name, and forget not all his benefits.

From such sweet visits we often arise in haste, and unguardedly; our cursed pride swells our hearts until the next leaf unfolds the deception; our sin is discovered to be hateful; gloom is brought into the mind; darkness that may be felt is the result; and thus we are taught the deceitfulness of our heart and the need of the unchanging love of God to keep us, and restore us, when we stray; thus we are brought to self-renunciation; and made to exclaim, 'Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?'

The next leaf unfolds the pleasing scene of prosperity and increase in the congregation and church; the candidates deliver the most pleasing and satisfactory account of the Lord's dealings with, and deliverance of them; the whole church is humbled and melted down; fresh vigour is received; the people rejoice in the Lord, behold the majesty of their God, triumph in his all-conquering grace, say, 'This is our God, we have waited for him; he is our help and deliverance, and shall be our guide even unto death. Come, all ye that fear the Lord, and we will tell what he hath done for our souls.'

The next eventful leaf unfolds a dreadful portrait; namely, the most awful deception and flattery, painted with the beautiful colours of gospel truth and expressions of brotherly kindness, and elegantly garnished over with pretended zeal for the welfare of the church of Christ, and deceitfully French polished with pretended and false recommendations, commendations and praise, while every action goes to prove that the expressions are deceptive. Thus we are taught that was it not for a divine providence, rich grace, and unchanging love, we should make shipwreck of our own faith, and if it were possible, the very elect would be finally deceived; but by these continued and conflicting circumstances, (such as none but God could manage,) we are taught to see, and admire how cleverly and righteously our glorious Lord works all things together for our good and his glory. May the Lord grant that the hand of the arms of his ministers may be made strong by the mighty God of Jacob, and the gospel bow long abide in full strength, and every gospel archer be taught to take his aim at sin of every kind, to level the sinner to the ground, and extol the Saviour above the heavens.

May the past eventful circumstances be an antidote against our trusting to man, and an Ebenezer to encourage us to trust in the righteous Lord; knowing that our God holds firmly our souls in life; enemies, devils and men, are under his wise control; he sees through all deceptions; and for his

honour, (according to his divine oath and promise) will bring his chosen through.

"Though plagues and death around us fly,
Until he bid we cannot die;
No; not a single shaft can hit,
Until a loving Lord see fit."

From, ONE WHO AWAITS THE JUDGMENT OF THE LORD.

Joining a Church.

Letter from the late John Stevens, of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho, to a young Christian friend, previous to her joining the church.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—It is an infinite mercy to be called to the knowledge of eternal things in this vale of time, and to be brought to see the God of all grace in the mirror of inspired truth as an intended introduction to a final view of his glory, where the saints will see him face to face.

According to your own statement, you have been led to see the guiltiness of mankind by sin, and the utter imperfection of the least obedience that can be performed by a sinner. This is suited to open a passage for the entrance of the great Mediator between God and man, by whom the convicted and self-denounced sinner is supplied with an obedience adequate to the claims of unbending justice. This great truth is of utmost importance to the awakened mind: nothing can be better suited to the law and self-condemned sinner than the fact of Christ being the satisfying end of Jehovah's law; it is the basis of liberty to the guilty offender; and lays a just foundation for his full discharge at the bar of his eternal Judge. To understand this point distinctly, is to know a great part of the gospel of God our Saviour; and if known experimentally, through the teachings of the Holy Spirit, influences the heart to vindicate the justice and extol the grace of God; it leads the lost sinner out of himself, for perfect obedience; and yet strongly disposes his mind to obey the will of his redeeming God. The truly justified are the really sanctified in Christ Jesus. Truth is emitted, and always consistent with itself, and deserving attention and admiration.

Impressions, you mention, that have worn off. But when the Lord has given a new heart, the effects will witness the reality of the work; the mind then has a new spring of action, and is taken under the reign of grace. Now the impressions are better understood, and the things of God become admired for their own excellency; the wisdom, the justice, the purity, and salvation that shine in them, endears them to the mind; the sinner becomes anxious to retain the savour of those impressions, and when their influence is suspended he longs and looks for their return; he sees distinctly that there is no help in himself, and this prevents him leaning

upon his own works; his self-righteous temper is thus counteracted, and the suitability of the Saviour opens more distinctly to his view; he ceases from himself, abhors his detected presumption and pride; dreads being left to his own management and will, discovers the constant need he has of the power and merits of his Saviour's blood and obedience; his constant cry is, 'That I may be found in him!' Interest in a High Priest becomes the only root of his hope and satisfaction. He reads, hears, and attends the appointed means of grace; but it is that he may see and know more of his redeeming Lord; his heart is won; his meditations of Christ are at seasons sweet and satisfying; characterised with his Saviour's character and kindness, he cries, 'How shall I love and exalt him? What can I do to praise him? What would he have me to do? What have his appointed servants done?' Lord, he cries, 'let me not be ungrateful or undutiful; accept thy sinful worm into thy service; all I have and am is thine.' These are, for substance, I trust, the sentiments of your mind. Beware of vanity and pride. The former would lead you to think too highly of yourself, the latter to think too meanly of others. Be sure you watch against these hateful qualities in religious matters before God.

Look upon sin as your greatest enemy, and dishonour, and never suppose it lawful to indulge in it for advantage. What you cannot have without sinful compliance, ever resign as worse than useless, and no way needful for your final happiness. The maxims of the world are often satan's helps to ensnare the simple. What you may lose for Christ, you will find to be of no ultimate disadvantage to you. He that loses for his Lord, gains for himself. Be attentive to prayer; set a watch upon the door of your lips; aim to imitate the conduct of your redeeming Lord in his indifference to the things of time compared with those of eternity. Keep his image in view in humility, meekness, kindness, forbearance, and uprightness. 'Learn of me,' said he. May he be your joy and boast—your refuge and rest, who is all the hope of your sincere well-wisher and friend in the gospel,
J. STEVENS.

Faith Triumphant :

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE DEATH OF MRS. T.

[THE following abridged account of the death of Mrs. T— was given to us by our brother May. We insert it for the encouragement of those who fear the swellings of Jordan, and trust the blessing of the Lord will accompany its perusal.]

On Saturday before she died, she spoke with great composure. 'I now see plainly I am to die; but the great work is done many years ago: I know in whom I have believed, and I am not afraid of death. My plan of earthly happiness is indeed broke

through; and now that my Father in heaven sees it meet to take me from all, I dare not, cannot repine, but rather believe and say, *all is well.*' About two o'clock on Sabbath morning, the 28th April, she said to Mrs. D—n, she had not long to live, and desired her to call her husband. She eagerly grasping his hand, said, 'She had not long to live, and hoped he would not leave her while she had breath left.' Not long after, she was seized with a kind of convulsion fit, in which she lay about half an hour. Her coming out of it first appeared by her lips beginning to move, and then she spoke like one in a dream; 'I'm coming, I'm coming, coming, coming.' In a little she revived, and appeared quite sensible and composed. She looked at her husband and said, 'My dear, I have been at a festival.' 'A festival!' answered he, 'My dearest, what do you mean?' 'Yes,' replied she, 'a festival, a most glorious festival, in company with the most noble personages that mortal eyes ever beheld. Indeed, my dear, I cannot describe their glorious forms. I was present at the coronation of the king and queen, and saw there all the glory of man; but the king and queen in their coronation robes, with their brilliant diadems, were not to be compared with them. One said, 'Sister, come away.' Another said, 'Sister, come away.' A third said, 'Sister, come away.' And every one of them beckoned me and said, 'Come, come away.' Upon which I answered, 'I'm coming, I'm coming, coming, coming.' Don't you see them? There stands one of them just behind you, my dear; and at the opening of the curtain at the back of the bed near Mrs. D—n, I yet see a stream of that inexpressible rainbow-light which attended another, who is disappeared. The finest colours of the painter can give you no idea of it. Oh! who would wish to tarry behind?' On one occasion, after being enabled to give up her husband, children, and friends, she burst out in a loud and delightful strain, singing two precious hymns, during which time she appeared as though in perfect health; after which she said to her husband, 'My dear, we must now part. Many comfortable days we have had together. Few are acquainted with the happiness we enjoyed in each other's company. I loved you, and was in danger of giving you too much place in my heart. I know, too, you loved me, and have been all along a most indulgent husband to me; but you are now no longer mine. Do, therefore, kneel down and resign me cheerfully up to him from whom you received me. I have been endeavouring to resign you.' Her husband prayed. After pausing a little, she said: 'Oh the love of Christ which passeth knowledge! and what am I that I should ever have been a partaker of it? Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy name, O Lord, be the glory. I did love the Lord Jesus, and many delightful hours of fellowship I have had with him in his blessed ordi-

nances: but all these I have now done with. Farewell ordinances.' Here again she paused a little, and then began: 'Though I am young, at least younger than some of you, yet you see I must die; and dying-work is hard work, dying-work is hard work.' Her husband answered, 'My dearest, the Lord's presence will make it easy work.' 'Oh! were it not for that (replied she) death and dying would be terrible indeed. He is faithful, he is faithful, and why shall I doubt his being with me when I am walking through the dark valley of the shadow of death? and, oh! when I get to the other side, I shall soon forget all that's past.' Again she was seized with a convulsion fit, and when she recovered a little, she continued her edifying discourse, as if she had been only all the while recollecting herself, viz. "Oh heaven, heaven, what a blessed place will it be! What is all the grandeur of this world when compared with the glories of the mount Zion above! and how much more excellent than this world of sin, and pain, and sorrow!—No hypocrite there; no tempting devil there; no gay, flattering, delusive vanity there; no unbelieving, wandering heart there; no weariness of worship there; no spots, no imperfection there. There I shall see my God and Redeemer face to face: there I shall enjoy in perfection the uninterrupted comforts of the great Comforter: there I shall know the true meaning of that blessed passage of Scripture, 'we are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem,' &c. Being desired to compose herself to rest: 'Rest! no, (said she) do not desire me, my dear. How can I sleep when I see death and glory so near? Oh! death, how ferocious a thing; how awful! Nature shrinks at the prospect of the cup. Serious and awful indeed, to appear before an infinite holy jealous God: but yet a faith's view of my Lord, and his most perfect righteousness, brightens the scene, and dispels all my fears. Oh! glory, how delightful, even in contemplation! Death is but a bridge, a step, when I look at the land of glory on the other side. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; make no long tarrying, O my God.' Not long after she fell into a swoon, and her husband, apprehensive she was not far from death, kneeled down and began to pray: He had not spoken many sentences, when his well-known voice, in that duty, roused her from the fit; she caught the words from his lips, and prayed along with him. When he had done, she said, 'My dear, it was cruel, it was cruel; I was just entering the threshold of glory, and you have prayed me back to life.' For three hours before she died she spoke little; but what words she dropped, breathed the same heavenly temper with the above; and, after lying sweetly composed for some time, she slept in Jesus, about half an hour after one o'clock, on Monday morning, the 29th of April, with a smile upon her countenance.

A Battle of the Warrior

WITH CONFUSED NOISE.

A fight! a fight! a fight of faith,
My soul hath almost lost her breath,
While I am captive led;
The powers of darkness shout aloud,
While I am drag'd along the crowd,
My soul is almost dead.

O my dear Lord I give me thy sword—
Some promise in thy holy word—
And strengthen me to fight:
With bleeding wounds, and trembling heart,
Strengthened by thee, I'll play my part,
And put my foes to flight.

World, flesh and satan, hell and sin,
Their desperate wars will oft' begin,
Their troops rise in my heart;
Those cowards fight me when I'm down,
And strive to rob me of my crown,
Dear Captain take my part.

My sword and helmet, shoes and shield
Seem gone, and yet I cannot yield
To this unhallow'd throng;
While I have life my soul would fight,
Lord help me in this dark black night,
Come, Lord, don't tarry long.

I'm feeling for my sword and shield;
O, if they're gone, then I must yield
To this vile murderous nation;
I have no power, but I've a will,
To thee I hope I'm loyal still,
Captain of our salvation.

With inward groans, and gaping wounds,
To thee I make my piteous moans,
And heave the broken sigh;
Deep are my wounds, and keen the smart,
Dim are my eyes, and faint my heart,
Lord, save me, or I die.

My flickering light burns very low,
My pulse is feeble, faint and slow,
The life-pulse of my heart:
My foes mean death at ev'ry blow,
And shout to see me brought thus low
By all their hellish art.

Physician! Captain of our hosts!
Rebuke the vile infernal ghosts,
Bring heavenly cordials strong;
My life-strings groan with ev'ry sigh,
Lord, help me soon, don't let me die,
O! do not tarry long!

My groans are mingled with their joys,
I struggle midst confused noise,
And garments roll'd in blood,
Their triumphs are my deepest groans,
And while their swords are in my bones,
They cry, 'Where is your God!'

God of my life, don't tarry long!
Come, turn my groanings to a song,
And let me hear thy voice.
Thy presence frights my foes away,
And turns my darkness into day,
And makes my heart rejoice.

Some years have passed since I began
To fight this fight; just twenty-one;
And I expect a pension:
Not for my value—'tis not so;
Of human merit—no, no, no;
I have no apprehension.

My Captain taught my hands to fight
By faith, and in his Spirit's might,
You'll see the rebels run
Down the deep gulf, with all the swine,
While the king calls us up to dine
With him beyond the sun.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, Nov. 19th, 1848.

The Last Illness, Death, and Burial of the late David Denham,

Minister of the Gospel.

Who is there in all England, (that loves our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth) but has heard of, and listened to David Denham? Go into what part of the land we may, we have heard his name mentioned; and many souls ready to bear testimony to the savour and power which accompanied the word as preached by him. For nearly forty years he was an acknowledged servant of Jesus Christ, and an affectionate preacher of the everlasting gospel. He was not a Boanerges—he was not a wild ranter—he was not powerful in voice, nor deep in argument—but he was a sincere, steady, kind, and useful minister of the truth as it is in Christ.

Well, David Denham is no more a traveller in this vale of tears. His work is done—his course is finished—he is gone to be with Christ, which is far better.

In the month of November last, he was called to visit Yeovil, in Somersetshire; and was taken in the providence of God, to that place, where he preached for two or three Lord's Days; when, suddenly, as we say, having entered the pulpit once more one Lord's Day morning, and being about to proceed with the service he was gently arrested by a cold yet powerful messenger, which silently bid him lay down his commission, and come home to the mansion prepared for him above. The following letters will more fully describe this striking event.

"DEAR BROTHER—I have to record to you a most solemn and affecting scene, which came under my notice on the last Lord's-day. You are aware that dear Denham has been supplying at Yeovil this month. Last Sabbath morning I was at Yeovil to hear him; I got to the chapel just as Mr. Denham stood up to attempt to read a portion of the Word of God; but, O, the solemnity of the scene! not a sentence could the dear man express, so as to be heard; he asked one of the people to read for him, which being done, they asked him to engage in prayer; but he could not; so after prayer and singing was over, he got up to address the people, which he did in few words, to this effect, as far as I could hear, for it was with difficulty I could catch the sentences; indeed, many of them I could not hear at all. He said, 'O the amazing and overwhelming love of Christ! it is astonishing; I feel to this very hour I am completely wrapped up in it. God grant us broken and contrite hearts: these are the only things will stand in the time of trial!' he concluded with, 'the Lord be with you, and bless you; and to the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost, be all the praise. Amen.' A friend then helped him out of the pulpit, and down the chapel, to go home. He halted opposite the seat I was sitting in, when such a feeling of love and union came into my

soul to him as I never felt before. How unsearchable are the ways of God, and his judgements are past finding out; does it not say to us 'be still and know that I am God.'

"JOHN HEWLETT."

"*Sherborne, Nov. 28, 1848.*

"DEAR SIR—I feel an impulsive constraint on my poor mind to drop you a line respecting Mr. Denham, and his 'labours of love' here and at Sherborne. Hoping, expecting, and believing to hear the Master's voice, through the instrumentality of his dear and honored servant, I accompanied him to the Tabernacle. He complained of a bad pain in his head, and a very great heaviness in eyes. We had oft heard these complaints whilst he was amongst us, and as he seemed quite collected in his mind, conversing as he passed along on different subjects, and shaking hands with friends at the door way, and passing through the aisle, no notice was taken of it. He stood up to read, we think a Psalm, when his voice was much more muffled, indeed so much so, that one word after the other could not be understood: finding his attempt was fruitless, the dear man leaned on his Bible, and then sat down. One or two of the friends then went up to the pulpit, and finding he was unable to proceed, a friend read a chapter; another friend at the close of the chapter again went up, and suggested the propriety of some person engaging in prayer, and he, Mr. Denham, leaving the pulpit: he nodded consent to the first proposal, but when requested to leave the pulpit, (as it was thought he could not preach) he said, '*well, I'll try.*' The prayer being over, and an hymn sung, he stood up, opened the Bible, gave out no text, but spoke as far as his muffled and faltering voice could be understood. His soul seemed to be as full as he could hold—all the faculties seemed to be absorbed in the blessedness of *divine realities*—expressions such as these, 'How blessed to be brought to see the perfections of Jehovah harmonizing in the salvation of a sinner, and the Father embracing him through the perfections, blood and righteousness of Jesus!' His eyes were lifted up from time to time, as if he really felt the whole blessedness of the subject in his own soul, which no doubt he did. He spoke for a few minutes, pronounced the benediction in the apostolic language in quite an intelligent way and manner, and was then conducted home by the friends. Medical aid was immediately procured. It was a most solemn scene indeed; our expectations were not realized; but we evidently saw the noble and generous soul of our dear brother struggling to exalt, to hold forth, and to speak well of his divine Lord and Master, and the feeble clay tabernacle every moment as it were giving way. Respecting his visit to Yeovil; a few of the Lord's dear

family had not forgotten his visit in 1822, neither the savor of his ministry amongst them. All was expectancy and hope, nor have their expectation or hope been disappointed, the Lord hath given him a door of utterance, and opened a door of entrance in the hearts of the Lord's people, and we have had abundant reason to be thankful. His labours of love amongst us have been indeed 'labours of love': the honest, straightforward, God-honoring way, in which he was helped to speak—the love and affection that he evinced towards all that 'love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,' was not only talked of in the pulpit, but carried forth in every action of his life and conversation; and his very soul was knit to all and every one of those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and in truth. On one occasion he said, 'I feel more the importance of speaking honestly and faithfully at the present moment (which I cannot account for) than I have felt on my mind ever since I spoke in my Master's name.' Your's in love.

"JOSEPH HAMMOND."

"Yeovil, Sunday, Dec. 3, 1848."

We are justified in saying that the friends at Yeovil were exceedingly kind to him. On one occasion, while Mr. Milborne was sitting by his side—he awoke up and said—"My soul thirsts for God, yea, for the living God." Christ is precious to me; exceedingly precious. His mercies are great."

THE DEATH.

By the receipt of the following notes I learned the solemn fact that the redeemed soul of DAVID DENHAM had been caught up into Paradise, to join the everlasting anthem of praise, to gaze upon the glorious Person of our redeeming God—and to hold pure fellowship and holy communion with the justified spirits above.

"VERY DEAR SIR—It is now my painful duty to inform you of the removal of our dear friend Mr. Denham. He was quite unconscious of every thing about him the whole of yesterday, and died this morning between 9 and 10 o'clock. Your's truly,

"JOSEPH HAMMOND."

"Yeovil, Dec. 8, 1848."

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS — My dear Father entered into rest yesterday morning without a struggle or a groan. He now enjoys fellowship with that Christ he has so often preached. His end was peace. The world will no more annoy him—he feedeth on the bread of life and living waters. His last sermon was much blessed, and by many can never be forgotten. My dear Mother is as well as can be expected. Pray for us, dear sir. Your's, very sincerely,

"JOSIAH E. DENHAM."

"Dec. 9, 1848."

THE FUNERAL.

I will now furnish my readers with a brief outline of the solemn ceremonies con-

ducted with the funeral of our departed brother. I was invited to attend, and take a part in the services, and was therefore an eye and ear witness of the whole; and because of the respect and christian love entertained towards our friend by so many of the Lord's people in this land, I will here put down a record of the same. And may the good Lord solemnise and comfort their hearts hereby. My heart was most deeply solemnised, as I stood leaning against the black coffin in which the earthly tabernacle was deposited. There were gathered together some of the friends and relatives of the deceased; and as I stood in the midst of them, this word came to me with much sweetness—"There is a rest that remaineth for the people of God." I did indeed feel the preciousness of that word to my soul; it caused me to weep tears of silent joy and gratitude to the God of all my mercies. Oh, (I thought,) what a wilderness is this! What a world of sin and sorrow, labour and toil, it has been to me, and to my dear departed brother! He has entered into rest; but we that are still in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened.

Presently the corpse was removed to the hearse; we were summoned to take our places in the mourning coaches, and the procession moved on to the chapel in Tooley Street. The coffin covered with a black pall was laid on the table in front of the pulpit; as soon as we were seated, the venerable John Andrew Jones, (standing on the pulpit stairs) commenced the service, by giving out, in the most expressive manner, the 992nd hymn in the Saints' Melody,

"What is it for a saint to die," &c.

The emphatic manner in which this sacred hymn was read and sung had an overpowering effect on the congregation. Many were bathed in tears. Mr. Milner then read two portions of the Word of God, and prayed in a devout, solemn, and suitable manner. Mr. Felton gave out three verses of another hymn; after which Mr. Bonner addressed the people at considerable length; and there was in that address, a vast body of wholesome and valuable matter, well-befitting the occasion. At the close of this address, Mr. Bidder gave out part of a hymn, Mr. G. Wyard concluded in prayer; and the mournful cortege, consisting of a four-horse hearse, and a number of ministers and friends in several mourning coaches, then moved on to Bunhill Fields Cemetery, in the City Road. The streets on either side of the procession were lined with persons anxious to witness the interment of this devoted servant of God; among them I saw many, to whom his ministry had been a very especial blessing, and who were attired in black. Immediately after our arrival at the ground, the coffin was carefully laid in a large brick vault on the left-hand corner of Bunhill Fields. Mr. James Smith (of Park Street) gave out a hymn; I then read a part of the fourteenth chapter of Revelations, and called on the

name of the Lord : Mr. Bowes (of Blandford Street) addressed the people : Mr. Bidder gave out several verses of a hymn which was a great favorite of Mr. Denham's, and it was the last hymn the deceased gave out on earth ; 344th in Saints' Melody :

" Beneath the sacred throne of God," &c.

After this, father Jones concluded in solemn prayer to God ; in which he expressed himself as anticipating that very shortly a similar service would take place in the depositing of his frail tabernacle in its appointed earthly lodging. Thus ended the affecting services of the day. God Almighty ! grant that the impressions made on the minds of hundreds present, may be productive of permanent good. Amen.

MR. DENHAM'S EARLY DAYS.

DEAR FRIEND,—I sit down to write what I know of my dear departed brother Denham :—I became acquainted with him in the year 1815, at Bath. He succeeded Mr. Robins, who afterwards preached in Conway Street, London. He came from Reading to Bath for one month, as a supply ; the chapel filled ; they gave him a call for twelve months. His ministry was much blessed ; sinners were called, saints edified, backsliders restored ; comparatively the little one became a thousand ; numbers (to my knowledge) will bless God through all eternity for his ministry : among them was my dear partner in life, whose funeral sermon he preached at Shoguldam Street, on the 18th of January, 1846, when God blessed it to very many souls.

After he had remained at Bath nine months, the managers said he was not sent of God, because so many came after him, and they began to persecute him, saying, ' How could a boy like him have experience of those things he preached ? '

Just at this time he lost his much beloved wife, who left him with two children. His circumstances were very distressing ; but the Lord sustained him. I opened a place for him at Bristol ; numbers flocked as doves to the windows, and much good was done by ' the holy child Jesus.' Mr. Horne came from London to Bristol for a month, and brother Denham went to London to supply for him. The success of his ministry in London I give you, briefly, in his own words, in a letter I have by me. He says, " I feel assured that my journey to London is of God. The Lord has been with us of a truth, and his holy arm has been made bare, in feeding, strengthening, clothing, and comforting his people. Communion with him has been enjoyed ; answers from him have been received ; many sweet promises applied ; and such draughts of everlasting love have flowed into the hearts of some, ' That

they rejoice and sing as in the days of their youth.' "

When he returned from London to Bath, after he had preached on the Thursday evening, the church proposed his going out upon a begging case to Taunton, Exeter, and Plymouth, to which he agreed, under a persuasion that he should be able to preach where he had not opened his commission before. In this begging route he was very successful. The following is part of a letter to me from Plymouth :—

" June 24, 1816. Think of Jesus who gave himself that he might redeem his church from all iniquity. Think of God the Holy Ghost who engages in the same covenant to teach of his love and fulness, and unfold them to such worms as we are. This love cheers the troubled soul in life, supports in death, and it will be this all the blood-bought family will be feasting on throughout that long, sweet, dear, blessed, never-ending day—eternity. This love I preach wherever I go ; and through preaching this soul-animating subject, (to the honour of your God and my God I speak it,) many precious souls in this town of Plymouth have been set at liberty from the shackles of free-will ; from the terrors of death and damnation ; and as Christ must needs go through Samaria, so I believe I must needs go to Plymouth. I have preached between twenty and thirty sermons ; and such is the revival in Plymouth that the friends compare it to a second Pentecost. I never preached where the power of God was so manifested. I preach every night in the week, even Saturday night at Plymouth Dock ; the congregations are upwards of twelve hundred people ; on the Sabbath afternoon about five and twenty hundred, a sight I never before saw ; and the power of God was with us. Last evening it was as though all Plymouth were determined to hear this wonderful antinomian. I went towards the chapel twenty minutes before six ; to my astonishment I could not get down the street for the vast multitude of people ; at last, with very great difficulty I got into the gallery. The windows were all taken down ; and from the seat of the middle window I preached to the street and chapel full of people from end to end ; and the chapel was so crowded it was considered dangerous ; and the people heard distinctly in all directions. This evening I am to preach in a field ; and on Friday next to lay the foundation stone of a new chapel. I shall return to Bath next week. Pray for me ; for all the parsons are shooting at me, yet my blessed Captain is my shield from every dart."

After his return to Bath, he preached one or two Sabbaths. He preached his farewell sermon to many an aching heart ; such an

heart-rending scene I never saw. After this he went again to London, and preached at Mr. Horne's, Wood Street, Cheapside, and at several other places.

The people at Willow Street engaged Mr. Denham to supply, which he did. The place soon became too straight for them, and they had it enlarged. He laboured there until May, 1817. He writes as follows:—

“Dear Friends,—After one of the sharpest storms I ever met with in my life, I take up my pen to describe the great goodness of the Lord, and his faithfulness towards me. You have most likely heard what I have had to pass through.”

I had heard all about it. A party in the church adhered to Baring's sentiment, (the denial of the personality of the Holy Ghost,) with some other things equally unscriptural. Mr. Denham (as a man of God) opposed them; and so brought upon himself a fiery persecution, and ultimately left the place. While at Willow Street he added to the church eighty-five members.

God opened then another place. All the world seemed up in arms against him; some called him an arminian; some an antinomian; some a universalist; but in the midst of it all God was with him. He laboured at Plymouth until 1823, when he was again removed to Bath—but here he had no continuing city: from thence to Birmingham, and then to Margate; and from there to Unicorn Yard, Tooley Street, in 1834; to Cheltenham, to Oxford, to Yeovil, and at last to his sweet home in heaven.

Thus, my dear brother, I have furnished you with a brief sketch of the life of a man, as faithful as ever God employed in his vineyard; but what he was, he was by the grace of God.

Your's truly in the sweet Lord Jesus,
J. WALLIS.

MR. DENHAM AS A PASTOR.

The following letter, (written by a friend who knew much of Mr. Denham, in private as well as in public,) contains a faithful portrait of the spirit and character of our departed brother. We have no desire to extol the creature; but while satan, the world, and lifeless professors are doing their utmost to depreciate the sovereign grace of God, it is our desire to exhibit the exceeding blessedness of that grace as it is found in the experience and conversion of the dear elect of God, who, by him are preserved in life, supported in death, and admitted to a glorious inheritance in the better world. Our brother writes as follows:—

“DEAR PASTOR,—The Lord having taken to himself our beloved brother Denham, I feel that I owe a debt of christian love and respect to his memory; having stood in fellowship for some years with him (part of which time I was called to fill the office

of a deacon, and sincerely, before God, can I say, that I ever felt my insufficiency for such an office, and I withstood it as long as I could, but was at length obliged to bow to the will of God by the majority of friends.) From the first time I ever heard that dear servant of Christ down to the last, I ever found him a truly devoted, and a sincerely honest man. I have frequently heard him say his only time of real happiness in this world was preaching Christ to his poor saints; ‘Give me bread and cheese three or four times a week, and let me live in a garret, with peace in the church and peace in the conscience (he would say), and I envy not the sovereign on the throne.’ At times when we have gone together to different funerals, and there has been a large body of people assembled, he would look to me and say, pointing to the people, ‘Dear souls, if they all knew our Christ, what a happy meeting we should have! but what an opportunity for preaching Christ! Try, my brother, and lift up your heart for the Lord's blessing; nothing is too great for his princely hands to bestow.’ I have seen him, when waiting for the coffin, retire off by himself, wrestling with God, and then he would come near again, with tears in his eyes, his countenance brightened up, and he would say, ‘I do verily believe God will bless us; he has permitted me to come near in desire and in prayer.’ It has been my lot to be in his company at times when different parties have invited us together, and I can say some of those meetings have been among the choicest seasons I ever had; he was blessed with a peculiar manner of introducing spiritual conversation; give him a Bible, a Hymn Book, and a few spiritual souls, and he was then a truly happy man. But he knew by painful experience opposite feelings to these. I have seen him sometimes in the vestry all in tears, sunk as low in feelings as any of God's servants can be; especially if the Lord seemed to take away his subject of meditation. On such occasions he would say, ‘I do not know how those men do it, who can get up a sermon at any time; the Lord knows, I have often to wrestle with many tears; and after I sometimes think I have got such a nice chain of precious things for the dear people, the whole of it seems upset; and I have to wait till almost the repeating of the hymn before the Lord seems to appear: still, I must speak it to his praise, these have been among some of my choicest times.’

“Now, my dear brother, you were saying to me that in some parts of the country where you have been called to preach, some have expressed a surprise at some things which they had heard against this dear servant of Christ, telling you how many souls had been blessed under his ministry, and yet they had been surprised that he left the church at Unicorn Yard in a hurry, and that he was not obliged to do so. My dear brother, these impressions

are altogether without foundation, as the following letter to me will show:—

Cheltenham, July 28.

'MY DEAR MR. PACKER,—In reply to your's of yesterday, a reference is made to my explaining some matters to my friends; really after what passed between myself and deacons on my return from Devonport I know not what there is to explain; and if there was anything I am by no means fit for such an undertaking. I have sought to the uttermost to serve and maintain the peace of the church, and under my present circumstances I feel I shall send in my resignation, which, in the fear of God, I do from necessity; and I hope you will all do what you can to preserve the peace of the cause of Christ, by standing together. I am (through mercy) much better than when I left; but I feel these church matters are as a worm at the root of life, as well as my comfort. Happy, happy are they who walk together in rich christian love and unity. I hope your dear wife and Mary Ann (with all your family) are well. Ah, I do indeed grieve, and cannot help it; but the case is life or death. Yea, I have no choice, and when I return, in the event of my finally leaving, I shall fear to say much upon the subject; yet here is my stay, and it must be your's also, "the Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

'God bless you all; he abideth faithful; and through his grace I remain your's affectionately.
D. DENHAM.'

The subjoined epistle, written by the deceased to his then church and deacons, doth very fully testify to the genuineness of his love to Christ, and also to the merciful realization of his heavenly Father's presence when called to pass through floods of deep affliction,

"To the dear church and congregation assembling for the worship of our triune God in covenant, at Unicorn Yard, Tooley Street, London:—

"DEARLY BELOVED—Hallelujah! Hallelujah to God in the highest! O! join with me in loud and lasting praise to him who supported me when his hand was heavy, and death appeared very near by reason of the repeated and alarming discharges of blood, as it is supposed from the rupture of a vessel connected either with the liver or bowels. O! help me—help me, dearly beloved to praise our gracious God, who not only strengthened me at the time and afforded a solemn quietness and resignation of mind either for life or death, but who has since blessed the means for restoration exceedingly; but what is above all, has favoured me with such manifestations of his presence, and foretastes of glory as I never have experienced before. Verily I know the truth of the doctrine I have, through grace, delivered unto you; and I feel afresh

devoted to God and his dear work, that Christ may be glorified in me; whether it be by life, in coming to you again, or by death, in departing to be with Christ, which is far—far better. This was Paul's straight, and indeed it is mine, for I do exceedingly long for your soul's profit, and for the conversion of sinners to our most gracious Christ. The kindness of Lady Smith, and in fact, all about me, cannot be acknowledged with sufficient gratitude; the attendance of two godly physicians has proved very efficacious through the presence and power of the Great Physician, who healeth us by his stripes. When my dear wife arrived I was slightly recovering; and you may easily conceive how much her presence has added to my comfort, from the frequent attacks of fainting, &c. But as there has not been any discharge of blood since Lord's Day evening, and my strength is gradually increasing, I hope very soon to be with you. In the mean time pray much that you may be kept fast in the unity of the faith, abounding in humility and love. O! I intreat you, as having just looked into eternity, strive together for the glory of God. Let nothing divide you, but may you all be as the heart of one man in Christ Jesus. If spared, you may expect to hear from me again very soon. This is my first attempt at writing. O, accept it, as indeed it is, an expression of my sincere love to you all. The Lord send you faithful supplies—bless you and your children for ever. He that loveth is born of God.' O! love one another. Love one another as Christ hath loved us; and given himself a sacrifice and sweet smelling savor unto God; in whose strength and all sufficiency, I remain your faithful and affectionate pastor,

"D. DENHAM.

*"Wilford House,
near Nottingham, Nov. 18, 1842."*

[Thus, then, we have gathered up a few fragments connected with the life and death of this eminent servant of Christ. As a proof of the great esteem in which he was held among the churches, we are informed that at nearly, or quite, a dozen chapels in London Funeral Sermons were preached for him on Lord's-day evening, December 17th; also at Cheltenham, Oxford, at Yeovil by Mr. Edwards of South Chard, and at other places. We understand his Funeral Sermon by Mr. Brance is to be published. If spared, we shall look into that, and give our readers some extracts from it next month.]

A BRIEF NOTICE OF MR. DENHAM'S LAST SERMON.

[We have been favoured with the following interesting letter, which proves the faithfulness of Jehovah to his dear servant, in blessing his labours down to the very last.]

MY DEAR FRIEND—You are expecting to hear a little of our late beloved friend and

brother, Mr. D. Denham; and no person appears to feel themselves at liberty to write any account of what they heard him advance; not out of disrespect to the dear deceased, far from it, for they all, with one accord, acknowledge how richly they were fed under his ministry, how much their souls were established, strengthened, and built up in their most holy faith; and it truly was a refreshing season to many.

The last sermon he preached at Providence Chapel was from Sol. Song iii. part of the third verse, to the end of the fourth—'Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?' He preface his sermon by saying—'The first thing that attracted his attention that morning, was, (as he entered the town) seeing a corpse brought out of a house, and the mourners arranging themselves to follow it, he thought uppermost in his mind was—'Who will be the next? Perhaps myself! If so, I may never stand in this pulpit again. And if so, this much I must say, I feel assured the discourse I am about to deliver will not fall to the ground, but shall accomplish that whereunto God hath sent it, and may be found 'as bread cast upon the waters, after many days.' He then in a clear scriptural manner shewed the intensity of the soul's searching after HIM whom she loved—HIM that had suffered, bled, and died for her, that had given her a sight and assurance of his love, but was now withdrawn and hid from her. He spoke in a most pathetic manner of the love and work of Christ for poor sinners, and that nothing short of Christ will satisfy an awakened soul, and he spoke much of that long, dark night that often succeeded the revelation of the love and mercy, which the dear Lord is pleased to grant his little flock at times. He then spoke beautifully of the power of faith as brought into exercise by the spouse finding him whom her soul loved; and he brought in the time of Jacob's wrestling with a man at the break of day, to show the divine power of faith, and how the Most High condescended to say, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh,' and as the day broke, faith was strengthened, and Jacob held fast God. Why did he hold fast God?' said he, 'Because God held fast Jacob, until he got the blessing; and then God acknowledged, 'For as a prince, thou hast power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.'" Genesis xxxii. 28.' I feel I cannot do justice to our dear friend's delivery of that sermon; I would fain have left it to some other person to write to you respecting it. This I am sure I can say with truth; the power, and savor, and divine unction felt by all that know the truth will be long remembered, and his memory will be dear to the few despised and hated ones that worship at Providence Chapel. The attention was so arrested of the people,

that I believe if a pin had fallen it might have been heard. I had a good deal of conversation with him, and his remarks I shall not easily forget. One respecting the man's following Christ, who was found among the tombs. 'No wonder (he said) he wanted to follow the Lord, seeing what great things he had done for his soul; no man could tame him until the man Christ Jesus came.' He then entered into a spirited description of the state of man through the fall, and the work of God to bring him back, and the Lord's command to the man, 'Go shew thyself to thy friends, and tell what great things God hath done for thee.' I felt convinced, as he was speaking, he knew by a blessed experience what it was for Christ to speak comfortably to his soul; and little expecting it would be the last time we should be favoured with his conversation; he appeared to be in good health at that time, which was the Tuesday before the Sabbath he was taken ill at Yeovil; he spoke an hour and a half in his sermon, and was very cheerful at supper, but complained of his head next morning before breakfast, but felt better after, and left us at twelve o'clock to return to Yeovil.

By his death I think it may be justly said of him, 'There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.' M. M.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel:—

MR. EDITOR—I learn that in your next *Vessel* we are to be favoured with some account of the going to his "Sweet Home," of our late dear brother David Denham, which will doubtless prove most interesting to all your readers. I expect also, that ere long some of his family may publish a more lengthened *memoir* of him; which, if they do, and will append to it a few most valuable *pieces* which were written by him in bygone years, the volume will prove a *treasure* to all the lovers of sterling truth.

As under I send you just a *specimen* of what I mean; it is as a cluster of grapes from Eschol. There are but few, if any, who were acquainted with our late brother so many years as myself. More than thirty-five years ago he preached at Hartley Row, at the commencement of my ministerial labours there. His subject then was "Christ and him crucified;" and this was his one and only theme from first to last. *He is now entered into the joy of his Lord.*

I am, Mr. Editor, your's &c.,

December 18, 1848.

J. A. JONES.

DENHAM ON REDEMPTION.

"In the great work of Redemption the perfections of Deity are made known to the astonishment of angels, the admiration of saints, and the confusion of devils. Here

the bosom of infinite love is unfolded, the fountain of mercy thrown open, the grace of a triune Jehovah triumphing, and every attribute of the Great Eternal shining in sweetest harmony. Whom have I in heaven but *thee*, thou heavenly Lamb that deserves my adoration! With thy church I would sing, 'Blessing and honour, and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.' Thy beauties made known to my soul by the Holy Ghost, enervates the corruptions of my base heart, paralyses the limbs of the old man, expands my bosom, and fills me with a desire to shine in thy likeness. Most adorable Immanuel! in thy redemption work, *mercy* displays her richest stores, and sends forth her brightest glories: sovereignty opens its treasures, lifts up the curtains of eternity, and discloses the counsels of heaven, to the ineffable joy of millions, the full satisfaction of justice, and the admiration of all the chosen seed for ever and ever. Love breaks forth like a river, and extends its refreshing streams to every drooping soul. It is through the redemption of Jesus that the everlasting love of God flows freely to the vessels of mercy, and carries them safely home to the port of glory! That love which flows through redeeming blood, is like a mighty ocean, its impetuous streams have softened some of the most hard-hearted and obdurate of sinners; have conquered the most rebellious; and some of the blackest and most unclean have been washed therein from all their filthiness! Under the influence of sentiments like these, may not each believer in Jesus exclaim, 'Whom have I in heaven but *thee*? and there is none upon earth I desire beside *thee*!'

"Dec. 29, 1833. A SON OF JESSE."

Wholesome Tidings.

BELOVED OF GOD IN CHRIST:—I received and have read your little letter of the 27th October, and though it is small in bulk, yet its contents are large as to truth and importance. You wish me spiritual, sweet, and savoury supplies; you are aware from experience I cannot do without them anyhow, nor anywhere, nor can any one else, with all their pretended superiority, sanctity, and glowing ability; for the Spirit alone quickeneth, and continues his quickenings in my poor soul, or I feel such an aptitude to decline into carnality, dry forms, deadly notions, and restings in the letter only, that my mind would, without his operations, be as 'barren as the fig tree *in the way*,' (Matt. xxi. 19.) and I should be very soon unfit for the camp, the pulpit, the saint, or the sinner, and muddle out a something, amount-

ing to nothing; for do you know I feel, without the grace of the good Spirit, I sadly fear, I should fall into the prevailing errors of the day in my views, feelings, and preaching,—the goats would be then led to fancy themselves favourites of heaven, and the worried, purchased, precious sheep of Christ go away weeping and wounded,—whom my Lord would not have wounded,—which would procure me a wound, as sure I am it will, sooner or later, to all those men who thus 'handle the word of God deceitfully,' (2 Cor. iv. 2); 'although by departing from *this evil I make myself a prey*.' (Isa. lix. 15.) So it ever has been, so I know it must be, so I am content it should be, because the witness within is above reproach. Repeated testimonies from living souls are very humbling, yet encouraging,—communion with my great Master in private very strengthening, and the word of the Lord is very deciding, for he declares, 'All that prey upon thee will I give for a prey.' (Jer. xxx. 16.) This is fulfilling daily. I often feel condemned, do you know, as a coward does, for the zeal which is shewed by satan's servants exceeds by far my zeal for my sweet Jesus, who has done so much for me, and by me. What can be the reason? I think it is for fear of offending. Who?—why almost everybody; for some, who pretend to love truth, say, 'Oh, never mind, let them alone; there is good people among them.' This is the very reason good people should be cautioned against evil. One of our friends put a tract in my hand called, *The Monthly Visitor*: it is now before me; it is a dead call to dead sinners; yea, it is a pot full of death. Oh, how impious! awful! awful! little short of blasphemy—only read the deluding, dreadful language of *The Monthly Visitor*, which declares to a lost sinner, 'You might have lived in heaven, had you not despised the mercy offered you, and counted yourself unworthy of everlasting life.' Would to God such foul fiends did not visit our earth once in a thousand years, instead of paying our neighbours a monthly visit; and since they are accompanied by the rich, polite, and pretended concern for our welfare, it would appear very ungrateful on our part to take no notice of them, or the matter of their 'visits.' Most respectfully to such we would say, are you aware of the awful iniquity of misrepresenting the God of truth and justice, who declares 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated?' (Mal. i. 2, 3); and will be gracious to whom he 'will be gracious, and will shew mercy to whom he will shew mercy,' (Exo. xxxiii. 19); also that 'the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.' (Rom. xi. 7.) And the Son of God himself declares 'They (his regenerated ones) shall never perish.' (John x. 28, 29.) Yet your 'visits' to us 'monthly' declare

'How much the Saviour did to save you—how much the Father did—how much the Spirit did—how much your christian friends did—all to no purpose.' Oh, ye 'Visitor's,' leave off the practice, if ye can, of running upon the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler, and tell us, (if it is in your power,) when a visit of grace and mercy was made to your souls, and when ye first visited the throne of grace, by what the Spirit has done in you, or else read Isaiah x. 1, 2, 3, 11 verses and tremble.

You appear, dear friend, thankful that God stirs up his servants to supply *The Earthen Vessel* with such treasures as she carries. I am glad you have felt their melting effects. Yet the little ship is often hailed by pirates, and some have tried to skuttle her; others have tried to board her, thinking if Jesus was on board he was asleep, but he has waked up out of his holy place, and they have been stilled; and other fine, gallant men of war, with spread sails and flying colours, have tried to run her down; but no, she rides as safe as any yet—I believe she is a life boat; and while she goes to sea, and does business in the deep waters of Jehovah's love and truth, I doubt not she will be filled with the favour of the Lord to many a poor outcast 'dwelling on the border of Moab;' (Psa. cxlvii. 2; Isa. lvi. 8; xi. 12;) making her a Zebulon, viz. A habitation (of truth), dwelling-place (of power), abiding (of his approbation), to the astonishment of our unstable brethren of the Reubenitish order. Have you read this month's pages? Truly my soul felt it good; one of my people declared it grew better and hetter. 'The Watchman's' piece is exactly true, and very suited to the times and the practice of the times, for I can affirm it; for many a time I have joined such people's company, and such barrenizing, bickering too; but having been deservedly chastised for my follies, I bless my God I now abominate the practice—hope I shall never do the like again; so that I humbly trust I have gained more from the rod, than I ever lost by my folly. May the Lord bless the Watchman's remarks, be he who he may. You express yourself 'glad to find a piece of mine in last month,' &c. I desire to be very humbly thankful in finding the blessed savour of the Holy Spirit attending my poor labours any way; it is to the praise of his almighty grace from first to last. A few days before, a dear brother in the Lord from Mr. Dickerson's church, London, informed me my 'Lily among Thorns,' had there been blessed to the liberating a daughter of Abraham from sad soul-distressing bondage. Some one lent her the *Vessel*, her eye caught and read that piece, and our good Lord caused her soul to sing for joy. You 'hope my pen won't lay dormant,' &c. I am willing to spend and be spent for my Lord's glory, though I assure you I am pretty well

engaged, and not much fear of rusting out, yet labour is ease if I feel unction and liberty in my employment.

How glad am I to find your soul kept so healthy in a land of draught. Yes, this is the religion that 'will stand the day of God's wrath,' for it is not flimsy. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty to produce it, he is mighty to perfect it; look to him, lean on him, learn of him; his Spirit is good, great, and gracious; and 'go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.' (Dan. xii. 13.)

Mrs. P. unites in love to thee and thine, hoping you may rejoice in Isaiah lxvi. 9, and 1 Timothy ii. 15.

I am your's in the Lord,

THOMAS POOCK.

Ipswich, Nov. 9, 1848.

To Mrs. W. S. H., Bildestone, Suffolk.

Christian Reviewer.

The Antidote of Death; or, The Shadow of Death Uncovered, and Eternal Life Discovered. A sword to weak and troubled Christians, who are all their life-time subject to bondage, through the fear of death. By WILLIAM GARRARD, Minister of the Gospel, York Street, Leicester. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

IN this little work, the "Watchman" has furnished the church of Christ with a most wholesome and blessed epitome of the deep troubles and holy triumphs of a living soul. We feel totally at a loss for language to describe the merits of the work; but this we will say, the title is most appropriate, and is fully sustained by the contents. After reading six-and-thirty pages of prose matter upon the Article of Death, and the believer's holy conquest through the blood of Christ, we come to the "Dialogue between Death and the Christian," which certainly is worked out in a deeply interesting and able style.

A Pastoral Letter. Addressed to the Church of Christ meeting for worship in Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, by their Pastor, GEORGE WYARD.

THIS tract is calculated to stir up the minds of God's people to a diligent co-operation with the pastor in 'holding forth the word of life.' Mr. Wyard appears by this Pastoral Letter to be standing in a very happy position. He says he has stood among his present flock for seven years 'Preaching the Lord Jesus Christ;' many have been added to their number; not a few have fallen 'asleep in Jesus;' and peace is found in their midst. Well; a more honourable, a more blessed, a more useful position than that cannot be found.

We not only recommend this Pastoral Letter to the attention of the churches of Christ, but we think if pastors generally were to address their people in a similar manner, much good might be done.

Am I a Grain of Real Wheat, or only a Lump of Chaff?

THIS deep and weighty question came up in my soul as I was riding from Dunstable to Bedford, on Thursday, the 11th of January. A new work, entitled "*Israel Saved, and Israel Lost; or, Mercy and Judgment*," by Frederick Tryon, had been sent to me; and, upon a hasty glance, I found it contained some close, deep-cutting remarks; I therefore resolved (by the Lord's help) to give it an attentive and prayerful reading; and while I was pondering over some things herein declared, I felt a solemnity in my soul: the awful condition of an empty, lifeless professor, on the one hand—and the vast importance of being right before God—of being really and truly quickened by the Holy Ghost, of being washed in, and pardoned by the blood of Christ, on the other hand; these things appeared before me in such a manner, that I inwardly, and I think earnestly, asked—**AND WHAT AM I, wheat, or, chaff?** From what I am daily brought to feel within; and from what I am compelled to see and hear of ministers and professors; of churches and their movements; I must confess there is much necessity for closely, seriously, frequently, and prayerfully examining and searching into the real condition and standing of our souls as before God. And I do not hesitate to say, that this work of Mr. Tryon's is somewhat adapted to lead a sensible sinner into such a frame of mind. With this one object in view, I here notice the work referred to, and make a few short extracts from it.

Before, however, I come to quotations from the work, I must say a word or two on one sentence in the preface Mr. Tryon therein says,—

"Any one who notices the professing church as it manifests itself, through its most highly respectable leaders, and most popular magazines, must see that it abounds in contradictions, such contradictions as no living experience can reconcile. Living experience can reconcile 'as sorrowful yet always rejoicing,' and also 'when I am weak, then am I strong,' but it cannot reconcile the drifts of Mr. Warburton, Mr. Osbourn, Mr. Triggs, Mr. Philpot, and many others; all cannot be right, though all may prove wrong."

I fully believe Mr. Tryon's closing words in the preface: he says—"I am one that wishes to serve his own gene-

ration;" this I am convinced of; but, for the want of a more matured judgment, and a more extensive acquaintance with the experience of the living family of God, surely Mr. Tryon has too much censured and indirectly condemned many of the servants of the Most High God. I would seriously ask Mr. Tryon two questions. First: Is there not abundant evidence to prove that Mr. Warburton, Mr. Osbourn, Mr. Triggs, and Mr. Philpot have all been used as instruments in the Lord's hands in calling sinners, and in comforting the saints? I dare not either despise or dispute the striking testimonies I have heard in different parts of the land of real good being done by these ministers of Christ: let us, then, be careful how we lightly esteem them. But, secondly, Mr. Tryon, do you not see that there is such an amazing difference between the spiritual ages, experiences, and attainments of the Lord's people, as absolutely to require a diversity in the gifts, graces, exercises, and conditions of the servants of God? Are not some really quickened souls yet under the law, and in great bondage; walking in darkness; not able to discover their interest in Christ? Has not Mr. Philpot's ministry been extensively useful to this class of the living elect? Are not thousands of God's dear children sorely tried in providence, crossed, disappointed, and deeply afflicted? Has not Mr. Warburton's ministry been often blessed to such? Are there not some of whom we may hope well, who are really brought to live a life of faith on the Son of God; whose eyes have seen the King in his beauty; and who rejoice in Him, having no confidence in the flesh? And have not many of these been comforted and established under Mr. Arthur Triggs? Again: despised as the grand doctrines of grace are by professors at large; yet, are there not in many parts of England, God-fearing, gospel-loving, and gospel-living christians, who have been taken up out of the horrible pit and miry clay; whose feet have been set upon the Rock of Ages; and who have experimentally and blessedly proved that Jesus Christ is THE SAME—(though in feelings they are not,)—yesterday, to-day, and for ever? And has not Mr. James Osbourn's ministry been highly appreciated by these?

Yes, yes, dear brother Tryon—for such I must call you—these things really are so; and from hence arises what you call “*contradictions.*” No: they are not contradictions. God hath set the members, every one in the body as it hath pleased him; and he hath always provided a diversity in the ministry to meet the diversity that there is, and will be, (in this time-state) in the family of God. I do not say—Mr. Philpot’s ministry is perfect; nor that Mr. Warburton’s ministry is without defects; nor that Mr. Triggs’s ministry is all wholesome gospel; neither do I say that Mr. Osbourn has never said anything wrong. Oh, no: *they are men*; and where, and when, has ever lived a perfect minister since our Lord Jesus Christ went home to glory? May the Lord help us to consider these things; and therein to admire the wisdom of God, instead of casting reproach upon the honoured (though *imperfect*) servants of the Most High!

I now come to make a few extracts from the work itself.

The portion of Scripture Mr. Tryon takes as the foundation of his remarks, is Jude 5th verse, and he goes to shew that there may be a *faith* in the gospel which is only natural; a *call* into a gospel profession which is neither heavenly nor saving; a deep *experience*, which is not the work of the Holy Ghost; and lastly, that many men in the ministry, and in the management of church affairs, are anything but consistent, faithful, scriptural, and like unto HIM whom they profess to serve. These are things which make our souls to tremble; and we are ready to cry out, “*Where are the TRUE SERVANTS of God to be found? and what are genuine evidences of vital union to THE LORD CHRIST?*” If I can find any safe, scriptural, and divine delineations of the footsteps of the true flock in this book, I will give them to my readers, as they are the only things a living thirsty soul can find comfort in.

I had written thus far, before I had thoroughly read through this work, believing from the title and the first part of its contents that Mr. T. had here (not only described and cast away *false evidences*, but that he had also) traced out the footsteps of that flock which are appointed to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ. In this, I have been disappointed; upwards of ninety pages are filled with most solemn invectives

against the conduct and character of most of our leading ministers. The following abbreviated extract will furnish my readers with some idea of Mr. Tryon’s views both as regards his own state of mind, and the condition of a great majority of gospel ministers and professors in this day. Of himself, and his views, Mr. Tryon says—

“I have greater strength in the Lord than at any previous date, as I have greater trials on account of my position among professed Christians, but these trials have helped to try me, and led me to know where my strength really is. I can rejoice with trembling, in a way I never could so deeply before: in former seasons there might be more joy, but not so much trembling; there is awe and delight, fear and joy, conscious nothingness and conscious power beyond the previous stages. There is the fulfilment of that scripture ‘He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and judgments unto Israel.’ ‘The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant.’ I feel as if I could bear more suffering and endure more reproach without thinking it strange, than at any former date: if this faith is from God it will stand the fire. * * * When I look at the way in which my most gracious God manifested his long-suffering towards the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction—when I look at his tender mercies to the vessels of wood and earth, the vessels unto dishonour—when I observe his exceeding forbearance, and repeated compassion on the chaff which was finally burnt—when I look at the vast number of instances where ungodly people, destitute of grace, cried in their pain and obtained relief; people who were like the nine lepers, who went away with their bodily cure, and returned not to give glory to God—when I see these things, and know that I have been among these things, and have sinned with my fathers and done wickedly, then I can adore the goodness of God to me, and stand astonished at his long-suffering mercy. How great is his mercy from year to year on those who perish at last! how great his grace in saving some, delivering them out of all the snares they have been entangled in, and making them more than conquerors through him that loved them. * * * If his mercy and goodness to them is so great, how great is his mercy towards those whom he purifies unto himself; bastards are often prosperous in the prosperity of fools, they escape the rods with which the living in Zion are mercifully chastened; but the saved indeed, are brought through the fire, to purge out their dross and tin, and to cleanse them from all their filthiness and their idols. I can see clear evidence of long-suffering mercy towards such as Mr. Warburton, Mr. Osbourn, Mr. Wells, Mr. Triggs, Mr. Stenson, and many others of various shades in the profession now popu-

lar among us. I can see clear evidence of their call out of Egypt, and can see evidence that the net has enclosed them, and they can never be what they once were; but *there is not evidence yet that they are not chaff*, though certainly they are separate in many ways from the straw. Their idea of grace does not teach them to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. They hate reproof and instruction in righteousness. 'Unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldst take my covenant into thy mouth? Seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee' At present they are manifestly of the world, and the world heareth them, (not the profane world, but the world which Jesus speaks of in John xvii., that world which considers itself the church) they have *not taken forth the precious from the vile*, neither have they showed difference between the unclean and the clean: being *men who love the friendship of the world*; they encourage the professing church to mingle with the world; they may make a great cry against people at a distance from the church, but in the church they make gaps, break down the hedges, proceed from evil to evil, and *are not valiant for the truth*. I know not what the Lord may do for them before they die, but here or hereafter a storm will burst upon them. If God saves them, they will be saved from their present spirit, not in it; but I see no ground to hope better of their case, than the case of the multitude of priests in England, who never knew the letter of truth, or the form of godliness. These professedly contend for the power of godliness but in works deny it, with their mouth they shew much love but their heart goeth after its covetousness."

These bold and uncompromising statements make my very soul to tremble. Some people say—"let Mr. Tryon alone; take no notice of him;" but, I cannot heedlessly and carelessly pass him by. His books are sent to me; I feel compelled to read them; they powerfully arrest my conscience; in very many things he gives utterance to the sentiments of my own mind; but—in the public and positive calumny which he throws upon some of the most eminent Ministers of the day, I feel he is treading upon very dangerous ground; of some of the greatest men who have for many years been esteemed and recognised as servants of Jesus Christ, Mr. Tryon says—"they are manifestly of the world;" "they love the friendship of the world;" and "are not valiant for the truth." *Are these statements true?* Has Mr. Tryon sufficient acquaintance with these ministers

to authorise him thus to speak of them? If he has, our state, as preachers and professors of the Gospel, must be bad indeed; but if he has not; if he is not thoroughly and personally acquainted with their *habitual* character, conduct, condition and practice; if he ventures to publish these statements from report; or, if he comes to these conclusions, because he has found certain defects, blemishes and inconsistencies in these men, then, I believe he will have to repent of much that he has written; at the same time I know that a great portion of this work (called, "*Israel Saved, and Israel Lost*,") is true; and I sincerely hope that (instead of casting it aside with contempt,) it may be the means (in the Lord's hands) of stirring us up to close and prayerful self-examination; and that there may be, among our ministers and people, a putting off the old man with his deeds, (which is corrupt) that more conformity to Christ may be found amongst us. The more I see and know of ministers and churches in England, the more I am convinced that there has long been a course pursued which is not according to the word and Spirit of the Lord. The following instance which Mr. Tryon gives us, is but a sample of much that has been cried up for deep experimental preaching. He says in page 65 of this work—

"I have heard a good report of Mr. Godwin, and had at one time a great desire to hear him: in December, 1847, he was preaching in London, and gave his hearers a specimen of his own experience while preaching from Isaiah xxxii. 17. He told us that at the time of preaching he was comfortable in his mind, as the Lord had encouraged him with the text he had read to us. In order to encourage those who were in deep places he related the following facts:—He had been so tried and had sunk so low at one time that he had no hope; he said, 'he had not a straw to lean upon.' While in this state one night, his wife attempted to encourage him. She reminded him of the past, but it was no use; he told her, it was very well for her to say what she did, she was outside the furnace, but he was in it, and all his religion was burnt up. During the night a scripture laid powerful hold of him, 'Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam in thine own eye?' This set him pulling and tugging to get the beam out of his own eye, but he could not do it. He lay till morning in great distress, and then managed to get down stairs to look at a bible and see what character the words were

applied to there, and when he read 'thou hypocrite,' he knew that God never called his children hypocrites, (though it is written 'laying aside all hypocrisies,' but that is not calling children of God hypocrites), when he saw this he was delivered out of his misery, and came out of all that trial, his soul was again set at liberty. * * On hearing these things, I was not a little perplexed: the matter of the mote and the beam was one I had been much tried about, and therefore, was much interested in this part of the case and the issue of it. I traced the preacher into a place where 'he had not a straw to lean upon,' so weak that he could not lay hold of the least token for good. In this painful condition he has part of the word of God brought home to him; he cannot shake it off, it makes against him all night, but when there is a light in the morning to read his bible, he finds the passage belongs to a hypocrite, and he is sure God does not call his children hypocrites. This I thought was enough to strike the dying dead, but Mr. Godwin had more strength than he fancied; he at once decides that he is a child of God, though he could not all night when he had not a straw to lean upon, and in this self-wrought confidence he puts the scripture from him, and comes out of all his deep misery, though believing that the scripture which had fastened on him belonged to a hypocrite. As I believe God rather than man, I must at present believe that according to Mr. Godwin's own statement, he was told by the Lord he was a person who had a beam in his own eye, &c., &c., but he told himself he was a child of God, and delivered himself from the charge of being a hypocrite. * * If the preacher stated the facts correctly, I must differ from the conclusion he drew from those facts."

To this sample of experimental preaching, which Mr. Tryon gives, I feel constrained to add one fact which I hope may bring some of our brethren in the ministry to consider what it is they are doing. A dear friend of mine who lives at Oakham told me that one Lord's-day, during Mr. Philpot's absence, Mr. — came there to preach; he took the following words for his text—"It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." From this glorious gospel text my friend told me they had two long sermons; the whole of which were occupied about the sinner, and to what dreadful lengths the preacher had gone to, as a sinner; and what temptations he had passed through; while the glorious Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ in coming to *save sinners*, was almost entirely left out. I say distinctly, I speak not against experimental preaching; I value and es-

teem it; neither do I object to ministers relating their temptations and trials; but, when the whole time is occupied with these things, to the exclusion of the glorious gospel, and to the shutting out of THE LORD JESUS and his triumphs on the cross and in the hearts of sinners; then, boldly I declare such preachers are thieves and robbers; and sure I am that if they are vessels of mercy they shall one day be made ashamed of their work.

But I return to the question which a slight perusal of this work gave rise to—"Am I a grain of wheat, or only a lump of chaff?" Many things which the writer of "Israel Saved and Israel Lost" has written, have wounded me, and searched me, but the work and witness of God in my soul remains; and I feel constrained to say a few words respecting the way in which the Lord has built up and comforted my soul in these times of perplexity and trial. Let others do the same.

Before I come to this, let me here put on record a striking remark which a minister of the gospel made to me the other day. Said he, "We have had of late years, several men that have come out of the Church; and they have come amongst us poor dissenters, preaching a deep experience; but, (said he,) there is one thing that has always staggered me respecting some of them: they tell us that while preaching in the church, they were awakened, and brought under the law; and brought in guilty before God; but still they went on preaching; their mouths were never stopped. Now, how a man can go on preaching when the terrors of the law are in his soul, (said my friend) I cannot conceive." Well; I have preached with the terrors of God's wrath in my soul, but it was like fighting against God, and I was at length obliged to fly from it, and lay down my ministry, and never should I have taken it up again, if necessity had not been laid upon me, constraining power put into me, and an effectual door opened for me. These things being done in and for me, (after that pardon and peace had come,) I could feel and do often feel a sweetness in those words of Paul's, where he says—"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." There is the *divine authority*, and there is the *genuine nature* of THE GOSPEL MINISTRY. Let men examine them-

selves before God, and by God's word; and let them see where it is they stand themselves, before they go about to condemn those whom the Lord hath blessed.

In the eighty-first page of Mr. Tryon's book, he makes mention of "one of those prophets he has been associated with;" and this is the only one he has hope of. Now there is one scripture that has very forcibly struck my mind with reference to the nature of that "*one prophet's*" ministry; the scripture is in Revelation xi. 1, 2.—"And there was given me (says John) *a reed like unto a rod*; and the angel stood, saying, *Rise, and measure the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein. But, the court which is without the temple, LEAVE OUT, and measure it not.*" Mr. Tryon; what has been the nature of that one prophet's ministry? I answer, as in the sight and fear of God, it has been a measuring the outer court, instead of measuring the temple, and the altar, and them that worship therein. Yes, it has. That one prophet would take such a text as this—"Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and never say one word about it; I feel it is time that these things be uncovered; and, though I be cast out by many, I cannot forbear witnessing against these delusions.

But I return again; Mr. T. has said a great deal about the misinterpretation of scripture. I expect that as long as God has a people on the earth, so long will the Holy Ghost go on to teach, lead, comfort, and confirm them by the Word of God: and when the Lord speaks the word home to my heart with power; when he enlightens my mind to understand it; and gives me withal, a realization and fulfilment of it in my own experience, why, then I think I am at liberty, and have authority to speak out to the people what the Lord has spoken in to my soul; and I feel persuaded that then there will not be much wrong interpretation of scripture. I will mention an instance wherein the word of the Lord has been made useful and precious to me—and I have spoken out what (I trust) the Lord has revealed and made known within; whereby I have been helped on my way. The first was a fortnight before I set out on this journey: it was on a Wednesday, and I had that night to speak at Stratford. The heavy troubles which then surround-

ed me did really press so heavy on my spirit, that I could scarcely hold up my head, and how I was to speak appeared a perfect mystery. The time drew near for me to go to Stratford; I was dark, distressed, and feelingly empty of all good. I sat down; took up a Bible; opened on the 41st Psalm—the words "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; *the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble,*" met my eye, and came into my heart, and that with such sweet delivering power, that I went and preached from them, and felt a solid persuasion that the Lord would deliver me out of all my trials.

On my leaving London, to set out on this journey, which I am now pursuing, these words came into my soul—"I told them of the hand of my God which was good upon me:" (Nehemiah) and, although I left my home with a heavy heart, yet, so much did Nehemiah's words comfort my soul, that I said to myself, "perhaps there is not a man in England more generally despised than myself, while I do not think there is a man in the world to whom the Lord has manifested greater mercy than He has unto the unworthy Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*."

I having been obliged to write the foregoing article as I have travelled in railway carriages, many imperfections may be found in it. A recital of the Lord's goodness to me will (I trust) be commenced in this number.

That the Lord may lead Mr. Tryon into all truth, and bless his work to the stirring up the Lord's ministers and people to great searchings of heart, is the prayer of
C. W. B.

Matters for deep Reflection AND PRACTICE.

To the Readers of the Earthen Vessel.

BELOVED FRIENDS AND BRETHREN:—Thus hath the Lord said to his ministry, 'Go set a watchman, and let him declare what he seeth.' And may we not say, 'We see a chariot with a couple of horses?' as saw the watchman of Jezreel, when Jehu was on his way to give Jezebel to the dogs? May we not also cry, 'A lion, my lord, a lion, is on the road against Babylon!' Cyrus, the typical lion and the Lord's shepherd, was twenty years in taking preliminary steps for the overthrow of Babylon, and even to the last that proud city laughed him to scorn; but the purpose of God was found to stand, for when Cyrus had dried up the Euphrates, and opened a way for the

kings of the east, 'the same night was Belshazzar slain.' In a way far more solemn and grand we are treading the same ground again: for the true Cyrus, the Good Shepherd, and the Lion of Judah, is certainly on his way to visit Babylon; and men who are set in their watch-tower whole nights, carefully observe the footsteps of his approach, and rejoice, because the day of their redemption draweth near! Jezebel, who was caught in the act of fornication at Thyatira; and Babylon the great, who captured Zion nearly 1260 days since, are both, even yet, very busy in carrying on their cursed work among the people of God; the one by teaching idolatry, and presenting the 'golden cup,' yea, the 'GOLDEN CUP OF TRUTH;' and the other by oppressing those who drink thereof, as the due reward of their folly. These women are distinctly seen from our tower, and we know that their 'judgment lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not.' Their sands will soon be run, and FORTY-EIGHT has told off another of their few remaining days. At this we rejoice, and say 'Behold he cometh!' Is he not now marching through the land in indignation, and threshing the heathen in anger? 'The mountains behold him, and tremble; the perpetual hills do bow, and the tents of Cushan are in affliction!' The earth quakes before him, and thrones and palaces totter! Nor will he fail nor be discouraged till with his staves he has smitten through the usurping HEAD of his villages, and discovered the rock of satan's house, by throwing it to the ground. And their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges.

Oh ye, our brethren, who dwell in the plains, come up into our watch-tower, and ye shall see many things which elsewhere cannot be seen. You shall see one, which is a sad and solemn thing—a fearful and grievous thing, which those who tarry in the vale cannot see, nor can they believe though one declare it unto them; therefore leave ye the cities of Moab and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove who maketh her nest beside the hole's mouth: 'so shall ye dwell on high, and your place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given, and your water sure.' And here, in the top of the ragged rock, may you sit secure, and even smile at the foaming surge, while Jehovah is 'shaking terribly the earth,' and causing its 'towers to fall.' And from thence ye might look with us, and perceive that the whole fraternity of Zion below is fast asleep, because a deep sleep from the Lord has fallen upon them. The ground of the vale in which they walk is enchanted, and every sect is lulled by the spirit of slumber! 'For the Lord hath poured upon them the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed

their eyes: the prophets, the rulers, and the seers of the churches hath he covered!' And in this sleep they dream those filthy dreams by virtue of which satan keeps up his interest, and maintains his sway over the house of God! It is by the dreams of the saints he sits in the seat of God, and rules with the sceptre of discord among brethren! The various chimeras of sectarianism are but the fantastic illusions of a midnight dream! Awake then, ye who sleep; awake, awake, put on strength:—shake yourselves from the dust, and put on your beautiful garments—put on charity—put on unity—be clothed with humility, and lay hold on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Eschew evil, and do good; seek peace and ensue it. Wrangle not on points in your jaundiced eye so important; rather buy gold—buy white raiment, and anoint your eyes with eye-salve, that ye may see, and see clearly too, what is your own state, and what the condition of the church. The expected Messiah was actually among the Jews, but they were so blind with sleep that they neither knew him, nor beheld the signs of the times! 'Take heed, brethren, lest the same thing be said of you, and your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and while ye look for light the Lord shall turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness.' Jer. xiii. 16. For when for the time ye ought to be efficient teachers, and skilful in the word of righteousness, ye have need that one teach you which be the first principles of the word of God, and have need of milk and not of strong meat! We feel before the Lord we can say this, even of those who talk most of experience, and loudest of the doctrines of grace! Say not, we know *first principles*, their nature, character, bearing, use, and application; for the very darkness in which you sleep, and the clamour of various tongues tell us positively that you do not know.

Behold! ye have proof of this even among yourselves. 'THE VISION OF ALL' is among you, but what is it like? A book that is sealed! One pretends to learn its doctrines, another its experience, a third its precepts; but who its prophecy? Strangers have meddled with this, and abused, but to such we speak not, *but to BRETHREN*—to saints—to the church of the living God. And surveying her in her visible oneness we descry a latent repugnance to prophecy, even though the Holy Ghost hath said 'Despise not prophecies.' But whence that repugnance? It is—it must be of the flesh, and therefore painfully bespeaks that lethargic influence which has mesmerised those whose it is to tread the serpent under foot! We recollect it is FORTY-NINE, and we exhibit no unfledged notion, but labour to express our well tested and sober judgment, as before

our Judge. Yet this will, perchance, offend; be it so, we brave it, since we know such is the morbid state of Zion's earthly form, she winceth, and roars out like a lion against the sheerness of that truth which, like a lance, is alone calculated to do her good! Opiates, caresses, and sugar-plums, she and her little ones will receive; but plain-dealing, sound speech, and sharp rebukes, she cannot—away! and so she heaps to herself men who, while they preach liberty, are the servants of corruption and bondage! And these too, we mean, are living men! (Read Jer. xii. 7—13.) Could we indeed throw off all the evil and all the blame upon the sons of Hagar, as we are accustomed to do, then we were happy; but it is we—the elect—the quickened—the partially taught, and that chiefly because 'wrong judgment' has proceeded forth and so biased our minds we cannot reason aright; and therefore, because we cannot make all the parts of Jehovah's prophetic rule tally together, with impunity we lay it aside, and the result and the folly is just the same as laying aside the compass because the pilot has not skill enough to guide his ship by the unwavering needle. And here we see the craft of his sable majesty: to get us upon rocks and sands, and among whirlpools and dark mountains, is his design; for then he can do what in open water and fair seas he could not do. And besides, as the same word of prophecy is the light that shines in a dark place, until the day dawn, so it is the candle that searcheth Jerusalem, and discovers the hidden things of Esau, and satan will admit of neither of these, so far as cunning and craft can avail. This flaming lamp in his kingdom has ever made it to wither, and scorched his sinews with heat, and began to torment him before the time; therefore to extinguish, to put under a bushel, or raise a thousand false ones, has been his unwearied effort. And they only who clearly see what that lamp is, and the distant regions it presents to view, can tell how great the present darkness is; or how little and groping are the minds of the chief of Zion's sons.

Therefore beloved, readers of the *Earthen Vessel*, especially ye, whom the Holy Ghost hath made overseers and watchmen on your mother's walls, allow us in meekness, in sympathy and love to intreat you, on the threshold of *forty-nine*, to take heed to this part of revelation, that so as the dear Comforter shall guide your careful spirits into its solid and glorious truth, ye may be able to tell your various flocks what they ought to do in this cloudy and dark day. For it must be plain to you there is something fearfully wrong somewhere. But mind, if you are led to give testimony, even 'the testimony of Jesus,' you will hear an outcry—a voice of murmuring—of opposition,

even from some of the elect; but this you must brave, and with prudence seek to undermine, well knowing that faith cannot be the substance of things hoped for, if those things are not so defined that the understanding of our hearers can go into them.

In one of our addresses last year it was asked, '*Who can tell the velocity of forty-eight?*' And as we now look back both upon the world and the church, have not the movements downward been rapid? But that vast avalanche on which our eye is rivetted must pull churches and kingdoms into the gulf that yawns beneath! Stand aloof, then, on your own Rock, and behold the judgments of the Lord upon the ungodly. The sieve will sift all corners—the fan will fan in all parts of the floor: the overflowing scourge will go all over the temple, even into every chamber of imagery, and hence no safety but with the doves on the mountains, or with the hind of the morning on the hill of frankincense. And deadness to the world, the life of Jesus, and the power of God alone can bring and keep us there.

But we have another thing to say, and that is as deplorable as the deep sleep we see: and it is this;—The children of Zion are of all men the most miserable! Although they have an abundance of food laid up for many days—plenty of corn and wine—fruits new and old at our gates, yet they are found famishing in the streets! Their leanness rising up in their face is sad proof of the famine they feel! Instead of being purer than snow, and whiter than milk—ruddy as rubies, and polished with sapphires, their visage is blacker than a coal, so that they are not known in the streets! And although we know their near kinsman has laid up for them an abundance of clothing and ornament, yet are they so robbed and spoiled that they appear as fugitives and vagabonds, clothed with rags and full of fear! But why? May we say why? Shall the shades of *forty-nine* echo with the shrill sound of our astounding report? If so, we point—unhesitatingly we point to the *MINISTRY*! But we blush for ourselves when we say *THE ministry*, because, as fractions of the same, ourselves are implicated! Yet, because it is so, shall we wrap it up?—because the whole head is sick shall we eat opium? God forbid. Rather would we kindle a fire about our own persons, and draw the sword against self. Yea, like Phineas, would we force the javelin in defence of the solemn truth, and against that barefaced fornication so common in the camp of Israel. And let *FELTON*—let the *WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS*—let *OSBOURN*—let others, still draw their sword, and sheath it not! For cursed is the man that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully; and cursed is he that keepeth back his sword from

blood! Cursed is the man who, while he preacheth against covetousness, which is idolatry, has the golden wedge hidden in the midst of his tent. For these are the real troublemakers of Israel, and not the men who meet Ahab in the garden of Naboth. Of old the prophets exposed Israel to banishment, and the priests robbed him by not executing justice on idolators; and now good men, who are not good ministers of Jesus Christ, are the first and greatest robbers that Satan can possibly employ; for, with such in his hand, he can gull the sincere, while he ransacks the temple of the Most High? With mere natural men, though the most noble of Hagar's race, he could not do half the mischief. (See 2 Kings xii. 17; xviii. 15, 16.) For these, being the almoners of divine bounty, distribute not by reason of the straitness of their own bowels, false prudence, or the love of lucre. And being the spies of the good land, even while yet boasting of their own personal entrance there in the article of *experience*, conduct not their hearers thither, so as to dwell there, by reason of that unbelieving timidity and cowardly fear which limits both the grace and the power of the Holy One, and even insinuates a breach of his infallible promise! For we know that some (with whom it seems that wisdom shall die) hold that an establishment of judgment is arrogance—full assurance is presumption—and religion beyond doubt and fear is hypocrisy! Moving in a contracted circle of legal bondage, which they have well trodden—yea, trodden for years, in the deserts of Sinai, the few chickens that run at their special note, are the finest birds in the whole world! And after all, the few crumbs they give is of the manna of Moses, and not the old corn of the land of Canaan. Hence such stewards, not being faithful in the true riches, rob themselves of their real joy, Jehovah of his glory, and his people of their true gospel comfort; so that, as we have said, they are naked and hungry; naked of *external* habiliments, that the world beholds their shame in their irregular and inconsistent life; naked of their *internal* robes of righteousness, salvation, and praise, so that they have no boldness of access to the throne of that grace in which they stand, nor can they 'rejoice evermore' in hope of the glory of God; hungry, because the gospel is only partially preached, and the blood of the covenant—the wine of consolation, doled out a drop now and then, as though large and frequent draughts would soon impoverish the glorious wine-press of Jehovah's everlasting love.

Friends and brethren, startle not though we thus dig in the walls. Too long have we been working without, while the evil was within; therefore we turn round to ourselves—to the temple of God, and dig in

the walls of those chambers where the priests sleep; and could we awake but a few with this our new year's knocking, the toil of the mattock would be amply repaid, and the embrace of love, and kiss of holy charity should salute any brother so aroused.

THE EDITOR'S FRIEND.

A Few Lines

Intended as a word of consolation to that faithful and tried servant of God, and of the Churches of Christ on earth,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

OH, why is thy spirit so sad?

The furnace, tho' hot, cannot harm;
Thy Redeemer still sits at the head,
Then cease, poor soul, cease thy alarm.

Tho' its sparks ne'er ascended so high,
Tho' its flames never rag'd so severe,
Thy merciful Saviour is nigh,
Thy shelter and refuge is near.

Its burning shall not overwhelm,
Its heat cannot burn thy soul—
Jesus' love is thy sovereign balm,
Thy Captain will bring thee thro' all.

Stand still for : while and look on,
While Jehovah thy battles shall fight,
He will break every obstacle down,
And all that seems wrong shall be right.

Tho' thine enemies slander and rage;
Though friends from thy soul stand aloof;
Remember, that He who's engag'd
To uphold thee, will deal with them both.

Thy soul through its raging shall pass,
And come out of its burning refin'd.
Thou shalt lose nothing there but the dross,
While the gold shall more brilliantly shine.

Thy kind Jesus still loves thee too well
To give thee real cause for alarm:
He pluck'd thee a fire-brand from hell,
And he'll carry thee honourably home.

Then why is thy poor soul cast down?
Thy Saviour will make all things right;
Raise thine head—it shall yet wear a crown
In the beautiful regions of light.

Fail not in his strength to go forth,
Faint not in thy labour of love,
Thou dost honour thy Lord upon earth,
He will honour and own thee above.

And ye Churches, I now speak to you,
In the name of his Lord and your God,
That ye fail not to send him aid now,
He's your brother, bought with the same blood

He's your servant in doctrine and word,
He's your teacher and minister too,
Help him then for the sake of your Lord,
And that Lord will return it to you,

And now, thou great Saviour of men,
Come quickly with help from above,
Appear for thy poor saint again,
He is one of the sons of thy love.

Remember, great God, he's but dust,
While fierce billows roll o'er his soul;
For thine honour how keen is his thirst,
In love then uphold him through all.

May he still, blessed Saviour, hold on,
And finish the work thou hast giv'n,
Till thou bring forth the robe and the crown,
And the harp, for thy servant in heaven.

HELEN MARIA ALLINGHAM.

[When the Author of these lines brought them to us she positively desired their insertion; and we could not refuse.—ED.]

Recognition of Mr. C. H. COLES, at Brentford, Middlesex :

With an Account of the Origin and Progress of the Cause at that Place.

THE Recognition of Mr. C. H. COLES, late of Reading, as pastor of the Baptist Church meeting for worship at Old Brentford, Middlesex, took place on Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1849.

In the morning, Mr. Curtis, of Homerton Row, stated the nature of a gospel church, and asked the usual questions; commencing by asking the church for a statement of the Lord's dealings with them in bringing Mr. Coles amongst them; which Mr. Lindley answered by reading a written statement, of which the following is an outline:—

“In December, 1818, the all wise providence of God, through an unexpected event, having brought a few of the Lord's people together in Brentford, it was thought advisable to meet for prayer to ask direction of the Lord as to the propriety of opening a place for public worship. After this meeting, the friends, desirous of watching the providence of God, soon heard a convenient place might be obtained, and, on application, found their wishes realised; and on January 31st, 1819, the place was opened, when, for the first time, the glorious gospel of the ever blessed God was preached there. With deep anxieties and wrestlings with the Lord, we met from time to time, fearing lest we should not have the sanction of the Great Head of the Church, but we were soon brought to see the hand of the Lord was quick and powerful: sinners were stopped in their mad career, and savingly ‘brought to sit at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind.’ Feeling thus encouraged, we thought it advisable a church should be formed of the Particular Baptist denomination, which took place at the Baptist Meeting-house, Hammersmith, June 7th, 1819. The church commenced with ten members; and in September ten more were added; some of whom are removed from us in providence; some fallen asleep; and six remaining in church-fellowship at this time. In the summer of 1819 the meeting-house was enlarged, and re-opened for worship in September of the same year. At this time Mr. David Jones, of Hereford, was recommended to us as a man likely to suit as pastor, and, after a few weeks' probation, was chosen to that office; but a very short period proved, that while the people expected a free grace gospel to be preached in their midst, and full salvation declared, not dependent on the creature, that we were loaded with conditions and man's abilities, and God, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, disappointed. After one year we separated, and casting ourselves on the care of the Good Shepherd of Israel, we prayed to be directed to men of truth. At this time we became acquainted with our

good friend and brother, Mr. Castleden, who not only visited us himself, but directed us to men of God as supplies; and we had reason to bless the Lord that it was the desire of our souls, while we were anxious to escape the vortex of Arminianism, we were equally desirous to keep clear of the quagmire of Antinomianism.

“In 1825, Mr. Jones, now of London, came to supply, and, after a term, was chosen pastor. Under his ministry the church grew much in the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, and were much established in the things pertaining to the kingdom; but, after a period of six years and a half, this union, so congenial, and that had proved so beneficial, was dissolved, and our pastor removed to London; but the Lord had not designed that we should long remain as sheep having no under-shepherd; for, upon the removal of Mr. Jones, Mr. Robinson came and blew the gospel trumpet in a sweet experimental strain, and the hearts of the people were united to him in a bond not easily broken. Mr. Robinson became the pastor, laboured among us thirteen years, was made useful, had many seals to his ministry, and lived in the affections of his people. After having served the church this period he was removed in providence, to the grief of many who had partaken with him, from time to time, of the rich provisions that had been spread on the gospel table in our midst, and had felt themselves enriched and blessed from ‘the fulness of him that filleth all in all.’ It is now five years since we were left in a destitute state; but the covenant God of Israel never forsook his church. Most of the settled ministers who are united with us in those truths, despised by professor and profane, have come forward ‘to help us, in the name of the Lord, against the mighty;’ and we take the present opportunity of expressing our gratitude for their kindness, and blessing God, who has not cast off his people whom he foreknew; but while we felt the kindness of our friends, there was a deep anxiety in the minds of many among us, that the Lord would appear and send us a servant of his who should go in and out before us, leading us, instrumentally, into the green pastures and beside the still waters of the sanctuary; but though we had been favoured to hear several of the Lord's servants, there was no one to whom the eyes of the people were generally directed till February last, when Mr. Coles, of Reading, came to preach the word one Lord's-day in our midst; and although we had no expectation of Mr. Coles further than as a supply, not being aware at that time he was moveable, yet the hearts of the people, as

the heart of one man, seemed lifted up to God that his will might be known. Mr. Coles having preached two or three times, we were informed it was his intention to leave Reading; and on March 25th the church met, when it was unanimously agreed to give him a three months' invitation; and on April 29th we received an answer from him accepting the same.

"On July 3d the church again met to hear from each other how the word had been received, when it was found that the Lord had sent the word with life and power to the souls of the people. A spirit of prayer being poured out to know the will of God, it was proposed and seconded, that Mr. Coles be invited to take the pastoral charge, and the church being quite unanimous, I was sent to him with many prayers; and on July 26th an answer received from Mr. Coles accepting the same. His labours among us have been received with heart-felt pleasure and profit; and we trust that what we have attended to has been under the direction of the Great Shepherd of Israel, and that the union thus entered into may be lasting as life. Since Mr. Coles commenced his labours we have had many additions to the church, and with heart-felt pleasure we appear before the Lord and his people to testify our approbation of the labours of his servant; and have solicited you, sir, with others of his ministers, to witness the union now formed, and pray God that it may be cemented with love and blood, and that his servant may be spared and blessed to the edification and establishment of his church; that his labours may be accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost in the salvation of a numerous seed that shall rise up to call our Jesus blessed, and peace and prosperity attend Zion's gates in our midst.

"We feel happy to state Mr. Coles and the church meeting here are quite agreed relative to the truth as it is in Jesus; that while he fearlessly and unflinchingly preaches salvation is of the Lord, the people, feeling themselves helpless and needy, find it a suitable and seasonable sound; and our hearts desire and prayer to God is that his servant may be kept faithful unto death, and see the pleasure of the Lord prosper in his hands. Mr. Coles is a member with us by regular dismission from Reading. The number of members in our church book at this time is eighty-nine; and we trust the Lord will bless the labours of our pastor, that there daily may be added to the church such as shall be saved. Thus having noticed the leadings of Divine Providence on our part, we pray the Lord to enable his servants that have kindly come to see us in his name to give us suitable admonitions, faithful warnings, and advice needed. Amen."

Mr. Curtis then asked Mr. Coles to give

a statement of his call by grace, and to the ministry; as also a declaration of those sentiments he intended to advocate there? To which Mr. C. replied. An outline of which follows:—

Dear Brother, Christian Friends:—In rising to give you a brief account of the Lord's dealings with my soul, I pray God to bring all things to my remembrance, and that you will hear me patiently.

I was 'born in sin, shapen in iniquity,' and drew my first natural breath at a place called *Garden Cottage, Stookwell, Surrey*. When a boy I narrowly escaped being drowned in the Thames, while living with an uncle and aunt at Kingston, who had some intention of bringing me up as they had no child of their own. But this was not my path. So I was soon returned to my parents, who were now living at Portland Town, Marylebone. Soon after this I had the following remarkable dream: which is as fresh at this time as it was then.

I dreamed that I was going to my father in the Regents Park; and just as I was in the Park Road, within a stone's throw of Mr. Foreman's chapel, I thought the world was at an end, I saw the elements on fire, heard the thunder roll, and all nature seemed to tremble—all faces were turned into paleness, and I saw the women with their offspring in their arms, tearing their hair from their heads! Now all this did not appear to move me the least; for I, perfectly composed, and with the uttermost deliberation, went up into a corner, and kneeling down began to pray; and while I was thus engaged, a white cloud caught me up above all the confusion and the shrieks which I heard; and then I saw nothing but the sun as at noon-day. And while in this cloud I awoke, fearfully agitated in my mind as to the end of the world, and what would become of me, for I usually reversed my dreams, when a boy. This soon wore off; but at times it would return with great freshness.

A few years after this time we went to live at Pains Hill, Chobham, in Surrey; and here it was that my vile nature and wicked heart, did more especially break out into open act, for I had a great love for horses: the stable became my constant resort, the coachman was a most depraved man, and I early learned to lie and swear to an awful extent; so much so that I tremble when I look back to think that God did not cut me down with a stroke. I had every opportunity of giving vent to the abominations of my heart, as I did not sleep under the same roof with my parents. At the early age of thirteen I have been at the tavern until two or three o'clock in the morning.

Now, in the midst of all this the end of the world would force itself, at times, on my mind, so that I knew not what to do. One day, when in the orange house on the estate, watering the trees, I had a very strange feeling come over me. As I was musing, the tears came into my eyes; and it was as if some one said to me 'pray;

and the Lord's prayer came into my mind in a moment; and so indignant did I feel at the thought of prayer that I put it from me in great anger. Oh! the depravity of the heart—and the opposition to all that is good!

I left Chobham for London about the year 1835; and came to live at a livery stable, at Islington, where I was for nine months, working hard, spending my wages, and sleeping in the hay-loft all the time. My health began to decline, and some thought that I was in a decline. Oh! the awful sights that I did behold here is enough to make one shudder; and yet God did preserve me, that I detested what I saw. Now, in another stable there was a set of thieves; and although I detested the above, I would have gladly taken part in the spoils of these; but, strange to say, they would not have me in their company. This was at that time a mystery to me, but it is as clear as the sun now; for they were soon afterwards found out, and some transported.

After living here nine months I left, and went to live with a cabinet maker, in London. While here, I met with another singular preservation:—One day as I was driving through London, I was thrown out of the cart, and the wheel nearly went over my head. This brings to my mind another, and that was, one day while helping my father to roll the walk with a large iron roller, I fell flat upon my face, the roller coming over me, and yet did not as much as break a bone; if it had touched my head, I must have been crushed to death, but

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

By the time I left this place my parents were come to live at Islington. I was at home a few months. I now began to think somewhat of my life, and of a reformation, as I seemed to think I should not go to heaven without something of this; but how to begin I did not know. Many times have I resolved to alter; and many solemn vows have I made, when I have been in the play-house; for I have there thought the place would fall in upon me when there; and I have declared I would enter no more for fear; but no sooner were my fears removed than my carnal nature was carried away as with a flood.

Soon after this the providence of God removed me to Upper Clapton, Middlesex, where I was living with a female servant, who I hope feared God. The first Sabbath I was there I went to Hackney Church; and when I had returned home, and had sat down to dinner, I observed my fellow-servant put her hand to her face, and inwardly ask a blessing. Oh! the feeling that I had in my mind at that moment I cannot describe, for I thought I had sat down like a beast to eat and drink, but this woman had thanked God for his mercies! Now, seeing her ways, I did feel disposed to make fresh resolutions; and as I was now come away from my old companions in iniquity, I did cease to swear

and lie so much as heretofore I had done but now and then it would break out afresh, for as yet the love of sin was there; it was the consequence of sin that I dreaded, namely *death*. At times, on going to bed, I would try to repeat a prayer I was taught when a boy; but as I could not recollect the whole, I thought God would not hear a part. Sometimes I would try to be sorry for my sins, and even to cry; for I had some idea about 'repentance and reformation of life' before I could be saved. But to cry was impossible; and I then thought there was no true sorrow without tears. My fellow servant would often speak to me about these matters; and I now felt well disposed to listen, and would ponder these things over, and wish I was like her. At last I determined to commence. I thought I would say a prayer night and morning—leave off swearing—and be good; the next thing was, what prayers should they be? So, one night after the family were gone to bed, I got my prayer-book to look out the prayers, but I could find none that I thought suitable, so I resolved that, as I was soon going to London, I would then procure a prayer-book; so for the present I would leave prayer until I had the book. Oh, how anxious I looked forward to the time when I should have the book and begin prayer, then I thought all will be well. A few days after this, one night when I was going up the dark stairs, these words came with great force to my mind, as I was thinking about my prayers—'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.' Oh, what I then felt no tongue can describe; I verily thought that before morning I should be in hell; for I began to think 'I have been looking forward to the time when I should buy my book and say my prayers, but now God has come to call me to a solemn account for all my sins! I shall surely be lost and damned for ever!' As soon as I could get by myself, and all the family were gone to bed, my fears and dread increased to such a pitch that I trembled and fell down before God; for the first time those words burst forth from my heart—'God be merciful to me a sinner;' for I wanted no book, now that I felt this, for my life and state were in such a woeful condition; so much so that the bed did shake under me; I covered myself up in the clothes, for fear the devil should fetch me, and drag me down to hell, my just but dread abode. O, how I did beg that God would spare me but a little while, and not cut me down that moment, and what I would do if he did but spare my life! 'O, the fool indeed that I have been! Had I but left off swearing, and lying, and the like but sooner! But now it is too late. I have had many convictions, and opportunities to have reformed my wicked life, but now it is in vain to hope.' But to cease to cry to God for mercy was impossible. O, how I did wonder from morning to morning, and night to night, that I was still spared; for

thou fool did continually follow me at all times, and at all places, for, as yet, I could see no way of escape from this dreadful state; for at this time I knew not God's way of saving sinners, only I thought that had I but turned when I had those convictions, there might have been hope. My fellow servant would take every opportunity of trying to comfort me, quoting many precious Scriptures, and assuring me I should be saved, and exhorting me to believe. But God's threatenings against the sinner, together with my state, did seem to outweigh them all; so that I felt nothing but despair. Now the devil would tempt me from day to day to destroy myself; 'for,' saith he, 'you cannot be worse; all hope is gone for ever, because you did not turn to God before. This temptation would come when I was cleaning the carving knife of a morning, and at times I felt that I must fall in with it, and yet there was a struggle within against it. Just about this time I went to an independent chapel close by; that night there was a funeral sermon for one who died very happy; and oh, how I was taken with that part where he spoke of the son praying over the dying father; I could have parted with all I possessed, had I been but like that son; for I thought 'he must be a good young man—these are the people that are going to heaven—and this is the minister of God;' for all appeared holy in my eyes. I now took every opportunity of going to the chapel, and the members took notice of me, and often spoke to me about my soul, as they soon found out I was under convictions. They assured me Christ died for *all*; he was ready to save *all*; I had only to believe; that was my duty, yea, my sin if I did not. But such was the nature of my sins that I could not draw such favourable conclusions. My fellow servant lent me a book called, *James's Anxious Enquirer*; and told me if I read that with prayer, she had no doubt I should find peace. I took the book, and felt determined to follow whatever it said, if I could but find peace. So I went to work; read it on my knees; but alas! I found it impossible to keep up to the mark. However, with this book, and the legal preaching, together with the people, I began to think it was my duty to believe, and my sin if I did not. My fears, too, now, were somewhat abated; and I began to look at the ten commandments. Well, thought I, there are some of them I have not broke; and I began to think that after all I was not so bad as I thought; and as I had now left off my sins and repented, now God was willing to receive me, and therefore I need not despair. So my wounds were slightly healed, and the outside cleansed; but the inside as filthy as ever; but did not know it; and all that I heard from pulpit or people did but build me up in this vain confidence and fleshly religion. I now began to think what I should do for God? So I became a Sunday school teacher, tract distributor, prayed at the prayer-meetings, and even spoke

from a chapter when visiting the sick, and was almost mad to go abroad as a missionary, and for which I offered many prayers. Some have said, 'You will be a preacher, you ought to go to college.' And, for aught I know, if the Lord had not soon driven me out of all this I should; but God had designed my teaching was to be in another school. Now all this time I was in the dark about the truth, and yet there was a secret desire in my heart to know the truth; and some fears I had at times lest I should be wrong, for I knew not as yet my real state, nor God's way of saving sinners; for although God had begun to discover sin to me, yet the heart was unbroken, and the nature of God's law unknown.

Now it occurred at a prayer-meeting that a man, in his prayer, spoke of God being a sovereign, loving Jacob, and hating Esau, and the like; which I did not notice at the time; but one man (a Wesleyan) did; and never came after, to my knowledge. Now, I felt concerned to know the reason, for I took him to be a very holy man of God, and at that time I felt a great attachment to the Wesleyans, and often attended their meetings. Now, one day as I was out, I met this man, and began to enquire the reason of his non-attendance, when he began to tell me about what this man had repeated in his prayer. This man said, he 'believes in election.' 'Election,' said I, 'what is that?' He answered—'This man believes God made a part of the human race to damn them—and these men believe that there are little children in hell.' I was horrified at such a statement; and so filled was I with hellish rage, that I said, 'If this is God's way of saving sinners, I would rather be damned. Oh, what a dreadful doctrine is this! Where does he profess to find it?' He told me in the ninth chapter of the Romans; but of course he did not believe one word of it. As soon as I reached home and got a Bible, to my greatest surprise, there was election as clear as the sun at noon-day, and the very words that the man repeated in his prayer. Oh, how surprised I was! I could scarcely believe my own eyes; and the more I read, to my astonishment the clearer it appeared, so that the Bible appeared now to be full of that doctrine. Now I began to think 'I am in a dreadful state. What have I been thinking, doing and saying? God has an elect people—that is his way of saving sinners.' I began to see that all my former profession was in the flesh, and as to call God my Father, that was presumption. O! the fool that I have been! I could not hear the preaching as heretofore; my mouth was stopped as to prayer, and my life became a burden; a flood of blasphemous thoughts were continually flowing into my mind, and at times I could hardly keep from belching them out; I pitied the horse that I drove; and wished myself anything so long as I was not accountable to God. Oh, that I had never uttered those words, that 'I had rather be

damned, than saved by election.' Now something said, 'You have committed the unpardonable sin; there is therefore no forgiveness, and those blasphemous thoughts are a sure evidence of the same, and that God had given me up to a reprobate mind;' and again I was tempted to destroy myself. In this state of mind I went one night to hear the minister; and in the course of his sermon he repeated, and dwelt upon these words, 'Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them. He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all.' Oh, what a view I now had of the law of God; in its requirements I clearly saw I was under its curse; the depravity of my heart appeared in such a light as I had not the least conception of before. All my former religious acts were as filthy rags; and that if God was to cut me down as with a stroke, and send me to hell he would be a just God. I felt now that if one good thought was required, I could not give even that to God if it was to save my soul. I plainly saw that if I was saved it must be by a sovereign act of grace, the very thing I had despised; and therefore, how could I hope for pardon? Yet I could not cease to cry for God to have mercy on my soul. One night, in this state, I went to the Wesleyan chapel; the preacher was preaching about holy Abraham; and such was the legal way in which he set the matter forth that he made out that this holiness was in ourselves instead of Christ; so that this did but increase my misery, and make my chains the heavier: so I turned away from them, and do bless God for that now.

Just at this time a friend put into my hand Herbert's Poems. This was of very great service to me in this state of mind; but my awful state did appear in such a light that it seemed to drown the least hope that at times would spring up within. Just at this time I read Pilgrim's Progress; and when I came to that part where Christian was passing through the valley, I shall never forget; for he seemed to set the whole in such a wonderful light that I saw there was a vast difference between having these thoughts, and consenting thereto, and that in reality they came from the devil, and not my now broken heart; so that this would lead me to cry to God for mercy, and search the Scriptures continually; but all I could see then was for the elect, but I was not one of them; yet I was brought to see that what I did say about being 'rather damned than saved,' was done ignorantly; and this would just keep me from black despair. Now it occurred one morning, as I was lamenting over myself, (and had just been crying to the Lord for mercy,) that I was coming out of the stable, and was going to dig in the garden, when I thought I would look into a small text book I had in my pocket, which I did, just upon these words, 'Fear not for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.' Isa. xliiii. 1. It was as if these words were spoken over and over again to

my soul—'I have called thee'—'I have redeemed thee,' in such quick and rapid succession, that they astonished me; I felt all my sins to be taken away, and my sin-polluted soul washed in the precious blood of Christ. My heart was filled with joy unspeakable! Oh, what beauty did I see in Christ as my Redeemer; I could have danced and sung aloud for joy. My work, which was a burden before, was light now; the Bible appeared to be a new book; I read it with new light, and it was my meat and my drink, and I did then esteem it to be more than my necessary food. As soon as my work was done of a day, I retired to my loft to read and meditate upon this wonderful Redeemer; and when I could read no longer I poured out my soul to God for an hour together. No one can tell what I then experienced—the holy familiarity I felt in approaching to God as my Father in Christ—and the marvellous discovery I then had of the blessed trinity, Father, Word, and Spirit! I had such a blessed manifestation of Christ to my soul one night, that when I came out of the stable, I thought that the heavens appeared lit up with his glory; so that I could not help blessing and praising God aloud; and this continued more or less for three months; so that it was indeed a Bethel to my soul; and I then thought 'I shall never have a doubt any more upon my mind.' In searching the Scriptures I was led to see Believer's Baptism; and as the Lord had done so much for me I felt a desire to follow him in that ordinance.

Just at this time I was directed to hear you, Sir, (alluding to Mr. Curtis.) The first time I heard you I could not get on, as there appeared something so deep about your manner; but I came again, and you spoke from those words four times 'Unto you that believe he is precious.' I shall never forget the substance of those sermons to the day of my death. These words were found, and I did eat them, and they were the joy and rejoicing of my heart. I now felt a union to the people, the place, and the preacher; and was constrained to come and offer myself as a candidate for the ordinance of baptism; and truly I can say that Christ was precious in that ordinance to my soul. So that I now felt like a child at home; and the truths I heard from time to time, did more and more establish and build me up in 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'

Thus, dear brother I have just given you a brief account of my 'call by grace.'

(*Mr. Coles's Call to the Ministry in our next.*)

The Streets of the City of God.

Cuckfield, November 20, 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS:—Will you do me the favour of sending me six more of the *Baptists' Hymn Books*, bound in sheep? These books have been (and I believe will continue to be) under God's blessing, a great help to many; I would that they had a far greater circulation among the

churches, in the dark day in which we live; so that if there was a jarring sound in their preaching, there would be harmony in their songs. This I do know, that among the really taught of God, there is a union and harmony in feelings, in breathings, in desires, in pursuits; for there is but one Spirit, and he is the teacher of all the heaven-born family; and when he comes he convinceth of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and this he does for all without exception. He also is the testifier of Christ Jesus. Now there is but one Jesus, one Saviour, one Redeemer, one Lord our righteousness; and therefore he (the Spirit) must testify of the one Lord Jesus Christ; and as such he does not testify of him to one as a whole and an all-sufficient Saviour, and to another a partial or insufficient Saviour, consequently leaving the sinner to perform certain conditions in order to be saved.

God's ministers, like Barnabas and Saul, are called and sent forth by the Holy Ghost, and therefore their commission must be one, and though their gifts differ, they have but one and the same gospel to publish; in preaching the gospel of the grace of God, I preach that which just suits my own case, for I feel myself to be the chief of sinners, incapable of thinking a good thought, and therefore as an helpless, undeserving sinner, I lay as brought of him, and placed by him at the Saviour's feet, and find the prayer of the publican, ('God be merciful to me a sinner') as suitable as at the first, when God gave me eyes to see. Grace has been, and still is, a sweet sound to my soul, and truly I can say with Paul, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' Christ as all in all in salvation's work just suits me, but to this my proud heart never would bow, until I had tried all other ways and means, and found 'refuge failed me,' and being caught in a storm I was impelled to 'embrace the Rock for the want of a shelter.' I have often thought what an unspeakable mercy it is that when every thing else has been tried, and Christ has been the last shift, that he has not come forth in his hot displeasure against the soul, and consumed it, instead of receiving it to himself. Those gracious words of Jesus are very sweet, 'All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;' no, though their sins be as scarlet and as crimson, he will not cast them out, seeing he is 'able to save to the uttermost' all that come to God through him.

I have been preaching the last four Sabbath mornings from Sol. Song iii. 2; and the dear Lord has graciously blessed the remarks made therefrom to many of his dear tried children, even as I have heard from the lips of many. I was led in my plain way to notice first, the city as being the church of God, and as such it is the city of the great King, the Lord Jesus Christ; and this city is a chosen city, a holy city, a city of truth, a city of righteousness, the faithful city, the citizens are called and

sought out, a city not forsaken, a city of praise, its most delightful name is 'the LORD is there,' for he hath desired it for his habitation, and declares, 'he loveth her gates.' This city is also called a great city, a strange city, a defenced city, a little city, but 'the poor wise man' was and is found therein, and he by his wisdom delivered the city. We then noticed, (1.) Its situation—fixed on the mount of electing love. (2.) Its walls—salvation. (3.) Its towers—God's faithfulness, oaths, promises and blood. (4.) Its King—Jesus; for thus saith the Father, 'I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.' (5.) Its laws and statutes—the word of God. (6.) Its riches—grace, mercy, and truth. (7.) Its inhabitants—sinners loved, redeemed, called, washed, justified, approved, and accepted in Christ Jesus; these, like Paul, are free-born, for their birth originates in the free and sovereign grace of God, he begets them because he will beget them, and therefore 'hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy;' and so we see 'it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.' Being free of the city, their privileges are great; they have free access to God through the mediation of Jesus Christ, and their King opens up all the stores eternal love has prepared for them.

Secondly, we noticed the streets of the city, and that the citizens live therein, and that there are different streets, some more desirable than others; and as some of the citizens are frequently removing from one street to another, so is it found in the spiritual city, the church of God. I conceive that the streets represent the different states of experience of the children of God, therefore, the first street named is 'Conversion street;' and in this street all the true citizens have lived or passed through, and this produces an internal change, and is the work of the Holy Ghost. Second, 'Repentance street;' this springs from godly sorrow, which worketh repentance to salvation; see its effects in 2 Cor. vii. 10, 11. Third, 'Hatred to Sin street.' David saith, 'I hate vain thoughts;' and Paul saith, 'What I hate that do I;' (meaning sin.) Fourth, 'Self-loathing street;' this shall come in remembering their ways and doings, for thus saith the Lord, 'Ye shall loathe yourselves in your own sight, for all your evils that you have committed.' Ezek. xx. 43. Fifth, 'Self-denial street,' 'By faith, Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' Sixth, 'Trying street;' The Lord trieth the righteous in various ways, we find none of God's saints of old but have lived in this street, some have scarcely ever been out of it, many sweet and profitable lessons have been learned there. Seventh, 'Self-examination street;' he that loveth the light and 'doeth truth, cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God.' Eighth, 'Cast Down street.' David saith,

'O God, my soul is cast down within me;' and Paul saith, 'Cast down, but not destroyed.' But those are sweet words, wherein David, speaking of a good man, saith, 'though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.' Ninth, 'Desponding street;' here Jacob was found when he cried, 'All these things are against me;' and also Hezekiah, when he said, 'I shall not see the Lord in the land of the living,' &c. Tenth, 'Praying street.' This is one of the main streets that runs through all the city, for God has no still-born children, but all are crying, praying, sighing, groaning and wrestling souls. Eleventh, 'Doubting street;' this is wont to be a very crowded street; many live here a long time, and if by faith, they remove out of it, they soon return again. Jesus said to his apostle Peter, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' And we read, that after his resurrection, 'some believed and some doubted.' Twelfth, 'Careful street.' Here Martha dwelt when Jesus said unto her, 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things,' &c. The Holy Ghost saith, 'Be careful for nothing,' &c. And Peter saith, 'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.' Thirteenth, 'Contentment street.' Here Mary lived when she sat at the feet of Jesus; and poor old Jacob also when he said, 'It is enough; Joseph, my son, is yet alive;' and again, 'now let me die since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive.' Fourteenth, 'Passive street.' Here Aaron lived when the Lord slew his two sons, Nadab and Abihu, it is written, 'And Aaron held his peace;' also Eli, when Samuel told him the heavy tidings, he said, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' Fifteenth, 'Humbling street.' Here also Jacob was found, when he said, 'I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servant;' and also Paul, 'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given,' &c. Sixteenth, 'Gathering street.' Here Jehoshaphat and Israel were found three days after that the Lord had appeared for their deliverance. Seventeenth, 'Resting street.' Those that believe, do enter into rest; they rest in Jesus, and on the promises and faithfulness of God. Eighteenth, 'Meditation street.' David said, 'I love thy law, it is my meditation all the day;' Isaac went out into the field to meditate, and this is a most blessed employment when the Spirit leads us there, and opens to faith's view the blessings therein to be discovered. Nineteenth, 'Observation street.' Wisdom saith, 'My son give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways;' and the Holy Ghost saith 'such shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.' Twentieth, 'Mount street.' Here Peter, James, and John were, when they said, 'Master, it is good to be here;' here the Great and chief Shepherd makes the fold for his sheep, where he opens up all the glorious scenes

of Calvary; God declares, 'they shall dwell on high, and their place of defence shall be the munition of rocks.' Twenty-first, 'Union street.' Here the saints, in union with their Lord and with each other, dwell, proving that bond of union is love. As Christ is the head and his church the body of unity, so there can be no death to the body while the head liveth. Eternal love encompasseth the church around; and though this union did not begin here, yet here it is known and felt, and also between the saints. Twenty-second, 'Conversational street.' 'Those that feared the Lord spake often one to the other;' David saith, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.' Twenty-third, 'Sympathising street.' Those that dwell here 'weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that do rejoice.' Twenty-fourth, 'Visiting street.' This is described by James, in the following words, 'Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' Much good is received, as well as done (by the blessing of God) in this street, I am witness. Twenty-fifth, 'Surrendering street.' Here Paul saith, that the believing Macedonians, 'first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God.' Twenty-sixth, 'Baptising street.' 'Then they that gladly received his word were baptized.' Twenty-seventh, 'Temptation street.' And of all the streets this is the most distressing; here I have been tempted to disbelieve the being of a God—the divinity of the Person of Christ—to blaspheme the name of God—to put an end to my life—to commit the most awful sins—to give up all religion as being a mere farce—and a thousand other things too many to name here. Twenty-eighth, 'Victory street.' And truly we may say, with Paul, 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ;' and with John, 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' Twenty-ninth, 'Shouting street.' Our Jesus is gone up with a shout! and truly, when the saints, through grace, have got the victory they shout, 'grace, grace.' The last street named was 'Dying street.' This will land the saint over Jordan. Blessed street to the righteous!

My dear brother, when I sat down to write, I thought I should be able to get just the heads of the sermons preached from the text named in the sheet of paper; but I find I am a great way out, and therefore, I must leave the remainder until another opportunity. I hope Mrs. S. is much better in her health than when I last heard from you. May the Lord abundantly bless her in all her deep afflictions with his gracious smiles, and you, my beloved brother, with the heavenly dew continually dropping into your own soul, and that your tongue may continue for many years to come, to spread abroad the savor of that name that has long been most precious to your own soul,

and that your labours, as heretofore, may be abundantly blessed to both saint and sinner, is the heart-felt prayer of your unworthy, and yet most affectionate brother in the bonds of everlasting love.

To Mr. Stenson. EDWARD ARNOLD.

MR. STENSON'S REPLY.

MR DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS:—My heart is glad, and my spirit rejoiceth, in witnessing the goodness of the Lord towards one whom my soul loveth for the truth's sake. May your ministry be distinguished for its soundness, spirituality, simplicity, and suitability. Soundness in doctrines, ordinances, and precepts, is of vast importance, but this will not suffice, without spirituality of mind and judgment in opening up, laying out, and bringing forth to the light, the manifold conflicting and perplexing experiences of the living family of God. Simplicity of statements, free from all sophistry; and solemnity of speech, devoid of all mimicry, affectation, and buffoonery, should be uniformly observed by all professing to be sent from God to speak unto sinners concerning the salvation of their souls from the wrath to come upon the ungodly. Be assured, my brother, that as your ministry is characterized for its soundness, spirituality, simplicity, and solemnity, it will not only commend itself to the consciences of your hearers, but its suitability to the condition, cases, and circumstances of the children of God, (by the power of the Spirit attending, and the seal of the Spirit attesting the same,) will be rendered apparent; and its success will be answerable to your warmest wishes, which, doubtless, are encompassed by the will of God. My mind has long been convinced, that as 'the ancient settlements of grace' are boldly and believingly, faithfully and feelingly, constantly and clearly preached, there will be 'strength in the ministry;' and as 'salvation by grace' is revealed in the heart by the Holy Ghost, through the preaching of the everlasting gospel, there will be 'sweetness in the ministry;' and as the 'supplies of grace' are afforded, there will be 'success in the ministry.' May your soul, while searching after truth, be wet with the dew of heaven, and while setting forth the truth, be watered with showers of blessings; may you be walled round with salvation, weaned from the world, and be daily weeded by the skilful hand of him, whose piercing eye well discerns between the productions of nature and the productions of grace, between the works of the flesh and the fruits of the Spirit. May your heart be warmed with everlasting love, and while walking in the paths of righteousness, in quest of imperishable substance, may you be winged with hallowed desires for the glory of God and the good of immortal souls. The Lord graciously enable you 'to fulfil the ministry' which you have received at his hand, testifying to small and great none other things than those the prophets and apostles declared, that salvation is in Christ, of

grace, by blood, from hell, to God, and is sure to all the seed elect. As God has chosen you for his service, 'be ever mindful of his covenant,' he stands engaged to help you, yea, to strengthen you, and uphold you with the right hand of his righteousness; therefore, trust him at all times, and under all circumstances, knowing that your sufficiency is alone of him. There are seven thoughts which just occur to my mind, which, by way of advice, I will thus express:—1st. As a Workman, or, as John Foreman has it, a Working-man, be not ashamed of your work, studying diligently and seeking prayerfully, rightly to handle and divide the word of truth, according to the ability which God giveth.—2nd. As a Watchman, or a Watching-man, be not asleep upon the walls of Zion, the night is dark, the thieves are numerous, and skulking about in search of prey; the spirit of slumber is fallen upon the daughters of Israel, and none, or few seemed concerned for the safety of the city.—3rd. As a Warrior, be not alarmed at the sound of the war trumpet, or at the sight of the glittering spear; gird on your armour; give no quarters to the invading, insulting foe; go forth manfully and meet the monster sin; and let it not be said, there is not one valiant for the truth at Cuckfield.—4th. As a Witness, be not afraid to speak out freely the truth of God, knowing that the judge before whom you stand and speak, trieth the heart, and cannot be deceived.—5th. As a Wrestler, be not astonished if, after having prevailed with God in the spirit, you experience a shrinking in the flesh, as in the case of Jacob, or a thorn in the flesh, as in the case of Paul.—6th. As a Wise Householder, be not accused of wasting ought, however small, that is thy Lord's.—7th. As a Waiting Husbandman, be not amazed if the crops fail and disappoint thy hopes, but remember the language of Habakkuk in the time of famine, 'Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.' The Holy Ghost also spake by Solomon, saying, 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.' In which words notice four things:—1st. The duty enjoined: 'Sow thy seed.'—2nd. Diligence required: 'In the morning, and in the evening.'—3rd. Dependence declared: 'Thou knowest not.'—4th. Desire implied: 'Prosperity, more or less.' And now, my dear and well beloved brother, I again commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, most earnestly praying that 'the love of Christ which passeth knowledge,' (Ephes. iii. 10.) and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, (Phil. iv. 7,) may dwell richly in you, making you to abound in every good word and work, serving the Lord with all humility and thankfulness. * * *

Grace be with thee. Amen.

JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea, Nov. 25. 1848.

The Peaceful Departure of Mrs. Mary Male, of Cottenham.

"And she answered, It is well."

THIS portion of divine truth was exemplified in the peaceful departure of Mrs. Mary Male, of Cottenham, Cambridgeshire, who departed this life October 3d, 1848, firmly fixed upon the Rock of Ages.

The subject of this memoir was the second daughter of Mr. Henry Auburn, of Cambridge, who, in their early days, used to sit under the ministry of the late Dr. Harris, but at the time that Mr. W. Allen (now of Cave Adullam) preached at Eden Chapel, Mr. Auburn and family constantly attended the ministry of that good man. Some few years had elapsed when circumstances of an unpleasant nature arose, and in the sequel, Mr. Allen and some of the friends left Eden, and built another chapel, and called it Providence; and amongst the friends that left was Mr. Auburn and family. Although it was the unspeakable happiness of the deceased to be born and brought up by God-fearing parents, yet she was ignorant of God and his Christ, and herself too, until about the age of twenty. Like the rest of the sons and daughters of Adam, she knew not that she was poor, and blind, and naked, and miserable, in the strictest sense of the word, and without hope and God in the world; 'her ways leading down to death, and her steps taking hold on hell,' until it pleased God, who separated her from her mother's womb, to separate her from her old companions, and to implant that principle of divine grace, which is now crowned with immortal glory.

The first impressions that ever she had was one Sabbath morning, when Mr. Allen took for his text, '*Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.*' These words seemed as a hammer to break her rocky heart. Her attention was arrested; her heart was melted; fear seized her inmost soul, and '*sins, sins, sins,*' rang through her mind. Never before did she feel herself a sinner; often would she say to me, 'Never shall I forget my feelings in leaving that chapel, and going to my home; my heart was ready to burst; feeling myself a naked sinner before an holy God. No forgiveness for me! I am lost for ever! Hell will be my portion. Oh that I had not been born. My dear parents going to heaven; my two sisters going to heaven; but I must go to hell. I can feel no forgiveness. My sins are too great to be pardoned.' 'I reached my home (she said) and crawled up to my bedroom; there I cried and groaned, and begged of the Lord to spare me a little time before he consigned me to that place of torment, which I thought must be my portion.'

Thus she was burdened down with sins and sorrows for days, months, and to a large degree for years. At length Mr. Allen left the pastorate at Providence, for Cave Adullam, London. His successor was a Mr. Battiscombe, a seceder from the

church; but neither Mr. Allen nor Mr. Battiscombe was to be the happy instrument of comforting her distressed soul. During this time Mr. Thos. Pook preached the gospel at Eden Chapel, where the whole of the family formerly attended; but in consequence of former unpleasantnesses the daughters were forbidden to go; occasionally the deceased broke the command of her father and paid some visits to Eden Chapel, and generally used to hear something from the lips of Mr. Pook comforting to her distressed soul;—to use her own words, 'I can hear there what I feel to need';—till at length, quite tired of the ministry of Mr. Battiscombe, she resolved to relinquish her sitting, let what would be the consequence. Be it remarked, during all this time she experienced a great deal of mental agony, and kept all, or most of what she felt to herself, and seldom would she utter a word to any friend. Like Mary of old, 'she kept these things, and pondered them in her heart.' Many times has she told me, that when she has been on her knees and begging the Lord to shew to her that her sins were forgiven, she has heard her sister coming up stairs, she has rose up in haste, and dare not so much as let her see her read the Bible, at the same time her sister a praying character. But I doubt not, could these walls speak, they would testify to the ardency of her soul in secret before the Lord. During this time satan made himself very busy in preaching to her from 'the Lord takes one of a city, and two of a family.' She felt quite satisfied that her two sisters were right, and that it was quite out of the order of God's gracious design to save three with an everlasting salvation; these suggestions tormented her for years, and often did she infer that she must be lost. While constantly attending the ministry of Mr. Pook she felt a little comfort in her mind, and could sometimes indulge a secret hope that her sins were forgiven. A correspondence was at this time carried on between her and her now bereaved husband, and many were the efforts made in order to comfort her soul, and in her last hours she made reference to the same. It pleased the dear Lord to grant many souls to the ministry of Mr. Pook, and we often had the pleasure of witnessing the despised ordinance—baptism. These were cutting strokes to the deceased, feeling like the man laying at the pool for years, but no angel to put her in, no persuasion would do, although the words of Mr. Foreman were strictly applicable when he said, 'No one doubts Mary's religion, but Mary herself.'

In the year 1842 it pleased the dear Lord who wings an angel, and guides a sparrow, to open a door in his providence for our future sustenance at Cottenham, where he was pleased to grant a good supply of the

comforts of life, so that we have often said, 'the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage.' In March, 1842, on Easter Sunday, we entered the marriage bond, performed by our respected and beloved friend Mr. P. This terminated our attendance at Eden Chapel; from that time we have constantly attended the ministry of our aged and respected friend Mr. Sutton, who is fast going down the hill of life; but still he finds his God faithful to his promise, for he still brings forth fruit in his old age. Nothing very particular had occurred in the experience of the deceased for about four years, but constantly the subject of great darkness of mind, and often has she wet her couch with tears, because she could not enjoy more of the Lord's presence, often would say 'I go and come but all to no comfort, my dear friends seem to enjoy the world, and can talk about the best things, speak of his love, and sing of his grace and mercy, and tell to each other what God has done for their souls, but I cannot; the Bible is a sealed book; my prayers are like the chattering of a crane or a swallow; I think I am quite alone, like a sparrow upon the house-top; I fear after all I shall be a cast-away; but still to the house of God I will go, for I can say, 'There my best friends my kindred dwell, There God my Saviour reigns.'

It may be truly said of her, as was said of the excellent Grimshaw, that she prayed much, and waited long before she experienced that peace of mind, which is the effect of a living faith in Jesus.—But after all a happy end has crowned the whole. She now beholds his face.

In the year 1846, there was a revival of the cause of God under the pastorate of our venerable friend Mr. Sutton; and something like twelve or thirteen came to tell the church what God had done for their souls, the deceased being one of that number. She spoke her experience, June 28th, was baptised July 16th, 1846. During the last year of her mortal life she laboured under much weakness of body, proceeding from asthma of fifteen years' standing, oftentimes troubled so much with cough as to deprive her of all comfort in her domestic circle; in addition to that mental darkness (her constant companion) which sometimes brought forth that pathetic exclamation, 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest.' On the 23rd of August she was mercifully delivered of a living child, being the third she had borne; restoring mercies seemed to us to be granted for twelve days, so that there was no apprehension of death being so near; on the 7th of September she was seized with a violent fit of shaking, so that it was feared soul and body must part; and from this time it became evident that the tabernacle was about to be taken down, and nearly all hopes of being saved was taken away. On the following day, feeling herself weaker, she said 'My dear, give me the Bible, and Stevens' hymn book;' she

took them from me, and said, 'My dear, I am going to leave you, I have had a sure sign that I shall die. I shall live a few days more; and that will be to speak of the goodness of my God. Don't weep for me, I shall soon be at home; now I can feel my sins forgiven; ALL IS WELL! ALL IS WELL!' The feelings of her partner may be better imagined than expressed, from such sudden and unexpected expressions. In the evening she wished to see a friend, to say how happy she felt; and it may be said that she was like a bottle wanting vent. A friend came to see her—'Oh, Mrs. E., I am glad to see you; I am going to leave this sinful world; my race is nearly run; my doctor told me last night that there is no hope of life, that cheered my heart, for I feel so happy that I want to be gone; never in all my life have I felt so happy in my mind as the last two days; 'tis

'Now I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies.'

I have no fear of death: death has no sting for me, my Jesus has took it away; I am as happy as I expect to be this side of heaven.' Turning to her husband, she said, 'Do not weep for me, my dear, my tears will soon be all wiped away; take care of the dear babes, mind they are not ill used; I can leave them with you without the least fear. I have not come to a dying-bed to learn your kindness; I shall see you again among the ranks of the glorified; and

'There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin.'

Her cough getting very troublesome she was obliged to desist from talking for the night. On the following day, the family came to see her in the last stage of life; on entering the room she cheerfully said, 'My dears, I am glad to see you, don't cry, I am quite happy;

'My Jesus hath done all things well;'

I shall soon be with and like my Lord; I am quite ready to go when the messenger comes. Her father saying to her, not to talk quite so much, she quickly replied, 'Why I have been still long enough; satan would like to stop my mouth now, but satan is for ever done with me; I will speak his praise while I have my breath, and soon I shall

'Clasp him in my arms
The antidote of death.'

A dear friend at evening said, 'If I see you no more in this world, what is your prospect for the future?' She calmly replied,

'I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
And [I can say I] long to see it fall.'

All is settled! All is well! I do not wish to be impatient, but I long to be gone; the feelings of my inmost soul are, *Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.* Good night: farewell: farewell.' Being very restless through the night, she often said, 'Why are his chariot

wheels so long in coming? I thought I should have been at home before this.' Turning to her husband, she said, 'My dear, I want to hear you pray once more before I go over Jordan; I shall soon be done praying and shall commence praising, never more to leave off; you will be spared long yet in this vale of tears to bring up the dear babes: but I shall see you again; and I hope my dear children will be found interested in the same salvation I live in the possession of—a good hope through grace.'

'The coffin, the shroud, and the tomb,
To me are no objects of dread:
On him who is mighty to save,
My soul is with confidence stayed.'

After giving some directions respecting her funeral, how she wished to have it done, who should be the bearers, &c., she said, 'Tell Mr. Sutton to preach from Psa. xxxi. 5.—*Into thy hands I commit my spirit.* I think this will be the last day.' In the after part of the day it was apparent that the king of terrors was not far distant. Feeling herself much worse, she said, 'This is the time—good bye my dear, farewell—farewell!' After laying some minutes, being asked whether she felt better? she replied with emphasis 'No: and have no wish; I am going home to night.'

At half-past seven o'clock her faculties became a little impaired; nothing would do but her bed must be altered so that she might go to rest for the night; her sister mentioned to her that she was safe on the Rock of Ages. Her reply was 'don't talk so loud,' the last words she was heard to speak.

At half-past eight o'clock she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, on the 3rd day of October, 1848, in the thirty-first year of her age. On the following Lord's-day, her mortal remains were interred in the Cottenham Cemetery; there to sleep till the morn of the resurrection; when her 'mortal shall put on immortality.' Some remarks were made at the grave by our friend Mr. Sutton; and we left the body in the dust with singing,

'Farewell, dear saint, a short adieu,
Some angel calls thee to the spheres.'

And the same evening, the solemn event was improved by Mr. Sutton preaching from the text chosen by herself; and the service closed with singing the 256th hymn in Dobell's collection—

'Tis finish'd, the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.'

Thus, Mr. Editor, I have given you a few of the particulars connected with the life and death of Mary Male, hoping that you will give them a place in that *Vessel* which brings good tidings from a far country, if you think them worthy, if not, return them to me again. I am happy to inform you that the *Vessel* is making its way into our village. Your companion in the path of tribulation,

DAVID MALE.

The Late Mr. Thomas Dawes, Minister of the Gospel.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

SIR:—Should you deem the following brief memoir of a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus worthy of a place in your interesting publication, its insertion at your earliest convenience will much oblige, Sir, Your's respectfully, A WIDOW IN ISRAEL.

That 'the memory of the just is blessed,' was especially verified in the instance of our beloved and departed friend Mr. Thomas Dawes, whose remembrance is cherished with grateful affection by many who 'esteemed him very highly in love for his work's sake.' He was a native of Welwyn, Herts, called by divine grace in early life; and after a long season of mental anxiety and soul conflict, set at liberty under the ministry of Mr. Oxenham, then supplying in that town.

In the providence of God he removed to London, and was a hearer of the late Mr. Huntington till his death; afterwards uniting with the church under Mr. Francis, of Snows Fields, between whose character, as described in the pages of the *Earthen Vessel*, and that of our friend, there appears to have been a striking similarity; eventually he joined the friends assembling at Soho Chapel, (of which place the late Mr. Coombs was then pastor) where he continued an honourable member till removed from the church militant to the church triumphant above.

Mr. Dawes was engaged in the ministry upwards of thirty years in various parts of his Master's vineyard; and for more than twenty-six of that number as an alternate monthly supply, he faithfully proclaimed the gospel of Christ to the friends assembling at Zion Chapel, King's Langley, and by the grace of God was enabled to adorn his profession by a suitable life, walk, and conversation.

His public ministrations were plain, simple, and energetic, often rising to the sublime, while his deep views of gospel truth, and of the glory and preciousness of his Lord and Master, whom he delighted to honour, often exceeded his power of expression; and the Lord honoured his devoted servant by owning his message, and giving it an abiding in the hearts and affections of many of his hearers. It was his often expressed desire that he might 'rather wear out, than rust out;' and not be left to outlive his religion. This request was more than granted, his lamp appearing to burn brighter as it neared the fountain of light.

The last Sabbath Mr. Dawes spent on earth he laboured amongst us with peculiar liberty and acceptance, addressing us in the morning and afternoon from Psalm xcii. 10, 'I shall be anointed with fresh oil.' And as far as my memory is correct, he considered the words of the text as ap-

plicable to the Lord Jesus Christ, his ministers, and his people; and spoke of the nature of this anointing oil, the necessity of being a partaker of it, its blessedness, and the evidences of its reception. This anointing of the Holy Spirit, typified by the oil used in the services of the Jewish tabernacle, gives heavenly light, soul establishment, solid comfort, and divine consolation. The evening's discourse was founded on the 11th chapter of the gospel according to John, 28th verse, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.' The text was considered as a solemn and premonitory one, but we little thought it had reference to the venerable speaker, who, during the whole of the service, was unusually animated; while the heavenly joy which beamed on his pallid countenance, indicated a soul on the wing for glory, and only awaiting its summons for the flight.

To a friend who accompanied him to the station he expressed how much the Lord had favoured him throughout the day, notwithstanding he left home in the morning much depressed in mind, he had been truly anointed with fresh oil; on reaching his own habitation, he made the same pleasing communication to the honour of the Master he loved and served. On the ensuing morning he complained of indisposition gradually sinking into a stupor, from which he had partial revivals of consciousness, when he repeated various passages of Scripture, and portions of hymns indicative of the blessed foundations on which his hopes rested. On the following Friday, Dec. 17, 1847, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

[*Lines on the Death of Mr. Dawes in our next.*]

Was this a Vessel of Mercy ?

A LITTLE tract, headed "*A Record of One under Sentence of Death,*" has fallen into our hands; it contains some particulars descriptive of the last days of Harriet Parker, who, for murdering two young children, was executed a short time since, at Newgate.

If she was indeed a vessel of mercy, (and from what this tract declares, we would almost hope she was)—then, see—to what amazing lengths of sin a redeemed sinner may be permitted to go; see, what solemn events may sometimes stand in connection with the conversion of an heir of glory! and see, how free, unmerited, and sovereign is the saving grace of God!

Reader! I will give thee a brief outline of what is written of the last days of this poor sinner. Meditate thereon; and the Lord bless it to thy soul's eternal peace.

"Harriet Parker had committed the dreadful crime of taking the lives of two young children: it was after her committal to Newgate that, as a prison visitor, I was brought into communication with her. It was on the 25th of January that I first saw

her. I found her very ignorant, never having read a chapter in the Bible till she came to Newgate. Her extreme anxiety to know more of the way of salvation now seemed quite to overpower every other feeling; she never alluded to her approaching trial, nor seemed to think of it. And when I expressed a fear that she might be wearied with conversation, as she had previously received instruction that morning, she said, 'Oh, no, no; I can never hear too much, about that; all I want is to know more, more about Christ.' She refused to plead 'Not Guilty,' and throw herself on her country for trial, which was recorded—as a plea of 'Not Guilty, by order of Court;' indeed, confession free and full had been her only comfort from the very hour when she had committed the dreadful deed. She had given herself up to the police as her 'only way of escape from agonies such as there are no words to tell;' and her horror of herself was so great, that when first brought to prison she folded her dress tightly round her lest any one should come in contact with one so polluted, saying, 'Don't touch me, I am a murderess!' She said she had loved the children, and was, moreover, constitutionally tender-hearted, indeed she manifested peculiar gentleness of disposition; but the thought came—the thought was acted—the devil's work was done.

"On the 1st of February, I again saw her. She wept much, and expressed great fear that she 'did not feel her sin enough.' In reading over and contrasting with her the repentance of Judas and Peter, she was much struck and comforted to find that, like the latter, she was enabled, through the grace of Christ, who had first 'looked on' her, to cling to his cross with a hope of mercy.

"The next time that I saw her was the day after it had been announced to her that she was ordered for execution in a fortnight, and henceforth I visited her daily. She asked me, before we went to our Scripture reading, to look over a letter she had just dictated to the father of her innocent victims. It was a simple, earnest expression of deep penitence for the cruel injury she had inflicted on him, with a solemn entreaty to repent and return to his lawful wife; her sense of the wrong done to the wife appeared from first to last to be that which gave her the sharpest pang of all. When the history of David's guilt was read to her, she realised it as identical with her own; and while conscience said, 'Thou art the man,' seemed to drink in, with equal wonder and humble gratitude, the assurance, 'The Lord also hath put away thy sin.'

"The day after, the third chapter of St. John's Gospel was read, with the reference in the 14th and 15th verses to the history of

the brazen serpent, as recorded in Numbers xxi. And when it was plain and clear to her mind that 'looking unto Jesus' she was safe, however deeply wounded by sin, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, 'That is beautiful.' After prayer, in which there had been allusion to the 'hope of the hypocrite,' she inquired, with startling earnestness, what that false hope was? Indeed, fear of ill-grounded hope, of speaking peace to herself where there was no peace, of not feeling her sinfulness as she could desire, oppressed her greatly at this time. On her referring on a subsequent occasion to this false hope, which she had been warned against by a clergyman who had kindly read with her in consequence of the illness of the Ordinary, and asking why this should be so pressed on her, she was told, that as the genuineness of her repentance could not be tested by her after life, and as a change of heart, as well as pardon of sin, was indispensable to render her meet for heaven, it was urgent upon her to pray that God would send his Holy Spirit to try and search her, that she might see whether she felt any such dislike and horror of sin as would lead her to strive against it, though there were neither prison nor death to fear,—whether she had any desire or pleasure in the thought of the employments of heaven, the serving and praising God, &c.

"The history of Gethsemane, of the crucifixion, and the penitent thief, she was never tired of listening to: these were frequently read to her. Her attention was not at all distracted by any expectations of reprieve. When she was informed of the rejection of her petition, her resignation was unshaken and most touching. 'It will be but a struggle,' said she, 'a short struggle, and my Saviour hung upon the cross six hours for me.'

"The latter part of the seventh chapter of Luke, the woman to whom *much* was forgiven, she kept turned down also, and had it frequently read to her. Indeed this and the history of Gethsemane with the pardoned thief were quite her favourite portions,—the agony particularly. It seemed to tear up the depths of her own soul. She speaks of comfort as her usual frame, 'but sometimes all the sins and wickednesses of my past life come before me, and then I am afraid.' I asked her on what she then was enabled to stay her heart? She replied, 'On the hope of forgiveness in Christ.' 'But that hope must be grounded on some warrant, some promise of Scripture: is there, then, no text that occurs to you at such times?' I had read the 1st Epistle of St. John i. 7, hoping she might commit it to memory, but she had not been able; and when she again said, 'I pray that these bad thoughts may not come at the last,' I re-

peated also, 'Whosoever believeth shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life,' she said, 'I desire that the last words of the thief on the cross may be mine too.'

"A day or two before the last she expressed great fear lest the calmness which she had felt till now should not last through the awful hours drawing so near. I reminded her of God's promise of being with his people in the 'waters,' the flames, and in the valley of the shadow of death, and I entreated her to pray that her thoughts might be fixed on those 'exceeding great and precious promises, and on what is beyond the grave, rather than on those things of earth.' She exclaimed, in a tone of firm confidence, 'I can bear to look at the end a great deal better than I can at the past. To think of the mercy that did not cut me off when I was cursing and swearing, and living in sin! I never knew peace till I came here.' This day I had found her distressed by her inability to pray during wakeful hours of the night, and when trying to comfort her by the assurance that to him who 'knoweth all the desire'—that very desire is the life and soul of prayer—she said, 'I do indeed desire to pray, and more urgently too—I would pray with every nerve!'

"The last day I was with her, I was struck by the expansion of her mind to grasp the truths of Scripture. To the Scripture, 'Except ye receive the kingdom of God as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter therein,' she said, 'That's just as I take it; just as a little child—just so:' and so I believe she did, with the simplicity and earnest faith of a child—neither doubting nor wavering. She repeated, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;' with reference to her coming urgent need, in the most earnest manner, she said, the composure she felt could only be from above, and trusted to its being continued to her, as it was. Her shrinking now, was not from death, so much as from the disturbance she anticipated in her last moments from the tumults and insults of the mob.

"Her faith failed not. She spent the next day, Sunday, in receiving the kind instructions of the Ordinary; and before she was summoned to suffer the last sad penalty of her crime, sang a hymn, and then walked firmly through the passage. Her last words were, 'Lord, have mercy on my guilty soul!' Reader, *nothing can soften the heart but the application of the blood of Christ*, which is the work of the Spirit."

Hints, helpful to the Humble.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—I trust we have the inward witness,—the living testimony,—and the written record in our hearts, that God, of his grace, hath made us ministers of the New Testament, and not of

the old covenant,—of the spirit, and not of the letter,—of simplicity, and not of subtlety,—of power, and not of form,—of peace, and not of wrath,—of kindness, and not of malice,—of plainness, and not of deceit,—of purity, and not of corruption,—of reconciliation, and not of confusion,—therefore, let us be deeply concerned that the ministry be not blamed through our conduct, and that the way of truth be not evil spoken of through our conversation.

It is laid upon my mind to pen a few remarks to you, touching the things which have grieved my spirit, as also the things which have gladdened my heart, in connection with the *Earthen Vessel*. It sorely grieves me that a publication evidently calculated to be useful, (under the blessing of the Holy Ghost,) to the church of God, as bearing truth's testimony, bringing forth hidden treasures, breaking down satan's ramparts, building up Zion's travellers, &c., should still have so many enemies, and has met with so much opposition, as to render it marvellous that it has made its way thus far; yet I am glad that it has many warm-hearted friends, who not only give it a welcome reception, but are witnessing to others of its worth, as experienced by them from time to time, according to the power of God resting upon it and them.

It grieves me much that the responsibility you have taken upon you, in publishing the *Vessel*, has involved you in considerable difficulties; I have long feared that you have been publishing too many works, both of your own and others, at a loss. My firm opinion is, that all speculation should be carefully avoided by the servants of God, and that we have no right to risk the property of others in attempting to advantage ourselves. I have often said, and again say, that poverty is neither a sin nor a disgrace, but dishonesty is both. Therefore, seeing we have so holy a ministry committed unto us, we are called upon to renounce the hidden things of dishonesty. I know some, calling themselves ministers of Christ, who have twice or thrice compounded with their creditors, and who now assume the character of generous gentlemen, giving liberally to charitable institutions, &c., but have not discharged their solemn obligations to their creditors, which, in my judgment, is to defraud men of their due, and surely a righteous God will visit for such things.

As regards the *Vessel* itself; I am glad that your correspondents generally give their name, and do not attempt to conceal themselves under fictitious signatures, for if they are not ashamed of their production, nor of their name, let them invariably add the latter to the former.

I was truly glad at heart, to find you were associated with other godly ministers, in at-

tending to the last solemn duty that affection demands towards a deceased servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear Denham has done
With this world of deceit,
His race is now run,—
His joys are complete;
His sorrows are o'er,
Disease he has none,
His song shall adore
Th' IMMACULATE ONE!

While I, and many more, regret exceedingly, that our brother Bonner has prevented the full account of his ordination (which was so anxiously looked for) from appearing in the *Vessel*; I greatly rejoice in the manner and spirit you noticed the same, avoiding all railing accusations,—not rendering evil for evil,—nor rashly imputing motives to a brother who has, doubtless, acted consistently with the dictates of his own conscience.

I am glad to find that friend Felton has ventured to set his foot on board the *Vessel*, and was not afraid to affix his name to his well-sealed packet. The Lord teach, lead, keep, and bless him.

And how did my heart rejoice, when my eye caught the name of 'J. A. Jones;' with holy joy, I exclaimed, 'We have now father Jones with us, whose writings are as his words,—weighty and powerful;' I hope oft to see our father's name appear in the *Vessel*, attached to his contributions, which, doubtless, will be acceptable to your many readers. Peace be with him, and with all your correspondents, in whose hearts love lives, grace reigns, and truth triumphs.

But now, my dear brother, I have a word or two more to say, relative to 'the Appeal,' which appeared in the January number;—our good brother Wigmore, of Crudwell, spent the last night of the past year with us at Carmel, when mentioning the *Vessel*, he said, Ah; when I saw what you wrote, I said, 'that does my heart good, I feel knit to you more than ever, for I dearly love sympathy among the children of God.'

One of our deacons, whose liberality is neither regulated nor bounded by the carnal reasonings of worldly prudence, told me, that he was attracted by the smallness of the print which followed your appeal, and when he had read it and noticed the name, he exclaimed, 'Bravo, John, Bravo!' and, at the same time, promised me a sovereign towards your case, adding, 'he should not like to see the *Vessel* sink.'

My wife asked me to shew her what I had written, which when she had read, she very warmly said, 'Well, after all that you have there written, what are you going to give?—for words alone are of very little use;' I answered, 'Leave that to me, I shall do what

the Lord directs; I therefore, under his direction, send you my mite, which, with the sovereign kindly given by my much-loved brother, will make thirty shillings.

In conclusion, I pray that you may be enabled to fulfil your ministry manfully, to prosecute your labours successfully, to discharge your obligations honestly, to live above the world, to bear up against the devil, to look beyond creature circumstances, and leaning upon the arm of the Beloved, may you learn meekness of the Master whom we serve, and whose

I am,
(A worthless worm.)

JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea, Jan. 9th, 1849.

Some Account of my Stewardship;

AND OF THE HAND OF
MY GOD WHICH WAS GOOD UPON ME.

Wolverhampton, Saturday Evening,
Jan. 20, 1849.

To such of my Friends as sympathise with me in my present position, I send greeting; feeling it to be my duty publicly to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord, and the kindness of his people; and also to render some account of the manner in which I have laboured to fulfil my commission.

In accordance with the permission given me by the church over whom the Lord has placed me, to travel to such places as might be opened for rendering assistance in endeavouring to extricate the *Earthen Vessel* from its present difficulties, I left London on Wednesday, Jan. 10th.

My two eldest sons accompanied me to the railway, and I had no sooner taken my seat in the carriage than the words of Nehemiah fell into my soul—'Then I told them of the hand of my God which was good upon me.' These words cheered up my mind a little; arriving at Boxmoor Station, I was met by my esteemed friend Mr. Daniel Dell, of Markyate-street, who drove me to his house, where every earthly comfort was afforded. In the evening I went to their chapel, and preached with a little enlargement and faithfulness, and Eighteen-shillings and Six-pence was collected towards the 'Vessel' fund: I could wish that the Lord would send these dear people a stated pastor, for I am persuaded there are some living souls desiring to be fed.

The next day brother Walker drove me to Dunstable (in Bedfordshire), and a very rough journey we had: no door open to me at Dunstable: I felt in this place as though my path would be a dark and trying one; but, (bless the Lord,) hitherto He has helped me with a little help; and I do desire to praise His name. Not knowing at this time where the Lord designed me to go, I felt impressed to visit Bedford; and to call upon Mr. John Thornber, a Baptist Minister there. I did so; and was kindly received by him and his warm-hearted

family: no body could be more open-hearted and friendly to me than was John Thornber; but, preach in Bedford I must not: there was no open door for me there; but I may say the Lord preached to me in Bedford; for as I sat in brother Thornber's house, feeling somewhat sad in my mind, I took up my little Bible, and opened at once on these words—'Fear thou not, O my servant Jacob, saith the Lord; neither be dismayed, O Israel; for, lo, I WILL SAVE THEE FROM APAR; Jacob shall return, and shall be in rest, and be quiet, and none shall make him afraid. For, I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee.' (Jer. xxx. 10, 11.) These words braced up my loins; and I left Bedford for Leicester, where I was permitted that evening safely to arrive; but O, how did I sink that night in my soul! Friend Walker opened to me his house and his heart, and gave me a hearty welcome, and Pastor Garrard endeavoured to cheer me up; but my harp was on the willows. On Saturday, I travelled to Uppingham, and in the house of dear John Wade I found a comfortable abode. Never shall I forget my visit to the residence of that devoted man of God. The next day I preached three times in his chapel; and I trust I may add the Lord was my helper, especially in the afternoon. Some friend sent me half a sovereign; and Mr. Wade gave me £3 3s. 4½d. Two sentences he spake to me (before I left him, I think I shall not soon forget): he said—'I think you have yet to pass through another furnace.' I told him I had feared so; but I said, I believe it would never be such a one as that through which I had passed; 'No (said he) it will be self put upon the cross.' These words sank into my very heart, and (for a time) filled me with inward grief. I said, 'the Lord knoweth, self has been on the cross for these many years; but what yet awaits me I cannot tell.' I left his house in peace: spent a comfortable hour or two with a brother at Oakham; and then journeyed on to Leicester, where I attempted to preach that night; but it was in weakness: the words I spoke from, were very precious to me: they were these—'And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and clamour, and evil speaking be put away from you with all malice: and be kind one to another: tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.' (Ephesians.) It was a great subject, but my cough and cold would not allow me much to get on. The friends at York Street, (Mr. Garrard's chapel,) were exceeding kind to me: they quite overwhelmed me with their goodness, and I do pray the Lord richly to reward them. The next day (Tuesday) I travelled from Leicester to Euston Square, and from Paddington to Sutton Courtney in Berkshire; where I made another attempt to preach. But I was worn down in body, and shut up

in mind; so that, though the chapel was full of people, and my soul full of my subject, yet out into freedom I could not get. I felt grieved, mortified, and ashamed; and I sometimes think I am come into the country to learn what a poor limited, helpless worm I am. The friends at Sutton and Steventon gave me two pounds. The following morning I wrote thirteen letters, visited two or three friends with brother Randle; and then set off for Wallingford; brother Partridge received me like a loving christian; I preached in his chapel from Jer. x. 11, with a little feeling: but I was tempted to believe the people hated me: however, after the service many came round me; and the Lord encouraged me to press forward. From this place I went on to Wantage; here, in preaching, my soul was once more blessed with holy boldness and liberty: and I felt truly thankful to the Lord for keeping the cause of truth alive in that town. On Friday morning I left Wantage for Cheltenham; was kindly received and entertained by brother Blomfield, in whose pulpit I preached that evening, and yesterday came on to this place (Wolverhampton).

Lord's-day evening, January 21.—I have this day spoken three times in John-street, but so ill have I felt in my chest, that I can scarcely hope much longer to proceed as I have done. In the Lord's hands I desire to leave myself, and all that concerns me. May I be found IN HIM. Amen.

If spared to pursue my arduous task, I will endeavour to give you further particulars next month: I am your's in Christ
 Jesus, CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Christian Reviewer.

"*Funeral Services on the decease of the late DAVID DENHAM.*" B. L. Green, Pater-noster Row.

WE have in this small tract, the Funeral Sermon, by Mr. Branch; the Funeral Address, by Mr. Bonner; and the Funeral Oration, by Mr. Bowes. As a little record of the funeral of our departed brother, it may please some of his friends; but the Funeral Sermon (as it is called) is far from what we could have wished to have seen, and therefore, the least we say about it the better.

"*A Wheel-barrow Spiritualised,*" &c. By JAMES WELLS. Barnes, Union Street, Borough Road; and Kent and Richards. THE sixth edition of this work is now out, and it is a striking proof of the author's ability for turning everything to the best advantage. No doubt it has been read with interest by thousands.

"*Remarks on the Doctrine of Baptism, as a Gospel Ordinance,*" &c. By DR. BYRON. Saunders, Brighton.

THIS work is calculated to do good, and to set enquiring minds at rest.

Birth-day Hymn.

My Ebenezer, Lord, I raise,
 The tribute of my praise I bring
 To Thee, preserver of my days,
 My God, my Saviour, and my King.

It was thy hand that fashion'd me,
 And by thy power I daily stand,
 Thou brought me forth the light to see,
 And years roll on at thy command.

By nature all defil'd by sin,
 And daily prone to every ill,
 My heart and conscience all unclean,
 My judgment dark, perverse my will.

But thou that call'd all nature forth,
 And thus commanded light to be—
 That fix'd my first and second birth,
 Has still preserv'd and succour'd me.

I bless thee, Lord, for quickening grace,
 That gave me light myself to see,
 And led me to behold thy face,
 In Christ, that bled and died for me.

Thy cov'nant, Lord, I now adore,
 By thee in all things ordered well;
 My griefs before thee, Lord, I pour—
 Who rescued me from death and hell.

Great Comforter! do thou descend,
 And touch me, Lord, my song to raise;
 That I may on thy grace depend,
 And shout the Great Jehovah's praise.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Expos'd to sin and satan's power;
 Upheld by thy Almighty hand,
 My refuge, fortress, and my tower.

Thou knowest, Lord, my feeble frame;
 Thou still remembers that I'm dust,
 But thou remainest still the same,
 That brought me into being first.

Another year has past away,
 That brings me nearer to the tomb;
 In drawing nearer every day
 The gate of my eternal home.

Dear Lord, whose way is in the sea,
 Thy footsteps in the mighty deep;
 Do thou support and comfort me
 At home, abroad, awake, asleep.

And when my life is at an end,
 And I am bid resign my breath,
 Thy grace and love to me extend
 Through all the gloomy shades of death.

Then, dearest Lord, my spirit raise,
 That I may mount to thee above,
 And dwell in everlasting day
 And praise the great Jehovah's love.

A BRICK-MAKER DELIVERED
 FROM EGYPT.

Knowl Hill,
 Sep. 29, 1848.

"Jesus Christ and His Ensigns for Ever!"

OR, THE SUFFERINGS AND MARTYRDOM OF LECLERC, A POOR BUT FAITHFUL WOOLCARDER IN FRANCE.

A CHRISTIAN friend at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, has kindly furnished us with the following striking account of one of the French martyrs. It is a most wonderful instance of the power and presence of a faithful God on the behalf of his suffering saints. May the perusal of it fire our hearts with increased love to, and faith in, HIM, who is JEHOVAH JIREH still.

The author speaking of the Reformation in Paris, says, "There God chose as his earnest labourers a Doctor of the *Sorbonne*, and a wool-carder. This carder, Leclerc, set himself, accordingly to go from house to house, fortifying the disciples, but not confining himself to those ordinary labours, it was his wish to see the edifice of the popedom fall to pieces, and France (emerging from the ruins,) turn with a shout of joy to the gospel; (his zeal, little restrained by prudence, reminds one of that of Hottinger at Zurich, and of Carlstadt at Wittenberg); thus he wrote a proclamation against the Roman antichrist, in which he announced that the Lord was about to destroy it with the breath of his mouth, and had the hardihood to post his placards on the very doors of the cathedral. Forthwith there was a general commotion around that ancient edifice; the faithful were amazed; the priests waxed wrath at the very idea of a common wool-carder presuming to assail the pope. The Franciscans, frantic with rage, insisted that at this time, at least, a terrible example should be made, and Leclerc was thrown into prison.

"His trial was concluded in a few days, (and under the very eyes of Briconnet, who had to look on, and tolerate all that passed,) and the carder was sentenced to be beaten through the streets with rods, for three successive days, and thereafter to be branded on the forehead. This sad spectacle soon took place; Leclerc, with his hands bound, and his back bared, was led through the streets, while the executioners inflicted the blows which he had brought upon himself by opposing the bishop of Rome. The track of these functionaries, which could be distinguished by the blood that flowed from the martyr, was followed by a vast crowd;

some vented their anger in exclamations against the heretic; others, by their very silence, gave him no equivocal tokens of their profound sympathy; one woman encouraged the sufferer by her words and looks, and that woman was his mother. The third day came at last, when this bloody procession was brought to a close at the ordinary place of the public executions. There the hangman prepared the fire and heated the iron that was to be applied to the evangelist, and then, going up to him, he branded him on the forehead as a heretic; thereupon a shout arose, but the martyr uttered no cry. His mother who was present at this mournful spectacle, in the midst of her anguish, felt a violent conflict within her; the enthusiasm of faith and maternal affection strove together in her breast; but faith at last had the mastery, and she exclaimed with a voice that made all her adversaries start, 'Jesus Christ and his ensigns for ever! Thus did this French woman of the sixteenth century fulfil the commandment of the Son of God, 'Who-soever loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.' Such audacity at that particular moment, called for some marked punishment, but that christian matron had petrified both priests and soldiers with fright; their fury was arrested by a mightier arm than theirs; the crowd respectfully opened a passage for the martyred mother, and suffered her slowly to regain her humble abode; the monks, nay, the very city officers gazed at her without stirring from the spot. 'Not an enemy dared to lay hands on her,' says Theodore de Beza. Set at liberty, after enduring this sentence, Leclerc withdrew to Rosay in Brie, a small town six leagues from Meaux; and sometime afterwards went to Metz, where we shall find him again. It appears from the author's account, (for he says the multitude of common people continued to follow their ancient superstitions, and Leclerc's heart was crushed at beholding that city immersed in idolatry,) about a league off there stood a chapel containing images of the Virgin and most celebrated saints of the country, and thither the inhabitants of Metz used to make a pilgrimage on a certain day of

the year, for the purpose of worshipping those images and of obtaining the forgiveness of their sins. On the evening before this holiday Leclerc's godly and courageous soul was violently agitated. Had not God said, '*Thou shalt not bow down to their gods; but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and quite break down their images?*' Leclerc took this command as addressed to himself, and without consulting either Chatelain, or Esch, or any from whom he expected advice to the contrary, he, that evening about nightfall, left the city and repaired to the neighbourhood of the chapel. There he sat sometime in silent meditation gazing upon the statues; he still had it in his power to fly; but—the day following, within a few hours, a whole city, whose duty it was to worship none but the true God, would come to bow down before these lumps of wood, and stones: a conflict similar to that which we find in the case of so many christians of the first ages of the church began to agitate the mind of the wool-carder: what matters it to him that there are the images of saintly men and women, and not of the gods and goddesses of paganism? Does not the worship, to be given by the people to these images belong to God alone? Like Polycutes, as he stood by the idols of the temple, his heart shuddered and his courage rose. Leclerc rose; went up to the images, removed them from their places, and breaking them in pieces, indignantly scattered the fragments before the altar; he had no doubt that it was the Spirit of the Lord that led him to commit this deed, and so thought also Theodore de Beza. After this, Leclerc returned to Metz, which he entered at day-break, and was perceived by some persons just as he was passing the city gates. Meanwhile a universal movement might be observed in the ancient city: the steeple bells were pealing, the confraternities were meeting, and preceded by the prebendaries, priests, and monks, the whole inhabitants of Metz went forth in full pomp: prayers were repeated and hymns sung, to the saints whom they were about to worship: crosses and banners passed on in succession, and musical instruments, or drums, responded to the singing of the faithful. At length, after an hour's march, the procession arrived at the resort of the pilgrimage; but what was the astonishment of the priests when

on presenting themselves with the censers in their hands, they found the images they had come to worship, mutilated, and the ground strewn with their fragments? They started back with horror; announced the sacriligious deed to the crowd: in a moment the singing ceased, the musical instruments were hushed, the flags lowered, and the multitude became agitated to an inconceivable degree. The prebendaries, parish clergy, and friars, did their utmost to inflame the minds of the people, stimulating them in their eagerness to discover the guilty person, and insist upon his death. One shout arose now from all parts: 'Death! death, to the sacriligious wretch!' and the whole mass returned to Metz in hurry and disorder.

"Leclerc was known to all of them; he had often called images, idols: and moreover, had he not been seen returning from the chapel at day-break? On being apprehended, he immediately confessed what was laid to his charge, and conjured the people to worship God alone. But this only further inflamed the zeal of the mob, which would have dragged him to instant death. Upon being brought before the judges, he boldly declared that Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, ought only to be worshipped; he was condemned to be burned alive. He was then conducted to the place of execution: there a fearful scene awaited him; the cruelty of his persecutors had been at pains to discover whatever could add to the horrors of his punishment; and near the fire that was to consume him, men were seen heating pincers that were to serve as the instruments of their rage. Leclerc heard the savage shouts of the monks and the people, without losing his firmness and self-possession. They began by cutting off his right hand by the wrist; next his nose was torn off with the glowing hot pincers; next with the same instrument they laid hold of his arm, which they broke in sundry places, and ended by burning him on the chest. While the cruelty of his enemies was thus exhausting its fury on his body, the mind of Leclerc was at peace; he recited in a solemn and deep voice those words of David — '*Their idols are silver and gold, the works of men's hands; they have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they*

have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat; so is every one that trusteth in them. O, Israel, trust thou in the Lord; he is the help and shield of all that call upon him. The contemplation of such fortitude at once heightened the adversaries, and greatly confirmed believers; while the people at large, though they had previously displayed such a pitch of anger, were now wonder-struck and affected. After undergoing these tortures, Leclerc was burnt at a slow fire, in conformity with the terms of his sentence.

"Such was the death of the first martyr of the gospel in France."—*History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century, by J. H. M. D'Aubigne, D.D.*

A FEW

Words from the Editor to his Friends.

"I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart." (Rom. ix. 1, 2.)

How suddenly sometimes is the believer in Christ plunged into sorrow of heart! The apostle, in the eighth of Romans, had been walking upon the high mountains of Israel. 'I am persuaded,' says he, 'that neither death nor life, 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.' Immediately upon this, there seems to rush into his soul a flood of sorrow respecting the eternal welfare of his brethren after the flesh; and in the most solemn manner he breaks out with this three-fold declaration—'I say the truth in Christ; I LIE NOT: my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost.'

How very much of this deep sinking into floods of sorrows have I passed through of late: and for these last few days it has been laid on my mind to tell you a little of the posture in which my soul has been found.

I was sitting in John Wigmore's parlour talking to his brother Thomas, when all at once these words sprung up in my soul—'I SAY THE TRUTH IN CHRIST: I LIE NOT: MY CONSCIENCE ALSO BEARING ME WITNESS IN THE HOLY GHOST.' I little thought what these words were given to me for; but I now think I see both the hand and the design of the Lord, in bringing them into my soul; may the *Almighty Spirit of all Truth* bless what I here write to many precious souls.

Two things here engaged my thoughts—'the truth in Christ;' and the witness of that truth in the conscience by the Holy Ghost. How blessed, not only to know the truth, but also to have the sealing witness of interest in it.

The truth in Christ appeared to me to be set forth by that mysterious ladder which Jacob saw. This ladder representeth that new and living way of peace and salvation which the Lord Christ hath opened up for the whole election of grace. This ladder was 'set up on the earth;' so the dear Redeemer came down into the very place where the church lay; and the Holy Ghost (by the Gospel) comes down into all the circumstances and sorrows of the vessels of mercy; and step by step, he leads them up to God; and to his kingdom of glory. The top of this ladder *reached to heaven*. This shows the completeness of a sinner's salvation in and by Christ. It not only *reaches* to regeneration; it not only raises him up to prayer, and faith, and hope, and spiritual conflicts: it not only raises the poor sinner up to a knowledge of the doctrines of grace, to fellowship with the saints, and to a walking in ordinances; but it carries him up *ultimately* out of sins and sorrows; away from unbelief and temptations; beyond the frowns and disappointments of this dying world right up into heaven. But, mark you; it is the *top of it that reached to heaven*. We hardly get fully to the top of it in this life; we may sometimes get so far up as to have a glance of heaven, and of heavenly things; but this is rare indeed. There is one thing I feel fully persuaded of; no accident ever happened on this ladder, it never brake yet; nor never will: neither did any ever get their feet of a living faith on it, and slipped down. No, no; multitudes of the biggest and blackest of sinners have trodden this ladder: they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore, are they before the throne of God; they were sanctified by God the Father; preserved in Jesus Christ; and called: and let me tell you this; God does not call his children to disappoint them; neither does he call them to expect, or to desire, or to pray for what He never intended to give them. No; they are said to be saved, before they are called; God hath saved us, and called us; and Peter says, we are called *unto GLORY and VIRTUE*; that is, unto the kingdom of Christ, and a divine meetness for it: and these are the very things my soul has been longing for (at times) for years. Yes! I do want to see Him as HE is; and to be made like unto Him: this is glory and virtue; and unto these blessed things this ladder leads.

'Behold!' (says the dear Comforter of my soul, and of the whole Church of God.) 'THE ANGELS OF GOD ASCENDING AND DESCENDING ON IT.' These are elect angels; called emphatically the 'angels of God;' their rapid movements bespeak the vast amount of business that is transacted on this ladder; 'the chariots of God are twenty-thousand, even thousands of angels; the Lord is among them;' and I rather think that mountain spoken of in 2 Kings vi. 17, is the Mount Zion, the Church of God, and she is said to be full of horses and

chariots of fire; but then, we are as bad as the prophet's servant, we cannot see one of them until the Lord graciously opens our eyes; and it was the happy lot of Elisha to see Elijah safely seated in one of these glorious chariots; so that with astonishment he cries out—"My father! my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof; and he saw him no more." Mark you, it is said, 'Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.' Ah, his removal was sudden. Sometimes the Lord sends a chariot with double horses as it were; and fetches up a saint in no time; but frequently the ascent (to flesh and sense) appears to be long and hard; nevertheless, know you this, that these heavenly messengers delight to wait upon, to watch around, and to minister unto the saints of God; read these precious words, poor soul, and the Lord seal them upon thy heart—"there shall no evil befall thee; neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling, for he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Oh, could we see this ladder; and the angels of God upon it;

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,

And view the landscape o'er;

Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore."

But the faithful ministers of Jesus Christ are called angels; and I believe these angels on this ladder signify the Lord's dear sent servants as well: especially mark, it says, 'ASCENDING AND DESCENDING ON IT.' Not descending first, but ascending first. Now, to be sure, when God the Holy Ghost doth come to call a sinner by grace, he finds him in the earth; all over dirt, and mire, and sin; but then as the Holy Ghost creates light and life, and produces love and power *within him*, so he begins to ascend, as Watts says in those deep words,

"Buried in sorrows and in sins,

At hell's dark door we lay;

But we arise by grace divine,

To see a heavenly day."

I can say most solemnly when the Gospel came to me; when the Lord Jesus was revealed in my soul, I was in a dark pit of ignorance and sin: and knew not God, neither did I care for the salvation of my soul. But, for years, yea, for above twenty years, what ascendings and descendings have I been the subject of! Many days and parts of nights did I use to spend in holy meditation upon the Word of God, until my soul has been carried up into the sweetest enjoyments and spiritual pleasures; and I am sure I have sunk again into such terror, darkness, and distress of mind, as to be ready to die of grief; but, I am compelled to say, and do desire to say it, to the praise of the glory of God's grace, that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and I hope, yea, I do most earnestly pray that I may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. The

following beautiful language of Ambrose Serle, doth not only illustrate and set forth the truth in Christ, but it is the very image of my spiritual mind; of the true living family of God, he says—"Ye were sometimes darkness (says St. Paul to the Ephesians,) but now are ye light in the Lord;" and this is the fruit or effect of the Spirit, who supplies the soul with that heavenly oil, which capacitates the soul to shine with heavenly light. For this reason, it seems, that the twelve tribes of Israel, representing the elect of God, are called *Urim* and *Thummim* [lights and perfections,] which were precious stones, with the names of the tribes *engraven* (not written) upon them, and placed upon the breast of the high priest, to shew how near and dear the faithful are to their Redeemer, and that their names shall never be blotted out. They are *lights*, because they are formed to admit the rays of divine light, as a precious stone is for the free admission of the natural: and they are *perfections*, because they are perfect and complete in Christ, as the precious stones were upon the breast of the high priest. United in one plate, that grand assemblage of stones, called 'the fulness of stones,' all set in pure gold, was named, what in our Bibles is rendered, 'the breast-plate of judgment,' but which perhaps more justly might have been rendered 'the seat of the decree,' from the midst of which responses were given concerning the welfare of Israel. Thus, the redeemed are one compact frame of jewels, without defect or redundancy, conjoined with perfect purity, borne by the Redeemer on his bosom, and the seat or rest of the divine decree; for in them all the determinations of grace and providence are ultimately fixed and concentrated; and, according to their welfare, is every answer to prayer given. Christ, their true high-priest, bore their names on his shoulders to support them by his strength, and on his breast to endear them by his love. Exodus xxviii. 12-29. Herein is the promise, made to Levi of old, fulfilled to the spiritual Levi, devoted to God, 'thy Thummim and thy Urim are of the person, having mercy upon thee.'

But I must abruptly close these remarks by a brief application of the apostle's words to myself—"I say the truth in Christ, I lie not; my conscience bearing me witness" that in all my labours, my one great desire is to be useful in spreading abroad the glorious Gospel of the blessed God; and in being instrumental in administering comfort to the afflicted saints of God. In the prosecution of these labours I have (at times) great heaviness, and sorrow in my heart, arising out of a sorrowful remembrance of my base departure from the ways of the Lord, and from a frequent discovery of the abiding wickedness and weakness of this body of sin and death in which I at present dwell. That the Lord may uphold, direct, pardon, and sanctify both you and me—is the fervent prayer of

Your's truly, THE EDITOR.

Macgowan's Dying Discourse.

FROM the seventh part of "*Bunhill Memorials*, edited by J. A. Jones," we make the following extract from the account therein given of the late celebrated John Macgowan, a baptist minister, who died in 1780.

"Reynolds, pastor of the Baptist Church at Cripplegate, has given us a vivid description of the blessed frame of his mind during his last illness. He says, 'Mr. Macgowan was one of the most valuable Christian companions I ever had the honour of an intimacy with. I frequently visited him, when he took occasion, as opportunity offered, of opening to me his whole heart.—At one time he was in great darkness of soul, and lamented exceedingly the withdrawals of God's presence. Two things, he said, had deeply exercised his thoughts. One was, how those heavy and complicated afflictions which God had seen fit to lay upon him, could work, so as to promote his real good; and the other, that God, his best friend, should keep at a distance from his soul, when the Lord knew how much his mind was distressed for the light of his countenance. 'O!' said he, turning to me, and speaking with great earnestness, 'O, my soul panteth for God, for the living God; his love-visits would cheer my soul, and make this heavy affliction sit light upon me. The presence of Jesus, my Redeemer, I cannot do without—I trust he will return to me soon—yea, I know he will, in his own time; for he knows how much I need the influence of his grace.'—In this conversation he mentioned the depravity of his nature, and what a burden he found it:—'My heart,' said he 'is more and more vile every day I have such humiliating views of heart-corruption, as weigh me down,—I wonder whether any of the Lord's people see things in the same light I do.' And then turning to me, he said, 'And do you find it so, my brother?' Upon my answering him in the affirmative, he replied, '*I am glad of that.*'

"The next time, which was the last of my conversing with him, I found him in a sweet and heavenly frame; his very countenance indicated the serenity of his mind. On my entering the room he exclaimed, 'O my dear brother, how rejoiced I am to see you!—sit down and hear the lovingkindness of my God. You see me as ill as I can be in this world, and as well as I can be whilst in the body. Methinks I have as much of heaven as I can hold!' The tears of joy, like a river, flowed from his eyes; and his inward pleasureable frame interrupted his speech for a time. He broke silence with saying, 'The work will soon be over—you see what you also must soon experience. But death, to me, has nothing terrific in it;—I have not an anxious thought;—the will of God, and

my will are one; 'tis all right, yet mysterious.—We are to part here; but, we shall meet again!—You cannot conceive the pleasure I feel in this reflection, viz., that I have not shunned to declare (according to my light and ability) the whole counsel of God;—*I can die on the doctrines which I have preached;—they are true,—I find them so. Go on to preach the gospel of Christ, and mind not what the world may say of you!* All the while I sat silent; and rising to take my leave, fearing he would spend his strength too much, he immediately took me by the hand, and weeping over each other, we wished mutual blessings. Upon parting he said, 'My dear brother, farewell—I shall see you no more.'—Thus (continues Mr. Reynolds) I left my much esteemed friend and brother; and the next news I heard of him was, that on Saturday evening, his immortal spirit left the body, to go to the world of light and bliss, and keep an eternal Sabbath of rest, with God, angels and saints."

[How blessed is the good man's end! How comfortable to feel that we are panting for the same God, and travelling to the same kingdom of glory.— Ed.]

A WORD OF

Encouragement from a Little One.

Dover, Nov. 27th, 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, and with all the dear flock of Jesus, worshipping his dear name at Carmel. My dear brother, I have often wished to send to you, feeling confident that you would be glad to hear from one of your little ones, and as it has pleased God to preserve my unprofitable life, and I trust has given me a good hope through grace, I wish to tell you that I have experienced the fulfilment of his holy promise, that 'in all places I will be with thee;' and I hope that you will take encouragement as well as I from that sweet declaration, because it is not in some places, on the mount, or in the sunshine, but in the darkest seasons, and in troubles of every kind, yea, in all places. I can truly say,—

"Thus far my God has led me on,
And made his love and mercy known."

I was near to Rochester for twelve weeks but there is not a chapel of any kind there; but I found a little band united and dwelling together in love at Chatham, under a faithful man, Mr. Jones; the chapel is called Enon. I sat down with them at the feast, and found it a very good opportunity, for we had a few thoughts on his name, 'Immanuel, God with us.' What a mercy, brother, that he does not despise us, but says, 'Come, let us reason together.' I

know not what I should do without such a dear friend; I often feel my ingratitude to him so much, and my worldly mindedness so great, that I think I will give it all up, and not make any outward profession of his name, for I think if I was really born of the Spirit of God I should have a more tender conscience, but I am like the waves of the much tossed about. I was very glad to find on board the *Vessel* some packets belonging to you, my brother, and I do hope that every time she sails into our port, we shall find John Stenson's mark in the rich cargo.

I am glad to inform you that my wife has heard Mr. Edgecombe much to profit, since she has been at Dover, and I have heard him two Sabbath-days, and I believe him to be a man very zealous for the truth, not scrupling to testify the truth, and divide between the sheep and the goats. My mind is much exercised respecting getting a living here, but I trust my God bid me come here, and I humbly hope he will please to supply my every need, both for time and eternity. Please to give our kind love to all our dear brethren and sisters in the church, for notwithstanding my darkness and unworthiness, I believe the church of God in Carmel loves us for Christ's sake; and thank God for this testimony, for it is one of the marks of God's elect, that they love the brethren, and are loved of them.

If you, or your dear partner should be willing to come to Dover at any time, we shall be happy to see you, and make you as comfortable as we can; we have a very pleasant little house under the heights of Dover, and have got a good sea view. We hope the Lord will keep and guide both you and us, for we often feel that we have a deep sea before us, and dread heights above us. You will please to accept our thanks for your letter to Mr. Edgecombe, and if the Spirit of God will be pleased to move you to write to us, we shall be happy to hear from you, and may the dear Lord guide, direct, and bless you and your's, is the prayer of

Your brother and sister in the Lord,
JOSEPH AND ELIZA DAVIS.

To Mr. Stenson.

MR. STENSON'S REPLY.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN CHRIST JESUS:—Abounding mercy and peace be with you, according to the riches of his grace who hath made us accepted in the Beloved; true holiness preserve, and pure happiness attend you in your wilderness journeyings,

"Until your labours have an end,
And all your toil shall cease."

May you daily increase in the knowledge of grace mysteries, viz., the love of the Father, the blood of the Son, and the work of the Holy Ghost; and how these appear, agree

and abound in the salvation of a poor, polluted, perishing sinner, possessed of satan, pursued by hell, and panting for mercy's living, healing, cooling stream. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad that it hath pleased the Father that all sufficient grace should dwell in, and flow from the all-precious, and ever-adorable Immanuel, whom the Holy Ghost has revealed in our hearts as the sinner's friend,—the Scripture's fulness,—salvation's fountain,—and the saint's fitness.

That you have been led to the "Rock of Ages," as your hiding place, dwelling place, resting place, and glorious meeting place, may well make your hearts rejoice amidst all the storms and tempests, difficulties, disappointments and distresses, yea, moreover, oppressions, opposition and persecution you have to encounter and endure on your journey home.

"True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But Jesus is the Mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint."

May you constantly be fed with the finest of the wheat,—with honey from the rock,—the hidden manna which descends from the skies, (small and sweet) covered o'er with heaven's dew;—may you daily eat of the fatted calf, and of the slain Lamb, neither forgetting nor regretting, that love divine has ordained that the bitter herbs shall be eaten therewith. Yet,

"Since all that we meet
Shall work for our good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food."

The Lord grant, that submission to his sovereign purpose, and resignation to his righteous pleasure in all things, may prevail in the sharp and sore conflict your inward feelings experience, under the painful exercises of your perilous pilgrimage, so will you rejoice in the reigning power of Him that is 'able to do for us exceedingly abundantly above all that we can either ask or think. We know that

"Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the new-born child of God,
Must not,—would not, if he might."

For it is given unto the children of promise, who are the heirs of salvation, not only to believe on the name of Christ, and to suffer for his sake, but also to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; hence, they can take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves that they have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.

I have received a letter from our brother Edgecombe, seeking your dismissal from the church at Carmel to the church at Pent

Side, which shall be attended to at our next meeting. Give my christian love to him. I trust God's work is being manifested by the Holy Ghost in his ministry, so will he have to adore and bless the covenant God of his salvation, who conducted his feet to Dover for the solemn purpose of employing him in fishing for men, not for their goods, but for their good.

And now, my dear brother and sister in the faith and hope of the gospel, while I most affectionately commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, praying for you that you may be enabled to live humbly, to walk wisely, and to act unblameably before God, before angels, before the church, before the world, and before devils, 'looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Let me earnestly intreat your constant remembrance of me at the throne of grace, and believe me to be sincerely,

Your's in Christ Jesus,

Chelsea, Jan. 18th. JOHN STENSON.

P.S. We had a blessed watch-night at Carmel, well attended, good tea meetings, special and solemn prayer-meetings, felt life in the ministry, and God's peaceful and quickening presence in the midst of us. Text at midnight, 'And now, behold, the LORD hath kept me alive.' Joshua xiv. 10. Yes, alive in his ways,—alive for his work,—and alive by his word. O! what a monument and miracle of grace am I! Praise the Lord. Amen.

The Exercises of a Living Soul.

1. Of all the temptations that ever I met with in my life, to question the being of God and the truth of his gospel is the worst, and the worst to be borne; when this temptation comes, it takes away my girdle from me, and removeth the foundation from under me: O! I have often thought of that word, 'have you loins girt about you with truth?' and of that, when the foundation is destroyed, what can the righteous do?

2. Sometimes, when after sin committed, I have looked for sore chastisement from the hand of God, the very next that I have had from him, hath been the discovery of his grace. Sometimes, when I have been comforted, I have called myself a fool for my so sinking under trouble. And then again, when I have been cast down, I thought I was not wise, to give such way to comfort; with such strength and weight hath both these been upon me.

3. I have wondered much at this one thing, that though God doth visit my soul with never so blessed a discovery of himself, yet I have found again, that such hours have attended me afterwards, that I have been in my spirits so filled with darkness, that I

could not so much as once conceive what that God and that comfort was, with which I have been refreshed.

4. I have sometimes seen more in a line of the Bible than I could well tell how to stand under; and yet at another time, the whole Bible hath been to me as a dry stick; or rather my heart hath been so dead and dry unto it, that I could not conceive the least dram of refreshment, though I have looked it all over.

5. Of all fears, they are best that are made by the blood of Christ; and of all joy, that is the sweetest that is mixed with mourning over Christ: O! it is a goodly thing to be on our knees with Christ in our arms, before God: I hope I know something of these things.

6. I find to this day seven abominations in my heart. 1. Inclining to unbelief. 2. Suddenly to forget the love and mercy that Christ manifesteth. 3. A leaning to the works of the law. 4. Wanderings and coldness in prayer. 5. To forget to watch for that I pray for. 6. Apt to murmur because I have no more, and yet ready to abuse what I have. 7. I can do none of those things which God commands me, but my corruptions will thrust in themselves. 'When I would do good, evil is present with me.'

7. These things I continually see and feel, and am afflicted and oppressed with, yet the wisdom of God doth order them for my good. 1. They make me abhor myself. 2. They keep me from trusting my heart. 3. They convince me of the insufficiency of all inherent righteousness. 4. They show me the necessity of flying to Jesus. 5. They press me to pray unto God. 6. They show me the need I have to watch and be sober. 7. And provoke me to pray unto God, through Christ, to help me, and carry me through this world.

Lines,

Composed on laying the Foundation Stone at the Enlargement of the Baptist Chapel, St. George's Road, Manchester, by D. DENHAM.

This stone in certain hope we lay,

That God will here enlarge his house

And in his own appointed way,

Accomodate his royal spouse:

Here may the gospel's joyful sound,

Be heard by sinners far and near,

And grace much more than sin abound,

In this enlarged house of prayer.

Long may this edifice remain

As an asylum for the saints;

And through the Lamb on Calvary slain,

Here may they lose their sad complaints—

But should the truth from hence remove,

And error once admittance gain;

May God both just and jealous pr

In letting not one stone remain.

To W. Gadsby, Pastor, and
G. Greenhough, Deacon.

SUKEY HARLEY'S

Knowledge of a Divine Experience.

MR. CREASEY of Sleaford, has published 'a short account of the Life and Conversion of Sukey Harley, of Pulverback near Shrewsbury.' It is a quaint but savory little testimony descriptive of the work of grace in fetching out of the horrible pit one whose name is written in Heaven. We can only give part of a letter she wrote to Mr. Bourne. She says—'You ask me, Sir, if I am able to perceive many changes in my mind. Yes, I should think I have; when darkness comes and God hides his face, dear, I feel so distressed, so distressed; it's dreadful to be without God; I cry till he comes down. My Jesus comes to me, I cannot go to him; I mourn, I cry, it's all the trouble I know, when my God hides his face it is not for long at a time; I could not live sometimes an hour, sometimes two, not for a whole day. It's very seldom a whole day, perhaps, but God visits me some part of it. He seldom goes for long at a time; it's dreadful sickness, yes, that's my heavy trouble. When he comes to me again, he takes all trouble away; all distressed thoughts, let the sorrow be what it will. He comes in the midst of all, turns all to joy, nothing can hurt me. It's the devil, and the old-dwelling sin make the sorrow: the devil claps in, all joy is gone then, but Jesus comes and drives away the devil; then what joy I have, what comfort when I can look up.

'My heart was very hard last Saturday; well, I could na' break it, I could na' melt it, I mourned, I grieved; when my Redeemer came, he did it, he melted my hard heart. I found such a place of scripture this morning, I felt as though every word was written to me. 'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God has led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, to prove thee, to know what is in thine heart.' Oh! I read these words, I mean the whole chapter; they were spoken to me, I gave them to my husband, I gave them to my daughter; I marked these words in my Bible, I would wish to remember these words and to mark them for ever, I must tell you, Sir, the mercies of my God to me, his tender mercies: how he blessed his word to me. It is very precious when the Lord blesses his word to my soul; Sir, you speak about my talking to others, Sir, I am this sort of woman, I canna' speak nothing till my Jesus comes and puts words into my mouth; then I can speak, O yes, I can speak then. You say the grace of God in you is something. But I'm the ignorantest, poorest creature, I canna' find a place in the Bible, I canna' find one verse, I canna' find one hymn, nor nothing; this is what I am, Sir; I do na' forget poor sinners, when the Lord bids me I can talk to one or another; but till he bids me I dare not open my mouth. What I speak to them is according to my own experience.

I tell them the truth; when I have liberty from the God of heaven then I can go; I can go without any fear then; I donna' fear man, I want nothing else, but liberty from the Lord; if he donna' give me liberty I am dumb; I canna' speak one word.'

Lines on the Death of Mr. T. Dawes.

We would not wish thee back, dear saint, to tread
life's dreary waste,
Nor of its mingl'd cup of woe, again in grief to taste;
For thou hast pas'd beyond its winds, to fairer worlds
of light,
Where nought but joy and purity, surround thy
raptur'd sight,

We would not wish thee back again, much as we
miss thee here,
And oft thy lov'd remembrance draws forth affec-
tion's tear.

'Like bread upon the waters cast,' the precious seed
shall rise,
Which thou didst scatter here below, to blossom in
the skies.

We would not wish thee back, dear friend, to speak
e'en Jesu's name,
Of his unchanging worth to tell, his dying love
proclaim;
For thou art enter'd where he dwells, in glory's
dazzling blaze,
And joine'st with the ransom'd hosts, to sing his
matchless praise.

We would not wish thee back again, from thy bright
seat above,
Nor ask (if possible) to leave awhile the throne of love,
Though angel-accents on thy tongue, our spirits
might delight,
And thou reveal the secrets deep of that fair land of
light.

But we would pray the Lord for grace, to trace thy
steps below,
Such warmth of life's devotedness within, our souls
to know;
Such clinging to the cross by faith, such glorying
in his name,
As sheds around thy memory's shrine a more than
mortal fame.

We would not wish thee back again, relying on his
word,
Who taught thee well and long, to wield the Spirit's
two-edg'd sword;
Who made thee more than conqueror amid the
mortal strife:
Transformed thy weakness into strength, thy dark-
ness into light.

We would not wish thee back again, tho' oft thy
form appears
To memory, as it lately bent beneath the weight of
years;
While glory beam'd around thy brow, and sparkled
in thine eyes,
As if thou heard'st thy Saviour's voice, inviting to
the skies.

Such was indeed the blest event, though we deplor'd
the blow,
That laid thee in the bed of death, eternal life to
know:
The precious merit of his blood, perfum'd thy robe
of light,
And fill'd thee in bliss to dwell, for ever in his sight
Farewell! beloved friend, farewell! till life's last
sands are run,
And all by grace redeemed, shall put immortal ves-
ture on,
Shall tread the plains of paradise, where living foun-
tains play.
And at the feet of Jesu's throne, eternal honors pay.

The Happy Departure of Samuel Somerfield, of Manchester.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

"The child shall die an hundred years old."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise."

NOTHING is more pleasing than to be led, day by day, to behold the goings forth of the divine love, power and grace of my adorable Lord, separating, by divine power, from the bulk of dying mortals, the objects of his special love. An impartial survey of the display of this divine goodness moving forth in quest of heaven's favourites, is enough to convince any sober thinker, and silence every vile declaimer, and shut the wide mouth of ill-famed free-will; while we see some raised from the lowest grade of degradation, and others brought from the highest stage of native holiness, by faith, to meet in the merits of a precious Jesus, we can do no less than say, Behold, what God hath wrought in taking one of a city and two of a family, and bringing them unto himself. In doing which he asks for no compliance or assistance; but by his own grace 'makes them willing in the day of his power.' Thus all his children are taught of God, and great is their peace.

Mr. Editor, if the following sketch of the happy departure of a youth, about seventeen years of age, be thought profitable to your numerous readers, I, being eye witness to what is here written, should feel a pleasure in seeing it afloat in your *Vessel* which carries good tidings of great joy to many almost shipwrecked seamen.

SAMUEL SOMERFIELD, of Baxter Street, Manchester, the subject of this memoir, was the eldest surviving son of Thomas Somerfield. He had the happiness to be the son of God-fearing parents, and these happy, though now bereaved parents, had the happiness to be the parents of this son Samuel; who, I have heard them say, never cost them a sigh in all his life. Loving in childhood—obedient in boyhood—industrious in youth—moral to a demonstration—a lover of truth, and a fearer of falsehood. He was an honest and faithful servant; affable in his manner; kind in his address; genteel in his appearance; and a lover of learning. Arithmetic and the Bible were his chief study. His father was for years an honourable member of Christ with the late Mr. Gadsby; since which he has been one of the afflicted and despised few of Oldham Street; notwithstanding, for convenience sake, Samuel was always a scholar in a Wesleyan Sunday School, near their residence in Hulme, Manchester. It might be said of him, as it was of Timothy, that from a child he knew the scriptures; and such was his love to them that it appears the precepts of God's word were always the rule of his life; yet he has sometimes within the last year, held arguments with his Wesleyan teachers on different parts of

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Scripture; and could ably advocate the doctrines of free-grace; yet he was never known to lay any personal claim to them. It may be said, that God called him as he did Samuel of old, when a child, to know the way of salvation, before he was led to walk therein.

He was always rather delicate; and about three months previous to his death he was seized with a rapid consumption. He continued at his employ, though in much weakness, until about three weeks before his death; but on the first day of January his father found him bathed in tears, and on enquiry, he found it to be occasioned by soul trouble; from which time he was much concerned, chiefly because he thought he had not felt that dreadful law-work on his conscience, such as some people raise as a standard of regeneration. From this period, almost every time he saw his father or me, he had some question from some part of God's Word, or something to disclose that had been discovered to him; so that it was as evident to me, and those about him, that God had called him, as it was to Eli that God had called Samuel. He was almost constant in prayer or praise to God; he would admit of none but godly people to see him if he could help it; prayer for patience and faith, and that God would make, keep, fit, and prepare him for heaven, accompanied his solemn confession of sin. His whole soul, thoughts, and desires, appeared to hang upon Christ alone; and it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that as his outward man decayed his inward man was renewed; and as he drew nearer his end his sight and strength in an interest in the redemption by Christ increased; so that he really anticipated the time of his dissolution, and often prayed for the time to arrive to liberate him from this tabernacle, in which he groaned, that he might enter into the presence of his Lord.

About a week before his death I called to see him: after praying, I was about to leave the room, when he called me back, and in a tone of firm satisfaction said, 'I want you to preach my funeral sermon.' What with the suddenness of the request, and the patriarchal manner in which it was spoken, I could not answer him until I had given vent to a flood of tears. I thought had it been a patriarch over whose head some hundred and fifty years had rolled—or, a watchman that had been standing on the walls of Zion for half a century, I might not have been so much surprised. In a little time I said to him, 'Well, my child, what am I to say to the people about you? Must I tell them what a dutiful

child, and what an industrious youth you have been—or what a pious life you have lived; or, what must I say? ‘Oh! no; (he replied) let Christ be all and in all, and me nothing at all; all my hope is in him. I know that if ever I reach heaven it must be all of grace.’ He then gave me his text, Num. xxiii. 10. ‘Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.’ I said, ‘You can say more than this.’ Here he hesitated; and I proceeded to shew him that he could say, let me live the life of the righteous, that is more than ever Balaam did; he hated the Lord, his ways, and his people, and he only wanted to die the death, to escape the punishment due as the wages of unrighteousness; but you can say, you love God, his ways, his people, and are sorry you cannot love them more. He replied, ‘I do; they are my delight.’ I said, ‘Then you will die the death.’ This was on Friday, the 19th of January, 1849. He furthermore told me, he felt his body sinking, and he believed he should be in heaven the following Sunday. But not so; he was to spend one more Sabbath on earth, in the land of desires; he said, ‘I wish I could go to hear Mr. Corbitt preach to-day; I should like to hear him once more: he is in a deal of trouble—mother, now is the time for his friends to stick close by him. If I was to get well again, I would be baptised and join the people of God at once.’ He called his little sisters and brothers to his bedside, kissed and blessed them in the name of the Lord; and on Friday, the 26th, the time arrived; and it may be truly said that the Lord granted him his request; for when his heart strings began to break, you might hear it beat down stairs; he motioned to his mother, laying her hand on his breast, and said, ‘Feel there, mother: this is what I have been longing for; this is dying; but I am not afraid. I know in whom I have believed, and he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him;’ and he drew up his heels in bed, and gave up the Ghost.

‘Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.’ So was the end of Samuel Somerfield, in the seventeenth year of his age, at peace with God, through the life, death, resurrection, and intercession, of Jesus Christ; and as it was with Enoch, so it may be said of him, though his journey was short, yet *he walked with God, and is not, for God took him.* On the evening of February 4th, 1849, I preached his funeral sermon to a large and much affected congregation. First, shewing the solemn distinction between Balaam, who wanted only to die the death of the righteous to escape the punishment due to sin, and our departed brother, who loved God, his ways, and people. Secondly, the request—Let me die the death: 1st, a death to sin; 2nd, death to the world; 3rd, death to the law. Lastly, the end—1st, a peaceful end; 2nd, a final end of all trouble.

Your’s in the love of God,
Manchester, Feb. 5, 1849. JOHN CORBITT.

A Prayer used by the Earl of Hertford,

WHILE HE HELD THE OFFICE
OF PROTECTOR.

LORD God of Hosts, in whose only hand is life and death, victory and confusion, rule and subjection; receive me, thy humble creature, into thy mercy, and direct me in my requests, that I offend not thy High Majesty. O, my Lord, and my God, I am the work of thy hands; thy goodness cannot reject me; I am the price of thy Son's death, Jesus Christ; for thy Son's sake thou wilt not lose me; I am a vessel for thy mercy; thy justice will not condemn me; I am recorded in the book of life; I am written with the very blood of Jesus; thy inestimable love will not cancel there my name.

Thou, Lord, by thy providence, hast called me to rule; make me therefore able to follow thy calling. Thou, Lord, by thine order, hast committed an anointed king to my governance; direct me therefore with thy hand, that I err not from thy good pleasure. Finish in me, Lord, thy beginning; and begin in me that thou wilt finish. ‘By thee do kings reign, and from thee all power is derived.’ Govern me, Lord, as I shall govern; rule me as I shall rule; I am ready for thy governance—make thy people ready for mine. I seek thy only honour in my vocation—amplify it, Lord, with thy might. If it be thy will that I should rule, make thy congregation subject to my rule; give me power, Lord, to suppress whom thou wilt have to obey.

I am, by appointment, thy minister for thy king; a shepherd for thy people; a sword-bearer for thy justice: prosper the king: save thy people: direct thy justice. I am ready, Lord, to do that thou commandest, command that thou wilt: remember, O God, thine old mercies: remember thy benefits showed heretofore: remember, Lord, me, thy servant, and make me worthy to ask: teach me what to ask, and then give me that I ask: none other I seek to, Lord, but thee, because none other can give it me: and that I seek is thine honour and glory. I ask victory, but to show thy power upon the wicked; I ask prosperity, but for to rule in peace thy congregation; I ask wisdom, but by my counsel to set forth thy cause; and, as I ask for myself, so, Lord, pour thy knowledge upon all them, that shall counsel me; and forgive them that in their offence I suffer not the reward of their evil.

If I have erred, Lord, forgive me; for so thou hast promised me. If I shall not err, direct me; for that only is thy property.

Great things, O my God, hast thou begun in my hand; let me then, Lord, be thy minister to defend them. Thus I conclude, Lord, by the name of thy Son, Jesus Christ; faithfully I commit all my cause to thy high providence, and so rest to advance all human strength, under the standard of thy omnipotency.

The Idol Temple and Idol Worshipers.

SINCE poor man was defrauded by satan, and cheated out of his paradise, this world has been satan's and man's idol temple; and in this temple, the god of this world has invented various forms of worship; and all who are not brought out of darkness and his deceptions, to be worshippers of God—the God of heaven, in spirit and truth, are left among the idol worshippers in the flesh, and in error.

Man was created in the image of God, in righteousness and creature holiness; and God, the Creator and Benefactor, was the only object of worship and adoration. But, satan having defrauded and deluded man, he now, by nature, worships the image rather than the Maker; 'and hath changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image, made like unto corruptible man; and to birds and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.' (Rom. i. 23.) 'changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. Amen.'

Various and multifarious have been the idols of the old heathens, from *Moloch* of the Amorites, to *Juggernaut* of the Hindoos: but in christian nations (so called) satan's deceptions in idol worship is laid much deeper (called the depths of satan,) which I will make an attempt to glance at in this and following papers, should divine light and grace be given to discover them.

Martin Luther said, 'Self is the great house idol, for he is always at home.' It is like the great idol of the ancient idolators, which was made of iron or brass, with a hollow body and a very wide mouth, so that a large fire could be kindled inside of it; when from the wide mouth issued burning flames; and this fire idol devoured all consumable substances put into its mouth by the worshippers, who sacrificed to the idol; and into the mouth of this fiery idol, wicked and depraved idolators put their own children alive, which were consumed in the body of the idol: 'They sacrificed unto devils, not to God.' (Deut. xxxvii. 17.) 'And in the valley of Hinnom they built also the high places of Baal, to burn their sons with fire.' (Jer. xix. 5.) Now, this murder of innocents, lies, and idolatry, was of satan and men, not of God; for he commanded them not. The idol was their own; but the devil was in it, and the fire kindled in it was of 'the fire of hell;' and the people worshipped. (Rev. xi. 20.) Ah, you say, those were awful and horrible times to live in; truly they were; but this literal wickedness in high places in those times, pointed to spiritual wickedness in high places in these times. There are numerous idols in satan's idol temple; but the great idol being self, it is the most difficult to deny, forsake, and overcome. But the watchword from the holy temple above, is, 'watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.' Watch the idolatry of your own heart, go-

ing out after this idol—self. These are weighty and important words from the mouth of the Lord Jesus, 'Deny thyself: self-love, self-esteem, self-seeking, self-praise, self-saving, self-interest, self-conceit, self-complacency, and self-importance. Yea, there is more self than I have space to speak of here at present. In self, this great idol, satan, the old smith, 'bloweth on the coals' of our lusts, pride, and passions, and kindles up his fire, and almost everything must be sacrificed to this idol; the lustful eyes and yawning entrails of this idol require much; ah, much indeed, 'that ye may consume it upon your lusts.' (Jas. iv. 3.) And then the idol gapes for more, 'and the fire within saith not, it is enough.' (Prov. xxx. 16.) And indeed there is not enough in all the world to satisfy it. The fiery tongue of this great idol is 'a world of iniquity,' (Jas. iii. 6.) 'and it setteth on fire the whole course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell.'

I speak as to wise men, flee from idolatry, and above all, beware of this great idol self; admired by the whole world that lieth in wickedness, or in the wicked one. To be ignorant of our own ignorance, is great darkness indeed; 'and to be self-deceived is a strong delusion.' O, sirs! have not you been jealous of yourselves—and have you not inwardly trembled lest you should deceive yourself? Self-will, self-conceit, and self-righteousness, are subtle deceivers. The watch-word is 'Except a man deny himself, take up his cross and follow me, he cannot be my disciple.' May God, the Father of lights, give us more light on this subject. I see already that too much has been sacrificed to vain self, rather than to the Lord; and if the Lord give us light to see ourselves in his holy light, surely we shall abhor ourselves, as Job did, and 'repent in dust and ashes,' rather than admire ourselves.

Yesterday morning, before leaving my chamber, I felt and saw myself such a vile and loathsome creature, that I really hated my own life; and I solemnly felt and confessed that I had rather die than live here to sin against a gracious God. And I feel persuaded that when any man, by divine light, sees himself, he cannot admire himself, nor take praise to himself; but rather abhor himself, and feel something like the man among the tombs, ready to cut himself for his own foolishness, and hate his own life; and, 'esteem others better than himself.' And those who are filled with self-conceit, self-importance, self-holiness, and self-righteousness, have little or no divine light in them to see themselves. Nature's light, false light, and satan's light, (which is darkness) makes a man see himself very large, larger and larger; and still taller and longer, like his own shadow, while nature's sun is going down. But the true light, the light of the Spirit, truth, life, and grace, makes a man see himself little, very little—both little and low, like the shadow of a man when the sun is over

his head; he is lost in the light and glory of it: yea, the true light makes a spiritual man see himself less and less, and like Paul, 'less than the least of all saints.' Yea, less and less, until he sees nothing in himself to admire; yea, Paul saith, 'though I be chief of the apostles, yet I be nothing.' Yes, the idol self must dwindle to a point, and that sharp point, nothing but a thorn in the flesh to pierce his soul. O, glorious light, that shews idol self dwindling into nothing, that we may see Jesus 'all in all.' Until self and self-glory be lost in the light, love, and glory of God—'Who shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory for ever.'

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.
Leicester, Jan. 10, 1849.

Bringing Cedar Trees from Lebanon.

(Read EZRA III. 7.)

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—May great grace rest upon thee, through the knowledge of the ever blessed Lord, our Saviour Jesus Christ. Fear not! the glorious Lord will appear for you in your present trials, and I am inwardly persuaded that the hearts of the living family of God will readily respond to your call for their help, in this your felt time of need. Surely those who have received the spiritual blessings will not withhold the temporal; at least, I have, among those of my brethren and sisters, a readiness to give our mite in support of the little bark, the contents of which has been made a blessing to their souls; and I, for one, can say it has been my meat and drink when I have been down in the valley. Yes: when the little *Vessel* has hove in sight, and I have been enabled to board her, I have found some precious fruit; some of the grapes of Eschol—sometimes a bunch; at other times a box of ointment, and sometimes spices, which have made glad my heart in times of trouble. Yes, my brother, the *Vessel* has been a great help to me. When first the dear Lord met with me in my mad career, I felt as most of the living children do, much cast down on account of sin: I felt I had violated all the Lord's commands; and that there was no help for one so vile as I felt, and still feel, myself to be. But I was vain and foolish enough to think if, (now that I felt myself a sinner) I could keep the law for the *future*, then the Lord would pardon the past; so to work I went as hard as possible; and one day I was foolish enough to think I had mastered the law; but in the evening of the day I found myself in the same place, a breaker of the law of Moses: here I was kept for some time trying with might and main to satisfy Moses; but the more I strove the harder I found it; and the lines of the poet were made a great blessing to my soul about this time—

"Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone,
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves the heart of stone."

It was then I felt to want a law-fulfiller, which my beloved pastor, John Stenson, was enabled to preach fully and faithfully after singing the above hymn.

Now, my brother, I must return to tell you a little about the *Vessel*. About the time the Lord first met with me, one of the numbers of the *Vessel*, with "*The Tree Cut Down*," was put into my hands by my esteemed sister Bristow, Sen.; and the Lord made use of them to the comforting my poor mind; and from time to time they have proved the same; so you may see I have abundant cause to help in my humble way, to keep the *Vessel* sailing. If you will send me a card, I will (the Lord helping) try to get it filled up; and if all the friends will do the same, the little man with his heavy burden, will soon be set free. If the *Vessel* is made a blessing to their hearts they will willingly contribute their mite to save you and it from sinking. Come, my brethren and sisters, do not say you cannot afford it, thy Lord will pay thee back again, and you will have the pleasure of disappointing the enemy, who is ready to say 'so would we have it.' You must remember, my dear brethren and sisters, you are not only helping our brother Banks, but doing the cause of Christ a service, by keeping the *Vessel* sailing; for look, for a moment, at the vast amount of error that is weekly published; and we have great reasons to hope that the *Vessel* may instrumentally help to check the tide of error which rapidly flows through the world.

Keep on asking, my brother, until the burden is gone; and the Lord will help thee, and thou shalt have cause to bless and praise his holy name. May the good will of him that dwelleth in the bush, dwell richly in thee, and a double portion of his Holy Spirit, is the prayer of your sincere friend, for the truth sake, and brother in gospel bonds,

Pimlico.

WM. BUTTERFIELD.

Recognition of Mr. C. H. Coles.

(Concluded from p. 41.)

IN our last we commenced an account of the recognition of Mr. Coles, at Brentford, and gave Mr. Coles's statement of his call by grace. We now give his call to the ministry.

Mr. Curtis then asked Mr. Coles to state as briefly as possible, the incidents which led to his call to the ministry. Mr. C.'s statement may be gathered from what follows:—

I have already stated that during the time I was attending the Independent chapel, there was in my mind a great desire to become a minister: but, no sooner was my state opened up to me, as a sinner in the sight of God, and the spirituality of the law known, than the thought of the ministry vanished from my mind. But soon after I was brought into that happy state I have described, as I was in my

little Bethol (the hay-loft), pouring out my soul to the Lord, all at once the thought of the ministry came into my mind, and some thing seemed to say to me, 'as God has done so much for you, pray that he may raise you up and send you forth into the ministry, that you may be made useful to others.' But such then were my feelings that I at once set this down as the great enemy of souls, I now trembled at such a step; I saw plainly that it was a solemn thing to be a christian, much more a minister; but the more I strove against these thoughts, the more they would press upon me; and more especially when I was engaged in prayer: so much so that it interrupted my intercourse with a precious Christ: I begged of the Lord to remove it from my mind; but no answer could I get, until one night, while I was thus engaged, and striving against it, these words came rushing into my mind, '*Quench not the Spirit.*' I felt sure they were from the Lord, and I freely poured out the whole matter before him; and from that moment I felt as sure that it was God's will that I should speak in his name as I was of my own existence.

The work of the ministry now became a matter of weighty importance; and for twelve months after I was continually laying this before the Lord, and closely watching his hand in the leadings of his providence towards me. The place I was now living in was very hard; my bodily health was much impaired by it and from what I had passed through in my mind, so that I told my master I must leave; but before the time was up for my leaving I was asked to stop, and they promised to make the work lighter. A few months after this a family came to live just by, and the female servants (three in number) came to hear at Homerton Row; two of them were baptists, and the other was convinced of baptism. The night, sir, you baptised me, (alluding to Mr. Curtis) the young man that had the charge of the horses disgraced himself, and was discharged; and as I had now become acquainted with the servants, I was represented to the lady as a suitable person to fill his place. I had an interview with her, and she appeared pleased to think I was a baptist, and said, 'if you have the grace of God in your heart, you will serve me well.' After giving proper notice to my employer I left, and entered my new place. Three months after, the providence of God removed us to Cheshunt, Herts., a wilderness indeed; for although there were two or three chapels, and a college of parsons, we soon found that the only place where truth was at all preached, was a little chapel at Waltham Abbey, Essex, three miles from where we lived. We soon became acquainted with a few scattered round those parts, and in a little time we held a prayer-meeting in a friend's house; and one of the friends who conducted it was engaged as an itinerant preacher in the villages round.

This man, shortly after we became acquainted, came one night to me, and said, I have a request to make of you, but you must promise you will comply before I tell you. I would not promise. He then said, 'I want you to go and preach to a few people in a house a few miles out, some Sabbath evening.' I seemed to tremble at the thought, although I felt assured I should. I would not then consent; but promised that if he would let me go with him, I would read and engage in prayer, but he must preach. 'No,' said he, 'I will not take you, except you promise to preach.' His invitation was from time to time renewed; but it was nearly nine months after before I was constrained to say that I would make the attempt if the Lord permitted, and helped. So, after much crying to the Lord about this matter, I went, at the time appointed, with my friend. That Scripture in 1 Cor. ii. 2, had been for some time on my mind as the first Scripture I should speak from. The place I was to speak in was a small cottage at Whitewells, near Enfield; so that the great number of people did not cast me down, but the weight of the solemn and important work did; as the time came on for reading the Scripture to speak from I felt more composed in my mind, and the Lord opened my mouth to speak freely for some time on the person of Christ, the crucifixion of Christ, and Paul's determination. The few people appeared to receive the word, and requested me to come again, which I promised, if the Lord spared, I would.

It was soon noised about that the coachman had been preaching; and the next time I was to speak at this place I knew that some from other parts would be there; so I took care to have all my sermon prepared, and I thought I will preach as well as I can this time. But behold, when I got up to speak, all was taken from me, and what to do I knew not. The more I tried, the more confused I felt; and it appeared as if some one was saying to me, 'You fool, sit down, or some of the people will tell you to do so.' I felt as if I must have sunk into the earth. 'Oh, I thought, if I do but get away this once, never will I make an attempt again, for all must see what a fool I have made of myself this night.' As soon as it was over, I run off, for I was ashamed to stop, lest any should tell me what a fool I had been making of myself. I got the horse and cart, and was in the act of driving off when some one called out for me to stop, and at once began to bless and praise the Lord for what she had heard. 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'I have been five years in this barren place, seeking for a sanctuary for the Lord, and have never found it until this night;' and blessed me in the name of the Lord. But such was the state of my mind that I could not take any comfort from her statement, for I thought she was deceived as well as myself. Oh, what a night I spent after this! As I

laid upon my bed I rolled and groaned like a distracted man, calling myself a thousand fools for ever making the attempt, and asking the Lord to forgive my presumption, and I would do so no more. But in the morning the Lord came in such a blessed way into my soul, and opened up one Scripture after another to my mind that I could have then preached to a thousand persons, if they had been there, without fear; so that I was led again to say, 'Here, Lord, am I, send me.'

Sometime after this it occurred that as I was going to speak at the house, that the Home Missionary, (as he was called) was there; and it was agreed that he was to preach, which he did; and not once in that discourse did he mention the Holy Ghost, but preached up the power and free will of the creature, so that my soul was all on fire to think how he had dishonoured God. As soon as it was over, I spoke against what he had said; and he attempted to defend himself. I shall never forget that night; for two or three old women in red cloaks gave him such a setting down as I never saw the like, and so completely stopped his mouth, that I believe he was quite ashamed of what he had been doing. This circumstance soon spread round; and I was looked upon as a common disturber; and plans were soon adopted in order to prevent my preaching in those parts.

The independent minister at Enfield wrote to the college to get the students to supply the two places that I then spoke at, in connection with my friend; but they refused to do so unless they were paid, at least for one, which was called Botnay Bay, about eight miles from Cheshunt; so the gentleman at Botnay Bay agreed to pay them five shillings for preaching there, but they were to supply the other place gratuitously. And will you believe me, when I tell you, that there has been two students at the place where there was the five shillings; but I have known that for three Sabbath evenings running there has been no student at the other place?

These doors being thus shut, the friends at Waltham Abbey invited me to speak on the Thursday night, which I did in the table pew; and I trust, at times, felt the presence of the Lord there. But as this was so far, a few friends thought it advisable to take a place at Cheshunt to speak in. The New Hall was taken, and a Mr. Martin and myself were to supply; but as soon as the matter was known, and before either of us had spoken, the whole of the dissenters were up in arms about it, as if some awful pestilence had come into the place. One told my master that his coachman was going to preach in the village; others fetched the chapel stools out of the Hall for fear we should defile them. Doctor Harris, of the college, wrote to the proprietor of the Hall, and threatened him if he did not prevent my preaching there, he would withhold all his support, for he did

not approve of such awful doctrine being preached in the place. So we were obliged to leave the Hall; and now we held our preaching in one room of a cottage, by the side of the Hall; and of course this was as bad or worse. Just after this Dr. Harris and the vicar of Cheshunt Church were seen riding together, (a thing never, I believe, known before); and I think there can be very little doubt but that he was then talking to the vicar about the coachman's preaching, and wishing him to interfere, and put me down, for my master and mistress were strict church people; for just after this the vicar met my mistress in the street, and accused her of having brought schism into his parish; and told her that if she allowed me to preach, he should not consider her a fit communicant for his church. He appointed a time to meet her at her own house; and she desired me to be in the way, in case he should wish to speak with me; but however, when he came he would not speak to me; but I believe he tried to prejudice her mind against us poor baptists; and told her that by keeping us in her service, she was helping to pull down the church; and that she ought to discharge the whole of us if we did not go to church.

Soon after this, as I was speaking one Thursday night at Waltham Abbey chapel I felt great bondage in my soul; and I dropped a word which some one did not like; and they spoke to me about it; and my old man was so put out, that I said to myself I will not speak in this place any more. As I was returning home as miserable and as wretched as I could well be, thinking about my sinfulness, weakness, ignorance and insufficiency, just as I came to the bridge in the Marsh, these words came with power into my mind, 'Come now, and let us reason together saith the Lord,' &c. Oh, how soon did God graciously reason me out of all that I was the subject of, and led me to see that I was complete in his dear Son! So that I could have done or suffered anything for the people of God.

The following Sabbath when we got to chapel, we were disappointed of a minister, and one of the deacons called upon me to go up and speak; which I did, with great fear and trembling, from the portion brought to my mind the Thursday previous; and that was blessed to the bringing into liberty of a poor soul, who had been in a state of bondage for five or seven years. This was the first time I was in the pulpit there.

My master soon after this made up his mind to leave Cheshunt, and to go and live at Reading. We went to that place, and staid a fortnight in search of a house, but did not succeed; so we returned to Cheshunt again for a few months, and I was engaged in speaking here and there as the Lord opened a door. We then went to Tunbridge Wells, in search of a house; and while here Mr. Abrahams, of the City

Road, came to preach at the Wells. I went to hear him. (His ministry had been made very useful to me; indeed, I shall never forget the season I had from those words, James i. 18.) The day before I had an interview with him at a friend's house; and before the service began a person came to me and said, 'You are wanted after service.' So as soon as he had concluded, two persons spoke to me, asking me at the same time, if I was disengaged on the next Sabbath-day? To which I answered 'Yes; not knowing what they wanted. 'Well, then' (said one) 'you must come and preach for us, as we have no one to supply for us next Sabbath Day.' Accordingly, I went; and spoke three times in my livery clothes, as I had no private clothes with me. I felt great liberty; and the friends all enquired 'When will you come again? Do come soon!' And I felt constrained to promise that the first opportunity I would do so; which I soon after did, several times; and every time I went, the more we felt united together in the things of God. And now nothing would do but that I must come and preach constantly among them; which, after much conflict in my mind, and much prayer, I was constrained to comply. So I left my place and went down; leaving the family I had been in for five years, at Reading, (to which place they had removed before I left).

Now, no sooner was I in my new sphere, and preaching to one people constantly, than the weight of the ministry was felt to such an extent that I was fearful, at times, lest I should go out of my mind. Oh, I have many a time envied the beast in the field! and yet the Lord never left me when the Sabbath came. But such was the importance of the work, and my weakness and ignorance, that I determined the first door in providence that appeared to open, I would leave, and never preach constantly to one people; or be dependent on the ministry any more. I had not been here three months before (one morning) I received a letter from Reading, stating that the young man who had taken my place had so committed himself that he was discharged, and wishing me to recommend another, but none would suit like myself. I at once left Tunbridge, went to Reading, and engaged myself again in the place; and then returned to Tunbridge, and told the friends, who were not a little astonished, you may be sure; but it was done, and could not be altered. About a month after I left; and my feelings, under such circumstances, are better conceived than described; for I now believed it was an hasty step; but God overruled it. I still feel an union to many of the people there, and wish them well.

The first night I arrived in Reading, which was with a heavy heart indeed, and just before I went to bed, these words came with much power to my mind, and were secretly opened up to my soul, 'Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy,

break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord till he come, and rain righteousness upon you.' Here was 'sowing,' 'reaping,' 'ploughing,' 'seeking,' 'waiting'; and at once my mind was impressed, 'this is your work in this place.' The second Sabbath it was arranged for me to supply for Mr. Day, who was then preaching in London Street Chapel; and on the Thursday evening following, when there was more people than on the Sabbath-day, the friends from the other chapel being there who at once invited me to preach for them; but hearing such a dreadful account of them by Mr. Day, I refused to do so; but they kept coming, three and four at a time, and one day there were six intreating me to preach at Bethel Chapel, or some other place; and as I then could not see strict communion, I preferred the latter, which was done. Mr. Abrahams came and opened it; and I constantly spoke there; and God blessed the word to the edification of some, and, I believe, the conversion of others, who walk well to this day.

I had not preached here long before Bethel Chapel was offered to me, if I felt free to take it; and as that was much more convenient, I took it for twelve months. Four friends were responsible for the rent. A church was soon formed of baptized persons; but with this understanding, that members of other churches, not baptized, were to be allowed to commune. Mr. Foreman wrote me two very sharp letters, in which he demanded scripture proof, and to work I went; and the more I searched, the more I was convinced that I was in error; and I came forth, and publicly confessed that I was wrong; and therefore, no persons were admitted but those who had been baptised.

After preaching here twelve months, my master gave up his carriage, sold the horses, and wished me to leave as soon as convenient to myself, as they were about to leave Reading. I made the friends acquainted with the circumstances, and they came forward and invited me for twelve months more, which I was constrained to accept; and so continued preaching the Word of life.

After this engagement was out, nothing was further entered into. I continued preaching, and they the same temporal supplies for two years; but during the last year I was deeply impressed that the cause of God would not prosper or continue any length of time in that chapel; and so strong was this impression on my mind that I could not pray or preach with any comfort to myself; indeed, I felt liberty in all the places round, but had none there, so that I felt sure that God was about to open another door in Reading, or remove me; for although the church had increased to nearly double the number during the four years, yet I could not but feel that my labours, at least in that chapel, would soon close.

I was now engaged in speaking in many parts; and after supplying a few Sabbaths at Pent Side, Dover, I received an unanimous call from the church there, but did not accept it, as I still felt unwilling to leave Reading, as they were all unanimous for my staying; and there was, at that time, some probability of the two causes uniting, so that I was still willing to watch the Lord's hand as to this matter, as it was a thing I was anxious to see. About this time I received a letter from one of the deacons here, inviting me to preach for them, but wrote to say that I could not come. Soon after I received another, but still gave the negative, for I had not received very favourable impressions of them by some parties. Just after this, one of the deacons wrote a third letter; and I thought then I will go for one Sunday, and named the day. I accordingly came, and God opened my mouth to speak freely of those things which I had tasted of the Word of life. I felt at home with the people, and I have every reason to believe that my poor labours were received; and I was invited for several Sabbaths; and that union that was commenced, appeared to increase; and I was afterwards invited for three months with a view to become their pastor. But before I accepted this, I made my friends at Reading acquainted with the workings of my mind in reference to Bethel Chapel, telling them that I could not break bread to them after that day, for reasons which most of them well knew. On the Monday evening there was a special church meeting, and they then agreed at once to close the chapel; and the following Sabbath Day we all met in London Street Chapel; and Mr. Flory, then preaching there, kindly allowed me to preach morning and evening, which I did; the chapel, having both congregations, was full, and if ever I felt the presence of the Great Head of the church, I did on that day, as I had waded through deep waters in my soul, during that week, but bless God, he sweetly delivered me on the Friday previous, by assuring me all was right, and should work for the best. I soon saw that the friends at London Street Chapel did not cordially receive me, or I should have felt constrained to have stayed. My friends seeing this, wished me to open a place; and one kind friend offered to bear the expences; but as I thought as they were now together they might unite under some one else, that God, in his providence, might send among them. So that I now saw my way clear to accept your invitation for three months, hoping by that time I might see the will of God concerning us all. And I must say that the more I became acquainted with, and preached among the people here, the more I felt united to them in the things of God, and was constantly laying these things before the Lord, as they laid with great weight upon my mind; knowing without the approbation of heaven all is in vain. At last my mind

was brought to this determination in reference to Brentford, that if the church was unanimous at the end of my engagement, I would, God helping me, accept the same, and if not, I would not preach among them after that time.

The church was quite agreed; and on the 26th of July, 1848, I, in the fear of God, accepted the same; hoping that it may prove to be of God, for the church's good, and his glory.

Mr. Coles then gave a clear and distinct statement of the truths he meant to advance there. After which Mr. Curtis concluded the morning service.

In the afternoon Mr. Wyard offered up, in a very solemn manner, the recognition prayer. After which Mr. Foreman, in his usual pleasing and admonitory style, gave the minister his charge, taking, as a foundation for the same, Titus ii. 7, 8.

In the evening Mr. Wells preached to the church and congregation from Gal. v. 13, 14. The former part of this discourse was truly weighty, and some of his latter remarks will not soon be forgotten by many.

The chapel was full on each occasion; and all seemed to feel a deep interest in the concerns of the day.

The Time of Love.

"Now when I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was a time of love; and I spread my skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness; yea, I swear unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest mine."

Lord 'twas a time of love,
When thou didst first pass by
My guilty soul, and bid me live,
Who lay condemned to die.

It was an act of love
Which brought me to thy throne,
Which caused my stubborn heart to move,
And there its vileness own.

It was a time of love
When Jesus first appear'd,
And with a pardon from above,
My mourning spirit cheer'd.

It was a time of love
When, by thy Spirit taught,
I saw my interest in that blood,
Which my salvation wrought.

It is a time of love
When I can call thee mine;
Comely I stand in Jesu's robe
Of righteousness divine.

It is a time of love
When silent in thy sight,
Constrain'd, I say, 'Thy will be done,'
Thou only doest right.

'Twill be a time of love
When thou shalt bid me rise
To that blest house prepared above,
My mansion in the skies.

There I shall dwell with God,
And his dear face shall see;
And bathe in that blest sea of love
To all eternity.

BRADLEY.

The Lord's Merciful Dealings with the late Mrs. Mary Ann Dennant,

(OF IPSWICH.)

DEAR BROTHER: — Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. I send you a brief account of the goodness of our gracious God, as richly displayed in his merciful dealings with my late dear sister, Mrs. MARY ANN DENNANT; if you deem them calculated to glorify our good Lord, insert them.

My dear sister was a sinner; this was well known to many. She lived in, and loved sin; nor did she show the least concern as to its consequences, until about three years ago, when we were called to visit my dear mother, who we thought was then dying. Some uneasiness of mind was evinced for a time, but it did not last long; the world crept into her mind again, and concern appeared to wear away, until about eighteen months ago, when the Lord was pleased to alarm her greatly of the awful state she was in. Now the work appeared real. She cried, prayed, read. This she kept to herself; for she could open her mind to no one. She thought no one so vile as herself; she feared to lie down; thinking if she went to sleep, she should wake up in hell. Her grief was now apparent; she could not be concealed. I visited her—found her bathed in tears; I asked, what was the cause of her distress? Her reply was, 'She felt she was going to hell.' I spoke of the love of the Saviour in dying for sinners. But her grief was the same. She continued so some time; when I visited her again, after some days I found her still wretched; I asked if I should spend a minute in prayer? She eagerly replied, 'Yes.' I did so; and my dear Lord favoured my soul with the spirit of prayer. And he was pleased to ease her mind to a blessed extent; and some liberty now was experienced; for she had been secretly begging the Lord to send some one to pray with her. Now she shewed an ardent desire to attend the house of God. She did so whenever the doors were open; but satan tempted her sorely on this point, by telling her she would be exposed to the remarks of the world, especially by her former acquaintances; but the Lord soon delivered her from this; and in his strength, she went. Her soul was comforted: strengthened by the Word being brought home to her heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, after some time, she expressed a desire to see her minister, to declare to him what God had done for her soul. But he did not visit her for three or four weeks, which gave the enemy room to set in with a distressing temptation. He told her it was no use going to the Lord's house, as the Lord's servants would not go to see her. But here the enemy was foiled. Mr. Pooch paid her a visit: her mouth was opened; her sins confessed—faithfully confessed; no keeping back, or hiding the worst of

her crimes, for fear of what man would think or say of her; her horrors were told; her fear of going to hell, where she deserved to be; and how just God would be in sending her there, for she was as guilty a wretch in herself as any that ever went there; yet, from what the Lord had shewn her, she hoped, in the blood of Christ, she was cleansed from all her unrighteousness. She felt he had heard her groans; spoke, saying her sins, which were many, were all forgiven; she loved him for it—was willing to serve him—not ashamed to let every body know it—and by his help, she would follow him in his ways; she begged to be faithfully dealt with, and craved an interest in prayer. Mr. P. asked her if she was willing to state these things to the people of God, and abide their decision? She replied, 'Yes.' He told her he should propose her to the church. She afterwards shewed some alarm as to the position she then stood in. Reading a piece in the *Earthen Vessel*, she felt some deliverance, for her mind became gloomy, fearing at times, the reality of her safety, and the awful consequence of hypocrisy. The day arrived for her coming before the church; a day of darkness truly it was to her, until six in the evening, when light broke in upon her mind to such an extent, that before the church she came, and her statements were received to the reviving of the hearts of the family of Zion, and to the glory of our God. On May 14, 1848, she, with five others were baptised in the river Orwell, where it was supposed from three to four thousand spectators were assembled, and where the presence of our God was felt honouring his own institution, and blessing his children in their faith and obedience. From there to the table of her Lord, she for the first time was favoured to eat and drink with feelings of gratitude in remembrance of him who died to save her guilty soul from the wrath which is to come. 'It was a day to her of great grace,' as she frequently used to say. Her brethren and sisters in the church shewed great attachment to her interests of soul and body, constantly visiting, reading, and praying with her; for all could see she was soon to be transplanted from the church militant to the church triumphant. She was seriously and very painfully afflicted. She grew rapidly worse, and unable to attend constant upon the privileges of her beloved chapel; thankfully did she value the visits of her minister and friends, who did give proof of those principles which adorn the doctrines of our Lord in all things. Her medical attendants advised to try a watering place. She stayed a fortnight; was favoured with holy communion with her Redeemer as the God of the surrounding

objects; but still her heart was fixed to him on Calvary, bleeding for so vile a sinner as her; yet her anxiety was to come home to Dairy Lane Chapel; as she used to say, 'Tis

"There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns."

She returned early in September, was taken worse; and in the night to all appearances, was struck for death. Here the enemy had great power for a time; for she thought she was dying, and should be lost. Satan appeared, saying, 'he would after all, have her in hell;' she struggling to call on Jesus for deliverance, he said, 'that was of no use; for he would have her body, if he could not have her head.' Her agony was so great, she lost her senses for two hours, when her friends were called up as we supposed, to see the last of her; after awhile symptoms of life appeared, but unable to speak; I read a portion of the word of God; as soon as she could be heard, I asked how she felt? She replied, 'Happy;' told out the conflict she had with the devil, and how deliverance came with these words, 'Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for him;' and also from the sweetness she felt from another portion, 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters.' She declared she felt herself to be a brand plucked from the burning. After this exercise she grew a little better in health; enjoyed much, and longed and prayed for strength to go once more to the house of God. This favour was granted; and our dear minister took for his text Ps. xxxvi. 7. The words were the means of delivering her mind in that fierce temptation. Such was the sweetness and power of that sermon, that she declared she thought she must have burst out in praises to her Lord. She heard no more sermons there; it was the last she heard in that favoured place, Bethesda. The next Lord's-day being ordinance day, and she being now confined to her bed, felt much because she could not be there with the friends to enjoy the feast. She fell asleep after calling upon the Lord to bless us at the table. She dreamed she saw a coffin, a robe, and shining figures, who invited her to get into the coffin: she did so; and a heavenly voice spoke comfortable words to her. She awoke, and related this with a placid smile, saying my dear Saviour has given me as blessed a Sabbath as you have had at the chapel. She was a highly favoured one in prayer; but the old enemy to prayer and praying souls told her that God would not hear prayers made on a bed. This troubled her. When her nurse was out of the room, with pain and difficulty she, by means of a chair, crawled out of bed, and went on her knees for the last time. There she poured out her soul; there her Lord poured in his love, and gave her another victory over her adversary. This sweet season lasted some days. When a beloved sister was talking

to her about the glory that shall be revealed, she said, 'I was just thinking my dear Lord is often as though he was by my bed-side; oh, I then long to go home, and often say,

"When shall I their choruses join?"

About six weeks before her death a most dreadful conflict assailed her from her implacable accuser. Her pains were grievous, her mind tortured with infernal temptations, not one ray of light or hope in her poor soul; she called for her Bible, ordered her room to be cleared of every body; she thought it useless to read; no promise for her; but she would try; her eyes were directed to Prov. iv. 25, 26. The Lord applied them sweetly to the relief of her distressed mind, and disappointment of her cruel foe; the visits of her minister were greatly blessed to her, in prayer, reading, and expounding the word to her. One piece of Quarles he read to her, called, 'Justice, Jesus, and the sinner,' which suited her much. She said to me, 'The visits of Mr. P. have been the visits of a man of God to my soul; and those of Mrs. G., Miss E., and my dear brethren who pay me so much kind attention, I do feel thankful for. O, how good is my Lord! I feel at times so favoured that when I see any of them low, I could part with some of my enjoyment to make them happy.' Her sufferings now became exceedingly great; she begged for patience to the end, and God heard her, for patient she truly was. Several of us were present the night before her departure. Mr. P. asked her, if, in the prospect of eternity, she could say the Lord was with her, or had she any fear in dying, or was there one thing in the world that troubled her now? She replied, 'Nothing; I am happy; I am saved, as Mary Magdalene; I am on the Rock; I have no fear of death—I had—but it is taken away; I can now leave you all—my chapel, minister, husband, children, brother, sisters, father, mother and friends; I could not at first, but now I can leave all to go to Jesus. Looking earnestly upon the minister, she feelingly said, 'Pray give attention to my dear sister; God sent you to Ipswich for my soul's good; oh, that my death may be a blessing to my dear surviving friends!' Her pains were now very great, her speech could not be heard. I asked her if there was any one she wished to see? She smilingly looked up to heaven. A short time before she died, she in the night said to her sister G—, 'Hark, how solemn! How solemn the toll of the bell! Judgment Day!' (Many have been buried by night, who died with small-pox here.) The night before her death she could speak but little. Her mother called her dear husband in; seeing her mother weep, she said, 'Mother, do not cry; I am happy, I am happy.' When I entered, I asked, have you anything to tell your dear christian friends? 'Yes; tell minister and friends I am happy; I am happy; Dairy-lane was

my birth-place.' After a short time she again said, 'O, happy I am; Jesus has all my heart.' Shortly after, expiring without a groan, sigh, or struggle—entering the presence of him who sought her when a stranger.

"Oh, groundless depths—
Oh, love beyond degree!
The offended died
To set th' offender free."

Your's, dear, brother, in the sinner's
Friend, W. C.

Ipswich, Feb., 1849.

Encouraging Words

MY DEAR M—: Sorry indeed I am to hear of the sore trial you are now in with three dear children so very ill. It is one thing to talk of affliction one side of it, and another thing to be in the furnace; this I know, but do not forget Romans viii. 28. He in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways, can make no mistake. Depend upon it, there is a needs be for this painful trial, or come it could not; and the end will tell—

"Our Jesus hath done all things well."

Others of the Lord's family are and have been in deeper waters than you now are; therefore listen not to the enemy who may suggest had you an interest in him, matters would not be so and so. Remember he was a liar from the beginning. Poor Job lost seven children in one day. And who are these before the throne but those who came out of great tribulation. And afflicted and poor people is the characteristic of the elect of God, who cry unto him in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses; and so he will you. Endeavour to lay the painful matter before him, and wait patiently for him, until he arises and removes the trouble. Your encouragement is here, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will hear thee, and thou shalt glorify me. Thou shalt call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am.' God all-sufficient—a present help in trouble—a God near at hand, and not afar off—an High Priest who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities—a Brother born for adversity—a Friend who loveth at all times. O, to him go! Spread your letter of many complaints before him—beg him to inspect minutely every line, who saith, 'What is thy petition, what thy request? Open thy mouth wide, I will fill it. Hitnerto, have you asked nothing in my name. Ask, and you shall receive, that your joy may be full. The Lord the Spirit enable you to petition with groanings that cannot be uttered. I have and do remember you in my poor way before his majesty and the dear children. I trust his mighty arm will soon be made bare on your behalf; for it is nothing with him to help; and that in the adjusting of matters you will say,

'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'

I can, and do sympathise with you in this sore trial; yea, we all participate here. But hear you his voice in this dispensation?—'Be still and know that I am God.'—'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?'—'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' O, bless him, there's mercy in this as in all his wise and gracious dealings with us. We are unwise, and know not what is really best for us.

You will, therefore, let us know, as soon as convenient, if there are some favourable symptoms appearing. To E— give our best love, and to the dear children. I hope you will obtain that support both of you which so trying a dispensation demands.

Do not despair; but hope even against hope. 'Cast thy burden on the Lord; he will sustain thee.' Always your truly affectionate father,
WM. BIDDER.

The Reality of the Invisible World.

THE following interesting account of a Trance, which that dear servant of Christ, William Tennent, really was the subject of, is given from the pen of the worthy pastor who succeeded Mr. Tennent, and will, we are sure, be acceptable and valuable to most of our readers:

Monmouth, New Jersey, Dec. 10.

"DEAR SIR—Agreeably to your request, I now send you in writing the remarkable account, which I sometime since gave you verbally, respecting your good friend, my predecessor, the late Rev. William Tennent, of this place. In a very free and feeling conversation on religion, and on the future rest and blessedness of the people of God, (while travelling together from Monmouth to Princeton) I mentioned to Mr. Tennent that I should be highly gratified in hearing, from his own mouth, an account of the *Trance* which he was said to have been in, unless the relation would be disagreeable to himself. After a short silence, he proceeded, saying, that he had been sick with a fever; that the fever increased, and he by degrees sunk under it. After some time (as his friends informed him) he died, or appeared to die, in the same manner as persons usually do; that in laying him out, one happened to draw his hand under the left arm, and perceived a small tremour in the flesh; that he was laid out, and was cold and stiff. The time for his funeral was appointed, and the people collected: but a young doctor, his particular friend, pleaded with great earnestness that he might not then be buried, as the tremour under the arm continued; that his brother, Gilbert, became impatient with the young gentleman, and

said to him, 'What! a man not dead who is cold and stiff as a stake?' The importunate young friend, however, prevailed; another day was appointed for the burial, and the people separated. During this interval many means were made use of to discover, if possible, some symptoms of life, but none appeared excepting the tremour. The doctor never left him for three nights and three days. The people again met to bury him, but could not even then obtain the consent of his friend, who pleaded for one hour more; and when that was gone, he pleaded for half-an-hour, and then for a quarter-of-an-hour; when, just at the close of this period, on which hung his last hope, Mr. Tennent opened his eyes. They then prized open his mouth, which was stiff, so as to get a quill into it, through which some liquid was conveyed into the stomach, and he by degrees recovered.

"This account, as intimated before, Mr. Tennent said he had received from his friends. I said to him, 'Sir, you seem to be one indeed raised from the dead, and may tell us what it is to die, and what your were sensible of while in that state.' He replied in the following words: 'As to *dying*—I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until, *all at once*, I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, *but glory all unutterable!*' Here he paused, as though unable to find words to express his views, let his bridle fall, and lifting up his hands, proceeded, 'I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and I saw things all unutterable! I saw a great multitude before his glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended and my rest and glory begun, and was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said, *You must go back.* These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more: I cried out, Lord, must I go back! With this shock I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw I was in the world I fainted, then came to, and fainted for several times, as one probably would naturally have done in so weak a situation.'

"Mr. Tennent further informed me, that he had so entirely lost the recollection of his past life, and the benefit of his former studies, that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor write, nor read his own name. That he had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before, until he had again learned his letters, and was able to pronounce the monosyllables, such as *thee* and *thou*. But, that as his strength returned, which was very slowly, his memory also returned. Yet, notwith-

standing the extreme feebleness of his situation, his recollections of what he saw and heard while in heaven, as he supposed, and the sense of divine things, which he there obtained, continued all the time in their full strength, so that he was continually in something like an ecstasy of mind. 'And,' said he, 'for three years, the sense of divine things continued so great, and every thing else appeared so completely vain, when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world for stooping down for it, I believe I should not have thought of doing it.'

Some Account of my Stewardship;

AND OF THE HAND OF
MY GOD WHICH WAS GOOD UPON ME.

(Continued from p. 52.)

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26.—I am now returning from Manchester to Wolverhampton. I left Wolverhampton for Manchester last Wednesday morning; and although the wind was blowing tremendous gales, so as powerfully to shake the carriages, yet, through the preserving power of the Lord, I was safely conveyed to that big and busy town, and was (in a most cordial and warm-hearted manner) received and entertained by brother Corbitt and his much-loved spouse. At the appointed time we walked to the Chapel in Oldham Street (and a very spacious and beautiful one it is). I felt as though I was going to have a good time; there was an exceeding good congregation; and after singing, reading, and prayer, I stood up, and I said, 'I feel my ground is good, my work is good, my motive is good, and that my soul is in a good state,' and I can really say that I felt these things were so; but I had no sooner commenced the opening of my text, than a kind of *cramp in my soul* seized me: I had liberty of speech: and some zeal and confidence in my subject; but bondage, death, coldness, and narrowness, worked so deeply and dreadfully in my feelings that I really feared I must have sat down before I was half-way through my discourse. However, I was enabled to finish, and, ashamed of myself, and with sorrow of heart, I sat down. To my surprise, many declared it had been a profitable and refreshing time; four pounds were collected on behalf of the *Earthen Vessel*; and a most affectionate spirit of sympathy was manifested by the friends. I do sincerely pray that true gospel peace, and abundant prosperity may attend them; that for them, (as a church and people) the crooked may be made straight and the rough places plain.

The next evening, a party of friends met me at Brother Corbitt's residence; the doctrine, evidences, and effects of Justification were briefly considered; and a very pleasant and wholesome time I found it to be. My

health has improved in Manchester; and I have seen and heard such things as lead me to feel persuaded that the Lord will extensively bless the labours of our Brother Corbitt. His trials have been severe; God grant his spring-time of prosperity may be near; his summer of usefulness long; and his autumn of ingathering and reward abundant. Dear Gadsby's name, labours, and memory is much revered by numbers here; and many generations will pass away before it can be forgotten. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'

SATURDAY, FEB. 3.—On Monday evening last, I was enabled to finish my engagement at Wolverhampton, by a discourse from some of John's words, 'Look to yourselves, that ye lose not those things which ye have wrought; but that ye receive a full reward.' I felt a sacred liberty in my own soul, and felt an increasing union to the friends I were about to leave. Wolverhampton has been favoured with the occasional ministrations of some eminent ministers of Christ—such as Gadsby, Warburton, Kershaw, Denham, Foreman, and many others. Our Brother Hatton is stately labouring at Temple Street, and not without some hope that the Lord is with him; but upon the whole, the cause of truth is at a low ebb. I was nine days at Wolverhampton; preached eight times; and it will be seen from my subscription list that the friends were exceedingly kind to me.

On Tuesday, I went to 'the Coppice,' Mr. Bridge's Chapel, which stands almost in the midst of burning furnaces, coal pits, iron works, &c., and the scene of a night is awfully grand; almost as far as you can see you discover large blazing fires, literally lighting up the very heavens. The chapel was pretty full; the organ played, and many and loud, and in good harmony were the choristers. Mr. Bridge has preached the gospel there for above thirty years; and his labours have been honoured of God to the conversion of many sinners, and the comforting of the saints. He received me very kindly; and I went into the pulpit expecting to have a good time; but my soul was feelingly hound, and I had hard work to get through.

The next day (Wednesday) I travelled to Birmingham, and preached that evening in Mr. Jay's Tabernacle; there was a good congregation; and I think I stood that evening in some power, and did feel the weight of the things I advanced.

On Thursday evening, I spoke in Thorpe Street Chapel, Birmingham, (where Mr. C. Walters now ministers); I was not happy in the work, although I was enabled to get through my work. No one can tell what heavy, dark, and painful seasons I have had since I have been out; nevertheless, I have at times been favoured and helped to rejoice.

On Friday morning I thanked my Brother Russel for his kindness in giving me a bed and meat while in Birmingham; he helped me to tell up the money which had been contributed on the two previous evenings, and finding it amounted to nearly two pounds, I bid him adieu, and set sail for Studley. In the afternoon, the friends met together, in the New Baptist Meeting, where brother John Freeman read and prayed, and I spoke in the name of the Lord. There was a crowded house full of tea, and in the evening brother Freeman and myself addressed them. For a wonder, I felt very happy, and quite at home. I hope this was the beginning of better things in Studley. Now I am on my way to London, having this morning received a letter from brother Packer which greatly distresses my mind. All things must work together for good, but they look painful at present.

READING, FEB. 5.—My soul seems this morning stayed upon God. I will briefly review the dealings of the Lord towards me since that which precedes this. I reached home on Saturday evening safe, but sorely exercised in my mind, finding that many evil reports had been raised about me. Some said, I had left London for good, and was not coming back again; others said, I owed seven hundred pounds, and dared not shew my face; another report went to declare that there was a friend of mine in the Queen's Bench; and I was the cause of his being there. Now, *blacker falsehoods* could not be invented against any one than these are; that God, whose I trust I am, and whom I desire to serve, knoweth that none of these things are true. May He have mercy on the inventors. After I had seen some of my friends on Saturday evening, I felt dejected, and deeply wounded in my soul: so I retired to my bed-room, and there I turned to the Word of God, not in the least expecting to receive any good therefrom, for I really had not asked for it; I was so low I could not pray; but, to my astonishment, the *very first words* which met my eye on opening the book, were these—'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. Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish.' (Isaiah xii. 10, 11.) These words stayed, relieved and comforted my spirit; I felt they were from the Lord; with them I retired to bed; with them I came to Reading, and from them I preached, and I am certain they were made a blessing to some of the dear children of God. After the Lord's Supper, a friend came into the vestry and gave me £1 6s. which she had collected for

the *Vessel*; brother H— gave me a sovereign from an unknown friend; after the evening service, brother R— took me home to supper, and he gave me another sovereign; so that I do declare my heart was filled with gratitude and praise, for, sure I am, that neither William Huntington, John Warburton, nor any other of the Lord's servants did ever more clearly see the goodness of God to pass before them, than I have here witnessed. The collection at Reading amounted to £2 18s. 6d. which together with £2 11s. brother Martin paid me for *Vessels*, and 4s. he gave me, put me in the receipt of £8 19s. 6d. in this one town. My soul desires increasingly to bless the Lord, and to live to his honour and glory.

CRUDWELL, WILTS., FEB. 7.—I spoke with good liberty in London-street, Reading, on Monday evening, and came away on Tuesday morning to this place, where I arrived yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock; and took up my abode in the beautiful little cottage which for sometime has been the residence of our brother John Wigmore. I find that the parsons in these parts are *secret* enemies to both John and myself: they carry on a system of back-biting, which is neither honorable, honest, nor Christ-like. Nevertheless, we have each our work to do; and by us (according to the Lord's appointment) it must be done. Before preaching yesterday afternoon, I had the company of two ministers in these parts, and I found their conversation and spirit to be good. The chapel was crowded full of people, and a very kind feeling they manifested. I had also a little of the dew of heaven; and was enabled to speak of things I had handled and tasted of the good word of God—and I do pray that some good seed was sown. I feel this morning happy in the Lord, and fully believe that

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

Most assuredly the good hand of God is with me—and unto his dear name, I desire to ascribe all the praise. After service last evening I spent an hour with Thomas Wigmore—he is a hard-working and faithful minister of Christ; and a very especial monument of distinguishing grace: but his afflictions and trials are heavy; I have never yet met with a man more in need, or more deserving of help from the Poor Ministers' Society. I trust they will not be so backward in helping, as I find he is in seeking. God be praised, there are yet some such witnesses for divine truth in our land.

THURSDAY FEB. 8.—I am now in the town of Tetbury, in Gloucestershire, weak in my poor head, and somewhat dark in my mind; but the Lord helped me to speak here last evening with a little softness of heart, to a company of his dear children. I find

there is much real salt—many precious souls in this land of ours; but there is one thing often wounds me: the fact is this; the people that come to hear me in country places have heard that I have been an awful backslider; and they come expecting to see and hear a man that hardly dares to lift up his head, or to open his mouth; instead of this, if the Lord is pleased to give me felt—liberty—I speak with freedom, boldness, and confidence; and then some of them go away and declare I am a presumptuous man. Well, God knoweth my heart, and the way I take; he knows how deep in darkness and sorrow I often sink; and how powerfully he raises me up, and makes me to rejoice; but alas! there are but few that know either TRIBULATION or TRIUMPH. The thirty-seventh Psalm has this morning been a little help to me—how suited are the two last verses.—'But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord; he is their strength in the time of trouble. And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them from the wicked, and save them because they trust in him.' The Lord be praised; I can say to angels, men, and devils, 'this, my soul knoweth right well.' I am now going on to Hawkesbury-Upton if the Lord permit.

CHIPPENHAM, WILTS, FRIDAY-MORNING, FEBRUARY, 9.—It has this moment occurred to me that this is what is called "*my Birthday*." Forty-three years has the Lord given me a being and existence in this lower world. In looking back upon the years of my pilgrimage, I feel grateful to that wonder-working God who has made me such a monument of his providential goodness,—such a miracle of his saving grace, and in some humble measure a witness for his truth. The language of my soul (as I rode on in Mr. Gaultier's chaise from Hawkesbury-Upton) this morning was, 'I will bless the Lord at all times, his praise shall continually be in my mouth.' I know that satan often shoots his fiery darts at me; the flesh often darkens and distresses me; many of my heavenly Father's elder sons are very angry with me; they say that if I am in Father's house at all, I ought to be quiet and sit down in the dust, and never open my mouth again. But, in the fear of God I write this, and I do declare that there is one Scripture I certainly have had fulfilled in my soul's experience, which says, 'He shutteth, and no man openeth; he openeth, and no man shutteth.' When I sinned against him he shut me up in darkness, bondage, horror and deep distress; and I dared not, nor could not open my mouth; but when he gave me repentance and remission; then, he opened the hearts of some of his people to desire to hear me; he opened doors for me, and sent me forth with this word in my soul, 'HE SENT A WORD into Jacob, and it hath lighted upon Israel.'

and now, for between five and six years he has held me up, and kept me incessantly preaching his blessed gospel, not only in London, but in above fifty different parts of England; surely, then, I cannot hold my peace; for if I get weak and worn down, dark and shut up, as I often do, then he sends another live coal into my heart, and I shout again from the tops of the mountains. But I forbear. Last evening I preached in the chapel at Hawkesbury-Upton; and although it had been raining hard, there was a good congregation, I felt something of the presence of the Lord, and my soul was really happy. The friends were as kind to me as though they had known me for years; they collected nearly £2 10s.; brother Bourne brought ten shillings from Grittleton; so that altogether I seemed to want a larger heart to contain, and a tongue to express the gratitude I felt. I am now on my way to London, where I expect to preach to-night, if the Lord spare me, and where (no doubt) I shall get wounded again; but the Lord knoweth what is best.

DORCHESTER, SATURDAY, FEB. 17.—Being now on my way from Sherborne to Portsmouth, I will here endeavour to give some account of one of the most solemn weeks I have passed through for the last five years.

After preaching at Mile End on Friday evening, Feb. 9th, I met some of my friends; they fully convinced me that my circumstances were much worse than I thought they were; and they also faithfully declared unto me their most decided opinion that the best thing I could do was to give up business, 'Vessel' and all, and fling myself entirely upon the providence of God. I looked at this painful proposition. If I acted upon it, I saw clearly my usefulness in the 'Vessel' must be sacrificed; my faith respecting it would be dashed to the winds; all my former labours would be lost; and I feared that my creditors could not be fully paid. On the other hand, I could not forget that the 'Vessel' had for a long time been greatly on the increase; a vast number of friends had already cheerfully contributed towards its support; and at the bottom of my heart there was still a hope that the Lord had begun this work, and that

With Christ in the 'Vessel'

I might be freed from the storm.

In this state of agitation and conflict I went home, and a good part of the night was spent in groaning out my grief.

The next morning I left London for Sherborne, and after travelling from eight in the morning until eight in the evening, I was permitted to sit down safely in brother Minife's arm chair. It had been a day of dark soul trouble to me. It seemed a question whether I ever knew anything of Christ or the Holy Ghost *savingly*. After I had sat a little while, I opened my

Bible, the two last verses of the 37th Psalm brought peace and quietness into my mind, and the next morning I preached from them, and the blessing of the Lord was there. I preached three times that day, and must believe, if ever I knew the Lord to be unto me a present help in the time of trouble, I found Him so on Sunday evening in a very special manner.

The next day (Monday) I was taken to Yeovil, and preached in the pulpit where our brother Bidder laboured so many years. I had a good time, and after I had done one friend gave me ten-shillings; another gave me one-shilling, and the managers of the place gave me fifteen-shillings: thus, I was blessed in my soul, helped in my difficulties, and rewarded for my labours. But the next morning darkness and distress, with unbelief and slavish fear, arising from a sense of my past transgression; and from a temptation that the Lord was going to make me manifest as a base hypocrite; and to dash all my ministry down to the ground. I had such a load of downright misery that I knew not what to do. In the afternoon, these words came to me, 'Rejoice not against me, O, mine enemy, though I fall, I shall arise;' and from those words I went to the chapel and preached; but how I got through I cannot tell. That Tuesday night I shall never forget; I laid in the bed, and went back above twenty years to look at and examine my experience: I prayed, I groaned, I wept, I arose and tried to get the matter settled in my conscience, but I could not. At length these lines were dropped softly into my mind,

"Determined to save,

He watched o'er my path,

When satan's blind slave,

I sported with death."

I had a little relief; and preached again that evening at Sherborne.

The next day (Thursday) our brother Minife drove me to Street, near Glastonbury, (a long journey) and I preached that night in the Baptist Chapel, where one Mr. Little is pastor. I found here a little handful of living grain; there is one Jacob Blake and another brother Wesley both preachers of Gospel grace, as I am told, and I am sure their kindness to me a poor Levite was astonishing; for they gathered me £1 7s.; and wanted me to tarry with them all night; and I should have done so, but my tender-hearted brother Samuel Cozens was there, and we had agreed to go home with him to Long Load, a distance of nine miles, and to Long Load we went, and very kind entertainment we received. The next morning, as I was in friend Cozens's garden, these words came to me 'Lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset you.' With those words in my heart, brother Minife and I returned to Sherborne, and I preached from them in the evening with solemn liberty. A collection was then made for me; altogether the Sherborne friends gave me £6 3s. Samuel

Cozens gave me one-pound; so that with the other two places, the Lord has enabled me to preach eight times this week, for which he has given me £8 16s.—the whole of which has been sent to brother Channen, towards meeting the next heavy bill, which comes due the 14th of March. The chapel at Sherborne, and brother Minife's house, were sacred Bethels to me. Never can I forget this week's exercise and labour in Sherborne.

"My soul must pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns."

In closing, I can only say, if the Lord is not in all this for good, I am a deceived mortal indeed,
C. W. BANKS.

(To be Continued in our next.)

Droppings from the Sanctuary.

JACOB was left alone and wrestled with the Lord. It is good to be left alone, to wrestle with the Lord. Whatever be the nature of your enemies, take them all to the throne of grace. Don't do as some do, fight with backbitings and slandering behind each others' back. Much of our prayer is but mere chattering. 'I love you as brethren;' but I do feel that within me that I dare not tell to any of you—but to the Saviour I can freely unbosom myself unto. I knew a good and gracious man, one who occasionally spoke in the name of the Lord in Wiltshire, owed a sum of money, which distressed him much that he was unable to pay it. The person to whom he owed the money was determined to have it. Well, because he could not pay it him, he said, he should go to prison if he did not. This laid heavy upon the good man; and he was much in prayer concerning it. The day he was to have gone to prison, he earnestly sought the Lord to prevent it; and so the Lord did; for on that very day his creditor SUDDENLY DIED. The news then spread that Mr. ——— prayed him to death: but not so; he thought of no such thing, and way of being delivered from him, and prayer so answered.—*Mr. Moody.*—*East Lane Prayer Meeting. Feb. 12, 1849.*

Signs of Prosperity in Zion.

DUNSTABLE.—*Mr. W. Carpenter*, late of Mitchell Street, St. Luke's, baptised five persons, Christmas evening, and on the following Lord's day gave the right hand of fellowship to fifteen persons. Truly, the people meeting in the Old Baptist Chapel, may say, 'The Lord is good.' For many years past has the hearts of God's people been made sad as to the cause of God in this place; for verily it may be said that 'the city was low in a low place;' but the dew and rain of heaven has descended on this part of God's vineyard, so that the wilderness has become a fruitful field.

Influenced by gratitude and love, the people with one accord rise to build a new house for the worship of the triune God. May the Lord of Zion continue his loving-kindness to this people and their beloved pastor; so that whereas the Lord has caused his mercy to begin to flow as a river, in like manner it may continue, yea, overflow; so that their new house may not be able to contain them nor the Lord's mercy, but that it may find its way, even to the dark places round about; thereby making good the promise, 'I will make Jerusalem and the places round about her a blessing.'

AN OBSERVER.

The Death of Mr. GRAVENER.

ON Lord's-day, February 11, 1849, Mr. Gravener, of Garden Row Chapel, Lambeth, entered into his rest. We gave a brief statement of this old servant of the sanctuary in *January No. 1847, p. 20*; and there noticed the great darkness which he for some months had been in, and his being laid aside from preaching: this state, with but little alteration, continued to the end, or for more than two years.

The ministry of Mr. Gravener, who for twenty-four years spoke in his Lord's name, was but little known; and in some measure, the Lord's approving blessing was on it, although a cloud of darkness hovered over it. Raised from humble poverty, a domestic in the employ of Wm. Huntington, it is not to be wondered he imbibed a large portion of his style; he quoted largely some of his crude remarks, especially as relating to the providential hand of God in supplying his wants in exigences, in very singular ways towards himself; he would especially supplicate the Lord to keep open the door of his providence towards him. Mr. Gravener was very satirical in his remarks upon other ministers, and gave way in too much of a condemnatory spirit, which had the effect of very much thinning his congregations, and not at all approved of by his best friends who heard him.

The light of the Lord's countenance being withheld from Mr. G. was painful for others to see, and to hear his groans; especially in the earlier stages of the darkness of his poor sin-distressed soul. He appears lately to have been more quiet in his mind; to have been much in prayer; to long for his departure from the body: yet with no comfortable feelings. Nor does it appear he had that deliverance his wife and friends wished and hoped to have heard of, from the state of mind he generally was in throughout.

The Lord does nothing wrong; his ways are all right. 'If my people walk contrary to me, I will walk contrary to them.' The greatest darkness his people are called to go through for their transgression, is but a gentle visitation of his rod, and 'lighter than our sins.'

Who hath despised the Day of Small Things?

MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER:— Though miles distant from each other, yet let us unite together in ascribing dominion, and power, and blessing, and honour, and glory unto our God, even the triune Jehovah, who hath loved us, and blessed us, and called us, and saved us, and washed us, and clothed us, yea, supplied us, and sustained us until now; and given us a good and lively hope that when our race is run, and all our business here is done, we shall receive the incorruptible, and undefiled inheritance, which is reserved for us on high, and not for us only, but for all that love and serve our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. As you have given me so full and free an account of the dear Lord's gracious dealings with you both in your soul and in your ministry, I feel I cannot refrain from making known to you some of the merciful dealings of my Lord with me.

On Lord's-day evening, December 24th, I spoke from the following words, 'That my name may be declared throughout all the earth.' Exodus ix. 16. First, shewing that the name of the Lord implies the three divine and distinct personalities of the ever-blessed, indivisible and eternal godhead. Second, that it implies the several perfections and attributes of Deity. Third, it implies the manifold offices, relations, and characters of Christ. And fourth, it implies the power, authority, greatness, and glory of the adorable and incomprehensible Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Secondly, this name is declared in the doctrines of divine revelation,—in the gospel of the grace of God,—in the birth, life, obedience, sufferings, sacrifice and salvation of Christ,—in all the precious promises of immutable love and immaculate truth,—in preaching the pure Word (in purity) as found on the divinely inspired pages of truth,—in the existence, maintenance, and preservation of the church in its visible, militant, and pilgrimage state,—and particularly, in the public and proper administration of God's holy and heavenly ordinances. After having enlarged on these points, I baptised five (I trust) of the Lord's redeemed, and regenerated family, one of whom was the son of our deceased brother

Bachelor, and another was the daughter of our brother Alderson; her sister I also baptised December 29th, 1839, who has hitherto been helped, through grace given, to walk humbly with her God, and honourably before his church. May they both be kept by Israel's keeper, until called by him to their eternal home.

On the last day of the year I preached in the morning from Genesis xi. 1, 'And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech;' first, noticing the difference between the language of the whole earth (or the world,) and the language of the whole heavens, (or the church,) the language of the whole earth is, 'Depart from us we desire not the knowledge of thy ways;' while the language of the whole church is, 'That I may know him and the power of his resurrection;' the language of the wicked is, 'We will not have this man to reign over us;' while the language of the righteous is, 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth even as in heaven;' the language of the carnally minded, being cruel-hearted, is, 'Away with him, away with him;' while the language of the spiritually minded, being tender-hearted, is, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;' the language of the ungodly is, 'Crucify him, crucify him;' while the language of the godly is, 'Crown him, crown him Lord of all;' the language of the proud is, 'I am rich, and have need of nothing;' but the language of the humble is, 'I am poor and needy.' Secondly, we shewed that the one language of the one family, having one Father, being taught of one Spirit, and possessing one and the same mind, is, invariably, 'Abba Father,' and Jesus, thou Son of David, King of Israel, and Zion's Deliverer, have mercy upon us. Thirdly, we observed the several characteristics of this peculiar language, and powerful speech, as being the language of Canaan, and not of Babel, nor of Egypt,—as a living language in distinction from all dead languages, hence it is not only written and read, but spoken and heard, and is so universal in its application and use, as to be the only language of the living family of God, both in heaven and earth. It is further called 'a pure language,' as being op-

posed to all profane, polluted and polluting language, and is alone understood by 'the pure in heart,' whose chief delight is 'in the pure word and ways of God, to rove and run.' Thus, as they have all one language, their speech is but one, and that holy and honest, scriptural and spiritual, sound and savoury, intelligible and instructive, short and simple, plain and powerful; even, yea, yea, and nay, nay: and in all their controversies and appeals their language is, 'to the law and to the testimony.'

In the evening I spoke from Exodus xv. 21.—'Sing ye unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.' On which occasion we noticed more particularly the glorious triumphs of the great Captain of our salvation: for verily his birth was all-triumphant—his condescension with John at Jordan was all-triumphant—his contest with the devil in the wilderness was all-triumphant—his conduct in the temple and in the synagogues was all-triumphant—his confutation of the scribes and pharisees was all-triumphant—his condemnation of the scribes and pharisees as hypocrites and murderers was all-triumphant—his conversation with Nicodemus the ruler, with the messengers of John, with the woman of Samaria, with the rich young man, with the man born blind, and with Simon the pharisee, was all-triumphant—his consoling ministry in pronouncing pardon, preaching peace, and promising power to his disciples over all their enemies was all-triumphant—his curse on the barren fig tree was all-triumphant—his conflict in the garden was all-triumphant—his conduct towards his adversaries, accusers, betrayers, deserters, the officers that arrested him, and the judges that condemned him was all-triumphant—his confession before Pilate was all-triumphant—his cry upon the cross, 'Father, forgive them,' was all-triumphant—yea, his death, his resurrection from the dead, and his ascension into glory were all-triumphant.

But his glorious triumphs are more fully manifested in that extensive seat of war, a poor rebellious sinner's heart, by blood subdued, by grace renewed, and named 'the Lord is there.' Yes, there life triumphs over death, light triumphs over darkness, love triumphs over enmity slain, divine revelation triumphs over dark reason, truth triumphs over error, grace triumphs over guilt, mercy triumphs over misery, holiness triumphs over sin, knowledge triumphs over ignorance, humility triumphs over pride, kindness triumphs over cruelty, faith triumphs over fears and fleshly feelings, hope triumphs in the day of adversity, prayer triumphs in the hour of temptation, patience triumphs over persecution, meekness triumphs over martyrdom; in a word, heaven triumphs over hell, and makes the hell-deserving sinner triumph in the heaven-secured victory given unto him through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony. Hence the name, the love, the

blood, the word, the will, the grace, the smile, and the righteousness of Jesus are all-triumphant in the conflicting experience of the lowly, who are continually exercised unto godliness.

At midnight I spoke from Joshua xiv. 10, 'And now behold the Lord hath kept me alive;' and truly we had a most blessed opportunity; never since I have been at Carmel have I seen such a congregation at midnight, we had two teas, both well attended, and our solemn prayer-meetings were indeed soul-refreshing, and spirit-reviving seasons from the felt presence of 'the Teacher and Hearer of prayer.' From the words of the text, notice first, the grant of life in the covenant; second, the gift of life in Christ Jesus; third the grace of life in the church, as communicated by God the Holy Ghost, and kept up in the soul unto the praise, honour, and glory of the Three-One Jehovah. Then notice the application of the text to those whom God in the riches of his grace has made alive from the dead, and kept alive another year, even until now, observing the following train of thought, or chain of ideas:—First, the Lord hath kept me alive in his ways, —for his work,—by his word. Second, he has kept me alive in my soul,—according to my supplications,—by his supporting smile. Third, he has kept me alive in his temple,—at his throne,—for his truth. Fourth, he has kept me alive in obedience to him,—under oppression sore,—amidst oppositions strong. Fifth, he has kept me alive with his saints,—by his Spirit,—through his Son. Sixth, he has kept me alive in his loving wisdom,—as a living witness,—for a lasting wonder. Considering all these things, my brother, we may well arise at midnight, and in the midst of the great congregation, give thanks unto our God, who hath delivered us for his great name's sake, and defended us for his holy truth sake, yea, he hath dealt mercifully and marvellously with us for his glorious praise sake. Therefore may we well exclaim with humble and adoring gratitude, 'Who is a God like unto our God?' Who hath remembered us in our low estate,—hath redeemed us from our lost estate,—hath raised us from our lifeless state,—and rejoiceth over us in our living state, resting in his love-determinations to do us good.

At the last administration of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, I was led to make a few plain remarks on the following words, 'a great altar to see;' Joshua xxiv. 10; noticing first, that the great God, in great love, had made great provision, for great sinners, that they might glorify his great name, for his great grace given them. Second, noticed the great altar prepared by the Father,—the great atonement effected by the Son,—and the great appropriation made by the Holy Ghost. Third, noticed the great sacrifice offered by Christ Jesus,—the great satisfaction occasioned to divine justice,—and the great salvation obtained for

guilty sinners, vile and base as we. Fourth, noticed the great priest that died to redeem us,—the great price he paid to release us, and the great claim he has to receive us. Fifth, noticed the great wisdom of our God, in fore-ordaining the great work of Christ, to be the great way of grace to glory everlasting. And lastly, noticed, that great praise will unceasingly be given to the undivided Three in One, for the great peace procured by the great High Priest,—proclaimed by the great exalted Prince,—and preached by the great and faithful Prophet of our profession,—even ours, who know, as by the Holy Spirit taught, the exceeding greatness of his power, not only to pardon sin, but both to purge away the deep stains of sin from the soul, and to purify the conscience from all its defilements. O! how great and glorious a subject is this, my beloved brother, when experimentally realised in the renewed soul. Blessed be God, for a deep felt acquaintance with that delightful testimony of the divinely inspired apostle contained in his heart-humbling, and soul-strengthening epistle directed to the saints at Ephesus; 'To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved; in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace; wherein he hath abounded toward us, in all wisdom and prudence; having made known unto us the mystery of his will according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself.'

I have recently preached on behalf of the 'Aged Pilgrim's Society,' at Mr. Moody's, East Street, Walworth; text on the occasion, 'For who hath despised the day of small things?' Zechariah iv. 10: which words supply abundant and appropriate matter for examination,—for enquiry, and for encouragement. In the first place, for examination as to the day of small things, we may particularize five instances illustrative of; or senses in which the words might be taken;—first the day of small appearances, as in the case of Joseph,—in the circumstances of Gideon, Esther, and, at the birth of and call of Moses, in the time of Elijah. Second, the day of small beginnings,—as in the case of Jacob,—in the circumstances of Manah, —the time of the restoration of Jerusalem and rebuilding of the temple;—also in the case of the blind man whose eyes Christ opened, spiritually considered, and third, the day of small circumstances,—as the widow of Sarepta,—the widow with two mites,—Lazarus at the gate of Dives,—Peter and John without silver and gold,—the son of God while tabernacling among the sons of men, ministered unto by godly women, and even unable to pay the money without working a miracle, &c. Fourth, the day of small degrees as Hannah, David, Mary, the breast-smiting publican,—the self-abhorring Job,—the pleading patriarch, professing himself to be 'but dust and ashes,'

the grace-distinguished prophet, trembling alive to see his unclean and undone state and condition, crying, 'Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the LORD of hosts,'—the weeping prophet, acknowledging 'I am a child,'—the deeply-humbled Apostle, confessing himself to be 'less than the least of all saints,' but the 'chief of sinners,'—the centurion, who exclaimed, 'I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof, &c.' Fifth, the day of small expectations, as Jacob expected not to see his son Joseph again, but divine providence ordered that he should see both him and his children,—Hezekiah in the time of his sickness,—Zaccheus, climbing the sycamore tree, expecting only to gratify his carnal curiosity,—the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple,—but be it remembered, that the Holy Ghost, by David, saith, 'the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.' Psalm ix. 18.

Secondly,—For enquiry,—'who hath despised the day of small things?' we answer, the wicked one, who puffeth at the righteous in the day of their adversity and distress,—the worldly-wise, who with the raging heathen imagine vain things against the Lord's anointed,—the worthless proud, who despise the humble, and condemn the Most High,—the carnal, cruel, and cursed pharisees, who justify and magnify themselves in their own imaginary righteousness, (which before God is as filthy rags and rottenness,) and condemn such as cry continually, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner,'—the boasting Goliaths, the blaspheming Zennacheribs, the base Shimeis, the blood-thirsty Hamans, the brutal Herods, and blinded Sauls, whose hearts satan hath filled with enmity, fired with envy, and fed with evil designs against the remnant of the seed royal;—and the mocking, and persecuting, slandering, and malicious Ishmaelites, Pharaohs, Sanballats, Tobias, and Amalekites who wickedly seek to crush the tender bud of small beginnings, seen either in the worm Jacob, or in the walls of Jerusalem.

Thirdly, For encouragement,—let it be remembered that the God of glory hath never despised the day of small things, surely, we are his witnesses, for he hath had respect to our groanings, sighings, weepings, wrestlings, yea, to our weakness and wretchedness, and not only made us prove the sweetness of his constant love, but hath taught us that the bruised reed, he will not break, nor quench the smoking flax, but have condescending regard to 'little faith, though it be small as a grain of mustard seed. The prophet enquires, seeing 'Jacob is small, by whom shall he arise?' Verily, by the God of Jacob, who will appear unto him, when he is little in his own eyes, and say unto him, 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' David, when he danced before

the ark with all his might, Michal despised him; and in Psalm cxix. 14, he saith, 'I am small and despised, yet do I not forget thy precepts;' and in Psalm li. 17, with deeply humbled and truly hallowed feelings, he exclaims, 'a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise;'—The elect angels despise not the day of small things, for they joy exceedingly over one repenting sinner returning unto God and to his ways;—the ministers of Christ, (raised up and sent forth by Him,) despise not the day of small things, for they are taught of God to receive his little ones, his bruised ones, his mourning ones, his fearful ones, his feeble ones, his tender ones, his trembling ones, his weeping ones, and his weak and wounded ones, as belonging to Christ, and not only to receive them, but to esteem them in love, for the work of grace wrought in their hearts, knowing that he that hath begun the good work in them, will perfect it, by performing all that relateth thereto;—and lastly, the men of grace, or quickened souls, despise not the day of small things, but rather rejoice in the smallest indications or signs, and tokens of the divine favour attending them, knowing and feeling themselves to be utterly unworthy of the least of all the mercies and the truth which the Lord hath shewed them. My spirit has oft been refreshed while either reading, singing, or thinking of those sweet verses of Burnham's;—

Jesus, my kind, and gracious friend,
Simply I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Dear Lord, remember me,
Howe'er forsaken, or despised.
Howe'er oppressed I be;
Howe'er forgotten here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

And now, my beloved brother, having given you this outline of the Lord's recent dealings with me, I would say unto you, O, come let us magnify the Lord, for his manifested mercy, and let us exalt his name together, in acknowledging He hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

Your's most affectionately in the Lord,
Chelsea, Feb. 7, 1849. JOHN STENSON.

Consolation for the Watchman.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON READING A PIECE IN THE "VESSEL" WRITTEN BY HIM, ENTITLED, "THE BATTLE OF THE WAR-RIOR WITH CONFUSED NOISE."

All hail! dear Watchman of the night!
You seem fatigued and in a fright;
Why so alarm'd and out of breath,
Like one that's hunted unto death!

You have been in a sad affray,
Of which I heard the other day,
The 'Vessel' brought the news to light,
Of your sore conflict in the night.

'A fight! a fight!' soon caught my sight,
I read the lines with much delight;
I did my own experience trace,
And magnified the God of grace.

I truly with you sympathis'd,
'Though cannot say I'm much surpris'd;
I've been engag'd in these warfares
Now more than three-and-thirty years!

Ah! 'tis hard fighting in the dark,
And dreadful when we miss our mark;
Ere we're aware, we feel our wounds,
And satan's music is our groans.

Various forms the foe assumes,
The fire of hell his mind illumines;
He sees us when we can't see him,
And wounds us when our eyes are dim.

O! 'tis a cloudy dark black night,
When Christ our Lord is out of sight;
No sun, no moon, no stars appear,
Nor one bright ray our souls to cheer.

When helmet, shoes, and shield seem gone,
And nothing left to lean upon;
With arm too weak the sword to wield,
Gasping for breath, yet dare not yield.

I've often been in this sad plight,
And robb'd and spoil'd by thieves of night;
Wounded and weak with trembling sighs,
My soul for help to Jesus cries.

When bruis'd, and press'd, and mangl'd sore,
We thus our helpless state deplore,
Thus halt and lame we're captive led,
O! 'tis a mercy we're not dead!

But though you fall, you shall arise,
And triumph o'er your enemies;
Your life in Christ all hell defy,
While Jesus lives you cannot die.

Though you through tribulation go,
And devils aim your overthrow;
May this a cordial be for thee—
That 'as thy days thy strength shall be,'

Now, hear a promise firm and strong,
Spoken by God, through Moses' tongue—
When call'd thro' floods and flames to pass,
'Then shall your shoes be iron and brass.'

Though now your flickering light beams low,
Christ is 'the light of life, you know;
'Tis in his light, we light shall see,
He will arise and shine on thee.

Christ is your strength, your life, and light,
He'll give you skill and power to fight;
And when you're weak, and cannot stand,
He'll hold you with his powerful hand.

Thus you from strength to strength shall go,
And press thro' all you meet below;
Hoping for that you cannot see,
Still from this flesh he'll set you free.

And now, dear Watchman, shall I say,
My pen had almost run away!
Indeed, I've been quite in a muse,
And hope my freedom you'll excuse.

That such an ignorant worm as me
Should here attempt to write to thee,
I would I had this scrawl withheld,
But sure, to write I was compelled.

I never did the like before,
Perhaps shall do the like no more;
Forgive the weakness here you see,
The Lord do greater things for thee.

Jehovah-jireh will appear,
Thy drooping spirit he will cheer;
And put thy wrangling foes to flight,
And turn thy darkness into light.

Jehovah Nissi is thy friend,
He'll guide and guard thee to the end;
He'll be thy shield and helper too,
Without him you can nothing do.

A BRUISED REED.

Leicester, Jan. 22, 1849.

The Straight Gate and the Broad Way.

THE Scriptures of eternal truth clearly exhibit to our view two direct ways, with their two certain ends. The indirect ways into the direct are various. One way is represented exceeding narrow; the other amazing wide. The end of one is everlasting life; the end of the other is death. Man (left to himself) naturally chooses the wide way, although it terminates in death; it is altogether congenial to flesh and blood, and the end is quite forgotten till he gets there; and then, to his solemn confusion, he finds he has mistook the road. The narrow way is Christ exclusively, experimentally known and received. None walk this way but objects of eternal love, vessels of sovereign mercy, and subjects of distinguishing and saving grace. By nature, these are jovially travelling the wide way with all the rest, and keep on to a certain distance with them; when, wonderful to relate, omnipotent power is displayed in their behalf, and a final separation takes place. Convinced of the awful situation they are in, and of the dreadful mistake they had made in choosing the broad way, they are filled with consternation and confusion, till Christ, the true way, is revealed to them, and faith in him planted by the Holy Ghost in their hearts; by which faith—as an eye to the soul thus made to differ—they clearly see which is right, and which is wrong; consequently are made willing to reject the wrong, and embrace the right.

And, O my soul! is this thy case? Then glorify that God that wrought the marvellous change. This faith, especially when in exercise, clearly discovers that no way of escape from hell, and admission into heaven can be found under the whole heavens, but by believing in Jesus to the saving of the soul. The believer plainly sees that the way is too narrow to get along in it with his own lumber in his possession; so that with the apostle, he suffers the loss of all things, yea, forsakes all to follow Christ; choosing rather, with Moses, 'to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.'

For this, he is puffed at, disdained, contemptuously treated, loaded with opprobrious names and titles, and set down by the self-righteous tribes for a bigot—an antinomian—and a very dangerous character. Still, with his eye divested of all film, he looks at his path, and clearly perceives it is the direct one to the shores of immortality and eternal day. And through having a supernatural strength communicated, he goes on in the way everlasting rejoicing. His faith in Christ makes him so much ashamed of, and

out of love with himself, that he labours to deny himself, and leave the nuisance, self, behind. His faith in the righteousness of Christ makes him hate his own, and cast it away as filthy rags, as blind Bartimeus did his garment. His faith in Immanuel's finished work makes him abhor his best duties and doings, (as a matter of merit or dependence); so that he cries, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' His faith in the law fills him with distress, and he flies to the gospel for deliverance. Being thus brought experimentally into the way of life, he feels (especially at times) most blessedly disencumbered of, and delivered from all his own rubbish in order to enjoy the realities of that substance which is designed for him to inherit in part here, and in full fruition hereafter. In this way he meets with much opposition from the world, the flesh, and the devil. Bitter words are shot out against him in repeated volleys; the worldling hates him; and self-conceited, proud professors call him what he feels himself to be—a fool. Still he is a wayfaring man, and shall not err therein. At times he feels weary; then his strength is renewed, and he again runs his race with patience, looking unto Jesus. And in his strength he presses towards the mark; he meets with very few that will own him as a companion, or think such a narrow-minded being worthy of their pious company or conversation. They brand him with all that is awful and evil, and then rank him among that 'sect that is everywhere spoken against.' Still he holds on his way; and through the Spirit of Jesus Christ, he waxes stronger and stronger. Sometimes he sings as he journeys onward—

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'll break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror thro'."

He is (in the estimation of thousands) 'as a deceiver and yet true,' 'as unknown, and yet well known,' as dying and behold he lives, as chastened and not killed, as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, as poor, yet making many rich, 'as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.' He is dead to Moses, to sin, and the world, but 'alive to God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Christ is his meat, his drink, his hope, his holiness, his happiness, his honour, his 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,' his peace, his pleasure, his perfection; in a word, his 'all in all,' and in some sweet experience, 'he walks by faith and not by sight.' And after a few years travel through the wilder-

ness, he reaches the end of his journey, his long anticipated, desired and expected end; for the 'end of this man is peace.' And let it be observed, that none but those who are born of water and of the Spirit, walk in this narrow way. Having thus 'finished his course,' and being clothed in 'the best robe,' washed in atoning blood, and 'made meet' for the company of the Most High and the 'spirits of just men made perfect,' he is thus triumphantly welcomed in by the King,

"Come in thou blessed, sit by me,
With my own life I've ransom'd thee,
Come, taste my perfect favor;
Thou now shalt dwell with me at home,
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay for ever."

Lord, grant that I may live the life, and die the death of the righteous, and 'let my last end be like his.'

Another traveller now presents himself to our view; yea, thousands of them together; for

"Broad's the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there."

The road in which they walk is carnal ease and sensual pleasure; together with profession and profanity of all sorts. The way is truly thronged with travellers.

Here are seen altogether swearers, murderers, whoremongers, liars, thieves, traitors, false accusers, Sabbath-breakers, drunkards, swindlers, false prophets, Arians, proud professors, and hypocrites in shoals. Hey day, what a group! 'And who,' O, my soul! 'maketh thee to differ?' I do not say these will all be lost; but I do say that if grace prevent not, (which God grant that it may,) they will at the end most certainly drop into hell.

Here, also, are vast multitudes of poisoned papists and avaricious priests, with some few who are rather more refined and moral in their manners and customs. Such are pharisees, who with all their wonderful works and pious appearances are in the broad road that leadeth to destruction; for whether professors or profane, in the sight of a holy God, they are one company. Here are seen thousands of Galio's, Demas's, and Alexander's descendants. This vast convocation are not destitute of amusement on the road. The scenes are various. They love, and very much enjoy the theatre, the ball-room, the dice, and bagatelle department—the alehouse, the fair, the brothel, the Sunday excursion by railway or steam-boat—the prize fight, the bull-bait, the noble chase, (either the steeple, or pursuing the hare or the deer,) the Epsom triumph, (where thousands huddle together to witness barbarity and inhuman cruelty exercised towards, and inflicted on the noble steed, merely for the sake of transitory honour, and perishing gold. Here

numbers are reduced to penury and desolation, (who just now were swimming in worldly riches,) through the infernal practice of betting and gambling. The whole are walking according to the course of this world. It is true, the deceived and the deceiving pharisee now and then steps aside out of the ranks to perform penance or do his duty, of which he impudently boasts in the face of God himself. He very orderly passes through his ordeal of hypocritical worship, wipes his mouth, and again joins his companions. And as he can be religious or irreligious, as worldly matters may require, he is eulogised with the dignifying name of 'a good-hearted fellow.'

Also, in this wide way you will see a vast quantity of college students, or men-made parsons of the Oxford and Cambridge manufactories (with a few exceptions) who delight in lies, novels, debauchery, hunting, shooting, drinking, and vice of every kind; with a large and permanent salary for their great care of souls, and instructing the people; the whole put together seem to me to be running down to hell with such velocity, as if they feared the gates will be closed ere they arrive; ignorant of God—haters of the Bible—persecutors of the saints—and millions of them vessels of wrath. Soon, very soon, these will reach the terminus, and their wild and mad career will be at an end; for the end of these things is death. Lost, ruined, and undone sinner, I will leave you with this request—

"May grace your guilty soul prepare,
To meet the Judge at yonder bar,
Then with you 'twill be well;
But if you die untaught of God,
Uncleans'd in Jesus' precious blood,
Your portion must be hell."

T. STRINGER.

The Blessings of To-day.

Wellington, Feb. 13th, 1849.

BELOVED BROTHER—I received your's this afternoon, and though it was market day, found time to read it, and found it to my soul the most profitable transaction of to-day: the light, life, liberty, and love, I feel, may well be called to-day; and as Jesus has given the hint, "*the night cometh wherein no man can work,*" I thought, ere the evening shades prevail, I would again pen a few lines to you, and knowing that it is never deemed dishonourable in persons (when they have it in their power) to pay off old debts, I am the more determined to do so, and thus score off one from arrears due, with interest and compound too.

Quick as the lightning's flash, when the Almighty Spirit touches the spring of our joys, do our consolations abound; 'tis vain

to rise up early, late take our rest, or eat the bread of carefulness, until Jesus, the day-spring from on high, arise with healings in his beams; and then, O how pleasant is light to our eyes. And when his well-known voice, (as he sheweth himself through the lattices,) thrills through our souls, and bids us "*Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee;*" with what vigorous haste we joyfully reply, "*The voice of my beloved, behold, he cometh.*"

"Sweet majesty and awful love,
Sit smiling on his brow!"

And the tender grass (*i.e.* desires) springing out of the earth, (*i.e.* the heart) by clear shining, after rain, (2 Sam. xxiii. 4.) aspires upwards with all the bouyancy and elasticity of rich increase, connected with a growth in grace, and fresh nourishment derived from the health of his countenance; and then, at his powerful bidding, (for where the word of a king is, there is power) to come away from the sorrowful, sleepy, and sinful condition in which we are too often found, and accompany him to survey the beauties of holiness, and hear his interpretations of the manifold wisdom of God. O, 'tis worth living or dying for.

'Tis blessed indeed, with Christ to proceed,
The fields of his love to explore;
Mysterious and strange with Jesus to range,
And God in his Person adore.

How truly could I lift up holy hands with you,
and bless the Lord for his unchanged love towards us.

He will not, cannot, must not prove
A God that changes in his love;
Else where's the ground for this, our boast?
Our souls in Christ can ne'er be lost.

He never, never, never can
Forsake the work himself began;
Or, where's the glory of his name?
Or, where the honours of the Lamb?

If from his grace he e'er withdrew,
The Spirit's witness is untrue;
The pledges of the sacred Three,
Are nothing worth to you or me.

But hallow'd be his holy name,
His love's a sacred, steady flame;
Nor burns it more, nor burns it less—
A truth, with joy, we both confess.

And this was the mind of Christ when he declared, "*Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end;*" and armed with the same mind, we boldly defy all the powers that be, to produce proofs to the contrary.

No sudden destruction we dread,
No ling'ring decline do we fear;
We must, since our Jesus has bled,
With Jesus in glory appear.

You ask, "*What can we possibly render to the Most High, as an acceptable acknowledgment of our infinite obligations to his Eternal Majesty?*" I bless the Lord the question is not a new one, and you very satisfactorily answered it: if there is anything to be done, he must be the doer of it, and as the piece of money shewn to Christ, with the image and superscription of Cæsar upon it, must have come from the royal mint of Cæsar, to have been lawful and current coin; so the acceptable renderings of our souls to God, must be a free gift of heavenly coin, with the image of Jesus indelibly engraven thereon, so that with David we may say, "*Of thine own, Lord, have we given thee:*" and while with our hands we put the crown on the head of Jesus, worthy the Lamb our lips reply, for he was slain: and is worthy to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessings. Rev. v. 24.

I have enclosed twelve stamps, they are from an afflicted sister in Christ; who, on seeing the appeal made to the readers of the *Earthen Vessel*, wished me to forward them. If you will forward them to Mr. Banks, I should feel obliged, the odd one for the postage of the letter.

Mrs. B. is something better that when I last wrote, she desires again to be affectionately remembered to you, and any who may enquire concerning her, in which I most cordially unite, and beg your acceptance of thanks for your kind wishes, desires, &c., and believe me ever to be, your affectionate brother in Christ,

ROBERT BIRD.

P.S.—I had somewhat to communicate from Mr. Ashby, but I shall probably see you ere long. You have not given me, at present, any information respecting the anniversary in March.

THE REPLY.

Chelsea, Feb. 22nd, 1849.

MY DEAR BROTHER—God has evidently environed your soul with the glories of his grace and truth, and encompassed your path with the blessings of his salvation. How unutterable is the goodness of our covenant God, in having enlarged the otherwise contracted mind—in having enlightened the otherwise darkened understanding—in having enriched the otherwise impoverished spirit—in having established the otherwise wayward goings—and, in having ennobled the otherwise degenerate and debased soul of man!

I received your lightning-like missioned reply to my last, with holy pleasure and heart-felt thankfulness to God, for the mightiness and matchlessness of his merciful manifestations to my Wellingborough correspondent. Return my thanks to the

afflicted sister that kindly regarded and responded to the appeal on behalf of the *Earthen Vessel*. I rejoice that the appeal, made in the fear of God, has been followed with divine favor; and I doubt not, that it will yet find its way to the hearts of many of the friends of truth.

I showed your first letter to our sister Cleave, which she returned to me, saying, "our brother Robert is on high ground, sure he is not long for this world, or there is a sea of trouble before him;" to which I answered, "we little know what is before him; but this we know, he has been a man of war from his youth up;" and therefore, well tried and well prepared for all the will divine, knowing that God giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. While we rejoice that our God giveth liberally to the necessitous sons and daughters of Israel; yea, not only liberally, but exceeding abundantly above all that they can either ask or think: we should also remember that neither his gifts, nor his grace, bestowed upon his people in consummate wisdom, and understanding infinite, will ever be found to be either defective or superfluous.

I should not have scrawled these hastily conceived lines, but for your having named the March meeting, to observe and record the seventeenth anniversary of my ordination at Carmel, and which ordination I most firmly and solemnly believe, was pre-ordained in the councils of eternity; but as such meeting seems to have so much reference and relationship to self and co., I do not feel led to avail myself of the otherwise desirable opportunity of meeting my brethren on this occasion. However, (if spared) one poor worthless, wounded, weak, and wretched worm, will have abundant cause to remember the day, (viz: March 6th); and if the fount of divine favour shall flow freely into my oft fainting soul, on that returning day, then shall my thankful heart record the goodness of the Lord before his mercy-seat, in the secrecy of his pavilion-like presence.

Should you have any more mites for the *Vessel*, I shall be most happy to receive them, and forward them to their chosen destination.

The Lord God of Israel bless you, and the helper he has given you. Remember me at the throne of the I AM that I AM, and believe me to be your's affectionately,

JOHN STENSON.

P.S.—I have this moment received a savoury morsel from Higham Ferrers; tell our friend Ashby, I will (d.v.) write to him shortly. I know not what to say to him, as I had almost made up my mind not to leave home this year. My way is before the Lord, and I must wait the light above. My heart is full of grief, and my spirit sighs all the day long, waiting for God's salvation.

The Minister of Christ

LOOKING AFTER HIS REWARD.

[WE received, the other day, a cheerful note from our brother John Wigmore; and knowing many of our readers would be glad to read it, we gather out therefrom the following. It is dated, Wolverhampton, March 19th. After a little introduction, he says:—]

"Since I have been here, I have sunk very low in my soul; I have groaned, and wept much, but not a word could I get from Him whom my soul desires to love, till Monday last, when these words were quite refreshing to me, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' And I could believe in my very soul that God was for me; so I went to chapel and had a refreshing time, and I have not sunk so low since; bless God for it; I am still going on in my hobbling way, desiring to preach peace by Jesus Christ; he is Lord of all; and I believe God is blessing his word to the glory of his holy name; for which I do feel a measure of thankfulness; I know what it is to find the word of the Lord in my soul like a springing well; and at times he does enable me to tell it out to the comfort of some of his afflicted people, and I do know this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in my eyes. O, my brother, it is my soul's desire to have a conscience void of offence toward God and man, however I may fall short of it; and God doth know that what I do preach is not a stranger's with me; I do try to tell out God's holy truth as it is manifested in my own soul by the Holy Spirit; and at this both men and devils rage; but if poor Zion be refreshed, I do rejoice, and I therein will rejoice; and by the help of our God, I am hoping to go on in this way, till the hand that now moves is still in death. O, my brother, what a mercy that you and I know a little about the earnest of our inheritance; and we can sometimes rejoice in a blessed assurance that we shall ere long enter upon its sweet possession. How cheering the prospect! No more sin to grieve our souls for ever! No more a tempting devil! No more the vileness of our fleshly feelings, making our very souls to groan being burdened, which is often the case now. No, brother, there is none of this; there is nothing to interrupt our everlasting joy in the heavenly state! O, who can unravel that blissful delight that we ere long shall be in the full possession of with the holy prophets and apostles of our Lord, and see him whose temples bled for us, whose hands and feet were nailed to the cross; and his side pierced for such wretches as we; a sight of which, through a glass darkly, does melt our hard hearts, and enable us to say with one of old, 'Our light afflictions which are but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

An Affectionate Address to the Ministers and Churches of Christ in England.

"Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."
(MATTHEW VII. 1, 2.)

THIS unequalled sermon from the mouth of the Lord Jesus, was doubtless addressed to his disciples, (see Matt. v. 1, 2); though indeed, he speaks to them of other persons, things, and circumstances. Sons of God! Children of the kingdom! It is not our business, nor our prerogative to judge any man on this earth; neither to do violence or vengeance to any man. "God alone is the judge of all;" vengeance belongeth to the Lord, and he will repay it.

Jesus saith, 'For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see, and that they which see might be made blind.' John ix. 39. That is, the Pharisees, who said they saw, were blinded by the bright shining light, which they hated. And though judicially blind, they would judge others; and they judged the righteous Jesus as an abominable sinner, and as one who had a devil; yea, judged him to death, and crucified him. Thus, poor blind man will be a judge of others, while he judges not himself. Yea, in his pride and conceit he will do more than Jesus would do when here in the days of his flesh. Jesus said, 'ye judge after the flesh—I judge no man.' Jesus did not come to condemn the world; the world was condemned before he came; and man, born in sin, is under condemnation, 'condemned already.' Thus Jesus did not come to judge the world, nor condemn the world; he came to save it; that is, all believers, who are led by the Spirit to believe in his name, in all nations of the world. But those who will judge others bring a judgment upon themselves in the end. The wicked men who judged Jesus, will at the last day be judged by Jesus; and out of their own mouths they will be condemned. The following words from Peter, are solemn and awful concerning those wicked persons and wicked judges of Christ and his people—"Their judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not." 1 Peter ii. 3. Only think what a long time the prince of darkness raged, roamed, and roared about the world before he was brought to judgment, and then he was taken in his own craftiness. He influenced wicked men to judge, condemn, and crucify the Lord Jesus; and in that very act he was taken in his own craftiness—judged and condemned himself! His iniquity fell upon his own pate, and the just judgment overtook him at last. Jesus saith, 'Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out.' John xii. 31. Not cast out of the wicked world; he has still power and dominion over them: but his power and dominion over God's elect is for ever destroyed; and in every age and generation, at God's own time, and by the power

of Christ's spirit, satan shall be cast out of every child of mercy, who is an elect vessel afore prepared unto glory. The prince of this world is judged and condemned; his power and dominion is destroyed and cast out of the church of God for ever and ever. Hallelujah! Glory to God in the highest! Amen.

And now beloved brethren, seeing these things are so of a truth, will ye help the prince of darkness to set up another tribunal in the church of God? Will ye sit in judgment upon your brother—judging one another, and condemning one another? 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.' For in this judging and condemning ye please the devil, and not Christ; for you who would sit in judgment upon your brethren, would rob God of his glory, and Christ of his honour, whom God hath now appointed to be Judge of both the quick and the dead.

O brethren! for Christ's sake, and for conscience sake, give over judging one another. Those brethren (I hope they are brethren) who left the Church of England, have, in discerning men's minds, been verily guilty in this matter. They came among the dissenting churches and set up their judgment; they left the ecclesiastical hierarchy, on account of its intolerance and oppression—and then immediately set up a hierarchy of their own, judging and condemning some of the brethren, who were much more advanced in the divine life than themselves were; and not only so, but 'rebuking the elders,' old ministers who were ornaments and pillars in the church of Christ before them; 'prating against them'; not receiving the brethren, and forbidding them that would. John iii. 10. Forbidding some old acknowledged, well established ministers to invade their precincts, or step within their circle; saying that if 'such and such ministers' preached in the pulpits where they occasionally preached, they would go there no more; judging and condemning those who were much further advanced in their judgment and knowledge of divine things than themselves. Therefore, this judging and condemning one another has made strange work among the brethren, such as division, envy and strife; and divided the people into sections and fragments, speaking evil one of another, judging one another, and condemning one another; and some weak brethren have looked up to them as new oracles, newly come up; as if those men had received some new revelation, which the fathers and the church had never known before; whereas their so-called wonderful, all-absorbing experience hardly

amounted to the first rudiments of christian knowledge when it came to be proved.

These young soldiers, esteeming themselves such dexterous warriors, fight they must, and would as it were draw the sword to kill a mouse which crossed their path; and would sit in judgment upon kings, priests, and princes; the honourable and the ancient; and judge and condemn those who had been judged, acquitted, and justified in the highest court, even before the 'Judge of the whole earth.' But after a time, those young inexperienced judges disagreed, and began to judge one another, and condemn one another; and then, of course their admirers, who walked by their judgment, began to be divided in their judgments; and they began to judge and condemn one another. And what is more strange, I have heard even the followers and admirers of those young judges so broken in judgment, through their judge's judgment, that they have even judged and condemned their judges; which is confusion confused. And as the Scriptures cannot be broken, herein are the words of Jesus fulfilled, 'For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.'

O my brethren! do, I pray ye, give over judging one another, that ye may not be judged. If ye be the followers of Jesus, hear the words of Jesus. 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned.' For my own part I would judge no man, I would condemn no man; for indeed, I have enough to do to judge myself, and that I have not sufficient judgment to do; I have enough to do to condemn myself for many things, daily before God; and in this I have plenty to help me both within and without. I have been judged and condemned, no doubt, hundreds of times by enemies, weak brethren, and self-important preachers, in many parts of the country. I have seen and heard some men, when they could not overcome me by fair, scriptural argument, rage and roar upon me like savages, with floods of abuse, judging and condemning me, saying I was 'rotten!' 'Well,' said I, 'I don't ask, or seek your justification; that would be of little or no benefit to me; God is the Judge of all; not you.' And 'It is God that justifieth—Who is he that condemneth?'

Who are we, poor ruined sinners, born in sin, and under condemnation, that we should set up ourselves to judge and condemn others, and they at the same time, judge and condemn us? Thus, according to man's judgment, we should go on accusing, judging, and condemning one another to death and hell without a remedy. And know ye not that this work of accusing one another is the work of the devil, the old 'accuser of the brethren?' And will ye continually help such an old malicious infernal foe? But O, my brethren! hear and consider, it is the work that is, and for ever will be going on in hell! Think solemnly on this; for there they are

accusing, judging, and condemning one another; and charging each other with being the cause of their being there, and of being accomplices in their wickedness on earth; 'where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth,' hating one another, judging one another, accusing one another, and gnashing their teeth at one another. O brethren! brethren! do give over this evil work of judging one another. Brother ministers! 'I speak to you as wise men;' God make us wiser than we have been! And you, private christians, give over judging the ministers of Christ, and leave the judgment to God. 'Speak not evil one of another, brethren; he that speaketh evil of his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law; but if thou judge the law thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge.' James iv. 11. Thus you see, sirs, if we set ourselves up to be judges of the brethren, we become judges both of God and his law! O brethren! this is solemn and awful work! None but a God, a long-suffering God and Father in Christ could bear with us. Therefore, desist from judging one another, and leave it to God himself. For 'there is one Lawgiver who is able to save, and able to destroy; who art thou that judgest one another?' James iv. 12.

There are still in the church of Christ both weak and strong brethren; some can eat only milk and herbs, others strong meat. Some are children under age, under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the Father.' These, as babes, have weak stomachs and weak eyes; they cannot eat strong meat, nor bear the full blaze of the light and glory of the gospel. They are some of them in their swaddling clothes bound and tied; and with much of the dirt and corruption of nature hanging about them; but as they grow in grace, they will grow more out of themselves, and grow up into Christ Jesus, the living Head in all things; and when larger children, they will have their play-things and toys until they become men in Christ Jesus, and 'put away childish things,' and be men in understanding, and eat strong meat. But the weak should not judge the strong, neither should the strong judge the weak. 'Let not him that eateth, despise him that eateth not; and let not him that eateth not, judge him that eateth, for God hath received him.' Romans xiv. 3.

I am not master over any man's conscience or faith; I have no authority to judge any man; and indeed, it is a small matter with me to be judged of any man's judgment; for I call no man my master; neither must I have any masters over my faith. Brethren, one is our Master and Judge, even Christ. And this morning, while I stood musing, the fire began to burn within, with a holy melting warmth, while tears were ready to start from my eyes, and I feel them now squeezing out while I write, to think what a good Lord and Master he has been to me, and what

wonderful patience and forbearance he has exercised towards me, such an unworthy, fretful, and rebellious servant as I have been; I have stood amazed that my Master has not turned me out of his service, spurned me out of his house, and sent me off bag and baggage into the wide world. To tell you the truth, I have not only been a rebellious, stubborn servant, but I have been treacherous, and even acted the hypocrite, and that before my dear Master's face; for, sometimes, when I have gone before him, I have appeared so very humble, and used such nice pretty words, when at the same time, my heart was going out after that which I said nothing to him about; and soon he found me out in some very foolish tricks, and would not be seen by me for some long time, though I intreated with all the arguments I was master of; and indeed I expected nothing less than losing my place at one time. But after a time, rather unexpectedly, he called me into his presence, and he smiled the same as he had done before; and it broke my heart; I fell down flat on the ground before him, and said, 'Lord, I have acted the hypocrite! Lord, I am vile! Dear Master, I am not worthy to come under thy roof—I am a sinful man—I have been judging and condemning others for the very same things I have been guilty of myself, and thou knowest it.' Master knew William better than he did himself, 'Ah, you did not know yourself when you first came into my service, and know but little now; but I knew you.' And what do you think the kind Master said to me? He said, 'I knew that thou wouldst deal very treacherously, and was called a transgressor from the womb.' Isa. xl. 8. And moreover, his words were, 'For my name sake, I will defer mine anger; and for my praise I will refrain for thee that I cut thee not off.' Brethren! is not this a good Master? And are not his words enough to melt a flint into tears?

Come, my brethren, if ye know these things, let us give over judging and condemning one another; and if we must judge, let us rather judge ourselves; for if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. 1 Cor. xi. 31. Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more; but judge this rather, 'that no man put a stumbling-block, or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way.' Romans xiv. 13. Therefore, let both the weak and the strong suspend their judgment concerning each other, and give the judgment up to God alone.' For, 'who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth.' Therefore, let not the ministers of Christ judge one another any longer; neither let hearers judge and condemn Christ's ministers. It is sad doing, and sorry hearing. I have heard poor little-minded men judging Mr. Philpot, and Mr. Tryon, while they have been judging, cutting off, and condemning others. And some condemning Mr. Os-

bourn, Mr. Banks, and other ministers: while indeed, the minds of those little biggots and judges, who have judged the above, have but a rush-light judgment of things compared with any of the above named ministers. But the way of man is, 'If you will judge me, I will judge you;' and so, with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.' Nevertheless, it is the saints' privilege on earth, who are spiritual, to judge all things, but not men; that is God's prerogative. But, 'he that is spiritual, judgeth all things.' He may judge of men's doctrines, actions, fruits, and behaviour, and reject them, if contrary to godliness; but he must not judge nor condemn any man to perdition. Let us rather be coming to the judgment seat of Christ; for we must every one of us give an account to God for ourselves; and we must come there daily, after all our best judgment of others. Beloved! Christ's judgment seat is now a mercy seat, where mercy rejoiceth against judgment' for all poor, coming, broken-hearted sinners. Therefore, leave the judgment of men, and come to Jesus for judgment. And as we must soon put off this flesh, and appear before God in the world of spirits, and launch out into the wide and boundless sea of eternity, rather than be judging our brethren, may we be concerned to know the judgment of Christ concerning us before we go hence, and be no more seen on earth.

WILLIAM GARRARD.

Leicester, Feb. 27, 1849.

The Manifestation of Divine Grace.

DEAR BROTHER COOK:—Grace to thee and peace from Him which was, and is, and shall be to come; and from the seven spirits of wisdom and understanding, of council and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord with the spirit of grace and supplication, and from Jesus the true and faithful witness, the first begotten from the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth, be multiplied, with all spiritual, and new covenant blessings from a triune Jehovah, greeting.

I received your welcome epistle with joy, found a savoury morsel, and now may the Lord of Hosts, the teacher of Israel, instruct me in penning an answer thereto.

I was struck in again reading your letter, with some such words as these—'And now for a small space grace hath been shewed us from the Lord our God; to leave us a remnant to escape, and to give us a nail in his holy place; that our God may lighten our eyes, and give us a little reviving in our bondage.' Ezra ix. 8. The children of Israel had been backsliders; they had turned their backs to God rather than their face; nay, said they, 'after our idols we will go.' They worshipped therefore, the idols of the heathen; they joined

themselves to the abominations of the land; they rebelled against God; were proof against all caution and warning; until, at length, the Lord caused their enemies to fall upon them, and lead them as slaves into captivity. But did God cast off his people whom he foreknew? God forbid. Yea, 'let God be true, and every man a liar.' 'Who remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever.' For, though in captivity, through their backslidings, God did not forsake them; but his bowels melted within him; and even caused those who ruled over them, to entreat them well; and now (saith the inspired penman) for a little space, grace hath been shewed us from the Lord our God; to leave us a remnant to escape.'

And who are the remnant? Religionists of the present day, say it is everybody; but if so, there can be no remnant. Suppose that you and I were to go to Shirer and Mackdonald's, and buy a piece of cloth, as it comes into the shop, without any being cut off, should we leave a remnant? Certainly not. So, then, if God takes a remnant to himself, how will this tally with universal redemption? I cannot see.

However, to come more particularly to the words, this remnant were backsliding characters; they were not the clean, smooth, nice professors who can boast of sinless perfection and the like, but they were those whose language was—'I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God; for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our transgression is grown up unto the heavens, since the days of our fathers have we been in great trespass unto this day, and for our iniquities have we, our kings, and our priests, been delivered into the hands of the king of the land, to the sword, to captivity, to a spoil, and to confusion of face, as it is this day.' Such was their language—such their feeling—such their experience. And yet, bless the Lord, these were the people he had intended to shew forth his praise. The grace shewed to them was delivering grace. They had been bondmen in Babylon—they were now the Lord's freemen. That is, God had weaned them from their idols, from their pursuits, from their backslidings, and had brought them with weeping and supplication to Mount Zion, to seek their old rest, and their old lover, even Jesus.

Therefore, God sheweth to this 'called' remnant, the grace of confession and supplication, and now, 'I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning him thus, Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke: turn thou me and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God.'

Then the Lord shows the grace of compassion on him, 'Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him

saith the Lord.' Blessed be his name, for the immutable *shall* and *wills* of a covenant-keeping God.

O! what surprising grace Jehovah shews to such poor dunghill worms, such base backsliders as you and I: 'I have seen his ways, and will heal him, and I will restore comforts to him, and to his mourners.' Then it is a mercy to be a mourner in Zion, mourning over our sins, our transgressions, and our iniquities. 'They shall look on him whom they have pierced,' and mourn, saying—

'Was it for crimes that I have done,
He hung upon the tree?
Amazing pity! love divine!
And grace beyond degree!

What! and did my sins pierce him, and nail him, and buffet him? And was it for me, the base traitor, and rebel, and backslider in heart, lip, and life, as I have been? O! it is of *thy* mercy I am not consumed, because *thy* compassion faileth not. And then to reflect on the love of Jesus in bringing our souls out of mystical Babylon, so that we escape, 'is marvellous indeed.'

'The way of life is above to the wise; that he may escape from hell beneath.' Well, then, to escape is to flee from, and to come out of anything which is injurious. Carry this idea into a few particulars connected with soul concerns. The world is a snare through its vanities and allurements; and how were you and I bewitched by it, and carried away with it! But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, (although since we have known his name, we have wandered from him) yet he has again and again (because he would do it,) and because he willed not our death, but that we should obtain salvation through Jesus, hath embittered its pleasure to our taste, and brought us to seek 'him of whom Moses in the law and prophets did write;' yea, and enabled us to say, 'I would choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.'

Hereupon, the devil has begun working upon our carnal senses, to wit, the lust of the flesh, the desire of the eye, and the pride of life; and here hath he tempted, and tried to the uttermost of the chain wherewith he is fastened to God's throne, to ensnare us; and bring us again into bondage. We escape as God's remnant to the Lord—he becomes our hiding place—and satan does not gain his ends.

But these wars are painful; and although now and then we get our worstings as well as our gainings, yet, bless the Lord, we escape, though it be but by the *skin* of our teeth.

The religion of the day, I believe, is the greatest blessing of all to really escape from. It is a period of religious agitation; and moreover, of such an accommodating nature is it to flesh and blood, that it needeth *great grace* to flee from such *great*

profession. Look, my friend and brother, round Cheltenham as a town, its manifold places of worship, its religious meetings of one sort or another, the missionary enterprise, its various societies; and then, from all this outside shew and sparks, turn to the solemn question—What knowledge of the footsteps of the flock have these? How, when, and where have these been convinced of their state and standing as sinners in the sight of God? Could they give you, think you, from heart-felt experience, any account of the gracious dealings of God with their souls? The bondage and liberty, the castings down and risings up, the emptying from vessel to vessel, and the fillings from the fulness of a precious Jesus? Alas, my friend, it is to be feared they could not. Look how they fight at the glorious doctrines of unconditional election, of particular redemption, yea, in a word, the whole covenant of grace, from first to last. Ask them what knowledge they have of themselves? They cannot tell you. And if of their own blindness, ignorance, stupidity, carnality, sensuality, and depravity they are so ignorant, how shallow their knowledge of the riches of wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption there is in Jesus!

O! the grace then, that is shewed unto us, that we form part of a remnant to escape from the *once* dead in the world, and the *twice* dead in a profession; from the world which lieth in the wicked one, as the prince of darkness, equally with those who lie in him as an angel of light.

Turn from this to the errors of the day, and consider what a mercy, that we are not left to follow the delusions of those who love and make a lie.

“O to grace, how great a debtor
Daily we’re constrained to be.”

And to escape from all this, and the sword of justice, an awful hell, and the bottomless pit,

“Grace all the work shall crown,
To everlasting days;
It lays in heav’n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.”

“And now for a little space grace is shewed us, to give us a remnant to escape.” It is all, my friend, of *divine favour*. And after this grace is shewed us, must we expect all sunshine? No. Must we have always an unclouded sun? No. Must we never know—what! nothing more about sinkings? Yes. It is shewed us for a little space to encourage us, support us, strengthen us, and sustain us, as a mark God hath not forgotten to be gracious, and that he is still favourable in mercy and love to us.

The first act of this grace was manifest in leaving a remnant to escape. And that they are escaped is manifest in giving them a place to escape to, even to the holy place; where God hath given them a *nail*, typical first, of establishment; second, of

First, of establishment. We say, when we nail anything up, ‘It is a fixture;’ and the law holds it impossible, or at any rate, unlawful for any such fixture to be removed. And therefore, Jehovah having given his people a covenant, an oath, a security by ‘two immutable things, whereby his people may have *strong* consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them.’ They shall never be moved, ashamed, or confounded world without end. Tied to him by mercy—bound to him by the cords of love, blood, and faithfulness—and nailed to him by the covenant! Every seeking soul is sure of heaven!

Secondly, of Christ. ‘And I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place; and they shall hang upon him all the glory of his Father’s house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups, even to all the vessels of flagons.’ Upon his head was many crowns.’ The glory of the truth of the covenant was hung upon him—the glory of the work of creation was hung upon him—the glory of all the types and shadows of the law were hung upon him, for they all referred to him—the glory of the fulfilment of every prophecy was hung upon him, for he was him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write—the glory of magnifying the law, and making it honourable, by his spotless perfect obedience, hung upon him—the glory of redeeming his people from the curse of the law, by being made a curse for them, hung upon him—the glory of the plan, and the execution of the plan of salvation, hung upon him—the glory of appeasing the wrath, and satisfying the justice of God, hung upon him—the glory of vanquishing death, hell, sin, grave, devil, yea, every foe of his church, hung upon him—the glory of ‘leading captivity captive, at his resurrection, hung upon him—and now, all the glory of his kingly, priestly, brotherly, friendly, husbandly characters, together with his offices as Mediator, Daysman, Intercessor, with all the glory of bringing in his chosen people, delivering, quickening, defending, supplying, teaching, leading, and preserving his people, and at length of presenting them without spot or wrinkle to his Father in heaven, and judging the world, is all hung upon him.

Every elect vessel of mercy is hung upon him; the vessels of *small* quantity, and the vessels of flagons, are alike dependant upon him for every supply of grace, in every time of need. Not one of them are independent. It is not they who hold up the nail, but the nail holdeth up them. Do we want faith, hope, love, joy, peace, comfort, consolation, yea, heaven itself, ‘all my springs are in thee.’ The beggar and the king, if saved, must hang upon the nail. The wayfaring man, though a fool, is as secure as the Doctor in Divinity. The apostle Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, says, ‘Now, he that hath established us

with you, and hath anointed us is God.' Not I Paul, the apostle, one way, and you another. No, no, my brother; if you and I are saved, 'no other foundation can be laid, or shall be laid, than that is laid, the God-Man Christ Jesus.' Blessings on his name! salvation is finished, and finished for ever; nothing can be added to it, and certain am I, nothing can be taken from it.

The way grace is manifested, thirdly, is enlightning the eye. 'And now for a little season grace is shewed us from the Lord our God, to leave us a remnant to escape, and to give us a nail in his holy place, to lighten our eyes.' O! how, sweet is this! Surely grace is as eye salve! It enables us to see glorious things out of God's words, and helpeth us to see our own personal interest in the same. How often is it that you and I read the truth, the promises, the declarations of Jehovah; but, oh, we want the light to read them as *ours*. But when the dear Lord sheds light upon the page then darkness flees, shadows are gone, doubts are removed, fears flee apace, our signs are seen, our tokens are discovered, the way is cast up, our Ebenezers are recognized, our souls melt, our hearts are softened, we are led to the cross, Gethsemane is frequented, Christ is sympathised with, and sought unto, tributives of praise go up to Father, Son, and Spirit, and we go on singing, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.'

"Here I raise my stone of help,
Hither, by thy strength I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good will,
To arrive at Zion's hill."

I hasten to the fourth manifestation of grace. 'Reviving us in our bondage.' 'And now for a little space grace is given us from the Lord, to leave us a remnant to escape, and to give us a nail in his holy place; that our God may lighten our eyes (to see by these things he hath not forgot us, and by the means of delivering grace) to give us a little reviving in our bondage. The apostle cried out, 'O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' There was sin in his members, making him groan; and hence, he saith, 'We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened.' Now, when the Lord is pleased, in mercy, to give us a little liberty in prayer, or a comfortable hearing under the word, or a little light in reading or in hearing, or in conversation with a friend, we have felt our troubles gone in a measure, and our hearts have been broken down, on account of God's goodness towards us, our souls have gone out sweetly after him; we could say,—'Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee;' and in such a frame we have longed to sit, and sing ourselves away to everlasting bliss. This hath been 'a reviving in our bondage.' O! how our souls, at times,

are shut up! at least, I feel mine so. No entrance at the mercy seat! So in bonds! The same in reading! Until I conclude, I cannot be the Lord's. And then again, the Lord shines;—prayer is freedom—reading is sweet—preaching is pleasant—hearing is savoury—and meditation is profitable! So I go on. Sometimes in bondage to the fear of death—then, again rejoicing in prospect of it! Now in darkness, judging by what I feel—then, again, glorying in my King! And so it is in and out, to find pasture.

My dear brother, I conclude. May gospel blessings attend thee in thy future wandering in the wilderness, until thou reachest a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is Jehovah.

Your's sincerely, in gospel bonds,
To Mr. Cook. JOSEPH RUDMAN.
Upavon, Oct. 22, 1847.

Worshipping God in a Barn at Midnight.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR,—The following is a correct copy of a letter put into my hand by the husband of Mrs. Turner, to whom it was sent; and in reading the same, I felt my heart warmed and comforted, so that I was constrained to weep before the Lord, and bless and praise him for the displays of his mercy toward our brethren and sisters in by-gone days; and there appears the same mind now, with the so-called High-Church party, to have all the rule and authority of teaching; I therefore felt a desire that the contents of the letter should be handed down to the children that will succeed us in the living church on earth; and while pondering the matter to what monthly I should send it, the following Scriptures came to my mind; 2 Cor. iv. 7, and Jer. xxxii. 14; and for this cause I have taken the liberty, with heart pleasure, to send this evidence, which is open to be put in your *Earthen Vessel*, believing you will count the jewel worthy of a place therein; and I doubt not but that some of the Lord's tried, exercised, and tempted children will be encouraged thereby. I asked friend Turner to ascertain whether the good woman was alive, and if so, to know if I might send the statement to a magazine. He called at the house on Friday, the 29th of December last, and she had fallen asleep at one o'clock P.M., not long before he came. She must be an old woman.

The Lord bless you and give you peace by all means, is the prayer of your's in our precious Lord Jesus,
A. TRIGGS.

January 22, 1849.

January, 1839.

Mrs. TURNER,—My great grandfather, Mr. Edward Hitchin, of Hitchin, in Hertford-

shire, was a dissenter. He was the father of a family in the reign of Queen Anne; he was a man of some property; he was chief in the expenses of building the Independent Meeting at Hitchin, and built the vault under the vestry, for himself and family to lay in. My grandfather, James Hitchin, his son, and my uncle James, who was a dissenting minister, both were buried at Hitchin before I was born.

July 1714, a bill passed both Houses of Parliament, that no dissenter should educate their children, and the Bible was to be taken away from all dissenters: (see Neil's Early History and Palmer's Dissenters' Catechism); as such my grandfather learned the whole of the Epistle to the Ephesians and some of the Bible. At that time the dissenters could not assemble to worship God in public, nor by daylight. My great grandfather, Edward Hitchin, of Hitchin, was obliged to pay a fine to government of ten pounds a month for leave to worship God in a barn, in Preston Wood, something about three miles from Hitchin; to that lonely place the persecuted dissenters had to go in the dead hour of midnight to worship their heavenly Father, and to return to their homes in the same lonely hours, when their cruel persecutors were sleeping in their beds of down; (they went late on Saturday nights, and returned to their homes about one or two o'clock on the Monday morning;) they spent many nights in fasting and prayer, that the Lord would deliver them from their cruel persecutors, and the set time came at last, even the day that the Queen was to have gone to Parliament House, the 1st of August, 1714, to sign the bill; the day that the poor dissenters expected all their privileges to be taken away, and their children brought up in a system of faith little better than popery. That day the Queen died, with scarce any previous illness. Her death was quite unexpected: she was to have gone in all the splendour and pomp of royalty to sign the bill, that would have taken the children away from their dissenting parents and deprived them of the Word of God. The Lord's ways are unsearchable.

My great grandfather, with his family and the persecuted dissenters about, was in the barn all the night before the Queen's death, with fasting and solemn prayer to God for deliverance; and was in the barn in prayer the next day, on their knees, and so again at night; when a godly gentleman rode post from London down to the barn in Preston Wood; rode into the barn, stopping on his horse, as the door was low, and called out, 'The Queen is dead!—the Queen is dead!' The poor distressed saints got up immediately from their knees, and sang with joy the 115th Psalm. Thus their heavenly Father

heard their supplications, and sent a destroying angel to the Queen, as sudden as he did to Belshazzar: she was stripped of all her power, and became food for worms. Whoever defied the living God and prospered? None; no, not one.

The above my late dear mother told me a many many times. She was the only surviving child of James Hitchin, of Hitchin, and he was the son of Edward Hitchin, of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and was with her father in prayer in the barn, when the Queen's death was announced by the gentleman from London. My mother's brother, James Hitchin, was a dissenting minister; he died aged twenty-two, and was buried at Hitchin. And my cousin was a dissenting minister in White's Row, Spittalfields; that meeting was built for him; he was there many years. He died in 1774—buried in Bunhill Fields. As far as I know, I am the only survivor of the family, except one daughter and five motherless grand-children, as my other daughter died near two years ago, and left those five children. Thus the Lord hath proved himself a prayer hearing and answering God, and at the time the persecuted dissenters most feared, they had most reason to rejoice. And I can say, although I had a churlish Nabal for forty-four years, I trust the Lord hath made with me 'an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure;' and one day I shall see a need for all my long heavy trials.

Wishing you and your's all needful blessings in this life, and a joyful entrance into the kingdom of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

KEZIA HAYNES.

No. 8, Cumberland Row, Battle Bridge.

The Following Lines

Were written by the late JOHN KENT, Author of Gospel Hymns, and sent to the Minister of the Established Church, at Plymouth, who ordered him out of his pew, for not bowing to the name of JESUS; after the order of the Mother Church.

THOUGH Sir, (for my guilt)
Without learning or skill,
For I scarce know my A, B or C,
I attempt this to write,
Not in envy or spite,
But in love, an epistle to thee.

Think not that I jest,
Though a thorn in thy nest
To disturb thee, I fain would put in;
For I fear to this day,
'Though in priestly array,
Thy heart was ne'er broken for sin.

True devotion of soul
Is not flesh, meat or fowl,
Nor a head shaven close to the skin;
But to worship and love
The great Three One above,
And to hate the least motion of sin.

The scriptures unfold
That two sinners of old
Went up to the temple to pray ;
The one we are sure
Was a Pharisee pure,
As you, Sir, remain to this day.

Methinks as he sat,
He said prayers in his hat,
That each his devotion might see ;
But betwixt me and you,
If God's Word be true,
The more condemnation had he.

He counted his prayers,
His alms, deeds and tears,
Vea, the teth of mint, annice and rue ;
Such blindness of heart
Did you, Sir, impart,
When you turned me out of your pew.

Now this was not right,
As the King did invite
To his table the blind and the lame ;
You may think that I lie,
But my record's on high—
As such, and no better I came.

Your zeal, Sir, was great,
But 'twas light without heat—
Like a vulture that shoots thro' the sky :
But with my little spark
I press towards the mark,
The prize of my calling on high.

You may think it, Sir, odd,
That I scrape not or nod
At the sound of Emmanuel's name :
'Tis my solace to tell
How he sav'd me from hell,
And bore my sin, sorrow, and shame.

When his temple I tread
And am fed with that bread
That descended in love from the skies ;
My portion I eat,
And sit snug in thy seat,
Though your worship thinks proper to rise.

John Bunyan, now dead,
In his Pilgrim has said,
'There be some that leap over the wall :'
And the tinker no doubt,
To the life paints thee out,
With thousands who reverends are call'd.

But in love to thy soul,
And to wind up my scrawl,
I'll tell thee my thoughts of thy state :
You are still dead in sin,
And have ne'er enter'd in
By Jesus, the straight wicket gate.

Though the bishop in state
Laid his hand on thy pate,
And pronounced thee a servant of God ;
Notwithstanding all this,
Salvation you'll miss,
If your heart be not sprinkl'd with blood.

May the God of all grace,
Take the veil from thy face,
For I fear you appear in disguise ;
As the tempest at last,
With a terrible blast
Will demolish your refuge of lies.

But if to that rock,
Which nothing can shock,
Your soul shall for shelter retire ;
Your stubble and hay
Shall be burnt in that day,
And you shall be sav'd as by fire.

Some Account of my Stewardship ;

AND OF THE HAND OF
MY GOD WHICH WAS GOOD UPON ME.

(Continued from p. 76.)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23.—This morning I left Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and am now journeying to London, where I hope to speak in the name of the Lord this evening. I will briefly review the circumstances connected with my labours during the week now drawing to a close.

Arrived safe at Portsea last Saturday evening about 8 o'clock, having left Sherborne (as stated in my last) that morning soon after ten : these long journies are wearisome and expensive. At the house of my esteemed friends Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, of Portsea, I found a hearty welcome. I pray the Lord to reward them for all their kindness to me, a poor unworthy worm. The next day I preached twice in the Athenæum ; and it was considered we had full 300 people to hear. The population in and around Portsmouth, Portsea, &c., is immense, and there are (no doubt) many true believers in Christ, but they are divided into such small parties, that Zion here dwells in weakness and much apparent poverty. There is Mr. Osborne preaching truth to some at Portsea ; and a Mr. Purt, who is declared to be a very good man, but he has but few to hear him ; then there is Mr. Nightingale, at Zoar Chapel, Southsea ; and Mr. Murrell, at Landport : but none of them seem to stand in much outward prosperity. Satan verily is successful in scattering the power of the holy people ; but the Lord is in the midst of them still. On the following Monday evening, I preached again in good spirits, and to a numerous body of people ; upwards of £5 were subscribed for the *Vessel* fund and for preaching : and the next morning I left for Shirley, near Southampton, where I spoke in the evening, in the house where friend Coats speaks in the Lord's name.

On Wednesday morning, Feb 21, I left Southampton in a steam packet, and sailed to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, then took coach to Newport, where I was invited to preach two evenings. The Isle of Wight is an exceedingly barren place for sterling gospel truth ; there are, however, a few in that island whose hearts have been broken, and whose eyes have been anointed to see and admire the glorious gospel of Christ : these friends requested me to come to Newport ; I did so ; they could not get a chapel for me to preach in ; for somebody said I was an antinomian ; we met therefore in a large room ; I hope the work was not in vain. If it pleased the Lord to send a real faithful, and able minister of Christ, into that island, I believe there would gather round him some

living souls. I should be thankful to hear that the pure gospel of Christ was carried into that beautiful little spot which Nature hath so adorned.

On Friday morning, I left Newport (accompanied by Caleb Coates, who had gone with me) for London, and after many hours riding on coach, in steam packet, and by rail, I once more reached my home in safety, and preached in the evening at Mile End, to a chapel crowded full of people; and I felt more real liberty than I had done for some time.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24.—After attending to the *Vessel* for March, I am now on my way to Bath. The conflicts of my mind no soul can tell. I am taken from home, separated from friends, carried into different parts of the land among strangers, having one of the darkest clouds hanging over my head that ever any poor mortal felt. What a dark, mysterious path is mine! Let men say or think as they may, there has been for many years a solemn necessity laid on me to preach the Gospel of Christ in various parts of my native land. Oh, that the God of Abraham may preserve me, and enable me to *finish* my course with joy. My course has never been one of fleshly ease, nor affluence: deep sorrows and dreadful sins *within*; hard labors and heavy crosses without, have been my companions for the last thirty years. When, however, I *look back* upon my mean origin, and the unhappy events connected with some parts of my life; and then review the many thousands of mercies which have followed me all my days, I desire to drop into the hands of the Lord, and to be for ever devoted to his honor and glory. I have been raised out of a state of nature into spiritual life; my best affections have been set on the things revealed in the gospel; the mysteries of the kingdom of grace have been opened up in my heart, and declared by my tongue; sinners have been gathered into the fold of Christ, and multitudes of saints have been encouraged and revived; and, though a deceitful heart, a vile nature, and a bitter galling cross, still make me often exclaim, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" Yet have I a humble hope that I may truly sing—

"Grace first inscrib'd my name,

In God's eternal book;

'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,

Who all my sorrows took.

"Grace led my roving feet

To tread the heavenly road,

And fresh supplies each hour I meet,

While pressing on to God."

BATH.—Arrived safely in this city on Saturday evening.

FEBRUARY 25.—I soon learned that an unhappy division had taken place between

Mr. Cromwell and the church meeting in Providence Chapel; Mr. Cromwell's friends having opened another large chapel for him. I was given to understand that we should have but few to hear at Providence, where I was engaged to preach. These painful tidings coming into my already distressed mind, sent me to bed with a sorrowful heart. I tried to draw near to the Lord, but no real access could I find. I did most heartily wish I had never come to Bath; however, after spending a restless night, I arose early, and began to cry to the Lord to speak some suitable word into my soul, that might heal, strengthen and comfort my fainting spirit. [Some creatures, in the shape of gospel ministers, laugh at these deep exercises, and call them "fleshly cant," they can preach or bluster about in the pulpit under any circumstances; it is not so with me.] After some prayer and searching, these words were sealed home fast upon my mind—"Thy vows are upon me, O God; therefore will I render praise unto thee; *for, thou hast delivered my soul from death*; wilt not thou keep my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?" These most precious words were expressive of the very *position* and *desires* of my soul. They brought to my remembrance how the Lord had delivered my soul from nature's darkness; from the terrors of the law; from the reigning powers of sin; from deep poverty; and from that dreadful and horrible pit in which I lay. They also brought to my remembrance, the solemn vows which I had made in the Lord's presence when so earnestly suing for mercy; and these vows I felt were still upon me. In these words I also found the very fears and desires which now so severely agitated my inmost soul—"Wilt not thou keep my feet from falling? That I may walk before God in the light of the living." With these words I went to the chapel; and I spoke of them, and from them, as well as I could; and I trust some poor soul obtained a blessing. I spoke three times that day; but it was a day of heavy labor to me. I felt, or I feared, there was something wrong somewhere; but where, I could not tell: but this I can say, that I most painfully feared that the wrong was in myself. Oh, who can describe the feelings of a poor minister when he is under heavy clouds; and is tempted to fear that he is speaking of things which his own soul is not interested in? *Many such seasons of late I have had.* The next morning, I had these words laid very close on my mind—"And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire, hating even the garment spotted with the flesh," &c. (Jude.) Through the whole of the day these words followed me; and, in the even-

ing I do firmly believe I was enabled to stand in some liberty of soul, while declaring the mind of God from that deep and wholesome portion of the word of God ; and I sincerely pray that the Lord may render that word a very special blessing to thousands of his Israel : there is no word in all God's book, I think, so little practised as this exhortation of Jude, which I repeat, with a desire that it may fall deeply into the souls of my readers, "And of some have compassion; MAKING A DIFFERENCE; and others *save WITH FEAR, PULLING THEM OUT OF THE FIRE; hating even the garment spotted with the flesh.*"

On Tuesday morning I left Bath with a heavy heart, and went on to Grittleton, where I preached in the evening, in the chapel where brother Bourn is pastor. The place was nearly full ; it was a cheering sight, and I felt some little liberty. After preaching, I spent an hour or two with my much beloved brother Philip Smith, whose kindness and christian sympathy have bound my heart to him in bonds of love never, I believe, to be broken. The good man, before we went to bed, poured out his heart in fervent prayer, and it was a holy time of nearness and refreshing to me: but still a heavy trial and dreadful fears weighed down my soul; and that night when I got alone in my bed-room, I felt as though I could carry my burden no further ; I fell on my knees; and Jacob's spirit (in some measure) appeared to be given to me. Weary and worn down as I was, I felt as though I could not rest until the Lord did speak a word into my soul that should ease me of my sorrow. I arose from my knees; and with real earnestness of desire God-ward, I took up my Bible, and opened upon this word—"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I DELIVER HIM; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him, and honour him." Oh, with what sweet healing power did these words relieve my heart. I lifted up my hands, and said "*I am a living man. Oh, that I could proclaim it to the ends of the earth.*" And then the words came again, "*I WILL DELIVER HIM.*" I laid down and slept in peace. When I awoke, the tempter was at hand; and when I said—I know that the love of my heart is set upon Christ; and upon his gospel; and upon his people; the enemy said—"Ah, but you would not love Christ if you was not a preacher." In a moment, this thought came into my mind—"Did I not lay for near three years in almost black despair? I had no hope, no expectation, no, nor the least desire (during that time,) ever to preach the gospel again; and yet I can say I did most truly love and esteem the Gospel, and revere the name of Christ too; in fact, never since

I have been called to a knowledge of the truth, could I live without a close attendance upon all the means of grace." The tempter fled; my soul rejoiced in hope; and I now stand pleading, and waiting for the fulfilment of the promise—"I will deliver him."

That morning, (Wednesday, Feb. 28th,) brother Bourn accompanied me to Chippenham; here I took the train to Wootton Bassett, and preached that evening in the chapel belonging to Mr. Wiggins. The pains in my head that night (after preaching) were so dreadful, that I laid in bed and rolled with agony; but, bless the Lord, he raised me up again. In Mr. Wiggins's son, I found a good spiritual companion; he read to me a quantity of poetry, which he has written on subjects connected with the salvation of sinners; and I do trust that some day the Lord will make use of that young man for good to the church of God.

I must here break off my narrative for this month, as the things which I have to relate would occupy more room than can be spared at present. I will only add, the goodness of the Lord to me, a poor sinner, has been great beyond all my conception; and all I desire is, to be enabled to spend the remnant of my days in real usefulness to the church, and to the glory of his dear name. C. W. BANKS.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A QUESTION.

DEAR BROTHER—Suppose a person who is a member of a Mixed Communion Baptist Church, (*seeing his error*) applies to a church of strict order for membership; solemnly and positively declaring that he knew nothing of the saving grace of God, or of regeneration, at the time he received baptism by the Mixed Communion minister, and that it was pride, or some other impure motive, that prompted him to that act; and seeing now, that God requires faith before baptism, and that he was destitute of that grace when he received baptism, he asks to be re-baptised; and seeing many members of that church (not the minister) are opposed to his re-baptism, he is put aside for a time, in order to preserve peace in the church; he attends closely upon the means for a long period; and subsequently applies again for membership, stating that he is very anxious to unite with them, but does not care now about being re-baptised: in fact, he has no wish for it; does he not now cease to be a Strict Baptist; and if that church admits him as a member without being re-baptised, (after knowing his solemn and positive declaration, that he was an entire stranger to the renewing grace of God when he received baptism) would not that church from that time cease to be a Strict Baptist Church? An early answer will oblige.

LITTLE FAITH.

[We trust some of our elder Brethren will give us their mind on this point.]

Public Meeting on behalf of the "Earthen Vessel."

Was decidedly object, at any time, to occupy our pages with things of a temporal character; but knowing that a multitude of friends are anxiously waiting to know the result of the present trying crisis, we have felt it imperative upon us to lay before our readers (as briefly as possible,) an outline of the proceedings of the last public meeting which was held in the chapel at Crosby Row, on Thursday, March the 15th, 1849.

At five o'clock, nearly (if not quite) two-hundred friends sat down to tea; and soon after the time the meeting commenced, the chapel was filled in every part; we should think there were at least five-hundred persons present.

After singing, Mr. John Stenson, (pastor of the Baptist Church at Chelsea) read, in a very impressive manner, the sixth chapter of the book of Nehemiah, and called upon the name of the Lord most earnestly for his blessing to rest upon the meeting. Mr. De Frane, (pastor of the Baptist Church at Lutterworth,) gave out a hymn, after which C. W. Banks addressed the meeting somewhat to the following effect:

Christian friends—It is now nearly three months since I laid before you a statement of my circumstances in connection with the 'Earthen Vessel;' and after all I have passed through, I still believe that the Lord did instruct me, (while laying upon a sick bed last autumn,) to do as he has enabled me. I thought I heard him speak in my soul, saying, 'Get up and go forth, and seek for help to pay your debts, and be not afraid of their faces.' I was raised up, and circumstances soon constrained me to make a public appeal on behalf of the 'Vessel,' feeling it would be quite impossible for me to continue it, unless the Lord was pleased to raise up assistance in some way or other. In laying this appeal before the readers and friends of the 'Vessel,' I have done three things which I did not wish to do. First, I have opened the mouths of many enemies; they have fed upon, and rejoiced in my distress; and many wicked things have been said. Secondly, I have severely hurt the minds of many of my friends; they have feared that I should bring a reproach upon the cause of truth; and I do confess that the cloud which hung over my temporal affairs was dark indeed. I am satisfied that could I fully set forth the heavy losses, disappointments, and deceitful frauds to which I have been subjected since the 'Earthen Vessel' was commenced, no christian man, (in his right mind) would feel much disposed to condemn me: but as this cannot be done without mentioning names, it is best to leave it; but this my friends know full well, (who have looked into my affairs,) that neither idleness or extravagance (on my part) has given rise to the difficulty. In the third place, I brought floods of sorrow

and deep distress into my own bosom. But of this I will not here speak, further than to say that these things have often brought me to a most painful conclusion. I have said to myself, 'I am either walking in a path of tribulation which the Lord has designed for me; or, I am presumptuously aiming at something contrary to the will of God. My friends; in coming before you to declare something of the Lord's dealings with me, I feel as Paul said to the Romans—"I will not dare to speak of any of those things which Christ hath not wrought by me." But I must tell you that the more I have seen of England, and of the state of the christian churches, the more I am convinced that works of this kind are calculated to be useful. Our nation is literally flooded with publications, many of which are of a most dreadful character; and if we come into what is called the religious world, we find every sect and party pushing their works into existence; and thereby, in a measure, propagating the various errors they hold. My soul has, therefore, been stirred up with an earnest desire to establish a monthly periodical that shall principally aim at these three things:—First, to set forth simply and clearly, a living, vital, genuine experience of the things of God; and to shew from the testimonies of God's own people *how it is*, and *what it is* for sinners to be brought savingly to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. This is a matter of greater importance than all the world beside—this (with the blessing of God accompanying it) will take forth the precious from the vile, and greatly encourage and comfort poor seeking souls. The second thing I aim at, is, as much as possible, to bring about union and brotherly love among the ministers and churches of Christ: for such a poor vile worm to aim at so great a matter, may seem presumptuous I admit; but it is written that God hath chosen five different sorts of creatures to bring about his purposes that men would never think of employing. Paul says, God hath chosen the foolish, the weak, the base, the despised, and 'the things which are not, to bring to nought things that are.' And sure I am that I have felt and found myself to be foolish, weak, base, despised, unknown and unacknowledged among the thousands of Israel; and yet, for all this, it has been in my heart, and hitherto my hands have been helped to carry the tidings of mercy both from the pulpit and the press. I dare not to say, this is not the work of God. Another object I aim at, is to make the 'Earthen Vessel' instrumental in promoting the interests of THE SOCIETY FOR ASSISTING FAITHFUL MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL in times of poverty and distress; and this labour has not been altogether in vain. These are the objects I have aimed to promote; and I feel—let

men and ministers say and do what they may, until the Lord forbids, and by his providence prevents, I must stand and labour for these ends. But I can conceive that the most of my hearers have come together with these two questions—and you are ready to say—'We want to know, first, what proof you have that the Lord has been with you in your journeys? And secondly, we desire to know what prospect you have of being enabled honourably, usefully, and successfully to continue the EARTHEN VESSEL. These questions I will endeavour very briefly to answer.

The proof that the Lord has been with me, lays, I believe, in these five things—(1.) He has opened many doors for me to speak in his name; since I last preached in this place, I have been into nearly forty different pulpits, and have preached nearly seventy sermons. (2.) He has preserved me and given me strength. I believe I have travelled above two-thousand miles in conveyances of all kinds, from a first-class carriage down to a pony and cart; and yet not one accident or disaster befell me. (3.) He has opened my mouth and enabled me to speak forth his truth, though often in darkness and bondage. Ah, many deep trials in the pulpit I have had, yet have always been carried through, and many have blessed the Lord for the word. (4.) He has opened the hearts and the hands of the people, so that above £160* has been freely contributed towards the support of the 'Vessel' in less than three months; this has not been done by hard begging, but by simply leaving the case in the Lord's hands. (5.) The Lord has supported and comforted me by his Word in many places. I will tell you plainly, whether you believe it or not, let me be in your estimation what I may, I declare I can only live in peace, stand in strength, and preach in comfort, as I get the Word of God spoken into my soul; and in many instances, in answer to fervent prayer, with much power the Lord has spoken to me by the Word.

But you ask again, What is the prospect of being enabled honourably and successfully to carry on the 'Vessel'? The prospect lays in these three things—(1.) When I commenced I had bills coming due—amounting to above £200, besides rent, loans and other things; four of these bills have been honourably met the moment they were due. Mr. Channen has paid out of monies received by donations, and money due to the business) nearly £300 since Christmas. So that a very great portion of the difficulties have been removed. (2.) I have at least £140 to pay now within a month or two; but I really have faith in the promise—'I will deliver him.' (3.) I have many more doors open to me, and I believe that the whole burden of my debt may be removed if I were to take another two or three months; but this I leave to my church and friends to decide. I have been useful in London; and if my friends

are concerned for my abiding at home, and labouring among them, I am willing so to do, provided I can pay to every man that which is his due: this, in the strength of the Lord, I feel persuaded will shortly be done.

Mr. William Allen, (pastor of the Baptist Church, Cavc Adullam,) then gave out—'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' And when the congregation had sung it, he spoke for a few moments in a kind and encouraging manner.

Mr. William Bidder also expressed the gratification he felt at the statement which had been made; and said that he rejoiced exceedingly in the success that had attended the labours of the editor of the 'Earthen Vessel.'

Mr. Thomas Stringer, (pastor of the church at Snows Fields,) spoke very warmly and boldly on behalf of the work; he said he had read it with profit, and so had many of his friends; and he sincerely hoped that it would be useful in feeding the church of God, and in helping to bring about more love and union among the ministers of Jesus Christ.

Mr. De Frane gave the meeting a brief account of how he became acquainted with the editor of the 'Vessel,' and how, in the providence of God, he (Mr. De Frane) had been brought to preach in Crosby Row: he said he had often heard such dreadful reports about the deacons and members of the church at Crosby Row, that he had feared to come; but he was truly glad he had been; he had had an opportunity of seeing and preaching among this despised people; and he believed he could say, he never was among a people where there seemed to exist more spirituality, unity, and peace; and he should return home feeling a very deep interest in the prosperity and usefulness of the 'Earthen Vessel,' and in the future proceedings and labours of the pastor of the church at Crosby Row.

Mr. William Allen proposed that there be a collection made for the liquidation of the remaining debt.

Mr. John Stenson, in a pleasing and affable address, seconded the motion; and after giving out a hymn the meeting was closed with prayer.

Never before did we ever witness or attend a meeting where so much christian feeling and real earnestness of soul in the cause of God and truth prevailed. Surely, upon a review of all the circumstances connected with the publication of this work, we must acknowledge that the hand of the Lord has been with us for good; and our prayer to the Great Head of the church is, that he may give us grace to become increasingly devoted to his honour and glory; and that through our humble instrumentality, great good may be done.

We may add, that we are contemplating measures whereby we hope very considerably to increase the value of this monthly periodical.

* This has since increased to upwards of £190.

Wholesome Counsel,

FOR THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST, BY THE
LATE DAVID DENHAM.

MY DEAR BROTHER PACKER.—Truly, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure I read your letter—pleasure indeed, at the expression of kindness, from so many friends, but with pain to hear of the separation of friends, who but a short time since, were the envy of many. Ah! my dear brother, this is not our rest, here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

I had thought and prayed often, and earnestly if it was the Lord's will, I might close my labours in London; and that nothing might part us but death; but you know my repeated attacks of affliction baffled medical skill, and left me without any hope of further usefulness unless I left town. In this I had no choice, it was a question of life and death.

In my last letter to the church, I urged upon the members, in the most affectionate manner, to keep together, to strive together for the continuance of the gospel, and the maintenance of brotherly love. Can nothing be done, to reconcile the now divided parties? Is the difference of opinion and feeling existing so great, that you cannot cordially unite with that part of the church, that remains at Unicorn Yard? Are you at all influenced by temper, party feeling, or a want of forbearance and forgiveness? (Eph. iv., 31, 32.) I beseech you, and through you I would speak to my dear brethren and sisters with you; to examine your motives, indulge not in hard thoughts, do all you can in love (without compromising principle) and who can tell what may yet be produced? We can never forget Unicorn Yard; oh no, I think of it more than ever. O what displays of grace—visits from the Lord; what holy, happy, heavenly scenes have been there realized in our souls, sinners converted, babes nourished, children taught, young men fed, and fathers established; there sin has been detected, self-aborred, truth advanced, Christ exalted, prayer presented, praise to God ascribed, ordinances administered, communion with God and heaven desired for ever. My earnest prayer and advice is, if it is at all possible, seek a union at the old place, pray together more frequently than you have done; meet at least once on the Sabbath; read the Scriptures; speak thereon if the Lord opens any month. Keep together; do not divide, or run in parties from place to place, it will prove injurious;—pray much, watch in the use of all scriptural means, and wait until the hand of the Lord is seen in every case; if I was present I could not say more under existing circumstances. But in all probability I shall be in town soon. Now, my dear friends, I write as unto those who fear God; therefore keep your own counsel, lest by misunderstanding, or misrepresentation, I shall appear to have said what I did not intend. At times I

have been much depressed when thinking of our past days, and especially of the grief occasioned to many by my removal; but even this, has often led me to prayer; and though a poor servant is removed from you, Jesus, the Master, abideth the same. He still saith, "Lo, I am with you always." And whoever or whatever he may take from us,

He never takes away our all,
Himself he gives us still.

And in our darkest dispensations Jesus saith, "Said I not unto thee that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" (John xi. 40.) O, yes; and where or when did his promise fail? Did not Martha see the glory of God by the resurrection of her brother, much more than she could have done had he not died? Even so, in this mysterious providence, we shall see the glory of God, much more than if it had never transpired. O, then for grace to believe, to credit, and trust in God in the dark. The principles of our faith, and the truths we have expressed and sang so often in our hymns of praise, must be proved by experience; and as this is our time of trial, the triumph must assuredly follow: as the reaping follows sowing,

The Lord will clear the darkest skies!

And give us day for night!

Make floods of sacred sorrows rise,
To rivers of delight.

Now I must break off. I had intended to have written one or two more letters, but I have been hindered for several hours,—thank God, I am still much favored with health, and I trust He is with me. Many profess to receive the word with love and approbation. I cease not to pray for you; do, O do, pray for me,—a letter at any time, from any one, or signed by many, as from one, will be thankfully received. And nothing cheers me so much as hearing from friends I so much love. Grace and peace be with you all; love to all, who may enquire; and commending you to God, I remain very faithfully and affectionately, your's in the indissoluble love of Christ,

D. DENHAM.

21, Mont Pelior Villas, August 22nd, 1843.

The Madness of Popery

CASTING THE NEW TESTAMENT INTO THE
FIRE.

THE Romish Priests are doing dreadful work in some of our large towns, and in the north of England especially. From the first number of *The Protestant Watchman*, (a periodical published by J. Ragg, Birmingham) we make the following extracts; not with any desire to frighten our readers, but to convince them that the spirit of Popery is as cruel as ever. May the Lord grant us grace to stand upon our Watch Tower, and to cry mightily unto Him against the powerful hosts of adversaries, now aiming to drive the truth out of our highly favoured land!

"It stands upon record says the Rev. I.

Casebow Barrett, in the daylight of history, an acknowledged fact, subscribed to by six men, that in the 19th century, at a certain time, in a certain house, in a central, thickly-populated district of this Protestant, and as it has been called, free and enlightened nation, a Priest of the Church of Rome, did then and there take the New Testament and cast it into the fire that was on the hearth, till the whole was consumed. This, therefore is no ideal picture, no Protestant fiction, no ideal tale. *It is a fact!* a broad palpable fact, stated and charged—avowed and acknowledged.

“We have, however, other ‘sayings and doings’ to record, as startling, though not so flagrant, as those of Priest Molly; matters as well authenticated, and almost as repugnant to our English views and feelings.

A few days after Priest Molly took upon himself to burn the word of God, another of his brethren entered the house of another poor woman, who attested the document from which this statement is taken, in the presence of two highly respectable witnesses, members of the Birmingham Protestant Association. After making some other inquiries about her children, he asked whether her eldest daughter went to confession? On her telling him that she was a Protestant, and hoped none of her children would ever go to confession, he said, ‘she was selling her soul to the devil, and should burn in hell for it.’ He then remarked that he would *make* her husband who was a Roman Catholic, send the children to their school; and on her replying that he would not succeed, for she would never consent for them to go, he became so enraged, and said his curse should be upon her and all her children in this world, and that after this life they should be burned in hell. He then scraped with his hands the dirt from his boots, and shook the dust off his clothes, as a witness that his curse should be upon her and hers for ever. The woman had been ill, and remonstrated with the Priest upon his cruelty in thus behaving towards her in her then weak state; but this remonstrance only drew forth a repetition of the curses. In this case the intended victim is fearful of persecution, and did not seem to wish the names to be published; but we can vouch for the accuracy of the statement, having seen the document she signed, and heard the testimony of one who was called in to see upon the floor what the ‘holy’ father had scraped off his ‘dirty’ boots.

“In the next case, the last we have now to mention, no such restrictions as to publishing names were placed upon us. We visited the house, in company with Mr. Wilson, of the Wesleyan Connexion, and carefully examined the woman, to see whether the testimony she then gave accorded with what we had previously heard. Her name is Bridget Smith, her house is situated in the Fleece Yard, Edgbaston Street, and she and her husband are both we believe

attendants at the Wesleyan Chapel, in Cherry Street, though she had formerly been a Paptist; she told us that on Friday, January 26, Priest O’Sullivan came to her house and asked whether that was her boy playing across the road. She replied that it might be, as he was out. He then asked, ‘did she send her child to the Ragged School, for the boy told him that he went there?’ She replied that she did; and, on his enquiring what for, told him that he might be educated. He then told her that ‘she was a lost woman, and she and her children would burn in hell for it.’ On her replying that it was his word, and not the word of God, he enquired what she knew about the word of God; and on her stating that she knew the Bible was the word of God, he told her ‘the Bible was a liar!’ which elegant expression he uttered more than once in the course of the colloquy. At length the conversation became somewhat warm, and on the Priest’s intimating that as a consequence of her sending her children to the Protestant School she would ‘burn in hell’ for their sins, she replied to the effect, that if she suffered for her children’s sins he would suffer for the sins of those who confessed to him. This added fuel to the fire. The ‘holy father’ got into so ‘holy’ a temper, as very kindly to promise that if she said so again ‘he would put his stick down her throat,’ and suiting the action to the word, thrust it towards her with sufficient violence to bruise her lip in such a degree, that when we examined her, seventeen days after, the scar was still remaining. We need scarcely add that Father O’Sullivan left the house without leaving his blessing behind him.’

TO THE

Zion-bound Travellers of Gadsden Row,

Who are passing through this wilderness to the upper and brighter world, where saints immortal reign.

BELOVED BRETHREN IN CHRIST JESUS— I do not think that I shall be able to come over to the Row this year, should I be spared to get better; I am now reduced to such weakness of body that I can seldom sit up above two hours in a day, sometimes not that; if the Lord is pleased to restore me; the doctors think it will be three or four years before I get my strength, though I well know that when the Lord’s precise time is arrived (the very ordained time.) of my deliverance from the affliction I shall be delivered by being restored to health, or removed to glory. Seeing this by the eye of faith, I feel (through grace) resigned to the Lord’s will, and have not the least desire to be restored till my blessed Lord sees fit. I know already the blessed effects I have experienced from it: my Lord has taught me that all my joys, as well as all my sorrows, all my afflictions, all my consolations, all my troubles, trials, tempta-

tions, and desertions, (I mean the withdrawals of the Lord's countenance; otherwise he never leaves nor forsakes his people;) his heart's love is always the same towards his elect, though in his sovereignty he is pleased not always to manifest it to them. All these above mentioned are ordered in that everlasting covenant which is ordered in all things and sure. Nothing is left to chance. When God the Father determined in the eternal purpose to bring many sons to glory, the means were in his purpose, as well as the end; for, known unto God were all his works from the beginning of the world; all the good he meant himself to do; and all the evil he would permit to be done: our everlasting God sits upon his eternal throne, weighing out, and dispensing every link of the whole chain of second causes, from the beginning to the end of time; working all things after the counsel of his own will. How blessed, beloved brethren, is it to know, love, and enjoy, the truth as it is in Jesus! Sovereign, free, distinguishing, invincible, soul-humbling grace! that which lays the sinner in the dust of self-abasement, and self-adorrence before the throne of Jehovah, which exalts Christ as all in all in the sinner's salvation, in connection with the Holy Ghost's work upon the soul, and the Father's gift of his people to Christ. Oh, the matchless grace of God! how it has worked upon our souls! Cannot we look back, and remember the time when (in our natural state) we were enemies to God, saying in our hearts, 'Who is the Lord, that I should serve him?' When we were the servants of satan, his willing slaves, led captive at his will, living in sin, under its power, yea, it reigned over us; slaves to pleasure, balls, plays, cards, parties, dress, vanity and honour; these were our delight, our hearts were panting after these; a form of godliness we might have had, but our walk and delight was after the flesh, being the children of wrath, deserving wrath even as others. But we found in the midst of our mad career of sin and iniquity, an almighty arm arrested our course; and we found an impression made upon our spirits, which I am certain all the powers of earth or hell could not erase; for when the Holy Ghost, according to his office, convinces of sin, he gives the sinner a heart-felt sense of sin, wounds him deeply, making him feel the guilt, the burden, and the defiling nature of sin; showing him the misery threatened and the wrath he was exposed to; and he shews the sinner the purity of God's law, leads him into a deep acquaintance with his fallen, depraved nature; and will not suffer him to sit down contented with any supposed righteousness of his own, but makes him see that do whatever he will, or can, still his guilt remains. The sinner thus led under divine teaching, is, in time, given to see the matchless glory treasured up in Christ, for just such a character as he finds himself to be. In the God-man there is perfect, complete, and spotless

righteousness, which he has wrought out for every sin-sick soul that is brought to him by the Holy Ghost; and this is imputed to him; in it he stands complete before God: in the God-man there's precious blood which cleanses from all sin; for all the sins of the elect are cast into the depths of the sea; I have not room to speak of his finished work, his fulness, &c., &c. Your's in the Lord,
WM. THORP.

Christian Reviewer.

"The Doctrine of the Righteousness of Jesus Christ imputed to Believers, and the Blessedness arising therefrom: in Two Sermons, by Mr. THOMAS ATTWOOD, Minister of Charles-street, Camberwell." Published by J. Hayward, Southampton-street, Camberwell.

No deeper subject did ever occupy the pen or tongue of mortal man, or of the angelic host, than the imputation of Christ's righteousness to sinners. Our friend and brother Attwood, (in the sermons now before us,) has entered upon this momentous point in a very careful spirit; and with much clearness and simplicity (both doctrinally and experimentally) he has borne a testimony that is likely to be useful—not to divines and critical school-men—but unto such babes in Christ's fold as are asking the way to Zion.

"Remarks on the Doctrine of Baptism as a Gospel Ordinance, together with a brief Exposition of the Anti-scriptural and Apostatising Error called Infant Baptism; and the whole accompanied by an attempt to distinguish the living church of God from the apostacies and carnal systems of the world." By DR. H. S. BYRON. Brighton: W. Saunders.

THIS is a duodecimo volume of nearly two hundred pages; the compilation of which is evidently the fruit of much research, meditation, and labour. There is nothing high-flown, far-fetched, nor ambiguous; it is a plain defence of a Gospel Ordinance; illustrated by many facts of interest and value. We shall not enter upon any critical disquisition of the work: we feel pleased with its spirit and style; and consider its circulation should be encouraged by all who feel the importance of maintaining a discipline in the churches of Christ consistent with the oracles of God.

Some Account of Ebenezer Vinal's Call to the Ministry," &c., &c.

THE third part of this work (published by Palmer and Son) is now in our hands. We cannot help looking upon the work with some suspicion; nevertheless, we must acknowledge that (although the greater part of it can only be interesting to the author's family and friends,) there are some striking features in the exercises of his mind, which lead us to hope that the Lord is preparing him for a useful position

in the church of God. William Henry Charman (the head-gardener at Studley Castle, in Warwickshire,) was showing us, the other morning, his green-houses, hot-houses, gardens, &c., and among other things which deeply arrested our attention was a young vine: it had recently been planted; and it had grown so rapidly that it quickly shot its branches up to the top of the glass-house; 'I was obliged,' said our friend, 'to take my knife and cut that vine down nearly to the bottom; for,' said he, 'if I had left it thus to grow, it would perhaps have borne fruit this year; and then it is just possible that this beautiful looking vine would have been ruined for ever.' Oh, dear! what a lesson this seemed to teach us: it carries us back to the Saviour's words—'Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.' Ebenezer Vinal has had some cuttings down, and some purgings, and if the Lord has designed him for the ministry, he may be certain of this; that into the ministry he shall come; but there shall be as much opposition, persecution, and affliction as shall keep him from growing too fast, or of thinking too much of himself. Many of our readers cannot afford to purchase these expensive books, but many of them would like to see what he says of his call to the ministry: we had therefore purposed to make an extract or two; but after perusing the work again and again, and finding nothing as yet whereby his Call into the Ministry is proved, we must defer making extracts until the fourth part is published.

"*A New Year's Address; or, Glad Tidings from London, to the Faithful in Christ Jesus*, by JAMES OSBOURN, of Baltimore City." London: Houlston & Stoneman.

HERE is nearly twenty-four pages of interesting, spiritual matter for one penny. It is a brief review of the Lord's dealings with Mr. Osbourn; and an affectionate address to his friends in England, in anticipation of his return to America. It has been read with much pleasure by many.

"*Heavenly Records.*" By W. HAWKINS, Baptist Minister, Bradford, Wilts. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

THE design of these little Messengers from the Gospel Mint is good. In the preface to the first number the editor says: 'Multitudes with a zeal not according to knowledge (Rom. x. 3.) circulate MILLIONS OF TRACTS which detract from the blessed truths of the Gospel. Will lovers of Zion send among relatives, neighbours and others, truthful antidotes in the same form? To aid them, and true Gospel Societies, the RECORDS are issued.' The first number (on the nature and extent of the Gospel Mission) is *comprehensive*; the second number, entitled 'The Children of the Resurrection,' is *experimental*; and if Ministers of the Gospel, and the wealthy citizens of Zion, would countenance the distribution of Tracts of this kind, we feel persuaded their labours would not be in vain. We sincerely

trust our friend and brother Hawkins will be enabled to press forward; but we know right well that it is heavy, up-hill work.

Opening of the New Baptist Meeting; AND FORMATION OF A NEW CHURCH AT STUDLEY, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

THE above place of worship was opened on Friday, February 2nd, when public services were held afternoon and evening. Mr. C. W. Banks, Baptist minister, Crosby Row, London, preached in the afternoon; after which a public tea-meeting was held in the meeting-house, which was crowded. In the evening addresses were delivered by Mr. Banks and Mr. John Freeman, Baptist minister, of Withall Heath. On Lord's-day, March 4th, Mr. Banks preached here in the afternoon and evening. In the evening of that day a new Particular Baptist Church was formed of members who had lately withdrawn from the Baptist Church in this place, when Mr. Banks and Mr. John Freeman took part in the services. Mr. Freeman stated the nature of a Gospel Church, after which he asked one of the friends to state the leadings of Divine Providence, which had led them to desire to be united together on that occasion in church fellowship. In answer to which, Mr. John Shrimpton gave a very lucid and satisfactory statement. Mr. Banks then gave the right hand of fellowship with an affectionate address to each. Thus the holy bond of union was formed, which we trust will prove beneficial to each and glorifying to God. Mr. Banks then preached to the church from Ezekiel xxxiv. 26, 27, 28, a very affectionate and faithful discourse; after which he administered the Lord's Supper to the members; members of other churches uniting with us.

J. P. HUBBARD.

Mr. Shore's Last Sermon.

Is Mr. Shore a faithful and spiritual minister of Jesus Christ? Hearing so much noise about the Rev. James Shore, and of the persecution he is called to endure, led us to ask the above question; but no satisfactory answer could we obtain. Seeing his last sermon advertised, we purchased a copy, and carefully perused it. The text is, 'It is good for me to draw near to God'; and, although it contains no testimony of his own experience of divine things, still, it is evidently the views, the feelings, and the desires of a man that knows, and fears, and worships God: we should say, decidedly, he is a spiritual, sincere man, and one that knows what fellowship with the Father and the Son is: as such, we earnestly pray that a speedy deliverance from Exeter jail may be granted unto him: and that he may be highly honoured of our God in the ministry of the Word. One sentence is all we can give. He says: "The Spirit is that one of the adorable Trinity who at present more especially tabernacles with men. He is, as it were, the HEART, while Christ is the HEAD of the church: you will have no earnest wrestlings at the mercy-seat—no anxious desires for conformity to the Divine image—no 'following hard after God,' and no experience of that goodness derived from drawing near unto the Holy One, but as you are brought under the quickening influences of that heavenly Comforter."

“The Blood of Jesus Christ Cleanseth from all Sin.”

[Our esteemed brother Henry Langham has presented us with the following most blessed account of the love of Christ, and the mercy of God towards a poor fallen sinner: it was written by the father of the deceased; and is as follows:—]

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Since you wrote the last letter but one to me, my soul has had to wade through the deep waters of affliction, the only teachable school for the poor of Christ's flock. 'I will lead you by a way that ye have not known, and in paths that ye have not trod before,' saith our God; and truly this blessed portion of our Lord's word hath been fully made known to me. The day on which I received your letter, I was sorely tried in my mind; for word was brought me that my boy had run against an omnibus, and killed a very fine horse: the fog was very thick; my daughter Sarah, and John, my lad, were coming from market one morning, and the omnibus came galloping along, as their manner is; and came in contact with my cart, and the shaft of my cart run into the horse's bowels more than two feet; the boy was thrown out of the cart on to the shaft between the two horses, and my daughter was thrown out behind my horse's heels; the horse died in five minutes after the accident. This, then my friend, is where I stood when I received your letter. The words of poor Job came into my mind, 'Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return hither; but the issue proved (both in Job and myself) that it was old lying unbelief. I withdrew myself from my family, and went to my Lord with my trouble; and bless him, he undertook all for me; the man never came upon me for a farthing; and two gentlemen (quite unknown to me) sent me word that they would come forward for me if the man troubled me, as it was no fault of the boy's. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'

Well, my brother, we will now speak of your last letter. The very day I received it my dear child Sarah died; yes, she went to join the blood bought throng; although she had caused me many a sigh and groan to God, and many a bleeding aching heart, but now her memory is blessed; God has assured me that she is washed in the blood of the Lamb. About a month after she fell out of the cart, we perceived she got unusually stout; inasmuch, that we began to be alarmed, thinking her heart was enlarging. So my wife took her to the doctor; there the fatal secret came out that was to ring our hearts with anguish; you can better judge, than I describe the feelings of our hearts at this time; my mind was torn with contending passions. But this portion of Scripture came to me at the time, 'All things shall work together for good to

them that love God;' my blind unbelief began to question it; I said, how can this work for my good? the finger of scorn will be pointed at us; and my heart was broken: but what will not grace in the heart accomplish? My enmity was turned into grief, and I begged of the Lord to pardon my sins, for I felt myself the greatest sinner of the three. Well, things went on this manner for some weeks; my poor child was obliged (like a thief) to hide herself from every eye; but I began to discover a great difference in her conduct; she became very reserved, used to seclude herself of an evening from her sisters; and I found at these seasons she used to read her Bible. I took notice she used to look towards me and sigh, as though she had something heavy upon her mind; but did not know what, as she never opened her mind either to me or her mother.

One day as I was sitting in my bed-room, very unwell from the disease on my chest, she came to me in great grief, and said, 'O, father, I am so unhappy to-day.' 'Are you unwell?' I said. 'O, no,' she said; 'but I have been reading my Bible, and every word speaks against me; I am such a great sinner, God cannot save me.' 'That is a lie, (said I) of satan's own; for it says in this blessed book (putting my hand on the Bible) that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;' not even a Mary Magdalene is left out, though seven devils occupied her heart, but the precious blood of Jesus Christ washed her soul clean from sin; and if your soul is washed in that precious blood it will be free from all sin. All this time she wept and sobbed; but my soul was filled with gratitude to God, believing that he had given her a real concern for her soul's salvation. I asked her if I should go to prayer for her? She said, 'Yes.' I seemed grateful. I felt a liberty in my soul to plead before the Lord that he would bless her with a revelation of his precious forgiveness, and wash her guilty soul in his most precious blood. After she had opened her mind to me I perceived a very great love in this child towards me, and I found a very great wrestling in my soul for her; she became doubly dear to me; and all her sins seemed to vanish from my mind; and every time she could get an opportunity, she would sit by me, in hopes to hear of that precious Jesus whom her soul was panting after. I speak with confidence, my brother; for I believe it was so; and the end will prove it.

About a week after she first opened her heart to me, she sat in her bed room and wrote me the following letter which I wish you carefully to peruse, that I may have your opinion upon it; not that there is a shadow of a doubt in my mind about it being the work of the blessed Spirit open-

ing up the solemn realities of the righteous law of God, shewing a sinner where and how they stand in their fallen state. O, may you, my brother, be led more and more in your sermons to enforce the necessity of being out down by the law before they can know anything of justification by faith in a precious Mediator; the mere doctrines of justification by faith have become so fashionable now that it is in the mouth of the formalist, the hypocrite, and even the pharisee will acknowledge it; but when you come to ask them,—'how they became acquainted with these blessed truths—for blessed truths they are—and whether they have passed through fire and water to this wealthy place?'—they are either offended with you, or struck dumb: Thus, you discover they know nothing about the truth only in the mere notion of it. But now for the letter, which she sent by one of her little sisters, and which is as follows:—

"My dear father—I know that I am a sinner, and one of the blackest of sinners; but did not Jesus Christ die to save sinners? Yes, he did. But will he save me? O, I am too wicked to be saved. It says in the Bible, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.' Then how can I hope to be saved? Am I not one of the worst of sinners—have I not forgotten God—then how can I hope to be saved from hell? No; I must go there; and perhaps my time is near when I shall be called to judgment! How can I meet an angry God with all my sins upon my head? O, what must I think when I hear him say—'I know you not; depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' I feel it must be so with me; I have despised and hated him; yes, I sought the company of any one rather than bear his name mentioned or read; how many times have I gone to sleep, or took a book to read when you have been reading to us of an evening! I feel it now; for if I had listened to you, I never should have done what I have; no, I should have hated it. O, I have been thinking of the goodness and mercy of God in sparing me when I fell out of the cart; for if I had died then, where should I have gone to? To hell I must have gone. And can I hope to be saved from there now? I trust I can be saved by the blood of Jesus Christ—he is the alone Saviour of sinners.

"When I came home with mother that morning from Mr. Parrot's, after dinner you told me to go up stairs, and there stay; I did so; I went up and cried; but I did not cry for my sin, nor pray to God to forgive me. No; it was because you found me out in my wickedness. O, how I wished I had been killed when I was thrown out of the cart; but if I had, where should I have been now? I should have been in torments for ever and ever. On the Friday all my sins came upon me at once; I thought I must be sent to hell directly; for I could see no way to escape until I came

to you, and you told me that Jesus Christ died to save sinners; and if I was washed in the blood of Jesus Christ I should be saved; I thought I could not; so I said, 'he cannot forgive me.' I meant he *would* not forgive me, for I was too wicked. But it says, 'he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' O father, forgive and pray for your undutiful daughter,
SARAH EVE."

This, my dear brother, is a faithful copy of my child's letter to me; as a spiritual minded man, you will, by the Lord's teaching, be enabled to draw some comfortable conclusion of a real work begun upon her soul. After I had begged of the Lord to furnish me with a suitable answer, I sat down and wrote one, which appeared to afford her a ray of hope; she loved to sit and hear my brother and myself converse about our blessed Jesus; her eyes would stream with tears, and she would look and sigh, as much as to say, 'O, that I could say that he had washed my guilty soul in his precious blood;' I quite understood her, and cried and wrestled with my Lord that she might be able to say that Jesus was her Jesus.

One night, after I had been reading a letter from my brother, where he spoke of the exercises of his soul, and the precious manifestations of Jesus to his soul, which enabled him to say, 'THIS GOD IS MY GOD,' she looked towards me with streaming eyes, and said, 'O father, I wish I could speak with the confidence of my uncle; O, I wish I could say, 'this God is my God!' 'My dear child,' (I said) 'if God has given you this desire, he will assuredly answer it; he has been pleased to say, 'the desires of the righteous shall be granted.'

Mr. Graham preached one evening at my house, but she was not amongst us; for I kept her out of sight as much as I could; but after the service my brother went up into his room; and there was my poor child sitting on the stairs, bathed in tears, all in the cold, listening to the words of eternal life.

Well, her time of delivery drew on, and a very solemn time it was both for them that were about her, and herself; she had twelve hours of suffering. I did not see her until Monday, in the middle of the day, but heard my sister and her mother say, that though she suffered dreadfully, not a murmur escaped her lips; no impatience once manifested itself, but a calm resignation to the will of God that would make old christians blush; it did me; I should not have said thus much, but you know the world is seeking works in the flesh whereby they may glory; but not so with me; all my desire was to see the work of the blessed Spirit on her heart, revealing a precious Christ to her, and that is what I prayed and wrestled hard with the Lord for; and bless him, he fulfilled all my heart's desire.

On the Monday we moved her out of her room into mine, for the sake of the fire;

and as we were passing her dead infant, she turned her languid eye towards me, and said 'there lays my baby father.' 'Yes, my dear (I said,) do not fret about that.'

I felt in my own soul she was safe; but still I cried and prayed for a closer manifestation. I stood by her bed side speaking of the unchangeable and precious love of Jesus as I felt it in my own soul, when she interrupted me, and said, 'I know father, that you can speak with confidence; I know that you will go to heaven;' and, lifting up her hands, she said, 'O, that I knew that my sins were pardoned; O, that he had washed my guilty soul in his most precious blood!' 'My dear, God never did say to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain,' (said I) bless his dear name, if he puts a cry into the heart, he means to answer that cry; pray and cry to him, my dear; he will answer you in his own time.' 'I do, father,' (she said.) I left her then to get a little rest, which was so needful to her; but it pleased her heavenly Father to let her have but two hours sleep from the Friday until the Lord took her home to himself. In the evening I spent an hour with her, and read the 22nd Psalm to her; she seemed much affected at the sufferings of the blessed Jesus. She said, 'O, what must the blessed Jesus have suffered!' Though she was suffering at the time from strong inflammation in her bowels, yet her own pain for the time was forgotten in contemplating his. 'Yes, (I said,) if our dear Jesus had not suffered, we must have suffered in hell to all eternity; but bless him, he suffered that we might go free. I went to prayer with her, and I found a sweet liberty to plead for her. This was Monday evening. On Tuesday I saw her again; she was swelled up to a frightful size. All this day I had such a wrestling in my soul for her, as though I knew it was her last day: all I pleaded for was a manifestation of his forgiving love to her soul; I don't remember once pleading for her life; and, dear soul, she was pleading for the same, and at the same time; for in the afternoon, while her mother was bathing her stomach, she lifted up her eyes to heaven, and said with great energy, '*Heavenly Father, forgive me my sins!*' In the evening, about half-past eight, I saw her again; but such a change I shall never forget: there was a beautiful smile on her countenance as she offered me her hand; her cheeks were blooming like a rose, and her skin was like marble; and her eyes very bright; she looked to me like a bride adorned for her husband. I said, 'How do you do now, dear?' 'Quite happy; (she said cheerfully,) and I am going to glory?' 'Going to glory, (said I); what do you ground your hopes of going to glory upon? Is it upon anything you have said or done?' 'O, no, (she said); O, no! there is nothing but sin in me; but my Saviour has come—I have seen him—and he has assured me I shall go to heaven—and if Mr. Parrot were to come in and tell me that my soul

was departing from my body, I should rejoice; knowing I should soon be with my blessed Saviour!' Judge, my brother, of the ecstasy of my soul; words cannot express the joy of my heart; I saw all my prayers answered to my soul's satisfaction. I said, 'Has he indeed manifested his forgiveness to your poor soul?' 'Yes, he has,' she said, with all the joy and peace imaginable. 'O, bless his dear name for ever! (said I.) O, the boundless love of his heart to poor sinners! Shall I read a little?' said I to her. 'O yes, do;' she said. After I had read a few verses out of the first Epistle of John, 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God,' I felt my heart enlarged to speak of the great love of the Father in giving into the hands of his dear Son those vessels of mercy whom he would, in due time, come to save with an everlasting salvation by his blood, groans, sweat and tears; and the equal love of God the Eternal Spirit, in blessing these sin-bitten, and sin-burdened souls with the worth and value of his precious blood. Afterwards we went to prayer; and surely my heart was filled with love and gratitude to my gracious Lord for his great mercies to us both. After prayer I went to her bed-side, and took her hand; I said, 'Good night, my dear child; and if we never meet again on this earth to converse about him whom our souls love, I feel assured that we shall soon meet in that place where we shall bless and praise our blessed Jesus for what he has done for our souls.' She grasped my hand, and said, 'I KNOW WE SHALL.' This was the last time I was privileged to converse with this blood-bought vessel of mercy here; for when the nurse came to call my wife up, she said in a quick tone of voice, 'Mother move me into the middle of the bed;' as soon as she did so she saw the change, and ran and told me; I went immediately into the room, and had just time to see her take her last gasp. 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like her's.' Through the rich mercy and precious blood of my most precious Lord, I hope soon to join that glorious throng, to sing everlasting praises to my blessed Lord, who hath plucked me as well as my child from the lowest hell. I know and feel if ever I get home to glory that song that the redeemed sing will be no mystery to me; for sure I am that nothing but Almighty power could reach such a case as mine; and nothing but Almighty love could forgive such a sinner as me! This affliction has been the means of drawing me nearer to my Lord in sweet communion—my soul has gone out after him more than ever—for days I could not think or talk about anything but the great love of my Lord.

O, pray for me, my dear brother, that my Lord will not let me sink into the depths again. My dear wife has been wonderfully supported; she knows that there

is a God in Israel who hears and answers prayer.

May the Lord bless you with the richest blessings; grant you liberty to speak out of a pure heart some of the heavenly treasures, new and old to the elect of God; that the Lord may bless this to the souls of some poor wrestling Jacobs, is the prayer of

Your unworthy brother in Christ,

RICHARD EVE.

Ana-baptism :

OR, A CAUTION TO PASTORS AND DEACONS OF GOSPEL CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

MR. EDITOR,—We live in a day wherein strange doctrines are preached, and strange practices are countenanced. We have been plagued with Irvingites, Plymouth-brethren, Latter-day Saints, &c., &c., and I have recently discovered a rising disposition to *Ana*-baptism. Let me by no means be misunderstood. I am an old Anti-paedobaptist minister, and a strict communionist. I believe there are no churches organized according to the plan of the New Testament, but such churches as are composed of professed believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, who have been, on a profession of their faith baptized by immersion in water, according to our Lord and Master's commission in Matt. xxviii. 19. I hold with, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Eph. iv. 5. It is a solemn matter to "lift up the hand to the Lord," and, "to put on Christ" in baptism. My mind has thrilled when my people have been singing prior to the administration of the ordinance of baptism,

How great, how solemn is the work

Which we attend to-day!

Now for a holy, solemn frame

O God! to thee we pray.

The occasion of my writing at this time is in consequence of "A QUESTION," which is inserted in the *Earthen Vessel* for this month (April) p. 94. I do not intend to answer the question, as concerns *mixed* or *strict* communion. I have my eye to the declaration made by the party, who "solemnly and positively declares that he knew nothing of the saving grace of God, or of regeneration, at the time he was baptized; and that it was *pride*, or some other impure motive that prompted him to that act." O this is an awful confession; and I should stand in doubt of such a person, whether he knows anything of "the grace of God in truth" *now*. At one time he asks to be re-baptized: and "now he does not care about being re-baptized; in fact he has no wish for it." This is the account given. It seems many members of the church, which he proposes to join, are opposed to his re-baptization; but, the minister of the church is not opposed to it. This I am exceedingly sorry for. Gospel ministers ought to be very careful of the steps they take in such

a matter. Our opponents term us *Ana*-baptists or *Re*-baptizers, because we oppose *Infant Sprinkling*, which is indeed no baptism; and, on the contrary, baptize by immersion, professed believers, who have been so sprinkled in their infancy. Let ministers be very careful how they re-baptize one who has already been baptized on a profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ: let them see that they have good firm scriptural ground for it, arising out of some extraordinary case! before they dare venture upon it. Our Lord's ordinances are not to be trifled with. There were a sect of ancient Heretics, who arose up in Africa about the year 311, they were called *Donatists*. They held that Baptism out of their own community was null and void; accordingly they re-baptized those who joined them from other churches; and if any of their members left them for a time, and afterwards rejoined them, they were re-baptized." I have no desire for a sect of the Donatists to receive countenance in my day. In the eight examples of Baptism recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, we find no case of *Ana*-baptism: none whatever. It is true, Mr. Irons has asserted in print, that, "those who had been baptized with John's baptism, were baptized again with Christian baptism;" and he quotes Acts xix. 2—5 in proof. Andrew, in reply, said,—"It is denied that those twelve disciples were baptized again with water. They had been baptized by John in the name of the Lord Jesus. The apostle understanding from them that they had been baptized by John, he explains to them (verses 4 and 5) the nature and import of John's baptism and ministry. He informs them that John preached repentance toward God, and faith in Christ that should come after him; and made the latter as well as the former a pre-requisite to baptism: which shews that John's baptism and Christian baptism is one and the same. The whole of verses 4 and 5 in Acts xix. are the words of Paul giving an account to those twelve disciples of John's ministry and baptism. Had there been a re-baptizing of those disciples by Paul, then the 5th verse would have stood somewhat as follows,—"When they heard this account, they were baptized by Paul in the name of the Lord Jesus." But it is not so. The historian Luke, records two things; first, what Paul said, ("then said Paul,") this is in verses 4 and 5; and then what Paul did, ver. 6. "And when Paul had laid his hands on them, the Holy Ghost came on them, &c." So that they were not re-baptized with water; but the import and meaning of their baptism by water having been explained to them, (not repeated) then, by the laying on of the Apostle's hands, they were baptized with the Holy Ghost. I have been the more particular respecting Acts xix. 2—5, as it has suited the purpose of our opponents to misrepresent that passage.—I now present the reader with a case of strange and awful

Ana-baptism, as it fell under my own notice. I was sitting in my vestry, in the month of April, 1837, when two persons came to converse with me, the one of them an old man, apparently upwards of sixty years of age, the other whose name was Nathaniel Runchman, was about twenty years old. The object of the former, was to introduce the latter to me, as one of a professedly gracious experience, who wished to be baptized, and join the church under my pastoral care. The account which the young man gave, appearing satisfactory, I consented to his becoming a candidate, &c. The old man on this, seemed to wish church fellowship with us also, and gave the following account of himself, which I relate as correctly as my memory enables me.

He said—"When I was a young man I used to attend the preaching at Mr. Wesley's Chapel in the City-road. After some time I wished to join that society. The late Dr. Coke was then the principal minister there. He asked me several questions, and was about to receive me, but incidentally learning that my parents had belonged to the baptist denomination, 'O, then (said he) you have not been baptised, and I cannot receive you without baptism.' I informed him that I had no objection to be baptised. The Doctor administered what he called baptism, by pouring water on my head. As was the fashion at that time, I wore my hair tied in a sort of club behind, and the water ran down into my clubbed hair, and was so very unpleasant that I felt as though I could have struck the Doctor." [I thought this temper not a very suitable one on such an occasion, however I let him proceed.] He continued—"Shortly after, I removed my residence to White-chapel, and attended the ministry of Mr. Dan Taylor; [a noted general, or arminian baptist,] his ministry suiting me, I wished to join his church. Learning from whence I came, he said—"you have not been baptised." O yes I have was my reply. 'No, (said he) pouring water on a person is not baptism, which is only scripturally performed by immersion in water.' Well, sir (I said) if I am not baptised, I have no objection to be baptised. He then administered the ordinance, by immersing me in the water, and I joined his church. Sometime after this, I removed from Whitechapel, to reside in the Borough of Southwark, and went to hear a man of the name of J. L. Garrett, who preached in Lant-street. I thought him a wonderful preacher, and proposed myself to join his church. He heard what I had to say, and gave it as his opinion that I was not yet baptised. The pouring [he said] was no baptism; and although Mr. Taylor had immersed me in water, yet my faith then was a dead faith. I was then an Arminian, and was baptised by a free-will Arminian; but now I was a living man, &c. &c. Well sir (I said) if I am not yet baptised, I wish to be so. On this I was immersed a second time. It was not long before I removed again, and coming to reside near Aldersgate-street, I heard a

person who then preached at a place called Trinity Chapel in that street. I now wished to join his people. He heard what I had to say; and gave it as his judgment, that, my pouring was no baptism; that my immersion by Mr. Taylor was no baptism; and, he added, 'If you was a living man when Garret baptised you, the notoriety of the character of that man was such, that you might as well have been baptised by the devil.' In a word, he pronounced me to be unbaptised; and, on my consenting, I became immersed by him a third time! If I had at all objected, the man was evidently fully prepared to be immersed a fourth time! It is not too harsh to say of such men in the strong language of the late Mr. John Martin of Kepple-street; 'Baptised infidels! ye are worse for mending; washed to fouler stains!'

However, though I have always been a decided baptist; yet as I had no sort of inclination to become an Ana-baptist, i. e. a Re-baptiser;—the old man went his way. Young Runchman continued with us about 18 months, when he took to rambling hither and thither, and was separated from the church. Ultimately he became enamoured of a preacher at Somers's Town, who immersed him a second time, on the plea that this former baptism was administered by a letter-preacher. Your's &c.

April 13, 1848.

STRICTUS.

A GODLY man is an epicure in Christ, he would never play the epicure but in Christ and in God; in them, and towards them he gives his affections their full swing; and as a wicked man is said to enlarge his desires after the earth, as hell, (Heb. ii. 5.) so he enlarges his desires after heaven, as heaven, and complains his desires are no larger. In the thoughts of Christ, he sits down and would take his fill; he saith, 'I am safe in him—I am quiet and at rest;' he saith to his soul, 'Dost thou see THAT Christ—and dost thou see THOSE promises? Thou hast goods laid up in Him in them for many years, yea, for eternity; soul, take thine ease; take it fully; thou hast riches—thou hast an estate that can never be spent: soul, eat, drink, and be merry; his blood is drink indeed, and his flesh is meat indeed; joy in Christ is joy indeed—unspeakable joy here, and fullness of joy hereafter;' 'in his presence there is fullness of joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore.' Until the soul pitches thus on Christ, it is not in safety, much less in rest or quiet. As the needle in the compass is in continual motion till it points towards the north, where (as it is conceived) there are rocks of loadstone with which it sympathiseth, so the soul is in continual motion until it points to Christ, who, we are sure, is that living Rock with whom all believers sympathise, and the true Loadstone which attracts all believers to him. A believer, like Noah's dove, finds no rest, all the world over, for the feet of his soul, until he returns to this Ark of safety and salvation.—Caryll.

A Self-righteous Pharisee

BROUGHT DOWN INTO THE LOW DUNGEON;
AND FROM THENCE RAISED TO
GOSPEL LIBERTY AND IMMORTAL GLORY.

DEAR BROTHER:—I send you the following short narrative of a poor woman deeply tried, but wonderfully delivered in the day of God's power; the Lord make it useful to some of his 'banished ones.'

Mrs. Mary Orton, (the subject of this memoir) was a poor woman, industrious and very moral. Her residence was at South Kilworth, a village in Leicestershire, five miles from Lutterworth; she was the mother of ten children; and it was with very great pleasure I witnessed the tender regard, and unremitting attention of these sons and daughters to their poor afflicted parent.

Mrs. Orton was an obedient daughter to old mother Church; and for many years attended strictly to her duties. Mrs. O. believed she was very good; she read the prayer-book; went to church every Sunday; made a very low courtesy when she met the minister; and responded, 'We beseech thee to hear us good Lord;' 'Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law,' with the parish clerk. Thus she went her weekly round—a blind, self-righteous pharisee, trusting in her works, and despising the truth and people of God; so much so, that though her next door neighbour had a little meeting, Mrs. Orton would not go over the threshold on the evening the meeting was held. But this poor woman was a vessel of mercy, 'predestinated to be conformed to the image of Jesus,' therefore she could not be left to perish in mother Church's ceremonial deception, nor be smothered in the ditch with the blind guide.

It pleased the Lord, when she was upwards of fifty-three years old, to convince her of sin. God the Holy Ghost applied the law to her soul, and when the commandment came with divine power, 'Sin revived and she died.' The sight she had of herself, a filthy polluted wretch in the Lord's presence was overwhelming; she tried to procure peace by double duty, and self mortification; but divine justice, with its inflexible demand, like thunder, and a terrible hail storm, swept away her refuge of lies, and she found she had no 'hiding place;' and experience taught her to understand a little of the good man's meaning, 'While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted.' The poor creature now began to tell the people what an awful sinner she was; and went from house to house to tell her friends she was lost for ever, and that her damnation was sure, and that the Almighty would be just in sending her to hell. These wonderful statements of Mrs. Orton soon reached the ears of her old friend, the rector; and his

lady visited her: and told her she was very unwell, and she must read the prayers for the sick, and prepare herself to take the sacrament. Poor Mary said, 'Oh, ma'am, what such a wicked wretch as I take the sacrament? I cannot—I could not do it for all the world!' They visited the poor woman many times to make her fit for the sacrament; but they could not make her say she was holy and good; she told the blind guide she was lost and ruined for ever; there was no hope for her from anything she could do, nor from anything mortals could do for such a wicked wretch as she felt she was; for she said, 'I feel I get worse and worse every day.' So the priest and his lady gave her up, telling her she was insane. And the poor dear creature, from the view of her villainess, and Jehovah's holiness, sunk fathoms, until she was unable to attend to her domestic affairs. And in this distracted state she was taken to a doctor, to seek relief from medicine. The doctor examined, pitied her, and candidly told her that her complaint was 'fever upon the brain.' She tried medicine for some time, but it was all in vain; she grew nothing better, but rather worse; her case was pronounced incurable, and was given up as a decided case of insanity; and this poor afflicted woman was left to wander about the village and fields an object of misery and distress. The church now appeared to her the 'synagogue of satan;' she had no faith in its forms, no hope in herself, and not one ray of hope from God; and she was hunted daily with one awful temptation; it was as if she heard a voice, an hundred times every day speaking to her, 'DESTROY YOURSELF — DESTROY YOURSELF. *Do it now! Do it now!*' And she used to rush out of the house into the street to get away (as she said) from the devil, that hunted her.

The good Lord has, in the village of South Kilworth, a very small part of 'the remnant according to the election of grace;' and poor Mrs. Orton would often visit the houses of these persecuted people to tell her sorrows, temptations and distress; and she said, satan had not so much power over her while she was near to them; and sometimes these people would talk to her about Jesus, and salvation by free, unmerited, unconditional grace and mercy; but poor Mary would say, 'Ah, you know not what a wicked wretch I am; there is no mercy for me; I am a reprobate; and am shut up in black despair.' She had one son at home; he kept a dog; and the poor creature would sit and look at the dog, and talk to herself; mourn, and envy the dog while he slept quietly by the fire, wishing she was a dog like him, and then she would rest a little; but alas for her, she had no rest night nor day.

One of the good people in a house Mrs.

Orton visited, (he was a labouring man,) had a very bad leg; and, poor dear woman, she said it was all because she went there, for she was such a wicked wretch the curse of the Lord followed her, and she wept much at being the cause of the poor man's suffering.

Yes, my reader, this poor woman continued in this afflicted state of mind for more than three years. And what tongue could tell, or pen describe the trial, temptation, and deep cutting suffering she waded through these three years? But the voice of the Almighty spake, 'Thus far shalt thou go.' There is a time for the deliverance of the poor afflicted sons and daughters of the Lord; and Mrs. Orton was a living witness of the power of God the Spirit. 'He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.' The Lord had ordained better things for her, even the enjoyment of pardon, peace, and liberty, in, and through the complete salvation of Jesus.

It pleased the Lord to put it into the heart of the poor man who has been named with the bad leg, to open his house for the preaching of the gospel, and the writer was invited to preach once a month in this mud walled cottage; the invitation was willingly accepted; and a free grace gospel has been preached in this house for more than eight years. After the preaching had been continued some time, poor Mrs. Orton ventured into the house one preaching night; and here I think it right to say that I had not heard of Mrs. Orton's case, nor did I know she was in the house, but the Lord's set time was come to bless the poor woman; therefore, she was constrained to come; and the writer was directed to speak from John xx. 15, 'Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?' And while the writer was painting out the Lord's weepers, and mourners, and the dear Saviour's love, tenderness, and compassion towards such characters, the Lord was there; God the Holy Spirit applied the word to the poor dear afflicted woman; her heart was melted; the dreadful chains that had bound her fast for years burst assunder; she felt her sins all pardoned, her soul saved, the devil defeated, her faculties all restored, and went from the meeting 'rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.' Yes, my dear reader, she told me afterwards it was as if a very heavy weight was taken from her poor heart, and it lifted right up. Here is a testimony to the divine Person of the Holy Spirit. Should this plain narrative fall into the hands of a person who denies the distinct personality of God the Spirit, I would ask such person, What short of the Omnipotent power of the Mighty God could effect such a wonderful conversion? She had despaired for years; she came to the house, as she said, to turn away from the devil's temptation; but she had no

hope of hearing anything to do her good. She declared she neither asked for a blessing, nor expected one; she looked for nothing but hell; the Holy Ghost gave her Christ in her heart, the hope of glory. And such was the effect of the Holy Spirit's witness with her spirit of her interest in the love of God, that from this wonderful night she never manifested one symptom of insanity. A few weeks after her deliverance I had my first conversation with this poor woman. She told me her experience of the judgment and mercy of the Lord in a solemn manner indeed; and truly my soul trembled, and my heart melted to hear what the Lord had done for her. She was now a most decided woman for the truth; she was no friend to that long pruning system of preaching, just cutting off the extreme end of a few long branches; she firmly advocated close cutting; the more characteristic and discriminating, the better she liked it. Mary often said to the writer, 'Oh, sir, cut close; you will offend the devil, and drive out the empty professors, but God's own people will be established, and they will love it.'

Her long affliction of mind acted upon her body, and brought her into a bad state of health; and the dear woman had two cancers, one in each breast, yet the Lord supported her, and she would sometimes walk to Lutterworth, five miles, to hear the gospel. The highly honoured servant of God, Mr. Gadsby, preached one week evening at Lutterworth; and though Mary was very unwell, she would come and hear him; the Lord greatly blessed her in hearing him, but she was so weak that some friends led her part of the way home. She told me many times how satan had been hurling his fiery darts at her; she knew the meaning of that text, 'thou hast thrust sore at me, that I might fall, but the Lord helped me.'

It was about three years from the night of her wonderful deliverance, when the pains and discharge from the cancers in her breast confined her to the house; and in a few weeks she took to her bed. I visited her many times: indeed, I found it such a privilege to spend an hour with this tried saint, I longed for an opportunity to go. Upon her death-bed she had, at times, sharp conflicts with the enemy; yet she was defended and upheld by the 'Mighty God of Jacob,' so that I was astonished to find her firm, established, and settled; there was nothing wild, nor did I find her raised up into raptures of faith; yet her sober, experimental, unctuous conversation, caused a melting of heart and union of spirit to the poor woman. I remember going one day, she seemed very much roused, I enquired the cause; she said, 'Why sir, that young lad has been to see me; (meaning a young curate at the church, not from Oxford,) he wanted me to

take the sacrament; I told him I did not want that from him; so he went off about his business, and I trust he will never come to me again.' On another occasion, I was going to see Mrs. Orton, and it came into my mind, that she seemed very firm in her hope of interest in Jesus, I will probe her, and see if it is possible to shake her faith in the matter. Entering her chamber, I said, 'Well, Mrs. Orton, how do matters stand between you and the Lord now?' She replied, 'All right, I hope, I trust, sir, it is all right.' I then said, 'But have you no doubts and fears about it? If it should be a delusion after all, it would be a very solemn thing.' This appeal touched her; she turned round in the bed, fixed her eyes full upon me, and said, 'Delusion! delusion! No, no; it is not a delusion. Why, sir, when I look back at the state I was in for years, I felt in myself I was lost; I did not expect the Lord could save me. I was lost to my family, I could not attend to them; I was lost to the world, I might have gone and drowned myself, nobody would have wondered at that; but the night I came to the meeting, the devil had been tempting me all day; I thought I will go down to the house where the meeting is, and he won't have so much power over me there; I came down; but while I was hearing you, it came with power to my soul; I felt my sins all pardoned, my burden all gone, and I was happy; and it was as if my heart lifted right up; and from that night to this moment I have not lost my hope in the Lord; and I feel the dear Lord precious this minute. Now, sir, I could not do all this for myself—you could not do it—and the devil would not do it, if he could, for he kept me in bondage as long as he could. Why, sir, it is plain to me, the Lord, bless his name, has done it all for me, and what does it matter to any body else? After the dear woman had done speaking, she kept her eyes fixed upon me, as much as to say, 'You deny it if you can.' I turned my face to the wall, ashamed, confounded, and humbled: and learned a lesson, never again to attempt to rob God's dear tried children of consolation he has sealed in their souls. It appeared, soon after this, Mrs. Orton's end was near. She thought she was dying one Sunday, and said to a female friend, 'I shall not see your husband again in this world, but you tell him I shall meet him in glory, and we two will sing louder than any of them; she lived a month after this time; a female friend who was much with her, said, 'Now Mrs. Orton, if you feel this assurance in death, and cannot speak, give us a sign by holding up your hand.'

On the day of her death there were a few friends standing round her bed, they saw her moving her head, as if anxious to see some one; the friend who asked for the sign of

assurance in death, leaned over the bed, and looked in her face; the moment the dying christian saw her, she held up both her hands in token of victory, and died in a few minutes, having an abundant entrance into the kingdom of Jesus: 'the days of her mourning all ended.'

"All her sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n."

My dear departed friend had selected a portion of God's Word, with a request that I would speak from it after her funeral; it was 2 Sam. xiv. 14, 'Yet doth he devise means that his banished ones be not expelled from him.'

I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to give you this plain narrative in the words of the poor woman, because I very much object to the decorative art generally used to 'set off' an obituary. R. DE FRAINE.

Lutterworth, April 12, 1849.

Luther on Faith.

LUTHER at first explains the power of faith to make the christian free. Faith unites the soul with Christ, as a bride with the bridegroom. Everything that Christ has becomes the property of the believer; everything that the believer has, becomes the property of Christ. Christ possesses all blessings, even eternal salvation; and these are thenceforth the property of the believer; the believer possesses all vices and all sins, and these become thenceforth the property of Christ. A happy exchange now takes place; Christ, who is God and man, Christ who has never sinned, and whose holiness is invincible; Christ, the Omnipotent and Eternal, appropriating to himself, by his wedding ring, that is to say, by faith, all the sins of the believer; these sins are swallowed up in him and annihilated; for no sin can exist in the presence of his infinite righteousness. Thus, by means of faith, the soul is delivered from all sins, and invested with the eternal righteousness of Jesus Christ, the Bridegroom! O, happy union! Jesus Christ the rich, the noble, the holy Bridegroom, takes in marriage this poor, guilty, contemned bride, delivers her from all evil, and decks her in the richest robes. Christ, a King and Priest, shares this honour and glory with all christians. The christian is a king, and consequently possesses all things, he is a priest, and consequently possesses God; and it is faith, not works, which procures him this honour; the christian is free from all things, and above all things, faith giving him everything in abundance. The law says, 'Do this;' and what it commands is never done. Grace says, 'Believe in him, and lo, all things are accomplished.'

A TRIUMPHANT DISPLAY OF THE POWER OF DIVINE GRACE IN THE
Last Illness and Death of Mr. Isaac Jones, late of March Fenn.

DEAR BROTHER:— I promised in my last, (that if no more competent person than myself undertook the task,) to give some little account of the last illness and death of Mr. I. Jones, late of March Fenn. And in so doing, I shall not attempt to give a biography of his life, but principally confine my remarks to an obituary, or brief account of his death. Although, of his life it may be truly said, 'He lived the gospel he professed,' or, that 'he was a living epistle of that gospel known and read of all men.' And his death was a most triumphant display of the power, the grace, the unctuous anointing of the Holy Ghost, and the faith of Christ as centre in Christ; and the preciousness of Christ to a believer, as the world is receding, heaven opening, and eternal glory unfolding to the enraptured gaze, to whom those lines of Watts were truly applicable—

"Then while you hear my heart-strings
How sweet my minutes roll; [break,
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul."

Yes; my departed and much lamented brother, (may I not rather say envied brother?) lived and died a christian indeed. While living, his house and heart were open to receive any or all of the ministers of Christ when travelling that way, as no doubt many of your correspondents can testify. In truth, he was a primitive christian; he obeyed the apostolic injunctions, as first, distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality. Secondly, a lover of hospitality; a lover of good men; sober, just, holy, temperate, holding fast the faithful word, as he had been taught. Thirdly, with Peter, use hospitality one to another, without grudging as he had received the gift even so did he minister the same as a good steward of the manifold grace of God. And fourthly, in God's house, as an officer, (a deacon) he exemplified the character. He was grave, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre, holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience, ruling his children and his own house well. And to enable him thus to act, the good Lord had blessed him with a help-meet indeed—with a partner in life both temporal and spiritual—in the domestic scene, and in the house and worship of God—the urbanity and suavity of her manner, and language to the ministers and people of God, was just such as became the wife of such a husband. 2 Kings iv. 8. Well, read that and the three following verses, and there you have the portrait of a great woman—of great kindness—great and manifested care and anxiety for the comfort and well-faring of the ministers and saints of God. But there

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are some who say, you should not praise the living, and others say you should not praise the dead. Well, then, we will render praise to whom it is justly due; and say, to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein they were made accepted in the Beloved, and kind to the objects of God's love.

As the residence of my much esteemed and departed friend was at a distance from me, namely eleven miles, I had not an opportunity of seeing him in his last or departing illness; indeed, his death was rather sudden; although he had been gradually sinking and wasting by an atrophy, or nervous debility. He occasionally worshipped with us at Zion Chapel, Peterborough, as I had been favoured with his acquaintance and friendship for about eighteen years; but he more frequently attended the ministry of Mr. Holland, at Zion Chapel, Whittlesea, to which he was nearer by six miles; and Mr. Holland preached a funeral sermon on Sunday afternoon, March the 11th, as our friend died on Tuesday morning, the 6th, and was buried on Friday, the 9th; and I made a few remarks upon the subject, on the Sunday evening. What further I have to relate, respecting my departed friend, will be by giving a very short outline, or epitome of the sermon preached on the account of his death, interspersed with a few things that have come to my knowledge since.

Psalm cii. 23, 24. "He weakened my strength in the way, he shortened my days. I said, O, my God, take me not away in the midst of my days, thy years are throughout all generations."

I shall not attempt system, or make any divisions of the text, but make a few remarks, and deduce a few inferences from them, as may be applicable to the present occasion. This Psalm was penned (if by David) as descriptive of the exercises and afflictions of the people of God, and is to be considered as prophetic, rather than personal, or with reference to himself only. The title of this psalm is singularly important as descriptive of its contents. 'A prayer of the afflicted, when he is overwhelmed and poureth out his complaint before the Lord;' as such, it is applicable, and may be applied to any of the Lord's afflicted ones, as all the people of God are more or less—for many are the afflictions of the righteous, either outwardly or inwardly, in body, or in their good name and character, or with the corruptions of their own hearts, the temptations of satan, or the Lord's hiding his face. O, this is indeed a time for prayer! and it is their privilege that they have a God of grace and mercy to pray unto, and a throne of grace to come to at all times, a spirit of grace and supplication to assist them, and Christ

P

their Advocate, Intercessor, and High Priest to present their petitions for them. Yes, even when brought or driven to the ends of the earth—when their heart is overwhelmed, pressed with the burden of sin without a view of pardon—surcharged with satanic suggestions or divine deserts—covered with shame and sorrow—overwhelmed, like to an extinguisher put upon a candle—the light seems to be put out, and they grovelling in the dark—or they are overset, overthrown like a cart pressed with sheaves, turned aside down—ah! this is the time for prayer! help, Lord, help! Lord, save, or I perish! Or, at other times, filled with confusion, or sinking in deep waters—afflictions like waves and billows, roll over him, deep calling unto deep at the noise of the overwhelming water-spouts—he now pours out his complaint before the Lord, he endeavours to shew, to set before him his trials, afflictions, and overwhelming sorrows. O, hear him complain of the vileness, the naughtiness of his heart! he is cast down and wounded. Well, now, at your leisure, read the psalm till you come to the tenth verse, 'Because of thine indignation and thy wrath, for thou hast lifted me up and cast me down.' He now complains of deadness, darkness, unbelief, want of help and comfort. 'O, Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.' But to come to the text:—

'He weakened my strength.' The psalmist here returns to the complaint of his sorrows, weakness, and frailty; and he says the Lord has done it by his chastening rod or hand, which weakens the strength and vigour both of body and mind—dispirits and enfeebles the whole man—many pains and aches, many a blow from the hand of God, and from the hand of men by God's permission. Thus through many, or much tribulation they pass, to enter the kingdom of heaven; and by these he shortened my days, which he had thought he should live, or looking to the age which others arrive at, or are spared unto, or which I, if health had been given, might have lived upon earth; for otherwise, with respect to the decrees and purposes of God, He has fixed the bounds of man's days that they cannot be shorter nor longer than they are. Job xiv. 5. But what the psalmist here apprehends for himself is sometimes the case with other good men. He weakens their strength in the way, and takes them away in the midst of their days, as was the case with our departed friend, (and also of one whose death I wrote an account of just two years ago) this month, there appears something mysteriously strange when men of truth and probity, which to us seem as if they were necessary, that they are really wanting both in the church and in their own families, and yet are taken away, cut off in the midst of their days; and we gaze and grieve, and are puzzled at the dispensations. But can or may we enquire into the reason of such a dispensation, and see what account

can be given of it? No; God giveth not to man an account of these matters; he says, 'Be still, and know that I am God; shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' Yes; in these dispensations there is divine sovereignty; 'he doeth whatsoever he pleases in the armies of heaven, and the inhabitants of the earth; there is none can stay his hand, nor say unto him, what doest thou?' He is an Almighty, an absolute Sovereign; he is the arbiter of life and death, but he is infinitely perfect, he cannot err, do wrong, or make mistake; his sovereignty extends to all the circumstances of life—our birth, abode, relations, and conditions. (See Acts xvii. 26.) Well, then, doth Solomon say, to every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven—'a time to be born and a time to die.' But here is divine wisdom from the only wise God, We are born mortal and under the sentence of death; we have the seeds of mortality or death in our nature; 'we must needs die; we are under the sentence of the violated law, and liable to the execution of it every moment from our birth to our dissolution. It must be executed some time or other; but in mercy and wisdom the time and the season is unknown to us; therefore it is a point of divine wisdom at what period, and under what circumstances it shall take place whether in youth, in middle, or old age.

In the midst of bereaving dispensations, such as we are now considering, we are apt to forget the all-sufficiency of Jehovah, by which he will shew and prove that he can do without those that we may think are requisite and necessary for the carrying on, maintaining, and supporting the cause of God. When the Lord is pleased to take away an active and useful person, we are prone to despond in such a case, to tremble for the interest of religion in such a place, and the welfare of a family—the widow deprived of a kind husband, and the children of a solicitous and anxious father; but God will prove that he is all sufficient in each and every case and circumstance. But with respect to our departed friend and brother, while his outward man decayed his inward man was renewed day by day; although his strength was weakened by the way, and the Lord was evidently about to shorten his days; and at times he might cry out, 'take me not away in the midst of my days,' while looking at the dear partner of his life, and the objects of their mutual love and affection, ten in number, a numerous progeny, his heart had often failed him, but for the hope he had in his God, and his faith and trust in his word and promises, and that he was a faithful God, and what he had promised he was able also to perform; he had not only read, but received and believed the words of Jesus, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' So that he could say with David as in the 62nd Psalm, 'Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from him cometh my salvation; he

only is my Rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be moved. In God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength and my refuge is in God. Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him.' Selah. When a believer is thus waiting upon, and hoping in God for salvation, it shews that this hope is his grand support under all the afflictions, trials, disappointments, and discouragements he meets with by the way—he endures, as seeing him who is invisible, whom, having not seen, he loves; and against hope believeth in hope—many a thing, both within and without, tend to oppose this hope; such as remaining corruptions, fiery temptations, worldly prosperity, worldly troubles, or daily converse with sensible objects. But though often cast down, hope is not destroyed, but like an anchor, sure and steadfast, it entereth within the veil.

“Each trial fills the appointed place,
And each well understood,
In spite of every foe, shall prove
A messenger of good.”

How many, in the sharpest trials, have sung, ‘God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; living not only in the hope of, but in the enjoyment of salvation, gives solace, support, and comfort to the mind under all the adverse blasts of providence, and enables the soul to outride the severest storm; it renders the heaviest affliction comparatively light, and enables the believer to shout, ‘These light afflictions which are but for a moment.’ &c. Such is the life of a saint. He has such an abiding sense of his lost condition as to exclude every idea of help from himself. But, being favoured with some happy discoveries of the mercy, grace, and salvation of God, which is held out to him in the promise—the hold he has of that promise by the hand of faith, supports the mind, and he is borne up and carried safely through all the adverse trials he meets with. And what, though heaviness may endure for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning. Yea, when God sees fit, ‘at evening time it shall be light,’ as was the case with our departed friend. When laid upon his dying bed, he exclaimed, ‘This bed has often been to me a bed of cares and sorrows, but is now a bed of joy and rejoicing.’

“A Father’s love may raise a frown,
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love can ne’er destroy;
The hour of darkness is but short,
God through the night is our support,
And morning brings the joy.”

Having lived, and now dying in the expectation of God’s salvation, he now looked upon death as a period to all his sorrows—temptations nor trouble of any kind can follow him no longer—he lays down the body of sin and death to bear the burden no more—dying, he resigns every thing

but his hope; and that contained a treasure to enrich him for ever. He is to sigh to sorrow no more for ever; for the days of his mourning are now brought to a conclusion, his warfare is ended, the battle fought, the victory gained. ‘O death where is thy sting?’ Tears are all wiped away. He calls his wife and children round the bed—and in the most kind, tender, affectionate and parental language he warns, and cautions them against the evil of sin and the world, to pay all dutiful regard to their mother, and to make the Word of God their study and follow its precepts and commands.

May we learn to reflect upon the life and death of the righteous ‘to mark the perfect, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.’ His life was an honour to the doctrines he professed, and his death is a confirmation that there is a reality in religion: and this reality is divine, it is spiritual, it is heavenly, it is God-like, for God himself is the author and the finisher of it; the mere speculative, superficial professor being unacquainted with the nature and powerful operation and influence of the grace and Spirit of God in his own soul, is envious and jealous; he does not like to hear of real experimental and practical religion, as evinced and demonstrated in the life and death of a real professor of vital godliness. But how it cheers the heart, comforts the mind, and elevates the soul of the real believer to hear of the achievements, the triumphs of faith, as evidenced in the dying moments of a fellow christian. He attributes it all to divine power and faithfulness, and not to the creature. Therefore, in what we have said, and may further say, we ascribe it to the God of all grace, who, as Peter says, has called us unto his eternal glory, by Christ Jesus, who, after we have suffered awhile, will make us perfect, stablish, strengthen and settle us. The formalist may grow with the wheat as the tares for a season, but their end is to be burned. And what can the world do for its votaries when death comes to lay its cold hand upon them? It retires, withdraws all its charms, and all its deluding hopes in a moment; it leaves him to grapple alone with the king of terrors. Not so religion; which comes from, and leads to God; it steps forward with its friendly aid, supports and comforts in a sinking hour, and shews that ‘Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.’

We now come to the last particular—‘Thy years are throughout all generations,’ or as the 27th verse, ‘But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.’ These words are expressive of the eternity of God and of Christ, amidst all the fluctuating and changing scenes of mortal life, and that life drawing to a close. Thus our dear friend might say, ‘I die, but Jesus lives. I am about to leave the partner of my life, and the hitherto sharer of my troubles, the mother of my children, ten

in number. But the time of my change is come, and my departure is at hand; thy days and years are the same; he is the eternal I am, the unchangeable Jehovah, immutable in his nature and perfections in his love and affection to his people. I know he loves my wife; and who can tell but he may love my children? I commit them unto him; it is in his power to keep them; in his wisdom to guide and direct them; in his righteousness to clothe them, and render them acceptable to God; in his blood to cleanse them and speak peace and pardon to them; in his fulness to supply them. Yes, dear Lord; thou hast said, (Jer. xlix. 11.) 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.' And again, 'I will be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless; and I know he will fulfil his word.'

It was now evident that his end was near; but faith was in exercise, and he exclaimed, 'Tell Holland to preach Christ as all and in all.' And from that passage did our brother preach a faithful sermon to a numerous, attentive, and much affected congregation. One thing more, respecting our departed friend—Dying, surrounded by his friends, he repeated with glowing ecstasy, the 75th hymn of the second book of Watts's—

"From thee my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds;
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds."

O, methinks I hear his well-known voice, and emphatic manner! If I have coveted any man's gift of late, it was his of giving out hymns. There was nothing of that bawling, drawling noise, which some think is so impressive—nothing of that hollow sepulchral tone, which others think is solemnity—there was nothing of that monotonous school-boy intonation—but, with a serious, reverential awe, a sweet cadence and proper emphasis, every word seemed to fit and tell, and was felt and fed upon by speaker and hearer. O, then hear the dying man!—

"The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave."

Then he dwelt upon, and repeated the sixth verse—"Millions of years!" Yes—

"Millions of years, my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love!"

Thus, fully ripened by grace, our brother came to his grave like a shock of corn—after being exposed to many a storm; beset and entangled with many a weed; subsisting under many a dark and frowning sky; weighed down under many a heavy shower; at length it is ripened and housed safe from every danger.

Peterboro, April, 1849. JOHN CARTER.

A GOOD MAN'S ACCOUNT OF The Work of Grace In his Soul.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS— I hope these few lines will find you in the enjoyment of all spiritual blessings, holding sweet fellowship one with another; and this arising from your holding fellowship with God the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. I still feel myself a poor, guilty, weak, sinful, helpless worm; there is nothing good in me except God has put it there; I am not sufficient of myself to think a good thought, but all my sufficiency is of God; and it is my happy lot, (all praise to divine grace) to enjoy many foretastes of heaven, while sojourning in this world of sin and sorrow. And all my trials, perplexities, and cares, what are they? They will soon all be over, and I shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb. The name of Jesus is the sweetest of all themes to my soul while here; it is the name of Jesus that sweetens every bitter cup of trials; it is the name of Jesus that has borne me up, and will still bear me up above the world and its persecutions, and enable me to testify to them that I am born of God; this Redeemer is my only refuge, and will be for evermore; in his embraces I have lived, in his embraces I shall die, and in his presence I shall dwell to all eternity. 'I know my sheep,' says our blessed Lord, 'and am known of mine.' And, blessed be his name, I know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death. But, my friends, I have found some severe discipline, before I was thus permitted to behold my once dying, but now exalted Lord. And alas, we need it, we need it to wean and crucify us to this present world, we need putting in the furnace very often, that we may be purged from our dross, to make the gold shine brighter and brighter. The Lord says he will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly; so that if he sees affliction a good thing, we shall have it; if persecution and trial be good things we shall have them; if darkness of mind and feeling the power of indwelling sin be good things to lay us in the dust of self-abasement at his feet, and shew us that all our springs are in him, we shall have them; and if the light of heaven shining into our souls be a good thing to shew us the power of Almighty grace, the glorious enjoyment of heaven, while on earth, and the assurance that we shall one day meet our Redeemer there, we shall have this blessing too. The Lord will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly. I have for the last few years at times, been much blessed with the divine presence, and my mind so enraptured with the glory and blessedness of heaven, and the love of a dear Redeemer, that no words that I can use, can give a correct statement of my feelings. I have been to Gethsemane and to Calvary—and

there had fellowship with my Lord in his sufferings; and when I have followed him from the cross to his mediatorial throne—floods of light have darted into my mind, as if I saw the Lord Jesus standing before his Father's throne as my intercessor—the blessed Spirit seemed to unfold to me the mysteries of redeeming love, and apply to my soul the precious promises of the gospel, just suited to me, as a guilty sinner—my sins were all gone—the world with all its cares beneath my feet—the language of my heart was this—'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee.' But after such enjoyment the devil has tried to come upon me with redoubled force, and has often tried to lay such snares for me as should catch me almost before I was aware; when the Holy Spirit has shewn me his craft, and held me back, as it were, from getting ensnared by this subtle foe; and I then could sing—

"Though hell and sin resist my course,
Yet hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Our Jesus nail'd them to his cross,
And sang the triumphs when he rose."

Sin and unbelief, my friend, often rob me of these precious blessings. Sometimes my Beloved is gone, and I cannot find him; when on my knees at a throne of grace, I cannot feel that nearness to him as I want, nor that sweetness of divine love animating my soul as when I am brought near to him; this brings me again with weeping and supplications at his feet, determined to give him no rest till I again feel myself embraced in his everlasting arms; I have kept on praying for days and days with this resolution, till I have again felt light break in upon my soul, my heart touched with love divine; I hear the voice of my Beloved come leaping over the mountains and skipping over the hills, dispersing from my mind these clouds of darkness; and again I hold sweet communion with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. The elect must never expect any cessation of arms on this side the grave; our enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil are all busy at work against us, rousing up all they can, the evil lusts and passions of fallen nature; and though the devil cannot destroy, he is ever determined to distress the children of God. But when he has done all he can the church stands the same—complete in Christ her head, 'fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'

I am like Mr. Osbourn—I love to tell of the triumphs of almighty grace over the devil and sin; there is a fulness in Christ suited to the most wretched sinner's case. I am a vile, hell-deserving sinner by nature and practice; but what a blessed declaration meets me here!—'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth from all sin.' All my best performances are mixed with sin; but we read again, 'If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righte-

ous, who is the propitiation for our sins. I am ignorant; but 'if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.' Brethren, do you not often drink at these refreshing streams? 'There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.' These streams flow into my soul in various ways;—sometimes when reading the Bible; sometimes when in my closet; sometimes in conversing with a friend, for I meet with here and there a traveller bound for endless bliss, who is ready to confess that he is a stranger and pilgrim on the earth.

I often long to be in heaven, where I can sing with Dr. Watts—

"Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor satan break my peace again."

My soul was wonderfully melted down a few weeks ago. I went to see my mother, who was ill; and this brought me near to the spot where my grandmother offered up so many fervent prayers for me on her dying bed; and it seemed all brought afresh to my memory that day, as if it had just happened. She told me before she died, that she was a pardoned sinner, and she was going to heaven, to dwell with Jesus; and she begged of God that I might meet her there; she prayed that I might find the Lord Jesus to be a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, as she had done; and that I might never be ashamed of his name in this world; but acknowledge him in all my ways; and I have lived to see the prayers of this dying saint answered in my own experience. I was by myself a good while that day, and my thoughts took their flight within the veil; my conversation was in heaven; I turned mine eyes upon this world, and thought within myself, 'all things here must one day perish; what are all your grandeurs, your riches, your pleasures, which mortals so much prize? One five minutes such blessedness as I now enjoy outweighs you all! This is pleasure which I shall never know to the full extent till I get to glory; 'in his presence there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore.' The apostle says, in the second chapter of Colossians, 'Ye are complete in him.' If there is ever a poor trembling distressed child of God among you, just look over this and remember it speaks the same language to the weakest member of Christ's body. What can we want more? Yea, what can we have more? 'Ye are complete in him which is the head of all principality and power. We are subject to so many changes, but he never changes. He still says, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' O, what matchless love, what infinite condescension, what amazing grace that the Lord of life and glory should thus bear with us guilty sinners! This love has so overpowered me at times, that

I have been lost in wonder, love, and praise in contemplation of the wondrous love, death, and sufferings of my agonizing Lord; my eyes have been bathed in tears; my soul melted down at his feet; abhorred myself in dust and ashes; wished I could dwell in some secret spot till my dying day; or else, like the prophet Elijah, take my flight to heaven, where I should, as Mr. Toplady expresses it,

"Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more."

"O, for that love, let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

"He left his radiant throne on high—
Forsook his world of bliss—
And came to earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?"

But, my friends, how do we love him in return? Which of you, if you examine closely your own hearts, can say you have not often crucified your Lord afresh? I, alas, have done it; yet, crucified my blessed Lord afresh, and put him to an open shame; and yet he loves me still; he blesses me still; he bears with my weakness still; he still says to me in his Holy Word without, and the Holy Spirit re-echoes the same within my heart, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

May the blessed Lord give to each one of you all needful grace; and then you will be preparing for that world of glory, where we, with all his saints shall meet at last, to join in singing the praises of him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.

I remain, yours affectionately, in that blessed name which is all my delight now, and in whom I desire to be found, both living and dying; and to whom, with the Father and the Eternal Spirit be equal, and undivided honours evermore. Amen.

J. COLES.

Market Harborough, Nov. 12, 1848.

"Bradwardin affirms that whatever things come to pass, they are brought to pass by the providence of God. Nor could he suppose that the great and blessed God is, in point of wisdom, fore-cast and attention, inferior even to a prudent master of a family, who takes care of every thing that belongs to him, and makes provision beforehand according to the best of his knowledge and power, and leaves nothing unregulated in his house, but exactly appoints the due time and place for every thing, by a divine decree which God hath irrevocably pronounced or spoken."

"I have no will apart from that of the Lord; he will do with me what pleases him; but, had I five heads, I would lose them all sooner than retract the testimony which I have borne to the holy Christian faith."—Luther.

Jehovah's Shalls and Wills.

OF all the riches found in Bible stores,
And beauties which the eye of faith explores
In Christ, the Saviour, oh! what word distills
With so much sweetness as his shalls and wills?
Delightful words! they are the King's decrees,
Which rule all heaven above, hell, earth and seas;
All things in time, and all when time shall end,
On his almighty shalls and wills depend.
Vain finite mortals, by their puny might,
Led by the prince of darkness to the fight
Against their Maker God—but hark! he speaks—
His shalls and wills their impious purpose break!
Why are not feeble saults by foes destroyed?
Why are not Bible promises made void?
Why has not sin my utter ruin prov'd?
Jehovah's shalls and wills remain unmov'd!
And shall I sink in unbelief and fear,
As if no theme my doubting mind could cheer?
No! rise my soul, and traverse Scripture ground,
For there my Saviour's shalls and wills abound;
By then encourag'd, I can friends defy,
I must be safe while I can here rely;
And tho' huge sorrows fill my daily cup,
His sacred shalls and wills must bear me up.
The weak are strong, the tremulous are bold,
While on such words as these faith keeps her hold,
Mountains must melt, and raging waves be still,
Obedient to Jehovah's shall and will.
Oh! 'twas those potent words subdu'd my heart,
When rebel like, I said to Christ 'depart';
Resolv'd his sacred purpose to fulfil,
He said, You shall submit, and reign I will;
I will redeem you—and you shall return,
I will pour out my Spirit—you shall mourn,
I will deliver tho' you are enslav'd,
I will be glorifi'd, you shall be sav'd,
I will bestow a humble contrite heart,
You shall not from me finally depart,
I will complete the work I have begun,
You shall be crown'd whene'er your race is run,
I will be always with you to the end,
And you shall find me an unchanging friend,
I will prepare a place for you in heaven,
And grace and glory shall to you be given.

Hastings.

T. U.

The Pilgrim Walking in Darkness.

TAKE courage, now, my christian friend,
And wait upon the Lord;
Soon shall your sorrows have an end,
Soon you shall hear his word.

That word, that's to salvation wise,
Shall bid thy fears depart;
Shall take the scales from off your eyes,
And cheer your drooping heart.

'Trust in the Lord, said one of old,
At all times, and not fear;
That love which never waxes cold,
Will soon thy spirits cheer.

I know the Spirit's mighty work
Must do what you desire;
But faith that operates by love,
Must be tried as by fire.

The patriarch wrestled long with God,
But yet he did prevail;
The Lord Jehovah's strength's so great,
We know it cannot fail.

Old Israel had a journey long,
To reach the promis'd land;
But he that promis'd brought them home,
By his Almighty hand.

Then hope, my friend, do not despair,
But wait the favour'd hour;
You're safe in his embrace, and there
You will attest his power!

Chelmsford,

W. D.

The Snare Broken : the Soul Delivered.

I THINK the following circumstance may, in the Lord's hands, prove a blessing and encouragement to many of the tried and tempted children of God.

As I was passing by the London Dock Wall, I saw a young woman with a child at her side; as I had previously known her, I spoke to her; she burst into tears, and began to relate some of the various trials and temptations she had been called to pass through, and how the Lord had appeared for her, and helped her in providence, by supplying her pressing wants when wandering the streets, having no place whereon to lay her head, and of that sweet consolation which the Lord had many times spoken to her soul; while hearing her relate these things my heart was broken, and we both wept, for I had experienced something of the same, so that there was a union of feeling, and we parted, blessing and praising the Lord, with a promise to meet again, which I did at her house on Friday, March 30, 1849; and then she resumed the subject, and gave me an outline of her history wherein I saw how wonderfully the Lord does watch over and preserve his people in the hour of temptation.

When she was about twenty years old she was a long while under the apprehension of going to hell, and that if she made away with herself while young, her punishment would not be so severe; so one day she took the clothes' line, and went into the top room and fixed the rope to the bed post, and then about her neck, and just about this time she heard a voice say, 'Do thyself no harm;' and this so struck her mind that she untied the rope, and came down stairs, wondering at the sound of that powerful voice. The Lord, in his own time gave her a little peace in her mind, so that she had a hope that the Lord would have mercy upon her, and pardon her sin through the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

Time rolled on, and she was married; and after being married a few years, her husband being a good deal out of work, things went sadly with her; and she sometimes knew not where to get a piece of bread; once, while wandering the streets, having nothing to eat for two days, she saw a woman coming out of a baker's shop, she asked her for a piece of bread, which she gave her; and a man passing by at the time saw she was very hungry, he spoke to her, and gave her two-pence; and just after she picked up a penny, and with that three-pence she got a lodging for the night; and a few days after this she was in such distress, by poverty, and in such darkness of soul that she was on the borders of despair, and the enemy of souls now assailed her with the horrid dart of self-murder; and, being overcome with the awful temptation, she left her home with the intention

of throwing herself over Blackfriars Bridge, but God was watching over her, and by his mysterious providence, led her along Great Alie Street; and as she was passing Zoar Chapel, they were singing; the music caught her ear; she went in trembling; when the singing was over, a good old man went to prayer, and in his prayer he was led to pray for any who were under the power of satan, and that the Lord would preserve them that they might not fall; and that he would watch over them, and be a wall of fire round about them, that they might be preserved. The good old man's prayer pierced her soul; the devil's snare was broken; she was brought to the feet of Jesus with a broken and a contrite heart; she now returned home, and nearly all that night she was weeping with a heart broken by the love of God, and thanking and praising him for his delivering mercies.

"Thus great the mystery, truly great,
That hell's design should hell defeat."

As I do not wish to eat my morsel alone, I have sent these lines; and I pray God to bless them to any poor soul who may be called to pass through similar trials.

Limehouse, April, 1849. THOMAS HALL.

Lines on the Death of Mr. Thos. Banks,

WHO DIED ON MONDAY APRIL 2, 1849,
FROM INJURIES RECEIVED IN CONSEQUENCE OF BEING RUN OVER.

DEAR aged saint, thy work is done;
The sand of life with thee is run;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and woe,
Thou now hast left for us below.

But strange to us it doth appear,
When death to thee had drawn so near,
That he should meet you on a day,
In such a painful, trying way.

But on thy head, which was knock'd down,
Thy Lord hath plac'd a glittering crown;
And in that realm of endless light,
Thy blood-stain'd dress is chang'd for white.

'Twas purchas'd with the crimson tide,
That flowed from Jesu's bleeding side:
Blood gave thee life; blood caused thy breath
To yield unto the scythe of death.

Each kindred tie, each much-lov'd friend
Grieve at the thought of thy sad end;
But that dear Lord who bled for thee,
No pity had when on the tree.

From his dear head the blood did pour,
And from his side there gush'd some more:
And this did not the scene complete,
For streams flowed from his hands and feet.

This melting story, us below
Can often read, and tears not flow;
But thy employ will ever be
To praise the Lamb who bled for thee.

Farewell, thou blessed saint, farewell!
'Twill not be long e'er some will tell
That others, who oft walk'd with thee,
Have put on immortality.

ELIZA.

Some of the things which the prophet Zechariah saw and heard.

I THINK I may fairly say, that the greatest insight that ever I have had into the divine mysteries of God's word, has been in times of trial, and when closely driven for a portion to speak from. It was one Lord's-day evening; I had preached twice in a country town; and I retired after tea, to seek for another message. I became filled with confusion, and wounded with slavish fears. I felt shut up, barren, and unhappy. The time was near come. Somehow or other, these words came into my mind—'The angel that talked with me, answered and said unto me, KNOWEST THOU NOT what these be? And I said, No, my Lord. Then he answered and spake unto me, saying, *This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel*, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain, and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it.'

I was led to enquire a little into the nature of the things which the angel had shewed the prophet; and there appeared to me to be a SEVEN-FOLD MANIFESTATION OF THE GLORY OF GOD AS DEVELOPED IN THE SALVATION OF THE WHOLE ELECTION OF GRACE. And in the first place, he says, 'I saw by night, and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees that were in the bottom; and behind him there were red horses, speckled and white. Some of the naturalists say (I think,) that the myrtle trees were the smallest of trees, and very dark or black in their appearance, but that they sent forth a very pleasant savour, or smell; wherefore I believe the church of Christ, (in her present low estate) is here intended; for she was, while in a state of nature, in a very low bottom, or valley; and even after grace has fetched her up, and set her feet upon a rock, why even then she is in a very low and humble place compared to that kingdom of glory to which she shall ultimately be raised. Now THE MAN which Zechariah saw (by night) riding upon a red horse; [but of whom he says—'he stood among the myrtle trees,'] is the glorious GOD-MAN, the Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ; and hereby you may see that though the poor sheep of Christ are in a very low and contemptible state in the Adam fall; yet such is the purpose and mercy of God towards them, and such the grace and compassion of Christ towards them that he comes down upon the red horse of his mediatorial power to redeem them, to give life to them; to cause them to grow up into union with himself; and to stand in the midst of them; and in all things to go before them, as the great Captain of their salvation. This was the first vision Zechariah had—it was the coming

of Christ in the flesh, to be one with, and to dwell for ever among his people; and the first vision that ever does any poor sensible sinner real good, is the Lord Jesus Christ as the Lamb of God, who taketh away sin by the sacrifice of himself.

Zechariah looked again. The second vision he had, was, 'a man with a measuring line in his hand;' and this man told the prophet that he was going forth to measure Jerusalem, to see 'what is the breadth thereof, and what is the length thereof.' I wish you to notice that there are three distinct persons in this vision: there is the angel that had the measuring line: and there is 'another angel which went out to meet him;' and, lastly, there is 'the young man;' (the prophet Zechariah) to whom the first angel was to speak. This second vision seems to me to typify CHRIST COMING IN THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL. The gospel of Christ is sometimes called 'the rod of his strength,' and at other times it is compared to 'a reed like unto a rod;' here it is called 'a measuring line; with this, the pure and precious word of God, Christ (by his own chosen ministers,) goes forth; with this he measures or ascertains the length and breadth of Jerusalem: it is a solemn consideration, but so it is; for when and wheresoever the faithful gospel comes, it is a test and a touch-stone as to who and what men are. The Redeemer said, 'Preach the gospel! He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved: he that believeth not, shall be damned.' Paul says, 'If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost:' so closely connected is the reception of the gospel with the salvation of the soul, that Christ said to his disciples—'He that receiveth you, receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me.' Jesus Christ called Zaccheus because he was of the seed of Abraham: Saul of Tarsus was converted and sent forth, BECAUSE he was a chosen vessel; Paul knew the election unto life eternal of the Thessalonians because the gospel came to them not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

What then, my reader is the gospel to you? Have you heard it with trembling? Have you received it in faith and in love? Has it called you away from the carnal pursuits of the world into a real seeking after pardon and peace by Jesus Christ? Are you now walking—or desiring to walk—in the ordinances of the gospel, and in a blessed realization of the glorious doctrines and precious promises it contains? If so, surely you may read Paul's word to the Ephesians—'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world.' If

It be a question with you, as to how you may know that the gospel has come in the power of heaven to your soul; then examine the third vision which Zechariah saw.

He says—'He shewed me Joshua, the High Priest, standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him: and Joshua was clothed with filthy garments.' This Joshua representeth every poor vessel of mercy, whom the Spirit of God bringeth up to stand before the judgment seat of Christ, to be convicted, condemned, and made sensible of his own vileness, and of his inability either to speak one word in his own favour, or to resist the adversary, who now stands to resist him. Poor sinner! what can he do? Satan charges all his sins upon him; his own conscience condemns him; and his filthy garments solemnly declare how base his life has been. But there is forgiveness; there is an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for the sins of every poor, guilty, sensible, seeking sinner: for them he has lived and does live; for them he has bled, and now pleads the merits of his sacrifice; and thus pleading must prevail. Are you, my reader, a living member of the church of Christ? or, are you a poor broken-hearted, disconsolate, tempted soul? In either case, see here a very wonderful and faithful representation of the nature and divine effects of the Holy Spirit's work of saving grace in the experience of a vessel of mercy. In the first place notice *where* this poor Joshua stood—it was in the presence of the Lord's angel, the angel of the covenant: by which (I understand) it means that the quickened sinner is brought before God's vice-gerent—the Days-man—the Mediator; and standing there in the light of heaven, all his vileness is brought to light; and his soul sinks down in sorrow. See *how* he stood: 'clothed with filthy garments.' Some poor souls think they must get rid of their filthy garments before they come to Christ; and they do try to wash off the dirt, and to mend up some of the rags; but, strange to tell, the more they try to clean and mend, the worse the garments do become: they are obliged to come at last in all their defilement and unholiness: and, see here, what two opposites are met! A holy, spotless Saviour, and a filthy, debased sinner! Well, well, this is God's way of dealing with those he determines to save. He will convince of sin; make the sinner ashamed of his sins; humble him down at the feet of sovereign mercy; but cast him away, he never will. And who is that standing at his right hand? It is Satan: he is come to resist him; come determined to stop his mouth; and to drag him back again into his service. There is nothing stirs up the malice and rage of Satan so much as to see a poor black sinner running to Christ. The poet says:—

"Satan trembles when he sees
A contrite sinner on his knees:"

And I have no doubt but that this is one of the worst things that can happen to Satan's kingdom. No wonder, therefore, that he follows the poor wretch up so close; and labours so hard to choke him in prayer; and altogether to stop his proceeding at the throne of grace. But is it not clear enough, that Joshua's being brought to stand where he now stands, is the fruit of Jehovah's sovereign choice, and the effect of his Almighty power? No thanks to Joshua, or Satan either. No, no. "The Lord hath CHOSEN Jerusalem: and, consequently, this is a brand PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE!" The Lord rebukes Satan on this ground; and on this only; and, the Lord having thus chosen, and plucked poor Joshua out of the fire, neither Satan's charges, nor Joshua's filthy garments, can be any hindrance to the work going on. Christ sits upon the throne of divine sovereignty: and his council shall stand; and his pleasure he will do: and this is his pleasure; to call home his redeemed sheep: to frustrate the designs of Satan; to put away the poor sinner's guilt and shame; to clothe him in heavenly apparel; and then to take him home to glory. Everlasting praises to Christ our Saviour, for such matchless grace as this:—

"All hail, the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

The fourth vision which Zechariah had, was a figure of the union subsisting between Christ and the church; in the candlestick; but I must not occupy any more room this month; for some of the jealous ones say there is too much in the Earthen Vessel of CWB. So, if spared, I will finish this next month; and as to poor Nebuchadnezzar, I must say, in answer to many enquiries, I do hope now soon to complete it. Reader, for the present, farewell.

P. S.—I had purposed and desired this month to have completed the account of "MY STEWARDSHIP:" but many of my brethren have pressed in so many valuable communications; some of which are in this month; and others are not in; that it appeared absolutely necessary to give way to them; and so defer my own. By the good hand of my God upon me, I shall give a full and faithful account of all the places I have visited; and of the kind help I have received, but this can only be done by bits: from early in the morning until late at night, I am either preaching, travelling, preparing matter for the press; or correcting proofs; therefore I beseech my friends to have patience with me if they can.

C. W. B.

April, 21, 1849.

A BRIEF BUT FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE
Happy and Triumphant Death of Mr. James Chapman,
(Late of Manchester.)

"For ye see your calling brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called." 1 Cor. i. 26.

"But Jesus went up into a mountain, and called unto him whom he would, and they came unto him." Mark iii. 13.

"But as many as received him, to them he gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name. Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." John i. 12, 13.

THE following short and faithful account of the happy and triumphant death of Mr. James Chapman, for ten years the faithful coroner for the borough of Manchester, is a clear demonstration of the truths of God which head this paper; he was affable in his manner; kind in his address; unassuming in appearance; and liberal to the poor; though he never sounded his trumpet before him, yet many a widow and fatherless child have lost in him a kind adviser and steady friend. It was business that first brought me into his company; at which time I realised not only his valuable advice gratis, but also his liberal, (though secret) benevolence. I had but little acquaintance with him until his sickness; neither do I know that he ever heard me preach; but I met him several times in company, and found a steady increase of union to him for the truth's sake, feeling assured, from the sweet manner he could converse on spiritual subjects, that he was taught of God.

On the 7th of March, 1849, I was informed of his illness by a friend, who wished me to call and see him. I did so; the first time I entered his room, I found him in a very sweet frame of mind; he had been, previous to this, enduring a sore conflict in his mind, and had been surprised by visions; some of a most distressing, and others of an exceedingly delightful character; but I found him tranquil and serene; on my approaching his bed side, he exclaimed, 'O the expansiveness of the love of God, through Christ to me! But why to poor sinful me?' Then he raised his feeble arms, and exclaimed, 'O, the everlasting arms! What an unutterable support they are; and what a mercy and wonder that the Son of God should condescend to suffer such contradiction against himself for such sinners as me; but why me? O, the love of God!' I then addressed him in congratulatory language, by contrasting his state and frame of mind, in this furnace of affliction, with the minds of many in a state of misery, shewing that a dread of what they must endure as a just reward of their sin, makes them linger to stop in their present state of misery, knowing that the wages of sin is eternal death; but while you are by providence blessed with all that heart can wish in a companion, children, and estate; yet grace has not suffered you to make a god of them; but has shewn you, that they are

all perishable; and grace has so taken your mind off them that you are desiring to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Here I observed the silent tear steal down his cheek, while in thankfulness to God, he uttered his ardent supplication, and raised both his hands in token of triumph. He then wished me to read the first chapter of Philippians, and when I came to the sixth verse, 'Being confident of this very thing, that he who began the work will carry it on, and perfect it until the day of salvation,' he was too full with thankfulness to hold; and when I came to the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd verses, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain, being in a strait betwixt two;' he was quite melted down; he requested me to engage in prayer; and I felt sweet liberty, great confidence, and special nearness to God in doing so; and he said he felt much refreshed. Truly I found it much better to go to such houses of mourning than to places of carnal feasting: we parted, wishing mutual blessings.

On the 9th I called again; he was not able to converse much through weakness and shortness of breath; yet he was wonderfully supported under his complicated afflictions; and glad of the opportunity to unite with me in supplication to God; and spoke freely of the love of God to him, a poor helpless sinner; and expressed much satisfaction in the purpose, power, and all-sufficiency of God in Christ, and plainly declared he had no other hope.

On the 10th I called again; and found him much weaker in body, and rather dark in his mind on account of the remembrance of his many omissions and commissions since he knew the Lord. I told him it was much better to be a repentor of sin, than to be a presumptuous pharisee; besides, it is one of the Holy Ghost's offices to convince of sin and righteousness; but though in the dark, he was evidently moored in the harbour of eternal life, and anchored on the Rock of Ages; and though the winds of temptation appeared to rush furiously through the region of his reason, and the mast of human power was truly broken to shivers; the waves of experimental exercise dashed furiously on this shattered bark, still he was constantly begging for patience, faith, and resignation that he might endure unto the end; for he knew indeed where his great strength lay, and that of his own self he could do nothing. I again approached my dear Lord on his

behalf; and was again indulged with that liberty and freedom with the Lord that I seldom enjoy.

On the 11th I called again, according to promise. On entering the room I beheld a calm approbatory smile on his countenance as he sat bolstered up in his bed, being unable to lay down through the badness of his breathing. On approaching him I received my usual salute, 'Well, my dear brother, I am glad to see you again.' On taking him by the hand, I beheld the tear steal from his eyes, and an expression of countenance indicating thankfulness, satisfaction, and pleasure; he told me he had had no extraordinary manifestations of the Redeemer's love to him since I saw him last; yet in reference to the safety of the chosen in Christ, he said, 'This is a delightful position.' He appeared something like an anxious, yet patient passenger, waiting for his conveyance; having all he intended to take with him ready packed up; so was he waiting the arrival of his conveyance, with all his goods packed up in the divine purpose of God, bound up with the cord of love, sealed with blood, and directed by the Holy Ghost to heaven, as a passenger in the chariot of Sovereign grace. I asked him, 'Are you convinced of sin in your best performances?' He replied, 'I am.' And are you led into the meritorious righteousness of Christ, by faith, who is the way, the truth, and the life?' He replied, 'I am; he is my only hope and desire. It was with hard labour, through weakness, that he talked to me about these things; but such was his love for spiritual conversation that he counted not his sufferings too dear to purchase it with; but I found it needful to break off our delightful conversation, lest the excitement might increase his affliction. I read the 17th chapter of John, and again engaged in prayer in the presence of several friends, family, and the servants, and a solemn time it was; and if I can judge by my own feeling, I should say the Lord was in the midst and blessed us.'

On the 13th I saw him again; he appeared something better in body; he spoke freely to me of the kindness of the Lord to him even from his youth, in preserving, supplying, and blessing him; and especially in the matter of resigning his coronership, he said, 'By this affliction the Lord hath taken away £350 a year, if I get well again; but I am well rewarded.' I named Jonah's gourd in my prayer, and he could not hold, but broke out with such thankfulness to the Lord that he intercepted me for a time; he clung firmly to the banner of Christ; and found 'his banner over him was love.'

On the 19th I called again, and thought him better at first sight, and he again conversed freely of the things of God; he avoided talking about the things of the world as careful as if every moment was his last. Indeed, he appeared quite taken up with the things of God; he had been in

Martha's place too long; but now he wanted only to fill Mary's place, to set at his Redeemer's feet. When I went to take my leave of him about half-past six, I was wonderfully struck with the solemn manner he spoke of the love of God—'O what a wonder, said he, that God should (in purpose) make a preparation to destroy sin before sin was, and that Christ should seal this agreement with his blood! yes, said he, it is done; it is signed, and sealed with his blood; and God can't alter his mind; he must fulfill his agreement; the righteous are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation,' and the wishful, firm, and affectionate manner he looked at me, and added, 'God bless you; God bless you; has left such an impression on my mind and on Mrs. Corbitt's, that time will never efface.'

Monday 26th, I called again, he told me that he had been suffering some severe temptations from satan; the enemy of man's soul had been permitted to perplex him by setting vividly before the eyes of his mind many of the distressing cases of suicide that he had witnessed during his coronership, with which he had been much perplexed; but he was enabled to bring the matter in supplication into the high court of heaven, and the Judge of the ends of the earth had fulfilled his promise, 'Call upon me in a time of trouble, and I will answer you and deliver you, and thou shalt glorify me. The enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of God shall lift up a standard against him.' This, said he, 'the Lord hath fulfilled for me; for as I lifted up the standard of prayer, the Spirit helped my infirmities, and I was, and am able to rely on the oath and promise of my covenant God; and bless him that I have always found him a very present help in every time of need.' He was many years an honourable follower of the Lord, in membership with that valiant man of God, the Rev. Wm. Nunn.

In conversation with his wife, of St. Clement's church, Manchester, he said to her, 'do not let Mr. Corbitt think too highly of me; he often speaks of God's people as saints; tell him never to call me a saint; I am nothing but a poor, helpless sinner, hanging entirely on the merits of Christ, who is only able to deliver me from death, and bring me into the regions of eternal life.' These are some of his expressions, and some of his exercises of mind in his last affliction. Thus he lived and thus he died on the 31st of March, 1849, in the 52d year of his age, leaving a widow taught by the same Spirit, with two children to lament their loss.

A short time before his death, he prayed 'Lord, relieve me; undertake for me; but in thine own time: my times are in thine hand; but grant me patience to wait thy time; thy will be done;' and his repeated exclamation, was, 'NONE BUT CHRIST! I WANT NOTHING BUT CHRIST! he is all in all; I'm passive in his hands;' and in

about an hour after having said this, he fell asleep in Jesus.

On April the 5th, I interred his remains in Reesham Road Cemetery: (very near the spot where the remains of the Honoured William Gadsby now lays;) in the presence of many relations and friends. On Sunday evening, April the 15th, I endeavoured to improve the solemn circumstance by a funeral sermon from the following words, ('God is Love;' 1 John iv. 16.) before a large congregation of well affected christians, who gladly received the happy tidings of the love of God made known by the Holy Ghost through Christ to the chosen of God, and the happy and triumphant death of their affectionate brother. Dear Lord, bless the sweet and solemn circumstance to the encouragement of thy family; and be pleased to make use of the opportunity for the conversion of many more if it be thy divine will. So prays thy unworthy servant, JOHN CORBITT.

A Practical Preacher of the Gospel.

[From No. 9, of "*Bunhill Memorials*," (edited by J. A. Jones.) we make the following extract. We have (in *secret by some*.) been ranked among what are called the "*high-flying parsons*;" we can solemnly declare before a heart-searching God, that our desire and prayer is, that all the faithful ministers of Christ in our day might be enabled to shew forth a christian practice in some measure corresponding with that which follows.] "SAMUEL POMFRET was of note in his day and generation. He was born at Coventry, in the year 1651. His first appearance as a public preacher was at Lincoln's Inn Fields where his services were so acceptable that multitudes flocked to hear him. He then laboured for seven years at Sandwich, in Kent, where he preached with indefatigable diligence, till he was compelled to leave that place by the persecutions directed against Dissenters in the reign of Charles II. Thus driven from his beloved flock, he came and resided near London; and notwithstanding the perils of the times, took every opportunity of dispensing the word of life. He generally preached three or four sermons on the Lord's-day; walking from Hackney to Bethnal Green, thence to Wapping, then to nine Elms, and back again to Hackney at night. His first *stated* Meeting house in London was in Winchester Street, where the crowd was so great that the flooring gave way; but the hearers were mercifully preserved, so that none received injury. This occasioned the erecting a large Meeting-house for him in Gravel Lane, Houndsditch; it was a wooden building of very considerable dimensions, with three capacious galleries, capable of accommodating fifteen hundred people. Here he laboured with uncommon success; he was a lively, awakening preacher, and an instrument of much good in his day. He had more than eight hundred communicants at the Lord's table, a

number rarely to be equalled, in the most flourishing Christian societies in the present day. It was common for him to rise in the night, and spend a considerable time in prayer. He retired to rest very early on Saturday evening, would rise about twelve at midnight, and wrestle with God for his presence in the public services of the coming day. He would also frequently spend part of the night *succeeding* the Sabbath, in the same manner; thus watering the seed he had sown, with his tears. In his charities he was lavish. He has frequently straitened the provisions of his own table to feed the hungry; and given the clothes from off his back to cover the naked. He has left home with a considerable sum of money in his pocket, and has returned empty, having distributed the whole of it to the poor.

When he could no longer walk, he was brought in a chair to the pulpit; and though he often preached in great pain, yet so remarkable was his animation, that few of his hearers perceived it. In his last illness he maintained a lively hope, having no darkness nor doubt upon his mind. To an attendant who came to dress his blisters, he said, 'Come see, see a dying man under exquisite pain, not afraid to die.' To another person he said, 'Let him do his pleasure.—Absent from the body, present with the Lord.—Outward pain, but inward peace.' At another time, 'Here we are imperfect; but, at my dissolution, I shall be presented faultless to my dear Redeemer; faultless and spotless, without a wrinkle!' The night before he died, he was long and fervent in prayer; and then being asked how he did? He replied, 'Nature disputes every inch of ground.' One looking on him sorrowful, he said, 'O! you should rather rejoice.' When death was approaching, he said to those who inquired how it was with him, 'Better and better;' and to the same question, just before his departure, 'Almost well!' Thus, after near fifty years indefatigable labour, with as great success in his master's vineyard as any man in the compass of his own time, this very eminent servant of Jesus Christ fell asleep, January 11th, 1721, in the seventy-first year of his age; leaving behind him an aged widow, and a large church suffused in tears."

[This is a glorious testimony: we hope it will make some of our money-scratching parsons ashamed of themselves—we do indeed—Ed.]

Mr. James Osbourn's Departure FROM ENGLAND.

FROM a small duodecimo (two-penny) work, entitled, 'FRIENDLY VISITS TO THE LIVING IN JERUSALEM,' just published by Houlston and Stoneman, in Paternoster Row—(as well as from other sources,) we learn that the period fixed for Mr. Osbourn's return to America, is positively fixed (if God grant it) at the end of next June.

The work we refer to is indeed a spicy

little tract. It may not be generally known that since our last, this dear old veteran has been laid down on a bed of sickness; and a very sharp attack it was; but it hath pleased the Lord to raise him up again, and his pen and his tongue are returned to that sacred employment which has for years been the delight of his soul—the testifying of the gospel of the grace of God. The first part of this tract is a letter to the saints of the Most High God at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. Mr. Osbourn found at Sherborne what we have ourselves there enjoyed—the company and kindness of a few warm-hearted, honest, truth-loving, christian friends, and it appears he could not leave England without addressing an epistle to them. The principal part of the letter is reflections on the beauties and the glories of the Person of Christ; after which he says a few things to the Sherbourn friends, and a few things connected with his own experience, which we here quote:—

“Brethren, although I am meditating a speedy remove out of this kingdom, yet will ye not be forgotten by me through time, if my reason continue. We, in the sanctuary of God, have passed some peaceful hours together, for the Lord has come down upon us like rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth, Psa. lxxii. 6. Yes, he has been as the dew to our souls, though graceless professors believe it not, nor know they what it all can mean; but through the mercy of God we know what we have heard, and which we have seen with our eyes, and which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life, and by the same our souls have been made glad in the Lord, and together we have rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. With more regret I shall not leave any society in England, than the one I’m now writing to, for I know what we are, and the ground on which we stand, and the God we adore, and the gospel which bears our spirits up, and that it is by the grace of our Almighty Lord and Saviour that we are what we are.”

“Fifty-one years ago this spring I was first aroused to a feeble sense of my lost condition as a sinner before God; but it was a year or so after this before God’s divine vengeance was more openly displayed against me, at which time I felt as though I should sink under my burden without remedy. O what a forlorn hope was I put upon in that day. I found it hard and very fearful to stand with a naked soul in the front of divine ire and there to be closely scrutinized on some of the most momentous points that were ever laid before a guilty sinner. At that time there was no one thing in religion that resembled a fiction, but every department was as real as life, and as palpable as death itself, and under the same I was made to bow and to acknowledge the justice of God in my utter condemnation, for I was a guilty wretch and deeply sensible of it, for

the furrows made in my soul by the arrows of the Almighty were all bleeding very copiously, and I felt as sure of my eternal overthrow as if already overthrown. This to me was a day of slaughter.”

The second letter in this tract is addressed to our esteemed friend Mr. Henry Hercock, Oakham; and its design appears to be to encourage him in the work of the Gospel Ministry, to which he has lately been called. We cannot withhold one extract from this letter also. Mr. Osbourn to Mr. Hercock says:—

“I hope you will not greatly be discouraged because of the roughness of the way, for ’tis the path in which all regenerate souls walk, and you know the prospect before us is quite promising, and we shall get to our journey’s end soon, and there we shall sing on a lofty key and shout aloud for joy. Do my brother try to live and walk near the Lord, and adore and honour him, and speak good of his name, and tell of his wonderful works, and of his mighty acts, and of the thoughts of his heart which are thoughts of peace and not of evil.

“I can truly say that preaching Christ Jesus and his blessed gospel is still the delight of my soul, and in a most remarkable manner the Lord is pleased to bless my ministry wherever I go, and my calls to preach are far more, both in cities, towns, and country places, than I’m able to attend to. By the will of God I expect to leave England about the last of June next. I calculate to be in Leicester the last two Sundays in April, and the third Sunday in May in Brighton, and the second and third Sundays in June in London. Perhaps I shall sail from Liverpool, if so, Manchester will be my last preaching place in this realm. It was in that city I preached my three first sermons on my arrival in this country in Nov. 1846, and well was I received by the brethren if I may judge by things which then and there were seen by me.”

The third and last letter is addressed to Mr. E. Butt, (of the Surrey Tabernacle.) In godly sincerity we say, this (though last) is the most able and valuable epistle of the whole—and beautifully declares the high, the holy, and the happy liberty of soul in which the writer stands. The perusal of this tract must be wholesome and profitable to all real christians.

Droppings from the Sanctuary.

THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS Luke xix. 45-48.

FIFTY-SEVEN years ago I knew not these things in this chapter. I knew no profession of religion then; so stupid and illiterate was I at first I scarcely knew there was a Bible. I bought the harmony of the four gospels; the book I have still by me. I told the man at whose shop I bought it, I had bought the kingdom of heaven in your shop for Eighteen pence. The enemy so beset me I dared not

be alone for many months at first: This is what the professing world generally call enthusiasm; but it is because they have not been disciplined by the law. Now there is an exceeding great mystery in this parable of the ten servants receiving the ten pounds (Luke xix.) to occupy with 'till I come.' It is a parable encouraging the servants of God to be fruitful, by the reward given them: the fruits are, the fruits of the Spirit, which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

Love. I found at first my heart began to move and love the people of God before I spake to any of them; I thought all in the congregation were the people of God; but we speak and think like children at first; love was strong in me. Long-suffering is another fruit; here we need much examination; the old man is strong in opposing all that is good; we are so apt to speak unadvisedly with our lips, and God takes great notice of his own work when in the furnace. Faith is another fruit; not the common faith of profession; and, unless the Saviour strengthen our faith by his intercession, it gives way: we are so carnal the longer we live and see of this world, both professing and profane, the more astonished are we God has brought us out of it. Then came the one with his 'one pound laid up in a napkin.' I have no doubt this one has exercised all God's servants from the beginning. There was no fruit here; there was *no charity in this one*; there was no root either to produce the fruits. Many have large gifts bestowed on them, and abuse them. 'There were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you;' which is now the case; but these have never been made to die with Jesus, to become dead by the body of Christ, and to rise with him, and to bring forth fruit unto God, as his body. God giveth more grace unto the humble. The grace of God cannot be idle; as was the case with the Laodicean church. I may say I have had some hundreds of sweet manifestations from the Lord, yet I feel I can do nothing without Christ. May the Lord instruct us, that we may not hide any talent that he may give us, but seek to glorify him in our life, walk, and conversation. At the last day he will judge every man according to his works; all the fruits for this end must be according to the gospel, which is the power of God. He gave this man one pound—why did he not use it? Because, like Balaam, he loved the wages of unrighteousness. Jesus will say in that day, 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink,' &c. 'He that believeth not in Jesus is condemned already;' and this unbelief becomes manifest by the ministry of the gospel. — *Mr. Burrel, Great Titchfield Street, March 28, 1849.*

P.S. Mr. Burrel has now a venerable, powdered appearance in the pulpit. He speaks of fifty-seven years gone by in grace—a long journey. In the ministry I suppose he has been five and thirty. His ministerial abilities are small; he has moved on in a still unobtrusive way for years. Few, besides his own respectable congregation, know there is such a minister in London; seldom is his name heard, public or private; he might have been locked up within the walls of the Establishment for aught Zion knows of him. Had all gospel ministers been so minded as Mr. B. hath been, we should not have heard much about the report, fame, and name of Jesus on the walls of the city. We therefore cannot highly speak of Mr. B.'s excellencies, or exclaim against them. Mr. B. is perhaps conscious of the smallness of his stature, and so adopted this wise course. However, we like to see the light shine on the table, not hidden; obscurity belongs to the national establishment. Here is seclusion and retirement enough from the people of God; here they may live and die unknown, except to the parish they belong unto. H. WATMUFF.

The late Eleanor Wheeler.

It is recorded, 'the lot is cast into the lap, and the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord;' and as he has so graciously disposed of my beloved partner that she shall change sorrow for joy, earth for heaven, pain and suffering for eternal rest; tears and doubts for certain triumph and immortality; and though, while I write, I feel her loss, yet my loss being her gain, I bow to his divine will, though left in the wilderness with two babes.

Eleanor Wheeler fell asleep in Jesus December 19, 1848, and was buried at Brompton church; and according to her own request, I preached her funeral sermon on Lord's day, January 7, 1849, from the fourteenth chapter of Revelation, part of the fourth verse, 'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb. Attempted to set forth the fact of invincible grace, constraining and restraining them to follow the Lamb, I spoke a little of the redemption needed for the fallen church of Christ, the completion of the redemption by Christ Jesus, and the nature of the first-fruits unto God, with their life, walk, conversation, and triumph in and over death at last through the blood of the Lamb.

May the Lord enable us to be resigned to his will, to covet earnestly the best gifts, and to adorn the doctrine of Christ Jesus in all things, is the prayer of

Your affectionate brother in Christ,
FREDERICK WHEELER.
Beulah Chapel, Chelsea.

A Living Witness of Divine Sovereignty.

DEAR FRIENDS:—May grace, mercy, and peace be with you. Having been called upon to speak of the Lord's work in my soul, and not feeling confidence so to do, I resolved, if the Lord would enable me, to write a little of the way in which it has pleased him to lead me. 'Surely goodness and mercy has followed me all the days of my life.'

When I was an infant, my poor mother was severely afflicted with the rheumatics, so that she could neither take me out of the cradle, nor yet lay me down; by which means, I became neglected, and to all appearances must have been a cripple, if it had not been for a kind aunt who took me, and paid every attention to me she could, and also to my morals, and was particular in instilling into my mind the Holy Scriptures; but as I grew up my delight was in the world, and after its vanities. I used to go constantly to church, and was jealous for the rites and ceremonies. These words would sometimes arrest me when there—'What, know you not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which used to occasion some little searching.'

Things continued thus till sometime after I was married; when my mind became impressed with the need there was of a change of heart. I used to listen attentively to the clergyman, strive to please God, and work out a repentance; I almost worshipped the bells, the gown, and the pew, and thought I was on holy ground when there; I was very strict in receiving the communion. About this time I had put into my hands Mr. Philpot's first book; I here saw with him. I became very dissatisfied; and soon found to my mortification that the clergyman I was sitting under attended balls, &c. I used to attend the Wesleyan chapel of an evening, and became very much in earnest, greatly desiring to be born again of the Spirit; I used to go praying all the way there, and return begging; I strove hard to keep the Sabbath-day holy, but always found I broke it, oftentimes before breakfast.

One evening the preacher, Mr. Jackson, took for his text, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' I became greatly tried; there seemed such a barrier betwixt the Lord and myself; I felt very far from holiness; I knew not how to attain unto it; I thought it must be perfect holiness in life and conduct; I used to go through the weekly preparation for the sacrament, and strive after perfection. About this time, which is about twelve years back, Mr. Charles Banks came to preach at the little chapel near us; I was invited to go to hear him, but did not directly, not liking to leave the Wesleyans, for whom I felt great attachment. But after a time I went; it seemed altogether a new doctrine; I could not understand one half what he preached;

I became greatly perplexed; I thought he must be a very bad man, or else a very good one; election and predestination distressed me; I searched the Bible from Genesis to Revelations to confute it; I was greatly distressed; the Bible became a sealed book to me. Before going to hear him I most times went on my knees, and begged of the Lord if it was his truth he preached, I might be constrained to listen to him, but if it was error he would stop me from hearing him; I knew not what to do, but I soon found out I had been sitting under blind guides; sometimes I tried to go and hear the Wesleyans, till betwixt the two, I was nearly torn to pieces. I told Mr. Banks, and asked him how I was to know who was right? He told me the Spirit must teach me. Here I felt quite undone; I could not command the Spirit. So that I was brought through sheer necessity to beg of the Lord to teach me as he taught his children, reading that all his children were taught of him. All my fancied religion fell to pieces, and I became a complete fool. O how I wished I had never heard this doctrine preached; I felt so much worse; I never knew I had such enmity in my heart before; how God could be just in taking one and leaving another, I could not think, not to give every one a chance of being saved. O, the forbearance of a long-suffering God that he did not cut me down at a stroke. I used to tremble at my rebellion, but still clave to going to hear, though hardly able to keep my seat many times. I longed to know if I was interested in it. I was brought to the foot of the cross with a 'Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord save, or I perish.' Past and present sins stared me in the face; and so far from getting holy, I found I could not command a good thought nor perform a good action. I found, and do to this present time, that

"Sin is mix'd with all I do."

The depravity of my heart has been broken up by little and little; I have been brought to feel my entire helplessness, and without his aid I can do nothing but sin; so that I sigh and groan under a body of sin and death. 'For when I would do good, evil is present with me.' Christ has become very precious to me; a Saviour just suited to cover my polluted soul; and I stand as a monument of mercy, keenly feeling at times, that hell must be my portion was it not for the Sovereign love and mercy of a gracious God and Saviour; I have proved him again and again a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, and my only hope is now in the merits of a crucified Redeemer. I trust I have written this with a single eye to the glory of God, and should it be blest in any humble measure to any soul, to his name be all the praise and glory. Amen.

Sturry.

M. FULFORTH.

The late Mrs. Ann Jones.

JUST before going to press, we received a note announcing the death of the beloved partner of Mr. John Andrew Jones, pastor of Jireh Meeting. Her immortal and ransomed soul passed the river in holy and happy triumph at one o'clock on Saturday morning, April 21st, 1849, after many months of deep suffering. She was born December 1st, 1774; and was in her seventy-fifth year; having been married to her now bereaved husband on the tenth of October, 1805; she had for FORTY YEARS been a sympathising companion for him in all his trials, and a sweet sharer of all his happiness. Her conflicts are over; her soul is at rest; and according to the course of nature, it cannot be long before John Andrew Jones himself must drop his hold of the gospel plough, be gathered unto his fathers, and see, and immediately commune with, that Almighty Saviour, that ever to be adored Immanuel, whose glorious gospel it has been his happy lot for so long a period to proclaim. Ah, brethren! the great Husbandman is gathering home his sheaves. Yet, a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry; the LORD HIMSELF will descend from heaven: the gospel dispensation will close: and the King's daughter, in her glorious apparel, shall be brought unto him never more to part. Seeing then that we look for such things, let us not be grovelling in earthly vanities; but, with our loins girt about with truth, our feet well shod, our staff in our hand, and our garments clean, may we be found watching and waiting for the Master to come and fetch us home.

The late Mrs. Jones was the happy mother of seven children, six of them (daughters,) married to God-fearing men; and honourable members of the church at Jireh. This is a mercy rarely enjoyed by the best of women. Her mortal remains were interred in Bunhill Fields on Friday, April 27th.

We understand a funeral sermon for Mrs. Jones was preached on Friday evening, April 27th at Jireh Meeting by Mr. John Foreman.

"Far from affliction, toil, and strife,
Our dear departed sister's fled;
Stern death, that puts an end to life,
Has plac'd her with the silent dead."

"She's gone to be where Jesus is,
To praise the riches of his grace:
In realms of everlasting bliss,
And see her Saviour face to face."

Notices of New Works.

"Zion: her inhabitants and name. A Sermon by JOSEPH RUDMAN, preached at Trowbridge."

THIS is a faithful and an experimental dis-

course. It is published at the earnest request of those who heard it; and it fully declares the author to be a man under divine teaching: it rejoices our hearts to find that God, of his infinite mercy, is here and there raising up men who have been brought into the inner court of a holy acquaintance with God in his Trinity of Persons, and Trinity of powers; and who come from thence to declare the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. Such a man is Joseph Rudman. The Lord bless him and hold him as a star in his right hand, prays his poor brother—THE EDITOR.

"Angel's Food," and "The Spiritual Gleaner." Two Sermons by Mr. Gwinnell.

WE did not expect to find such interesting matter as we have found in these two discourses. They are not *dry* nor *merely doctrinal*, but they are striking, *wholesome*, and well interspersed with pleasing facts. They are likely to do good; this should be our aim, (if we are christians) in all our preaching, publishing, and practice.

"Israel's Corner; Judah's Nail; David's Battle Bow; and Zion's every oppressor together," by THOMAS POOCK, Ipswich, Suffolk.

A CHOICE and sterling piece of pure divinity, and no mistake. Some deep things are consistently and Scripturally opened. We read the work in manuscript, and read it without flagging; it is but seldom we can do that; but here we found a springing well; and we know this little stream of living water is destined to refresh many a weary soul.

"The Plain Christian Man, a Funeral Sermon for the late Mr. Thomas Banks."

IN some humble measure this discourse carries us over Jordan's streams; and anticipates a little of that glory, and unspeakable bliss which is laid up for all the saints of God. We think the brief sketch of the deceased's character, as a plain christian man, adds much to the value of the discourse.

[All the above works are published by Houlston and Stoneman.]

"Heartfelt Religion and its Expression." A Sermon by the REV. ALFRED HEWLETT. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

THIS discourse was preached before the University of Oxford. The preacher was evidently enabled to deal faithfully with his audience; and to speak of things that flow out of the Holy Spirit's work upon the heart of a redeemed sinner; but how a living, experimental man of God can comfortably stand in the unnecessary and unscriptural ceremonies and gaudy trappings of the National Establishment we cannot tell.

The Conversion, Experience, and Death of a Vessel of Mercy,

WHO WAS BOTH DEAF AND DUMB.

DEAR BROTHER:—I send the following account of a marvellous instance of divine Sovereignty in the salvation of a sinner.

John Paddy was the third son of Mr. Thomas Paddy, of Lutterworth, a family who are the tried, firm and liberal supporters of the cause of God and truth. I baptised the grandmother of my departed friend, last year at the advanced age of eighty-two years, 'An elect lady of the old school.'

My late young friend, J. P. was born in the year 1823, and was deaf and dumb; in early life painfully manifesting, that he was born in sin, and conceived in iniquity; yet, from the affectionate influence of God-fearing parents and friends, he was preserved from those outward acts of immorality common to youth. His natural affliction acting upon the feelings of his kind parents, caused him to be the subject of much anxiety to them, and many petitions were put up to the Lord for his temporal and eternal interest.

As he grew up he shewed a natural taste for drawing, and he was sent to an establishment for the deaf and dumb at Edgebaston, near Birmingham; after remaining at school his term, he was with other respectable parties, improving in his profession, and much respected by a circle of affectionate friends. He always referred with gratitude to their kind and tender regard, and would express himself as under great obligation to the devoted gentleman under whose care and instruction he was placed at Edgebaston.

While at school he had many natural convictions for sin, and was very miserable when he thought of death and judgment; he had also many singular dreams that much exercised his mind, but all his strong convictions were like the 'morning cloud and early dew.' Being of a natural, lively, and engaging disposition; a company of young friends, and an hour of youthful vanity would drown his anxieties about eternal things; and, as he told me, though he was always trying to do good, and to be good, he did nothing but evil.

Our young friend came home from Birmingham in the autumn of 1846, and was anxious to go to Paris for improvement; but good Kent says:—

"There is a period known to God,
When all the sheep redeemed by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold, and enter in."

J. P. was poorly in his health when he came home, and his kind friends advised him to continue at home for a time to benefit his health; and as relaxation from study was needful, he consented to continue with his friends.

In a few weeks his friends were surprised at the evident alteration in his manner; he appeared very solemn and thoughtful, and often retired to his room; his God-fearing father and sister (his dear mother had been dead some years,) watched him; and through the key hole of the door, saw him upon his knees, pouring out his soul before the Lord in prayer; and who but parents and friends that truly fear the Lord, can enter into their feelings, when they saw this dear youth, earnestly pleading with the Lord, by signs, for pardon and forgiveness.

His dear friends were melted into tears of joy and thankfulness to the God of all grace at the sight, and very soon the subject was named to me. I must confess I was very jealous lest parental kindness should lead them to think more favourably of him than of another in the same state of mind. I therefore determined to receive nothing but what I received directly from himself. His dear sister offered to put any question to him I wished to ask; I said, 'Ask him if he would object to correspond with me?' He replied, he should feel a pleasure to receive a note from me. The next day I wrote some very plain and searching questions in reference to his views, feelings, and state of mind. In a day or two he sent me a very honest reply, which led me to hope the good work was begun in him, yet I was not satisfied, and I resolved at once, to learn the method of communication used by the deaf and dumb; the deep interest I took in my dear young friend caused me to master this in a few days, without his knowing it, until I put the first question by sign to him; he wept when he saw the interest I took in him, and was ready to open all his mind to me as a minister and friend.

His health caused some anxiety, and the physician to the family was consulted. He gave it as his opinion, that there was a cavity in the left lung, and that he was consumptive; it was thought prudent for him to remain at home; we often met, and walked out for reading, and communion. The Word of God, and Mr. Gadsby's selection of hymns, were our books of reference.

From communion with him, I learned the Lord was shewing him much of the evil of sin, and the depravity of his nature; he would reply in answer to my questions, 'I am nothing but sin, and quite helpless; if ever I am saved it must be all of free grace alone.' As we were walking one morning, I felt my soul drawn forth to the Lord in prayer, that he would be pleased to give me a testimony from him, that I might receive him into my heart as a man of God; I took the hymn-book

and opened it upon that beautiful and well known hymn—

“ Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

I gave the book open to my friend, and said, ‘ Now, John, if you can find anything in this hymn that exactly describes what the feelings of your soul are at this time, will you point it out to me?’ He took the book, and with much feeling shewed me two lines, viz.,

“ Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Thou of life the fountain art.”

I immediately felt an union of soul to him as a child of God, and I loved him as a brother beloved of God, and taught by the Spirit of God.

It was early in the month of April, 1847, he signed to me, that his mind was much exercised about baptism by immersion; and signed, ‘ Will you baptise me?’ I was surprised at his question, as I never had hinted the ordinance to him yet. When I questioned him upon the subject, I was astonished at his knowledge of it; he took the Word of God, turned to a great number of texts, and soon convinced me he understood the nature and spiritual signification of the ordinance of believers’ baptism. Some kind friends suggested to him, ‘ Would it be prudent in your delicate state of health to be immersed in cold water?’ His reply was, ‘ The honour of Jesus in obeying his plain command, is more important to me than either health or life.’ The church received his testimony of a work of grace upon his soul; and I baptised him on the first Lord’s-day in May, 1847; and the Lord gave him a precious visit at the ordinance, he had such a glorious manifestation of Christ that he was brought into the liberty of the gospel; his soul was filled with joy and peace, and ‘ he went on his way rejoicing.’

To witness this dear devoted young friend in a very poor state of health, standing at the water, a monument of mercy, and although deaf and dumb, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God; made hard hearts to melt; and it was a time of love long to be remembered by many of the Lord’s people.

After this, our friend was much better in health—happy in the Lord—very zealous for the truth—manifesting much love to the Lord’s children, especially to the poor of the flock; and was truly beloved by all that knew him; when his health would permit, he was very punctual in attending the means; his sister gave him the hymns and the text, and would sign to him a great part of the sermon. If he was confined at home, he would have the same signed to him when his dear friends returned from the house of God; he was deeply concerned for the spiritual interest of his brothers, and sisters, and I am a living witness to many earnest petitions put up to the Lord on their behalf. May it please the Lord to

answer them in their spiritual conversion to God.

He continued in the feeling of his first love for about nine months. But there is a day of adversity for all the living family of God; and so our late brother found it: clouds and darkness came over his soul: the corruptions of his nature began to break forth, and his evidence of interest in Jesus was hid; many doubts and fears, and temptations tried him. I remember asking him about this time, What is the state of your mind? He took the Bible and shewed me the twelfth verso of the fortieth Psalm. The Lord helped him wonderfully at times; the Holy Spirit applied some precious portions of the word to his soul, and he was comforted. I well remember him shewing me the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the seventh chapter of the Revelations; he signed, ‘ the Lord applied these words to me last night when I was in bed, and then I was happy.’ Yet many sore conflicts with self, sin, and satan, made him ‘ groan in his tabernacle, being burdened.’ He had great sympathy for the deaf and dumb, and would sign, ‘ if it was the will of God, I should like to be made useful to them.’

His health appeared so much improved last autumn, that the physician hoped the cavity in the lung was dried, and he would continue with us. But early in the present year, the old symptoms of consumption appeared, and he was very unwell; he was evidently sinking in February; and in March I did not believe he would live to see May. He was very anxious for me to spend as much time with him as I could; and I often called to see him; and how have I looked at him with wonder and astonishment at the divine power manifested in him;—he would take the word of God; ‘ this precious book was (as he signed) the best of all books to him.’ He always slept with it under his pillow at night; he would turn over the sacred pages—point out the glorious doctrines of the gospel; shew me the harmony of truth in the salvation of sinners; and would sign to me, ‘ blessed free-grace; it is suited to my wretched case; it saves me, and supplies my wants; and will (glory be to God) take me to heaven.’

I never met with a person more decidedly separated in heart from dead, formal, fashionable, professors of religion; he once wrote, in reference to this sort of profession, upon a piece of paper, ‘ All this vanity may be compared to a large snow ball thrown into a copper of boiling water.’

I commenced a journal on the 20th of March; this will show the dreadful conflict, and glorious triumph, of our dear friend and much esteemed brother.

March 20.—Visited J. P., found him very comfortable in his mind; asked him, if he thought he should get better? He signed, ‘ I hope not, I would rather see Jesus.’

March 24.—He was dark and uncomfortable. Signed, ‘ last night I could not pray,

I could not feel; but the Lord knows I am but dust.'

March 27.—He was still under a cloud. Signed, 'I cannot believe, nor love.' I then signed many suitable texts; but all useless. He signed, 'I want the Holy Spirit's power.'

March 31.—He was very gloomy, and full of suspicions about his state. He signed, 'how is it I cannot pray?' I told him groans, sighs, and spiritual desires felt was prayer; quoted some scriptures to confirm it—but no light. I then referred him to the prayer of the thief, and the Saviour's answer; he burst into tears, and was overwhelmed for a long time; light broke in upon his mind, and he was much revived. I was with him an hour, signing the truth of the gospel; after I left, he was raised up into a glorious state of mind: he stood up—clapped his hands above his head, and signed many times, 'O, how I love Jesus! O, how I love Jesus!' Weeping aloud for sometime, he then fell prostrate on the floor, repeating by signs, more than twenty times, 'O precious Christ! precious Christ!' When he arose from the floor, he signed, 'you see what a gracious God I have, he always proves faithful to his people.'

April 3.—Found him satisfied about his interest in Jesus—told me of the gracious visits he had on Saturday night. He signed, 'did you come on purpose to see me, or had you some other business?' Told him my object was to visit him. The Lord had greatly blessed his soul: he saw his gracious hand; and we united in giving Jehovah the praise.

April 4.—He was very weak, not so happy as on the 3rd. Being my lecture evening, I stayed but a short time, and left him, but his dear sister took him the hymns and text after service. The text, Daniel x. 18; as his sister was signing much of the subject he enjoyed it very much; and signed, 'what a mercy to have an experience of divine things like Daniel, and other saints in the Bible. Oh, I love the word of God more and more. O, blessed Jesus—he is my best Friend.'

April 5.—Appeared very low, wept much, and signed, 'I am afraid I shall not be saved at last.' He was reminded of the Lord's immutability. He signed, 'I know it, but want more feeling.'

April 9.—Was sent for late at night; found him very ill; he had fainted when I went in; he opened his eyes, saw me sitting by him, and signed, 'I am lost;' closed his eyes again, and in ten minutes looked at me, and signed, 'I am lost.' I had time before he closed his eyes the second time to sign to him, 'You will never be lost while Jesus lives. In a few minutes he looked at me again, and the third time signed, 'I am lost: I have no interest in God's grace: you are come to see my death, and you will see.' He then closed his eyes, and appeared dying for a quarter of an-hour: and, oh! what a solemn, affecting scene—his dear friends weeping round him; and the last few signs he had made, *I am lost—I am lost*

piercing a tender father's heart. I felt solemnly assured he would not die in this dark state, and said to his afflicted father, 'Weep not, my dear friends, he will not die in this state; he will give us another glorious testimony of God's free-grace and mercy before he dies. He roused up from his fainting fit, and I reminded him of one of the Lord's former visits to his soul: he signed, 'give me the Bible.' He found the words, seventh chapter of Revelations, fifteenth and sixteenth verses; and was comforted. Who among us that witnessed this dear young friend, in this awful conflict, and then with the word of God in his trembling hands, combatting the powers of hell, sin and unbelief, can forget it? Truly this was a night to be remembered.

April 10.—In the morning, found him in much conflict—told me 'satan was troubling him very much; he wanted the Holy Spirit's power, and more faith to trust in the Lord.'

April 10.—In the evening, found him very dark and tempted. He signed, 'I am the greatest sinner living: do professors repent!—what are the true signs of being born of God?' I replied, Professors, destitute of the fear of God, never hate sin, because the Lord hates it as an unholy principle: they never mourn for sin with godly sorrow; nor do they ever pray in the spirit to have the blood of Christ applied to their conscience to purge them from sin and give them peace; but the children of God do, and these are some of the marks of being born of God. I endeavoured to direct him to Jesus as the poor ruined sinner's all; and signed to him, 'God does not say in his word, I expect you polluted sinners will make yourselves comely: but the Lord said to his beloved people, "Thou art comely through the comeliness I have put upon thee." This text, through the power of God the Spirit, took hold and put new life into him. He wept a long time—his doubts and fears all fled, and he had sweet joy and peace in believing; and joined me in signing upon the glorious truths of the great salvation for an hour. A sweet time to us both. How feeble is man, and how ineffectual are means until the Lord appears; then life is felt—light springs up—darkness is dispersed—satan repulsed—and a comfortable view of Jesus by faith, brings a sweet calm to the soul.

April 13.—Found him a little better in health: had been harrassed all day lest his friends should think him hypocritical in his affliction. He signed, 'My heart trembles and my conscience condemns me for sins.' In reply, I quoted, 'If our hearts condemn us God is greater, &c., and the words of Paul, 'it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.' He signed, 'good—good—that is what I wanted: how suitable are the words of God for his afflicted people.' His soul appeared full of comfort, and after some communion upon the best things, he sunk back in his chair, and was absorbed in meditation.

Lord's-day evening, April 15.—Called on my dear young friend and son in the faith; he was very low in his mind; he had been reading about Bunyan's man in the iron cage; was very fearful he should prove like him; he had also been thinking much of Esau, and feared he should be nothing after all but a reprobate. He signed, 'did Esau repent?' I endeavoured to explain to him the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, sixteenth and seventeenth verses; that God never gave Esau a spiritual blessing, therefore he never possessed one; and that Esau never did, in the fear of God, desire a spiritual blessing. He shewed great interest in the exposition, and signed, 'I understand—I understand; but I often fear I am not honest.' After some interesting communion, I left him with much hectic fever and very high pulse.

April 16.—Found my dear friend reading God's word, and very comfortable in his mind; he shewed me the first and second Psalm, and very much enjoyed the second chapter of Titus, twelfth and thirteenth verses, fixed his finger upon the word 'purify,' and signed, 'Ah, that is what I want.' This was a very pleasant visit, and I left my friend satisfied of his interest in Jesus, and his faith fixed upon the Rock of Ages.

April 18.—My dear friend very weak in body and rather low in mind—lamented he had not more love to Jesus: he signed, 'I feel all poverty and nothing but sin: I trust Jesus is my blessed Saviour, and I know God is faithful, and that truth is everlasting; but I want more power, more faith and love, and more spiritual feeling.'

April 20.—Found my friend and brother very calm and comfortable—solemn and earnest in divine things: he signed of the bliss of the glorified spirits of the just in heaven; and was delighted at the prospect of meeting them. He signed, 'but above all to see blessed Jesus. O, how I love Jesus—dear precious Lamb of God!' Had a very spiritual and encouraging season with him for an hour.

April 23.—Found him very weak in body, but with his faith firmly fixed upon the Rock of Ages. Asked him if he was satisfied of his interest in Jesus? He signed, 'Yes—Yes!' I again signed, 'Have you no doubts and fears about this important matter now?' He replied, 'none at all: I can commit all to Jesus, he will take good care of me in life and death, and I will

"Crown him Lord of all."

We wept and rejoiced together at the Lord's manifested power and glory, in supporting him, and bringing him through the fiery trial, and enabling him to say

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

Having business that called me from

home, I did not see my afflicted brother until

April 26.—And then saw he was altered very much, and could not be far from the 'last enemy.' He was exercised in his mind about an unpleasant dream of the preceding night; he dreamed that his dear sister, and father, were in heaven, and that he was sinking into hell, this brought on more conflict; satan told him hell was the place he would go to, and not to heaven. I signed many portions of God's word to him. The Holy Spirit was pleased to apply some of them, and my dear friend was wonderfully raised up to praise and bless our faithful covenant God and Father; I left him with the impression he would not live forty-eight hours.

April 27.—Called at eleven in the morning, found my beloved brother in bed, this was the first time I had seen him in bed; as soon as I entered his room, he held up both his thumbs (which mean) good—good; I saw by his countenance he was happy in the Lord, and as he was evidently near his end, it rejoiced my heart to see him, and I prayed the dear Lord to give him the triumphs of faith in death. He was too weak to hold the bible to read, he begged his dear sister would hold it, while he read his morning portions; he then signed for the hymn book, and read the 16th, Watts' first book—

"Go worship at Immanuel's feet," &c.

And with much feeling, and a sweet smile, pointed to the 8th and 9th verses.

He was anxious to be brought down into the sitting-room, and assisted in bringing my afflicted friend down for the last time; I left him with the assurance, I would go early in the evening.

April 27.—Went in at six in the evening, he held out his hand, and very soon signed; I am going home; I signed; do you long to go? He replied, yes—yes; I long to see precious—precious Jesus.

I signed—"The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." He spread out his arms, and his whole countenance beaming with delight, and glory; ready to fly to the precious bosom of his dear exalted Jesus. He evidently enjoyed the fulness of Mr. Kent's anticipation;

"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."

A little before seven, he was carried up to bed in a dying state, and then commenced such a solemn, interesting, glorious, and triumphant scene I never witnessed before; deaf and dumb as our beloved brother was, and almost past signing, yet, he lay with his soul full of glory, I signed—"is Jesus precious now? yes—yes, 'He is very—very precious.' He fixed his eyes upon his dear sister, who had been his kind, faithful, and affectionate nurse; she signed—"Jesus is all." He made an

effort, raised up his hands, and signed—'MY BELOVED.' This was the last sentence he was able to sign with his fingers, and he took hold of his dear father's thumb, with both hands, moving it up and down for about a quarter of an hour, meaning 'good, good; I am safe father, I am happy.' He then caught sight of me, and took hold of my thumb, to assure me he was safe and happy; then in triumph raised his arms, and clapped his hands above his head, while his countenance appeared illuminated with the rays of the 'Sun of righteousness;' after many gestures, that we understood to signify, the transport of his soul, the dear, dying youth, in a very solemn manner put out his arm, in the form to mean—'Truth, truth;' while his look at me and his dear friends, was to signify—'Hold it fast; contend for it; truth will support you as it does me.' After laying quiet for some time, his last effort to signify to us the glorious prospect before him, was, by taking hold of the bed-clothes making them into a banner, waving it over his head as an emblem of Victory! Victory! Victory! Oh, my dear reader, I must leave you to form some opinion of the feelings of his God-fearing friends, who witnessed this wonderful triumph of free grace. He took a very affectionate farewell of his dear father about twelve o'clock, and soon after five in the morning of the 28th of April, 1849, his ransomed spirit entered heaven, to behold his precious Jesus, and to possess the fulness of immortal glory, which the Lord had given him the earnest of, when the Holy Spirit applied these words to his soul,

'They shall hunger no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat,' &c. Our dear brother had a very favorite hymn, it was greatly blest to him, and he would sign it; it is the best I ever met with, and is one of Mr. Gadsby's. As my readers may not all possess Mr. G.'s book, I will transcribe it.

Free grace is the joy of my heart;
Its glories with wonder I trace;
To me it doth freely impart
Rich blessings, just suiting my case:
No monster more wretched could be,
Nor less of God's favour deserve;
Yet such is free grace unto me,
I never, no never can starve.

Grace takes all my ruin and woe,
Nor murmurs my burdens to bear;
And grace in return makes me know
In Jesus I'm comely and fair;
In self I'm polluted and vile:
But grace sweetly speaks unto me,
It tells me, and that with a smile,
In Jesus I'm perfect and free.

Its blessings though rich and divine,
Are all without money and price;
A soul though as wretched as mine,
May venture to hope and rejoice!
Its highest delight is to give
True riches to sinners undone;
Nor can it, nor will it deceive,
The soul that with Jesus is one."

Should this plain narrative meet the eyes of the scoffing sceptic and gay sensualist; poor, haughty sinner blush for shame, while you read this account of a young man, of very respectable family, denied by an all-wise providence, the gifts of speech and hearing; yet, by divine power and all-sufficient grace, made a believer in Christ: a christian, consistent in life; supported in affliction; triumphant in death, and now in heaven: while you, possessing those precious organs, denied my departed friend, daily use them to sneer at the bible; pour contempt upon godliness, for the amusement of your deluded companions, and the ruin of your immortal soul.

The good Lord open your eyes, to see and feel your awful situation, and the tremendous consequences of having to meet death in your present state of mind.

R. DE FRAINE.

Lutterworth, May 17th, 1849.

The Vessel of Mercy.

THERE is a vessel built by God,
And launch'd by his divine decrees;
And every part is wash'd with blood,
With sails compact to catch the breeze.

Her Pilot is the Lord of host:
He guides her safe through every storm;
Nor can his vessel e'er be lost,
For grace shall every part perform.

Afflictions will her course pursue,
Yet thro' the waves she still must rise;
She's bound for Canaan, and must go
To that blest world above the skies.

She's often tossed to and fro
While crossing through this boistrous sea:
Her Captain saith, Here thou must go;
No shipwreck shall be found in thee.

What pirate dare this bark condemn?
For death and hell in vain may roar,
It is Jehovah guides the helm,
And he will bring her to the shore.

Her course is mark'd with lines of blood,
Predestin'd here to steer,
She sails with courage, staid on God,
Though often fill'd with doubt and fear.

Her compass is the Word of God,
And God's eternal truth the way:
And on the roat she sings of blood,
While sailing to eternal day.

To Canaan's blissful shore she's bound.
Her sail is faith well fill'd by grace;
Infinite wisdom wheels her round
To gaze on Calvary's wondrous place.

She sails along to Zion's hill
Midst rocks of error in her way;
She pass'd the mount of man's free will,
Where thousands rest, and thereon stay.

On muddy shoals of duty faith
This favour'd vessel cannot ride—
But on the main of Christ's free grace,
Which her great Captain did provide.

And when she lands on heaven's high hill,
She will look back on all the seas,
Ascribing glory to that will
That order'd all things as he please.

Her Captain then will have the praise,
Which did protect her on the main;
The royal crown on him she'll raise,
Nor sin afflict her heart again.

Marylebone.

J. STEPHENS.

Glorying in the Cross of Christ :

BEING THE OUTLINE OF A SERMON BY
MR. JOSEPH HUDMAN.

MY BELOVED BROTHER—Grace and peace be your's, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

The following is a brief outline of my sermon on Sunday Morning, May 6th; when, according to announcement on the wrapper of the *Vessel*, I entered upon my stated labours at Bethel Chapel, Trowbridge: and I can assure you, my brother, that it was a solemn, weighty time. The text was

Gal. vi. 14. 'But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.'

These words, my dear friends, I would notice under the two following heads,

1. Paul's fervent desire:—'But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

2. The two-fold crucifixion:—'By whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.'

We proceed to notice then, in the first place, Paul's fervent desire:—But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. And do we say a word too much, or put a word too strong, when we say, it was the Apostle's *fervent* desire? Nay. It is evidently the language of a man in *earnest*: and this desire is grounded upon the broad bottom of all spiritual declarations relative to glorying, 'He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord:' in that, which belongeth unto the Lord and to him alone.

'God forbid,' is a term made use of in the word of the Lord, to set forth a solemn protest against certain propositions; as may be seen at large in various parts of God's word: but is used more frequently by the Apostle in his epistle to the Romans and other places, against base insinuations against the gospel of the grace of God, and its precious and immortal truths: but in THIS PARTICULAR 'God forbid,' let us notice,

1. That it doth evidently set forth, that the Apostle considered it to be a matter of the *greatest possible importance*, that he should glory in *nothing else, save in the cross of Christ*.

2. The high interest which he felt in it. His whole soul appeared to be wrapped up in it as in a swaddling band. It called forth all the powers of his soul, let whatever else may be presented to him to glory in, he saith, 'God forbid' that I should do it.

3. A great assurance in his own soul that none but God would forbid him doing it. It is not man's work to forbid men *effectually*, to do that which is so congenial to man's nature. Man could not have forbid-

den him with success, but God could, yea, and did.

4. To use it as a prayer. 'God forbid! Forbid it God! Lord, let it never be that I should glory in anything else, (however it may be esteemed among men,) save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Ah, my dear hearers, satisfied am I, that, *none* but those who are conscious of their own weakness will cry to the strong for strength; and in this day, entering upon ministerial labours among you as an under shepherd, no words appeared more suitable unto me, or more congenial to my feelings, than these which fastened with power upon my mind; 'God forbid,' forbid it, gracious God; Lord, let it never be that I should be left so to act, or so to walk, as to *despise* thy cross, to become an *enemy* of the cross, or to glory, *save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ*.

But that is to glory in that which,

1. No profane worldly, or self-sufficient pharisaic professor can glory in. 'For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish *foolishness*.' 'We preach Christ *crucified*, (no *crucifixion* without the *cross*,) unto the Jews a *stumbling block*, and unto the Greeks *foolishness*,' 1 Cor. i. 18, 23. But while this was the case with some, unto others it was power, and that in which they could glory. Here mark the change by grace divine. This it is that maketh thee to differ; therefore, what hast thou which thou hast not received? Canst thou glory in the cross? See here then, good ground hast thou for hope, that thou art saved with an everlasting salvation, and called with an holy calling, 1 Cor. i. 18.

2. It is also, my beloved, to glory in an *offensive* thing; yea, a thing which staineth the abominable pride of the human heart: cutting up flesh and blood—root and branch. To preach the cross of Christ, and how salvation was *finished* on it, and how Christ hath reconciled the sinner and the Father, and made peace by the blood of the cross, without the help, or aid, or assistance of the creature; yea, to preach salvation in *no* other way than through Christ and him crucified, to the cutting up of all the works, and the utter exclusion of all the performances of the creature therein, is an offence. It is lowering, say some, the dignity of the man, and setting him far too low down in the scale; whereas, God hath concluded all to be '*in unbelief*,' and '*under sin*,' Gal. iii. 22; nay, '*dead in trespasses and sins*,' Eph. ii. 1; and who can bring forth clean things from an unclean, or living acts from a dead carcase? Not one. Yet it is an offensive thing to preach salvation by the cross without anything of our own therein. It is, in very deed, a stumbling block to some, to others foolishness; yet, God forbid that I should glory in anything else. No, no: destroy the cross of Christ, and then all cause for glory is done away

with, for there could be no song of triumph, over sin, death, and hell. No further cause then would my tongue have to sing or give praise.

3. To glory in the cross, is to have an eye to the blessings which flow from the sufferings of him, who humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; that he may deliver his saints from the curse of the law, being made a curse for them; for, 'Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree,' Gal. iii. 13.

4. To glory in the cross, is also to glory in the full receipt which is manifest in the *naïling up* of the handwriting of ordinances which was *against* us and *contrary* to us; yet now, blessed be God, *blotted out*, taken *out of the way*, and *nailed to the cross*. It cannot be removed then, nor destroyed, nor taken down; no: it is *nailed up* there, for evermore to show, that the last mite is paid. In this therefore will I glory.

"The law demanded blood for blood,
And out he lets his vital flood,
To pay the mortal debt!
He toils through life, and pants thro' death,
And cries with his expiring breath;
'Tis finish'd, and complete."

Blessed, for ever blessed be his name therefore.

5. To glory in the cross, is also to glory in the holy triumphs and victories of Jesus, which he achieved upon the cross of Calvary. Here it was he spoiled principalities and powers, and made a shew of them openly, Col. ii. 15. Here it was, that he bruised the head of the old serpent the devil, who had the power of death. Heb. ii. 14.

6. It is also to glory in the link to which his glorious exaltation at the right hand of the majesty of heaven is connected. To this witnesseth the apostle,—'And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross: Wherefore (for this reason, or because of this,) God hath *highly exalted* him, and given him a name which is above every name, Phil. ii. 8, 9.

7. But for a moment or two let us consider what Jesus saith, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his *cross*, and follow me.' Matt. xvi.

24. Are we then brought to come without the camp bearing his reproach? Heb. xiii. 13. If so, we have been enabled in some humble measure to say with the apostle, 'But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ.' And again, it is a being brought with him to exclaim, 'Most gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, *that the power of Christ may rest upon me*. There-

fore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; *for when I am weak then am I strong.*' 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10; Phil. iii. 7, 8. This, truly, is among the paradoxes of the christian's experience; he is taught to glory in that which in the eyes of the world is mean, contemptible, foolish, and beneath the notice, as they say, of any but the weak, silly, and priest-ridden methodists, and those who are men of little minds. He that would be wise, must become a fool that he may be wise. He that would save the life of his soul, must lose his life of vain hope, false expectation, and glorying in himself after the flesh, and be brought to esteem the cross of Christ, *fly to the cross of Christ, glory in the cross of Christ: ever remembering, that he that would enter heaven's gate must expect hell's rage.*

"Shall Simon bear the cross alone,
And all the rest go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And one for you and me."

The Lord enable us to glory in the cross; to rally round the blood-stained banner of the cross; to prize the doctrines of the cross; and to know more and more of that which we proceed to notice in the second place: viz. The two-fold crucifixion here spoken of. The world crucified unto me, and I unto the world. The world to be dying unto me, and I unto the world. Oh, the blessedness of living near the cross, experiencing the power of the Spirit, whereby I am brought to know what it is to be dead as it were, yea, crucified to its charms, allurements, pleasures, vanities, maxims and customs. That as the death of the cross stamps meanness and contemptibleness upon him that is so crucified in the estimation of others, so feel I towards the world, so that while I am accounted mean, contemptible, and subject to ignominy and reproach from the world, that is mean and contemptible unto me. That is to say, not the men of the world, as to their persons, but the things of the world which form their pursuits. But while the Lord sees good to nail up my hands, and to fasten up my feet, so that I can neither *work in it nor walk in it*, I do not say there are no struggles; I do not say my old man takes it at all quietly; I do not say the world and my flesh do not desire and try to go on as once they did; yet, what a mercy to be enabled to say, 'I am crucified *with* Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.' Gal. ii. 20. The Lord bless these imperfect hints for his name's sake. Amen.

JOSEPH RUDMAN.

Some Account of my Stewardship.

(Continued from p. 94.)

I AM now on my way to Matfield Green Anniversary, and desire to embrace the opportunity of recording something more of what I must believe to be the great goodness of a gracious, long-suffering God towards me. After preaching in the little chapel near Minety, and being favoured with a night's rest, at a good farmer's house, I set off the next morning purposing to get on to Lutterworth, where I had engaged to meet our esteemed brother De Fraine; but on coming up to the Railway Station I found the cost to Lutterworth would be more money than I had with me. Here I was brought to a stand, and knew not what to do. At last I concluded to go and call on my brother John Wigmore, whose house was but a few miles distance. I did so; and spent a little time with him, and a few of his friends; and the next morning (Saturday, February 1st,) John Wigmore and myself set out for Gloucester, from whence he went to Wolverhampton, and I to Alvechurch, where good John Freeman introduced me to the family of Mr. King, who is a real lover of the Gospel of Christ, and a firm, faithful, and benevolent friend to the poor servants of God. Here I received a hearty welcome; and was favoured to feel as happy as it was possible for me to be under the circumstances in which I was placed. That precious promise which the Lord had given to me at Grittleton, (and which I referred to in my last—namely—'Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him,') came springing up in my soul again while I was at farmer King's; and the next morning I was led to preach from it in the Baptist Chapel, at Withall Heath, where John Freeman is the pastor. I enjoyed some sweet liberty in that discourse; and trust my labours there were not in vain.

Immediately after the morning service, I was driven off to Studley, in Warwickshire, where some of the Lord's persecuted and afflicted people were that day to be united together in Church-fellowship. In the afternoon I had this text to preach from—'And they continued steadfastly in the apostle's doctrine, and in fellowship, and in the breaking of bread, and in prayers.' As an humble instrument, I certainly was enabled that afternoon to set up the three-fold standard of divine truth, of vital experience, and of Gospel practice; and it would be a rich reward for me to know that these three things are living and prospering in the midst of that dark, truth-despising part of the land. In the evening, our sober-minded brother Freeman addressed

the congregation and prayed in a most solemn manner; and I then spoke to them again from—'I will make them, and the places round about my hill a blessing,' &c. Ezekiel xxxiv. 26; and I felt a little hope that this delightful prophecy would be fulfilled in the peaceable prosperity of that little cause: it is, indeed, like a spark in the ocean: floods of error round about it; and weakness is in the midst; but if God be on their side, they shall overcome, and onward make their way.

At the close of the discourse, I gave to each of the members the right hand of fellowship; and in addressing each of them I felt a blessed soul-comforting liberty; and in the breaking of bread with the saints, I had the testimony in my conscience that the Lord was there. This was a hard, but a happy day's work; and after it was over, I went with brother Collier (now of Bexleyheath) to Studley Castle, where, in the pretty little palace occupied by our esteemed friend and brother Charman, we found a quiet retreat, and good provision by the way.

On the following Monday morning before we left Studley Castle, friend Freeman went to prayer, and if ever I felt what vital prayer was, I did that morning under John Freeman's most solemn appeal to the mercy-seat. We then bade farewell to dear Charman and his wife; walked back (through Studley and Redditch,) to farmer King's; there we spent an evening in good spiritual conversation; and the next day, Mr. King very kindly drove me to Birmingham, where, in the chapel where Mr. Jay is the pastor, I preached that evening.

Some of my friends will be ready to say, what has all this to do with your Stewardship as regards the *Vessel*? Well, although I had no collections for the *Vessel* fund on that day, still, the friends at both places, Withall Heath and Studley, subscribed, and helped me on the way, as may be seen by reference to the Subscription List in a former number. The extreme anguish of soul that I have endured through circumstances connected with my standing in London—the heavy labours arising out of my two-fold capacity as preacher of the Gospel, and publisher,—and the many displays of the Lord's goodness to me, a poor unworthy sinner, these three things combined have so shaken my nerves, that it is but little I can write at a time. I shall, with divine permission, however, proceed with this little history as fast as I can. I may add that since my return, the Lord has been pleased to keep me preaching seven, eight, and nine times a-week, and although I often go to the pulpit weak and empty, still I am helped, and sometimes greatly blessed; and my hope is that the Lord is still making use of your Servant in the Gospel,

C. W. BANKS.

Angels waiting to carry Ransomed Souls to Glory.

MY DEAR PASTOR:—My heart got warm this morning as you related that circumstance Mr. Caryll speaks of respecting a good man who saw Jesus, on his dying bed, with 'thousands of angels;' and the more so as I was witness to an instance in my own family very similar to it. It is now between twenty and thirty years since it transpired; but it is as fresh and green in my memory as it was at that time—it was in the last illness of a dear sister, whom God kindly took to himself before she had entered on her thirteenth year. She died of consumption after an illness of nine months, in which she suffered very much; and though I was at that time only eleven years of age, yet I had, at times, a great dread of doing what was wrong, lest God should cast me into hell to burn for ever. I was often struck with awe at the great desire my sister Ann had to read the New Testament and other good books; and I dared not refuse to give it to her, privately, lest it should be a sin, although her medical attendant said she was neither to read or talk much, as she suffered much from great weakness. But as her weakness of body increased, so her desires after heaven and heavenly things grew brighter and stronger. She liked much to be alone; and when Sunday came round, she would beg us to go to church, and not on any account to stop away for her, as she was more happy by herself: and when she was quite confined to her bed she would often beg us to go down and leave her, as she wished to be alone; and my dear parent would often pretend to go down to satisfy her, and then creep softly back again, and conceal herself behind the curtains of the bed, to watch over her, as it was not safe to leave her. And many times she has laid for several minutes with her eyes fixed upwards, and her face with the bright glow of joy upon it, as though she would raise herself out of her bed, and flee away to be with that God she so ardently panted after; and often would her eyes seem to follow eagerly some bright object on the ceiling; and then she would speak loud enough to be heard, and say, 'I AM COMING! I AM COMING AS FAST AS I CAN;' But if she found any one had heard or seen her, she seemed hurt and disappointed, as though the sight of her rapture and conversation with those pure and bright angels that her Lord had sent down to comfort her soul, and wait to convey her ransomed spirit to her Father's home, was too sacred for mortal eyes to see, save unto her, for whom, and to whom these visits were made; for sure I am she saw the angels of God round about her head; and to them were her words spoken; for she often told our mother that she saw angels, and that they waited for her. Thus did she in the latter end of her illness, live close and still closer

to angels, to heaven, and to God. On one occasion, my parent asked her if she would not like to get well again, so that she might live with her and her sisters? Her answer, without one moment's hesitation, was, while a stream of joy seemed to thrill through her soul, and agitate her whole frame, 'Oh, no, mother; not for a thousand worlds; I would sooner die and go to Jesus.'

We lived close to the Independent Chapel, in Castle Carey, and there was service Sunday-morning and evening, and on Wednesday evening; and for about three weeks before she died she seemed to be on the frequent listen, and she has often said to my mother, 'Is it not Sunday to-day mother? I thought it was not; and yet I hear them singing in the chapel.' On being told it was not, she would say—'Where can that beautiful music be?' And at other times she would ask if it was not chapel night; but when she was told it was not, she would say, 'I hear them singing; it must be chapel night: hark! mother, don't you hear them? there! hark! there they are; can't you hear them now? Where can that music be? I never heard anything so beautiful before.' One night she had suffered for about four hours, so that she could with great difficulty be kept in bed, although she was wasted to a shadow; and her struggles were very violent, so that she became exhausted, and lay as one dead until the morning dawned in upon her, when she seemed, as it were, to awake out of the sleep of death; my mother was sitting by her, and her first words were, 'Mother, did I say anything that was wrong last night, when I was so ill?' And being told she did not, she seemed satisfied. But on her looking up, and seeing her mother weeping, she said, 'Mother, what are you crying for? Do not cry for me, for I shall be better off than you. I am going to heaven; I have been there once, and am going again soon.' My dear mother then asked her, when she had been to heaven; and she said, 'last night, after I had been so ill; and I saw Jesus, and he told me I should come again;' and she said she had seen angels, and many beautiful things; 'but (said she) I cannot tell you what I saw.' This was about three days before her death.

When she saw us standing round the bed weeping, she would say, 'Weep not for me; I am going to heaven, and Jesus is there.' The day before she went up to glory, she asked several times if the doctor was come; and my mother asked her why she so much wished to see him. Her answer was, 'he might, perhaps, be able to tell me, nearly, how long I can live.' And mother said, 'Why do you wish to know that, my dear?' 'Oh, mother, (said she,) because I want to die quicker.' But, on being told she should endeavour to wait patiently the

Lord's time, she wept, and said she had done wrong, and pray'd the Lord to give her patience to wait. At about three o'clock in the afternoon he came, and said, she could not remain longer than eight in the evening; so she counted the clock at every hour; and at seven she lifted up her poor wasted hands, and joyfully exclaimed, 'One hour more, mother, and then I shall be gone; but she laid till about two in the morning. She seemed to take but little notice of anything that passed in the room after seven; laying quite still, and now and then saying softly, 'I am coming, I am coming as fast as I can.' Thus fell asleep in the Lord, at the age of twelve years and eleven months, Ann Carey, of Castle Carey, Somerset.

HELEN MARIA ALLINGHAM.

Two Questions Proposed & Answered.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN OUR EXALTED HEAD, JESUS:—Exalted! yes, the man of sorrows once, but now exalted—the suffering, bleeding Lamb once, but now exalted—exposed to shame and spitting once, but now exalted—the mark for envious devils and scornful men once, but now exalted—in Gethsemane see him smitten and afflicted once, but now exalted—before Pilate's bar, accused and condemned once, but now exalted—on the cross, and bleeding to death once, but now exalted—in the grave entombed once, but now exalted—in the garden, to Mary appearing personally, once, and with his disciples on the way to Emmaus, but now exalted! Envious devils, scornful men, nor justice stern can affect him now. He is exalted! precious truth! 'Where I am, there ye shall be also;' not merely as a place, but as a state honourably possessed, so that sin cannot harm, the law accuse, or justice smite. I confess the inward joy of my heart abounds, and longing desires for home increase, as the perfect work of Christ for, as well as the revelation of that work in me by the Holy Ghost, is made known.

My dear brother, tell me, 'is it seemly for those who would have us believe they are 'young men,' to be constantly desiring to be fed with food that is only suitable for babes; and to clothe their thoughts in dress only fitted for infant minds?'

I sometimes write bitter things against myself, because of the little advance I seem to make in the knowledge of heavenly things. I look at others, some of them were once, when I knew them little pulling babes, you could hardly tell whether they were for life or death, but now they are 'young men,' vigorous and strong in the things of God. I sit down sometimes half-sullen and half-something else. I am ready to say, 'Ah! it's no use, I may as well content myself to remain a dwarf, for I don't seem to have grown an inch these last fourteen or fifteen years. The thought has sometimes been suggested, 'Is not this

measuring themselves by themselves?' And the apostle tells us this is not wise.

But after all, I find when I am led prayerfully before God to enquire concerning the matter, that there has been a growth however slow it has been. I try to put my desires in the same dress I once appeared in when conviction of sin was first sent home to my heart, connected with a cry for mercy. This was my dress then, 'Mercy, mercy Lord, I want; how it can be shewn I know not, but let me have it. Oh, if I can but get to heaven somehow that is all I want.' I do not now despise this dress, there may be some of the materials worked up to purpose, but I cannot wear it, though my foolish heart sometimes prompts me to appear like other babes. Now I do think there are some of those big babies who get into our pulpits, and exhibit themselves in our magazines, 'Is there not (under God,) a going forth, in the mind of a believer, from the mere fact of being saved, however desirable that fact may be, to know something concerning the honourable nature of that salvation, and the glory of God in that salvation?'

The Lord give you, my dear brother, though mistaken men, and some of them professedly 'deeply tried' may revile, to increase in the old-fashioned way of understanding and preaching Christ, which I know is your happy theme; for my own soul has felt a little of the warmth of that flame which burned within your breast, while love divine constrained you to speak well of the name, nature, and love of Jesus, who is 'all and in all' in gospel doctrine, gospel experience, and gospel practice.

I hope before long to have the joy of heart to hear you again in this part of the world. The friends at Sharnbrook are desirous to have your services in connection with our dear brother Drawbridge at their next anniversary, which they think of having in June, but of which further application will be made. I still continue visiting occasionally, and talking to them of the things God has made dear to their hearts as well as to mine. I could tell you much concerning the exercise of my mind, and that of the Lord's lovingkindness in my visits amongst them, but I must now forbear. Time will make known the intention of God in the matter.

I must now make another appeal on behalf of those beloved of God at Ellington, with whom you spent a Lord's-day last July. Whenever you come you must not forget them as they sincerely request another Lord's-day benefit through you. I must now say farewell. Should be glad to hear from you as early as you can.

I remain your's affectionately in Christ,
D. ASHBY.

Higham Ferrers, Feb. 19th, 1849.

THE ANSWER:—

MY DEAR BROTHER:—By the sacred and solemn teachings of the Eternal Spirit, you have been highly favoured with those pure

conceptions and holy perceptions of the exalted character of our glorious Christ, which have originated greatness in your mind's grasp, proportioned to the continual receptions of grace communications from the alone source of all true wisdom and knowledge. Nothing short of an experimental acquaintance with the excellency of Christ, can cause the soul to extol him that is exalted far above all blessing and praise. Softly and sweetly may the heaven-inspired appeal often revibrate upon your awakened and circumcised ear, 'What hast thou that thou didst not receive?' In attempting to answer your two questions, I would preface my remarks by observing that the following lines suitably express the feelings which generally prevail in my soul :—

O give me Saviour, give me still
My poverty to know ;
Increase my faith each day, in grace
And knowledge may I grow.

Open still more the mystery
Of thy dear bleeding cross ;
And for this precious pearl, let me
Count all things else but loss.

O, how transcendent is that grace
Which thou dost then bestow ;
When nothing in myself I feel,
But misery and woe !

'Tis then indeed, my gracious Lord,
Thy suffering state I see,
And through that veil, with joy behold
Thy tenderest love to me.

You ask me, my brother, 'is it seemly for those who would have us believe they are 'young men,' to be constantly desiring to be fed with food that is only suitable for babes, and to clothe their thoughts in dress only fitted to infant minds?' To this question, I reply, that growth in grace as well as growth in nature, is not of man, but of God ; and hence what Christ saith relative to the body, is equally true in its application to the mind, 'that none by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature.' The Holy Ghost, by John, has characterised the living family of God thus, as babes, young men, and fathers ; now I apprehend that the babes are distinguished by the spirit of desire, and hence Peter writes 'as new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' 1 Pet. ii. 2. Young men, I conceive are generally distinguished by the spirit of discovery, greatly desiring to explore 'the deep things of God,' and to have a growing acquaintance with his word, his will, his works, and ways, yet are not all young men alike, hale, strong, vigorous, and successful. There are doubtless, many young men in the school of Christ who are favoured with blessed discoveries of Christ as theirs, in all his glorious fulness, and yet are unable to express themselves in language adequate thereto. And perhaps, for this reason, that God hath determined to hide pride from their eyes, and to keep them from the dreadful evil of 'thinking

more highly of themselves than they ought to think,' for some, 'measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves they are not wise.' 2 Cor. x. 12. I feel no hesitation in asserting that many because they could see clearly and talk freely, have rashly concluded therefrom, that they were designed of God to be teachers and preachers, and consequently have easily persuaded themselves to become such ; merely on the ground of their fluency of speech, and skill in making 'hard texts,' to mean anything or everything that may serve to set off 'the wonderful ability of the rising young man.' Fathers, I presume, are distinguished by the spirit of delight they have in grace settlements,—covenant faithfulness,—inalienable rights secured to them in Christ Jesus,—love visits,—sweet fellowship with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—in atoning and appeasing blood applied,—yea and amen promises tested and attested, to the honour of the adorable Alpha and Omega of all their hallowed desires and delights,—in thankful recollections of countless deliverances wrought, battles fought, promises obtained, and victories gained,—in peaceful reliance on the faithful word of the Father, the finished work of the Son, and the felt witness of the Spirit,—and in joyful anticipation of the future felicity reserved for them in glory.

You will further observe, my brother, that while John speaks of babes, young men, and fathers, Paul speaks of 'wise men,' capable of exercising a deliberate, discreet, and decisive judgment, or in other words, men distinguished by the spirit of discernment. Now, herein divine sovereignty appears, and infinite wisdom abounds, in giving discernment and understanding sometimes to very babes, sometimes to young men, sometimes to fathers, even 'as it seemeth good in his own sight.' And we should remember that all babes are not alike lively, though they be alive, nor all young men alike strong, though they be grown, neither are all fathers alike wise, though they be advanced in knowledge. For as there were dwarfs and giants in olden times, even so at the present time are there found in our land men small of stature and of strength, and men great of growth in gifts and grace. Therefore, let us not judge any to condemn them on account of their diminutive stature, or the apparent meanness of their verbal garments, so long as they obtain them from God's wardrobe, which (like his ward-robe) is pre-eminent for its unrivalled wealth ; but rather let us judge thus, that if in anything we excel others, the praise is his whose power alone has produced in us that which he approves. Sure I am that simplicity of speech is the most eloquent oratory, and daily do I desire more grace to speak more plainly of the precious things of a precious Christ. But I forbear, knowing that a word to the wise is sufficient. May we never lose sight of the prophetic

inquiry, 'For who hath despised the day of small things?' Zech. iv. 10.

In noticing your second question, which is as follows, 'Is there not (under God) a going forth in the mind of a believer, from the mere fact of being saved, (however desirable that fact may be) to know something concerning the honorable nature of that salvation, and the glory of God in that salvation?' I answer, not only is salvation and sanctification of the Lord, but likewise the things which accompany salvation and evidence sanctification are from the Lord; and therefore, every increase of faith, advancement in wisdom, acquisition of understanding, progress in knowledge, and growth in grace is purely according to the infinite pleasure of him 'that giveth wisdom to the wise, and understanding to the simple,' and oft' maketh even the weakness of babes instrumental in manifesting and declaring the exceeding greatness of his power who can direct, instruct, and strengthen worms to thresh mountains and reduce them into dust before the wind of the LORD. Where the vitality and spirituality of God's Word is realised in the soul, there will not only be a thirsting and panting after knowledge, but there will be an increase and exhibition of knowledge proportioned to the desire created in the heart by the Holy Ghost. Hence, with David, they will cry, 'Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law;' and with Paul, 'that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings,' &c. How truly animating and encouraging is the delightful declaration of the prophet Hosea, 'then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord, his going forth is prepared as the morning.' Verily the salvation of God is honourable, and the God of salvation is glorious, 'sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.' Ps. cxi. 2.

From strength to strength they go
Who of the Saviour learn;
They, sacred mysteries know,—
Their Teacher's mind discern.

As regards the anniversary at Sharnbrook, I can as yet say nothing thereto, not knowing whether I shall be able to leave home this year; but should the Lord direct my way thither, I am sure the beloved friends at Ellington will not be forgotten. The exceeding kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Measures I have in grateful remembrance. The Lord not only reward them, but himself be their reward. I am glad you continue to tell out, shew forth, open up, and make known the glorious gospel of the blessed God at Sharnbrook. May your testimony be sanctified of God,—sealed hot upon the heart,—sent home to the conscience,—and prove saving, salutary, searching, and strengthening in its operation, influence, tendency and effect upon the souls of the disciples.

My heart oft employs the following lines:—

Hear me, Saviour, when I cry,
Help me, when to preach I try,
Honour me with many seals,
Humble me, or Satan steals.
The peace that pride would soon destroy,
The praise that should my tongue employ.

May you, my beloved brother, be continually waiting upon God,—wrestling with him,—and watching for him, that you may witness to others a good confession of what you have heard and seen,—found and felt,—tasted and handled of the good Word of life, testifying none other things than those the prophets and apostles have before declared unto us, 'concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of our Lord Jesus Christ;' the truth of which things has not only been revealed in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, but has been confirmed in our experience by the same divine power.

The Lord God of Israel bless you and your's,—make you a blessing to many,—keep you honest and humble, bold and brave, valiant and virtuous,—striving for the mastery over the man of sin, and the monster self;—seeking the good of all the seed royal,—and endeavouring to provoke many to emulation. The joy of the Lord be your strength,—the work of the Lord your delight,—and the name of the Lord your high tower and sure defence. Remember me to all the friends, even the faithful in Christ Jesus, and believe me to be,

Your's in HIM,

JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea, March 8th, 1849.

THE CONVERSION AND DEATH OF Alexander McKenzie.

DEAR BROTHER.—I have sent you the following extract from an old magazine of the last century; you can use your discretion in reference to its publication in the *Vessel*. 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?' R. DE FRAINE.

Alexander McKenzie was born in Edinburgh, and according to his own, and also his brother's account, of truly gracious parents; but saving grace runs in no other channel but Christ, to a guilty sinner.

About the age of twenty-one, he enlisted into a marching regiment of foot. In the twenty-fourth year of his age, lying at Teignmouth barracks with the regiment, he and his comrade having been at Newcastle, and the devil having got them to drink more than nature required, led them on to commit a robbery on the Shields road. The next day they were both sworn to, and delivered up to the civil law. McKenzie's comrade escaped from justice between Teignmouth and Newcastle, but he was committed to Morpeth Gaol until the assizes, where Sovereign grace had met with him about three weeks before his trial.

After he had got his sentence from his earthly judge, he was sent to Morpeth for three weeks; all which time I had not any particular thoughts or impressions on my

mind about him; but the evening before he was to suffer, I having preached about nine miles from Newcastle, as soon as service was ended, I found a strong desire to go home and see him, but was prevailed upon to stay all night till four in the morning. I got home about seven, and to my surprise, found he had sent for me. I went as soon as I could; I found him chained to the wall, and a number of people around him; but, O, glory to free grace, he was divinely walking in the liberty of the sons of God. One of Mr. W—y's lay preachers bid him believe in Christ, for that his blood had been shed for him. To which he mildly replied, 'The covenant of grace hath this seal to it, 'The Lord knoweth them that are his.'

He apologised for his having sent for me. I asked him, how it stood between God and his soul? To which he said, 'Sir, I have heard of you, and have sent for you to declare what God hath done for my soul. About six weeks ago I was lying stupid, and inly dead; but the Lord came and so convinced me that I could not stand; for I thought I should have been in hell before my trial; and I found none to tell my case to for two or three days; but at last the Lord broke in upon my mind, and hath taken away the sting of death; O, the preciousness of Christ! Well might the apostle say, 'Unto you that believe he is precious.' I found great liberty to converse with him; and every word and answer he uttered confirmed me in the belief that the work was of God. I prayed with him; and then I took my leave.

I had been at home about half an hour, when he sent for me again. When I went I found the curate of Morpeth preparing to administer the sacrament to him. I said, 'You have been brought up in the church of Scotland, can you think it right to receive it after the form of the Church of England?' This I said to try him whether he was trusting to outwards or not. To which he said, 'O, sir, I have done with forms—Christ is all to me; and I shall soon be in that church where Christ is all in all.' After receiving the sacrament, he said, 'I sent for you to ask a favour, which is to accompany me to the place of execution, to which I agreed.

About half an hour before the sheriff's officers came to fetch him out, I had the most refreshing discourse with him, and many were hearkening to us with tears of joy. At the corner of Westgate-street (the sun shining clear out upon us,) he cried out, 'O, Sun of Righteousness! shine a few more moments upon my poor sinful soul, and then I am sure thou wilt shine on it to all eternity. When we came facing St. John's church, he looked up at the clock, and said, 'Farewell clocks and time; I have almost done with you; I am going where I shall want you no more. O, come thou lovely Jesus, who wast once led away thyself; come, Lord, and take another thief with thee to glory!'

Just at this time I observed one of the deacons of the church endeavouring to hear what was said; I prayed the bailiff, who guarded the cart, to let him get in, which he did; but he was so sensibly affected with his divine ejaculations, that he could not stay; but got out before we came to the tree. As we passed through the Westgate, I said, 'Is there any passage of Scripture in particular impressed or applied to your soul by the Spirit of the Lord?' He said, 'O yes, sir; will you preach from it? It is Isaiah xlix. 24. But blessed be his holy name, all his words are mine; yea, death is mine, and eternal life is mine, and all is mine; and all because Christ is mine. O sir, it is God's free electing love! I would not change this, my awful situation, (as the gazing crowd think it) to be king of Great Britain.

"What have I, in this barren land,

When Jesus is not here?

My eyes will ne'er be blest until

My Jesus does appear.

"None but Christ—none but my Lord,

No bribes can take with me;

A proffered world would be abhorr'd,

A Christ, and none but he!"

When we got up to the tree, he looked up at it, and said, 'I thank God I am near home. Then after I had spent (by the sheriff's liberty) sometime in prayer, I asked him if he had anything to say to the public? He said, 'I have much to say, but they will not be able to hear me. Speak you to them. Tell the young to obey their parents in the Lord; tell them to flee bad company and drunkenness, that inlet to all sin; tell them that I die in the Lord; and, dear sir, may the Lord bless your labours—he will bless them if you exalt Christ, for he will bless nothing but that. Farewell, dear sir, I believe we shall meet in glory to part no more.'

He seemed (to me, and to all that were present) to step over the threshold of time with sweet composure. — *Newcastle upon Tyne, August, 1777.*

Effectual Calling.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Knowing that you had an abundance of matter for the Vessel; and feeling that your editorial work was disturbed by those storms and waves through which your little bark had to pass, I have not troubled you with my thoughts on effectual calling: but now, however, in compliance with your expressed wish, the Lord helping me, I humbly attempt so to do. But owing to the real concomitants of a legal call, and the "wrong judgment" we mostly possess, the difficulty to define, and clearly apprehend an abstract and effectual call is indeed not small. Therefore I would say, "Let your numerous readers be slow to judge and condemn the following, but rather

ponder these things in their hearts. For truly, one great reason of doubt and despondency among the saints is, an ignorance of the simplicity and nature of a saving work.

Before this effectual call takes place, there may be in the person the effects resulting from an obedience to a legal call; or, there may not. If there be, then the person may in every respect be a consistent professor; and being sincere in purpose, and chaste in sentiment and life, nothing is wanting, but the sweet and rich kernel of a saving call to amplify and fill up the fair and promising shell. For whatever the change passed through by conversion, or the talents bestowed by common grace; whatever consecration the faculties may have received, or however correctly the judgment may be formed; however pure and amiable the life, or fair and lovely the profession; yet the inner man is still dead in trespasses and in sins? Notwithstanding all, the heart still lies a dry bone in the battle-field! As yet it lies in that vast tomb into which, by the offence of one, all fell. For while we may see not only a lovely natural life, but also a pure, moral and religious one, yet there shall be no spiritual life, for this can follow a saving call only. Therefore the first divine operation preparatory to this call, must be quickening; and that in accordance to eternal purpose, and after the power of an endless life. And this quickening is the effect of a divine inspiration from the heavenly wind that passeth over the dry and lifeless bone. Immediately there is a resurrection to eternal life. This is the first radical point in regeneration; and the evidence of its existence is, an ear to hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches. That is, there is now a perception, however faint, of spiritual things, in such a way as there was not heretofore. And here is the first invisible formation of the babe, called the new creature: which babe must pass through all the after stages till he appear the sucking child, the young man, or the father.

This life may begin by and through ordinary means; or altogether without them; but when once began, it is the abiding and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, whose brooding wings, and fostering care shall never for one moment forsake this work of Jehovah's hand. It is the Lord's doing, and must one day be marvellous in the eyes of this elect sinner. But at present, though the saving heaven be cast in, and its effects sure, yet it so worketh that the man knows not how! Yea, though he sleep and rise night and day, this incorruptible seed groweth but he knoweth not how! "Ye know not whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Then first of all, when this life is given, there is an ear to hear, an eye to see, and an

heart to understand. The Father's voice is heard calling out of Sinai, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." But this is no more known to be the voice of the Father, (John vii. 45) than little Samuel knew the voice he heard to be that of Jehovah. Hence assuredly, the soul runs the *wrong way*! All her conceptions are wrong! Her judgment of herself is wrong! she struts off in the way of her own thoughts, and follows out her own notions! And often in the very teeth of better judgment will she say, "Evil is intended against me, instead of good!" But again, and again the voice is heard in the secret chambers of the soul, and it begets a holy tremour in the mind; a real consciousness of guilt is the result. However clean the hands, or pure the life, there is an increasing sense of spiritual pollution. A little spot of leprosy at the heart is now spreading itself through every nerve and muscle; nor will it cease till it is found white all over the body. This is spiritual conviction, so different from that noisy legal conviction which attends the legal call. And the reason why many of the sons and daughters of Zion think they are not savingly called, is because they have not had those terrors felt by many. Not knowing that there are two sorts of conviction, and that a legal one taking notice only of actual sin, can accuse only in the same proportion as actual sin has been committed. Therefore, as many have been pure all their life as to open pollution, these cannot be convinced of having done what they have not done. But while that has to do only with certain branches, and not the sap of the tree, this has to do with the very root, and life, and power of sin. Hence, though far less perceptible, it is far more effectual and sure, seeing that the spirit of life is in untiring contact with the very essence of transgression.

But what kind of voice is that heard from Sinai? Spiritual and such as no bondchild ever can hear. It is the searching voice of the law which is spiritual. And as precept upon precept with their killing virtue enters by the ear of the new man, so is the light of the Lord's countenance found in the chambers of the heart. And as a spiritual eye is given, so things are seen and felt to be sin, which before were thought to be holy. Thus the spirituality of sin is discovered so spreading itself through all the faculties of the soul, that ultimately no place is found to be clean! And this I think is a criterion so sure, that were it properly held up to view by ministers, much needless anxiety and suspense would be saved to the real church.

Here then, we have one of "the sure mercies of David," viz:—"I will put my law into their minds, and write it upon their hearts."—This is new covenant work, and

must produce new covenant liberty. And the law being put into the mind, shews that the person cannot get it out, let him do what he will. The Word of God, like a two-edged sword, hath divided asunder the two principal parts of man, *soul* and *spirit*; and it is not in the power of men or devils to put them together again. For however the soul may kick, plunge and rebel, as she will be found to do, the spirit, or heart, is separated from her, and if I may so say, impregnated with the very essence of love; and hence the internal and mental warfare. For though this love be not yet shed abroad, like ointment from the box, yet is it shut up in the heart. All the law is fulfilled, and comprehended in this one word *love*: and "God is love!" Here then is a secret and holy fire; and it is the fire of the holy law, as that law is written, not on tables of stone, but on the fleshy tables of the heart. And this secret love makes the heart willing; and being willing, there is a love to those things which God loves, so far as those things are known. There is a love to truth, as *truth*; then a search after truth; for truth is the secret nutriment of this inner man of which we now speak. Then a love to the *word* of truth; to the *preachers* of truth; and they are received into the affections of the inner man, and virtually a chamber is builded on the wall for their use and comfort. Then lastly, there is a love to the friends of truth, the real church; and this called person saith with Ruth, "Thy people shall be my people," &c.

This divine, and holy, and fiery law, then being, by divine grace and power, brought in the very heart, the understanding, which is the spirit and essence of man; it will most effectually carry on that work which brings the sinner to heaven. For this law embodies all the attributes of Deity; and hence Omnipotence is here! The personification of attributes is Moses; and this Moses is no literal man, but the life and power of the law. Therefore, this same Moses is a God to Pharaoh; and Aaron is his prophet. That is, this Schoolmaster (nothing less than the Father,) is terrible in power and judgment to the devil, the strong man who kept the house, so that there is no possibility of miscarriage or of an abortion in the work; because as Paul says, "It is God that worketh in you to will and do of his good pleasure." Then this Aaron is Jesus the Saviour, who as yet, like Joshua, works in a subordinate way to the Father as his servant, till the work be done; and then he is manifested both as Husband and King.

This sinner therefore being in such hands as these, must necessarily go forward, and wax stronger and stronger: but as strength increaseth, even so bondage increaseth. The yoke is found to be galling in the same

proportion as life struggles for liberty. And this bondage arises from a sight of the holiness of the law, and the effort of the soul to come up to that holiness. She has recourse to expedients to lessen the mass of sin and gain righteousness; but she has no means by which to work but the instrument of the law: and when all its soap, and nitre, and snow-water has been assiduously used, not only is iniquity still marked, but it has actually increased! All efforts to lessen has made the offence to abound! The maldy is spreading through all the system, and setting down into a confirmed and loathsome leprosy. Even though the tongue may be held in with bit and bridle, the walk and talk blameless, and devotion be fervent, with ardent zeal; yet a secret and hidden fire dries up the springs of action, and a fretting moth consumes the beauty and energy of legal life.

Thus the hearing ear, and the seeing eye has brought the soul into a strait where she stands alone! No man cares for her, and refuge fails! Like a sparrow upon the house top she is still a mark for the arrow; while those in the liver bring on her the pains of death. Fain would she find a hiding place to shelter her from divine wrath; but as yet, all have proved but refuges of lies, and every effort to escape the notice of the Divine eye has been in vain. All endeavours to appease only make judicial wrath to smoke the more; because the more near the sinner comes to the way of the tree of life; so much the more doth the cherubim brandish their flaming sword to cut the rebel off.

As I know I have written enough for one insertion, and my paper is full, I shall reserve what little more I have to say for my next, when we hope to see a little of that glory and liberty into which the called sinner is brought.

I am, W. C. P.

Brenchley, April 23, 1849.

THE PROMISE AND THE POWER OF
The Mighty God of Jacob.

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT:—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you from God our Father and his dear Son Jesus Christ; and may the Holy Spirit give you free access to the throne of grace, and still enable you to pray for Zion's children, for he doth make it manifest that he heareth the prayers of his people.

If you think this little bit worth sending to the *Vessel* you may copy it off and send it; if not, keep it, and let your friends see it at home, as I think there is something to encourage God's dear tried ones, and to shew that he is not confined to place nor means, but works sovereignly in his own time and manner:—

On Wednesday evening, March 7th, after a few of us had been praying at Prestwood Chapel, where we met for prayer, (and I think the Lord met with us, for our hearts seemed to be united in asking the dear Lord to shew us some token for good,) one of the members said that Elizabeth Nash was very desirous to see Mr. Pearce, as she wished to be baptised. So the next day I went to see her, and found her laid on her bed, down stairs, in good spirits, and at liberty to talk to me. When I asked her the reason why she first became in concern about her soul, she said that about six years ago she went to chapel; when Mr. Fox preached from these words, 'When the strong man armed keepeth the palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he cometh, he bindeth the strong man armed, and spoileth his goods;' and his discourse made such an impression on her mind which never wore off; for she found that her goods were upset and all out of order, and what to do she did not know; but thought she would not say anything to any one; but she was in great distress of mind for nearly three months till the Lord again met with her while hearing the word in the chapel, and delivered her from her darkness of mind, and brought her soul out of bondage. But still she was afraid to say anything to any one, though all around her perceived the change in her walk and conduct; and when asked, why she did not join the church; she said, she never would unless she was obliged to do it; for she said she felt herself to be such a wretch if she did she should soon do something, and bring disgrace on the rest, and get turned out; so she went on doubting and fearing, sometimes cast down, and sometimes rejoicing. But she has been greatly afflicted in her body this last four years; and she was confined to her bed for several weeks till the morning of the 7th of March, when she felt very low in her mind, and told her husband that she knew her case now, that she should be quite confined at home, which was a great burden to her, because she could not get to chapel; and her husband went down stairs in tears, and got their breakfast. As she was eating her breakfast, and her husband down stairs, something spoke to her, as though with an audible voice, and said, 'Go next Sunday and be baptised, and thou shalt be made whole;' accompanied with the word of Christ which he spake to the woman that touched the hem of his garment, 'Woman, thy faith hath saved thee;' and she said she felt as though she was standing at the head of the water, feeling all her pains and her hands trembling; and when she went down into the water, her pains seemed to go down her body, into the water and so left her. Upon this her spirits revived, and she called her hus-

band and told him the whole matter, and told him he must borrow a gig and carry her to the chapel, and the Lord would give her strength to go through the ordinance; and she should stay the afternoon and then be able to walk home; and her faith continued so strong, resting on the almighty power of God, and his faithfulness, that no one could daunt her or persuade her to put it off; and when Mr. Pearce and brother Essex went to see her the next day, she told them she knew if the Lord meant her to go he would give her strength; if not she should be so ill that she could not; and that next Sunday she was commanded, and then she must go.

The morning came; her husband brought her in the gig; she sat during the service, and chose the following hymns:—34th Dr. Rippon's—23rd Psalm Dr. Watts—447th Dr. Rippon's. Mr. Pearce preached from Prov. iii. 9, 10; and a very solemn and suitable discourse he made; and many seemed very much affected, and tears of penitence were seen in some, while tears of joy rolled from the eyes of others. After the service she came forward and sat in a chair at the head of the water, rather trembling, while Mr. Pearce said a few words in prayer; and then went down into the water, and to the astonishment of all spectators, went through the ordinance and came up out of the water better than most people do that are in perfect health. In the afternoon she sat during the service, and Mr. Pearce administered the ordinance and gave her the right hand of fellowship; and then she walked home quite comfortable, and without receiving the least injury. Since then her mind has been more comfortable; and, if any difference, her body better. We expect one more to come forward for baptism directly, and we see others clinging round the fold, desirous to feed on the sheep's pasture.

Dear Uncle, you see by what I have said, that the Lord hath not left his cause in this place to quite sink into nothing, although it is the desire of many that it should; and the great whore is doing all she can to make the people drunk with the wine of her fornication; but she seems rather confounded for a little while, as the contractor is broke and the work stands still at present, while the Lord is bringing out from the quarry of nature some of his chosen stones, and preparing them for his spiritual building. Nehemiah prayeth, the work goes on, and may the Lord give his dear children the spirit of prayer and supplication; and may his cause flourish, and his dear children be fed with heavenly food. I see the Lord's work is going on, and I think I can say, sometimes I get a little liberty at the throne of grace, when I supplicate it, for Zion.

GEORGE MASON.

Prestwood, April 6, 1849.

A Letter from Mr. Jas. Osbourn to a Sister in the Faith at Trowbridge.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE GOSPEL:— Grace and peace be with thee. Your most affectionate letter, dated the 17th inst., came safe to me in Old Bedford Square, London; and the divine unction it contains, and the sweet spirit it breathes, sufficiently demonstrate its being written by one of the daughters of Zion. I gladly hail thee on gospel ground,—on our dear *Immanuel's land*, which land is consecrated and holy unto the Lord, and he tells us that this 'land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine,' *Leviticus xxv. 23*. It is in this land, this happy land, that God is 'as the dew unto Israel, and to heavy laden souls, and afflicted consciences, and such as are of a contrite spirit, and all that love and fear his great name. Here too it is that the glorious voice of the Lord of hosts may be heard to signal advantage by all who have ears well set for divine melody. And here likewise the saints of God 'revive as the corn, and grow as the vine,' *Hosea xiv. 7*; and here I hope my young sister will 'spring up as among the grass, and as willows by the water courses,' *Isa. xlv. 4*, and wear the verdure of May all the year round.

In this good land it is that soul bandages are loosened, and shackles knocked off, and the veil of Moses torn from the heart, and captives set free, and Christ the Lord crowned King of kings, and laurels cast at his feet by contrite ones. This, all this, and much more than this, my soul is a living witness of to this day. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name,' *Psa. ciii. 1*. By feeding in this land, '*Immanuel's land*,' *Isa. viii. 8*, an heaven-born soul must needs flourish and look fair; the pasturage being so remarkably nutritious, and such an abundance of it. Abraham, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel used to feed here and do dwell, and so have many others since that day.

Happy souls that live and feed in the pastures of love, and experience the freeness and fullness of the everlasting gospel of the Son of God. So living, and so feeding, we become intimate with the Lord of life and glory, and into his bosom we creep and there find an 'hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest,' *Isa. xxxii. 2*. Here too, in his bosom, our souls expand, our views brighten, our judgment becomes sound, and we rejoice in the rock of our salvation, 'having no confidence in the flesh,' *Phil. iii. 3*. And here likewise it is where this world, with all its pomp and vanity;—with all its carnal mirth, and delusive enchantments;—with all its knavery and deep intrigues;—with all its dying interest, and fading toys;—together with nearly all of what at present is deemed to be gospel light, truth, rest, peace, love, and liberty, sink and die in our esti-

mation, and the despised doctrine of the cross is what we admire and eagerly seek after. A mere religious jargon, with a great bawling noise and bitter declamations by preachers under the veil of Moses, we, when walking at large in '*Immanuel's land*,' have no real relish for. As men who are 'standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free,' *v. 1*, are of the light, and of the day, and not of the night, nor of darkness,' *1 Thess. v. 5*, so it comes to pass that they 'with open face behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord,' *2 Cor. iii. 18*, and see and know they do that the ministration of the Spirit is far more glorious than is the ministration of condemnation.

Now from the few remarks above, we may see that to enter into this land, even '*Immanuel's land*,' is the same as entering into the rest of which St. Paul speaks; 'We which have believed do enter into rest,' *Heb. iv. 3*. Of this sweet rest in Christ and in the gospel, the ancient Sabbath was a type; and blest indeed is that person who has been 'delivered from the noise of archers in the wilderness,' *Judges v. 11*; *Jer. xxxi. 2*, and found a home and gospel rest in this consecrated land which is not to be sold for ever, for the land is mine, saith the Lord; and as it is his land, and his holy land, so the unclean shall not pass over it, nor ever go up thereon, nor be found there; but the redeemed and ransomed of the Lord,—chosen, called, adopted, and pardoned ones, shall walk, talk, sing, and be joyful together there,' *Isa. xxxv. 8, 9*.

Many, and artful, are the stratagems made use of by old Apollyon to prevent afflicted and oppressed saints from this gospel ground; he would rather they should remain in the wilderness with the veil upon their heart, than for them to rejoice in the mighty God of Jacob. He being in misery himself, and without one glimmer of hope of a change for the better, his infernal mind is greatly exasperated, and he is anxious to make and keep the Lord's children as wretched as is he and his own colleagues. No doubt he often besieges your mind in different ways, and tries hard to weaken faith and hope, and to sink your soul into eternal perdition. This is his trade, he has been at this sort of work from generation to generation, and yet has he not dragged one vessel of mercy into his own damnable vortex, nor will he ever be suffered so to do, let the whole corrupt brood of Arminians say what they please to the contrary. To the honour, truth, and faithfulness of God may you and I be enabled closely to adhere, and regard lies and errors with the same indifference as we do the whistling of the wind. The temple of truth will and must stand firm and good; but the whole super-

structure of lies and heresies, will and must be rent from top to bottom, and then consigned to the nethermost hell; and all the votaries of these lies and heresies, will be disposed of just as infinite wisdom shall dictate. We shall be quite safe in saying that the Arminian system, taken from head to foot, and with all its props, cross pieces, and entrails, is the very CORE of the same; and as it is so very pernicious, it will not be amiss to call it 'a destructive leaven,' for more or less it leavens the whole lump of errors and heresies, and is a robber of God, and a curse to the human family at large.

My sister, I am happy to hear from you, that the Lord hath been pleased to make my preaching and writings so abundantly useful to your soul, and to the souls of many others in Trowbridge; and the same pleasing intelligence I hear from various parts of England, and these things I can but view as 'tokens from the Lord for good, that they which hate me might see it and be ashamed,' Ps. lxxxvi. 17. You wish me to compose a few verses, and send them to you in my own hand writing, but do not specify what subject they should be on; therefore, as I am about to leave England soon, and to make my way to the city of Baltimore, that shall be my subject.

ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

I soon shall take a long farewell,
Of all my christian friends that dwell
Upon the British shore:
I off' shall think on them, and weep,
While crossing o'er the flowing deep,
In search of Baltimore.

I've been on English ground so long,
In preaching Jesus Christ among
The blind, and lame, and poor:
I can no longer here abide,
But must soon cross the ocean wide,
In search of Baltimore.

My thirst for home is now so great,
That nothing can the same abate,
And hence one thing is sure:
Whate'er may be my pain and toil,
I must soon leave my native soil,
In search of Baltimore.

But still 'tis painful to my mind,
To leave these christian friends behind,
And never see them more:
And yet I clearly see and know,
I must across the ocean go,
In search of Baltimore.

My Jane lives there,—I left her there,
And should the wind prove brisk and fair,
While I the sea pass o'er:
I soon shall reach my destin'd place,
And once more see that modest face,
At home in Baltimore.

Fare thee well.

JAMES OSBOURN.

Leicester, April 27, 1849.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE LAST

Illness and Death of Caroline Morgan.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD:—I now take up my pen to write to you as you wished me to give you an account of my dear sister's death; but I hardly know where to begin. The last time I was out with her was at her uncle's funeral; I said to her, 'Well, Caroline, we have come to see him put under ground; we know not how soon it will be our turn, but the thing is to know whether we are right or not?' 'Ah,' she said, 'if I did but know that; that's what I want to know.' I said, 'I do not doubt your standing;' for I felt assured she was longing and thirsting after the good things of the kingdom; and the Lord never turned away such a soul yet; nor never will; bless his dear name. Not long after, her brother came to me in the chapel, and said, 'I have come for you, for Caroline is very bad; and I do not think she will be any better in this world.' It gave me such a turn; I did not know what to do; I went home with him, and when I went into the room, she said, 'Ah, Esther.' It appeared to go through me. O, my sister, come to lose one that you have walked with seven years together in sweet union one with the other; it is hard work. She looked again, and says, 'Ah, Esther, I am very bad.' I said, 'I am sorry to see you so bad, but how do you feel in your mind?' She said, 'I seem very dark; there is no hope; there seems no hope at all.' I said, 'I have a hope for you.' She said, 'Ah, but I want a hope for myself;' I said to her, 'I believe the Lord will give you a hope for yourself;' but she could not take any comfort; I staid till the following evening. I said to her, 'Would you like to see Mr. Banks?' She said, 'Yes.' He went; but she was still in the same state of mind. I went several times; but her cry was, 'I have got no hope.' Once I said to her, 'Don't you know the word the Lord gave you—fear not, I have redeemed thee?' 'Ah, (she said,) I have doubted that long ago.' But (I said,) he never said unto the seeking seed of Jacob, seek ye my face in vain; but no comfort could she take; she would often say, do you think I am right, mother? Do you think there is any hope for me? for such a wretch as me? Her mother said, 'Yes, I am sure there is; for you crave after Jesus.' She said, 'Yes, that I do; for that is all I want; if I could but see his smiling face, and hear him say I AM THINE, I think it would make my heart burn within me; but, oh, I hope I am one of his; for there is nothing here that I want but him; I do not want to get better; I do not want to stay here; if he would but smile; then with swift obedience I would go.' I went to see her one Sunday, I said to her, 'How are you?' she said, 'I am very bad; I am such a sufferer; but, Esther, do pray for me; for I have got no hope; I have got no hope.' I said to

her, 'I cannot help praying for you; and I do believe the Lord will manifest himself to you, though it may be in the last moment.' 'Oh,' she said, 'Mr Banks has never been.' I said to her, 'I believe he is afraid to come;' she said, 'Afraid to come! afraid to come!' 'Yes,' I said, 'I believe he is afraid to come; he says you are too weak to be talked to; he says, if you should get a little better, then he will come and talk to you.' She said, 'very well; give my love to him, and tell him to pray for me; for I have no hope. Ah, Esther, do pray for me; it's a solemn thing to die! O, if I could but say, 'the Beloved is mine, and I am his.' O, how those words thrilled through me—'I have got no hope!' For a poor soul to be laying, and eternity staring her in the face, and feeling that she has got no hope, what must it be? I never shall forget the solemn weight with which she was laid upon my mind; I shall never forget the earnestness with which she looked up to me, when I said, 'Good bye, Caroline.' She said, 'Good bye, Esther; do pray for me; for I have got no hope.' I went to chapel, and Mr. Banks gave out this text, 'And afterwards they had rest.' And if ever a man spoke out the feelings of a poor soul he did; I heard the whole sermon for her; I went home with her laying with solemn weight upon my mind; I was forced to fall down upon my knees before the Lord, and wrestle with him for her soul. O, it was a weight of sorrow to me; for there did not appear to be a word of comfort to come down; but I got up in the morning, and I again begged of the Lord to break in upon her soul; I had to go out in a little time after, and a dear friend that lived opposite, came out, and said, 'What's the matter? Is poor Caroline gone?' I said, 'No, but she is as bad as she can be; but the worst of all is, she has got no hope; and for a poor soul to be laying, and not knowing one minute from another but what it may be her last, and feeling she has got no hope, what must her feelings be?' As I turned round into the Borough-road, these words came to me—

"Tho' painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long;
 And then oh how pleasant
 The conqueror's song."

These words kept following me; and at last I said to my sister, 'I don't think Caroline will be long now; for these words kept following me—

"Tho' painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long;
 And then oh how pleasant
 The conqueror's song"

I said to my sister, 'I must go over to-night.' I went to Shoreditch Chapel; and when the service was over, to my surprise, her sister touched me, and said, 'I am so glad you have come; for poor Caroline has been calling out for you in the night;' and she said, 'What do you think

she broke out with?' I said, 'I do not know;' 'why,' she said, 'with these words,

"Tho' painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long;
 And then, oh how pleasant
 The conqueror's song."

O, it appeared to fill me with surprise; I could not help blessing the Lord for hearing and answering my prayer; for I said to my sister, I hoped them words would be realised in Caroline; and she went on repeating,

"Why was I made to hear his voice,
 And enter while there's room;
 While thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come."

And then she said, 'Where is Esther—my dear Esther? Let her follow me to the grave; and my dear pastor let him speak over my grave; and she picked out the hymn she wished to have sung over her grave, which was this—

"Death is no more a frightful foe;"
 and the end of the verse is

"For me to die is gain."

What a mercy she was able to say that! I and Mr. Banks went down to see her; and as we were going, I told him I never forgot her saying to me, how she loved that hymn—

"Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

I said to her, 'What's that to do with you? Do you wish to hang upon him?' 'Ah,' she said, 'I will hang upon him to the last, if I am lost after all.' Mr. Banks said to her, 'Esther has been telling me that you said you would hang upon him to the last.' 'Ah,' she said, 'I know I told her so; and I will hang upon him to the last.' Mr. Banks said, 'Then you will never be lost; for there was never such a soul lost yet, that was found hanging upon Christ.' After a few words of conversation, she said, 'Mr. Banks, do pray for me; this will be the last time I shall hear your voice;' Mr. Banks offered up a sweet prayer on her behalf; and then took his leave of her for the last time.

After repeating the verses of the hymn, her mother said to her, 'That's not you that would 'rather starve than come.' No, (she said,) I want to come.' At another time, her mother said, (as she stood in the entry,) she heard her say—

"O happy saints that walk with Jesus,
 Clothed in white, clothed in white."

'That's the beauty of it—that's the beauty of it—That walks with Jesus, clothed in white! Clothed in white! The white! the white! is it not, Jane? (meaning her sister,) but there was none in the room at the time.

Her father asked her, some few days before she died, if she felt the Lord precious to her at the last, whether she would give

them a sign by waving her hand, if she was not able to speak? She said, 'Ah, but I am afraid He won't shine.' Her dear father said, 'Put all that aside; will you promise me you will, if he does?' She said, 'Yes, I will.'

The last time I saw her there appeared such a willingness to depart; and her continual cry was, 'Dear Jesus shine, and take me home.' She said to me, 'Ah, Esther, I thought I should have had to follow you to the grave, but it appears you will me; do beg of the Lord to take me.' When I was about to leave her, she said, 'I hope this will be the last time I shall ever see you here;' and then she said, 'I should like you to be here to see the last of me, but I do not suppose you will.' She then said, 'Do beg of the Lord to take me home.' She then kissed me, and bid me good bye, which was the last time. This was the last Sunday before she died. Her dear parents told me her sufferings got immense, that there was a great change for the worse on Tuesday; but she kept continually begging of the Lord to take her. Her father said she kept calling me every little while the day before she died. He told me he would have sent for me had he have known she was so near her end; but a little time before she died she cried out, 'Mother, mother;' and then waved both her hands over her head; but she never spoke again. O, my dear sister, this is waving the hand of victory. O, may we be enabled to do the same! O, may the Lord keep us near his feet, and keep us watching and waiting for his coming. O, may you and I feel much of his sensible presence is my sincere prayer, for I have felt a great union of soul to you. I therefore have given you an account of my dear sister's death as far as I am able. O, may the Lord bless it to your soul if consistent with his blessed will. You must excuse the bad writing. I add no more. May the Lord keep us in the truth, for Christ's sake. Amen.

E. ALSTON.

The Six Cities of Refuge.

MR. JOSEPH HAMLIN, minister of the gospel at Foot's Cray, has recently published (through Houlston and Stoneman) a work entitled, "THE COUNSEL OF THE LORD REVEALED, AND HIS PEOPLE CONSOLED." No one that knows anything of Joseph Hamlin will need to be told that this production of his is a SOUND, WHOLESOME, SOBER piece of divinity: ah, and there is some experience in it, too, of the right sort. It is the substance of three sermons on Hebrews vi. 17—19. We felt interested in perusing the work, and thought the following extract might be useful to some of our readers:—

"In the text there seems to be an allusion to the cities of refuge under the law, appointed for the manslayer. In these divinely instituted asylums, the poor refugees were provided with all things ne-

cessary for their support and comfort, and at the death of the high priest were set at liberty to return unto their families and possessions, without the least fear of molestation: Num. xxxv. 25—28. These places of shelter from the pursuing avenger, were a striking type of the Lord Jesus, who is the only sure refuge for those who feel they have destroyed themselves by sin, and are deserving of divine wrath, and also for his people in all subsequent times of distress. Hence the direction given, 'Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.' Ps. lxx. 8.

The cities of refuge were six in number, and they were significant. Their names were *Kedesh, Shechem, Hebron, Bezer, Ramoth, and Golan*: Josh. xx. 7, 8. *Kedesh* signifies 'holy or holiness;' and Christ 'is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens;' and so is a suitable High Priest for us. Yea, he is 'holiness to the Lord' for his people, and is made sanctification unto them: 1 Cor. i. 30. *Shechem*, 'portion, the back, or shoulders;' and Christ is the inheritance of his people. 'Thou art my portion, O Lord: I have said I would keep thy words.' Ps. cxix. 57. He 'gave his back to the smiters,' and is the Almighty burden-bearer of his children. The government of the whole church, and of every individual member, is upon his shoulders. Isa. ix. 6. *Hebron*, 'society, friendship, or fellowship;' and believers are associated together in the bonds of truth and love; they are all united to one gracious Head, and called by God unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord. He calls them friends, and in him they have communion with a triune Jehovah, in their mutual acts of grace, and the Apostle says, 'That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ.' 1 John i. 3. *Bezer*, 'A fortified place.' So the Lord Jesus is a stronghold and a sure defence. David said, 'The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.' Ps. xviii. 2. In the Lord Jesus there is safety from all enemies, and from all penal evil. To him the prisoners of hope, and those who groan under the bondage of sin are directed; and all who believe in Christ find security and supplies. 'He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.' Isa. xxxiii. 16. *Ramoth*, 'eminences or exaltations.' So the Lord Jesus, as Mediator, is raised to the highest eminence, exalted in personal dignity and glory at Jehovah's right hand, and has a name which is above every name. And those who believe in him are 'raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ

Jesus.' These are brought up out of a horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, their feet are set upon the rock of ages, their goings are established, and they are elevated in privilege and honour. 'He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people.' Psa. cxlii. 7, 8. *Golan*, 'passage, or manifested.' The Son of God at his incarnation made his passage from heaven to earth. He 'came forth from the Father,' and was manifested in the flesh to accomplish the will of God, to "destroy the works of the devil," and to 'put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.' He is likewise revealed unto the souls of his people by his word and Spirit, which affords them spiritual joy and gladness. Hence, Jesus says, 'He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him' John xiv. 21; xvi. 22. Thus Christ is the antitype of the cities of refuge. In him there are holiness and support, union and fellowship, defence and security, the honours of grace, and the joys of salvation. These are what the regenerate need; and all their necessities can possibly require are to be found in the Lord Jesus, to whom they have fled, and are fleeing for refuge."

What a Member of a Christian Church SHOULD BE.

THE following brief account of the death of Richard Parkinson, of Burgh, in Lincolnshire, we give in the simple form in which it came to us. It is a joyful fact that after all the reproach cast and brought upon the distinguishing doctrines of grace there are a few names in Sardis, who walk with Jesus in white raiment; who adorn the doctrines of the gospel, and at the appointed time enter into rest.

Richard Parkinson died at Burgh, Lincolnshire, on Monday, May 7, 1849, aged twenty-seven years, a much beloved, and very useful member of the Baptist Church of the above named place. He was called by grace under the ministry of the present pastor, and added to the church below on the first Lord's Day in May 1847; and died, and was added to the church above a few hours over that day two years.

His race was short, but it was well run; his constant aim appeared to have been like that of Paul's, 'That I may win Christ!' and is now, doubtlessly, in the full enjoyment of that prize of his high calling of God in Christ Jesus. He was humble, prayerful, zealous, sincere, upright, liberal, loving and faithful; indeed his character was made up of excellencies, both as a man and as a christian. All his friends loved him dearly in the Lord, so much of his image did he bear; and even the enemies of the gospel praised his blameless life. He was an honour to the church, a joy to his minister, and the glory of God.

If I was asked what a member of a christian church should be, I should direct to the past life of Richard Parkinson, as affording a true pattern of such a character. While all this, and much more, is true of him, as many are ready to testify, yet he felt himself to be a poor worthless sinner. No one appeared to feel this more than he did. He was often heard to complain of the inward strife between grace and sin; his whole dependence for acceptance before God was wholly on the finished work of Christ. He was of a weekly constitution; and hence, after ailing but about a week before his death, he was taken with that deadly disease called the small-pox, and had it in the most dreadful form. Few persons were allowed to see him, but he said to them about him, that his prospect was bright, and that he had no fear of death, though he was the subject of many such fears in his life.

"He trod the shades of gloomy death,
Could set his seal that God was true;
Finished his course and kept the faith,
For God kept him his passage thro'."

"Methinks I see him now at rest,
In the bright mansions love ordain'd;
His head reclines on Jesus' breast,
No more by sins or sorrow pain'd."

N. H., Burgh.

SALVATION IS ALL OF GRACE.

"I do all I can to be saved, (said Reid,) but I am no nearer to it." I answered, 'What do you think, then, of a friend of mine that said to me the other day, 'If picking up a straw would save me, I would not do it?' 'Twas a very wicked thing to say, then, (he retorted); I hope he saw his error. That man had not my feelings, or he would pick up every straw on the earth to be saved.' 'When he was as you are now, (I answered,) under the crushing weight of a broken law, he might have done so; but when the Lord drew him to Calvary's cross, gave him a view of a precious Christ, and told him that all his salvation was finished there, he then saw it would be blasphemy to attempt to add anything to that work, and that every effort was robbing Christ of his glory.' 'Well, (replied Reid,) a man must do what he can, and leave the rest to God.' 'How differently the Holy Ghost puts that matter! (I answered); for it is expressly written, 'To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' Ah, (said Reid,) 'tis all a puzzle; I can't make it out.' 'Now you have just said the truth, (I rejoined); that's the fact of the matter; but the Spirit's work is to explain these puzzling things, to shew you salvation is all of GRACE; that nothing can be added to it by the creature, or taken from it, and to reveal all that Christ has done to your soul's enjoyment; then it will all fit together so nicely, and appear so simple and plain, you will only wonder any one should feel the least difficulty in receiving it.'"

Where, and what, is now my hope?

As I lay thinking over the goodness of God to such an afflicted unworthy worm as me, I began to reason with myself, and said, where and what is thy hope now in this barren lifeless state, and what have I now to trust to or in? Oh, I said, I have no hope but in and through Jesus. His blood and his righteousness is all I have to plead. That is to me the word of life. I have felt it such. Oh what a blessed Saviour he has been to me! When I was lost, he found me; when I was all filth, he cleansed me with his own precious blood. In debt, and had nothing to pay with, he paid all for me, and set me at sweet liberty. Oh how I loved his precious name! it was as ointment poured forth; his word then poured forth marrow and fatness; my soul was then as a well watered garden; what blessed manifestations of his love I then had! I walked all day in the light of his countenance; he shone upon my path; I could run in his commands with great delight; he was the joy of my heart; then I felt the love of Christ to constrain me, I said without hesitating, my beloved is mine and I am his, he has heard the voice of my supplication, and delivered me from going down into the pit, he is all my hope and all my desire. God is now a reconciled God, through Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour. From these sweet days that are gone and past, I began to think on time present with a heavy sigh. Oh that it were with me as in months that are past, when the candle of the Lord shone round about my tabernacle, then I thought I could bear any thing, but alas now I faint because of the way. Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death? how is the fine gold become dim, I have somewhat against thee, &c., once ye were light, but now are ye darkness, ye did run well, what doth hinder you? Alas, all things seem against me, oh what shall I do, the thing that I greatly feared, is coming upon me; God has set me as a mark for his arrows, what must I do, or whither flee? oh what have I to trust to, or hang upon? oh nothing but the word of God, that stands sure, 'tis the word of life. Oh that I could feel it more precious, hold thou me up, oh God, by thy word, all is vanity below the skies, nothing satisfying but Jesus manifesting himself by the power of the Holy Spirit to the soul. Oh how I long to be filled full of the love of Christ, to enjoy peace for evermore. With these thoughts, I dropped into a gentle sleep, and thought I with some more were labouring hard, tugging, striving and climbing up to reach heaven, (whilst many others were sitting careless below, regaling themselves with the comforts and pleasures of this world, who could hold and run with the world, and profess religion

both. These were scoffing at us, and tried to stop our strivings also, telling us that 'tis by grace and not by works, saying, oh ye workers, ye are workers of iniquity, ye will one day perish with your works, for we can do nothing, 'tis by faith and not by works, ye had better rest quiet as we do, until the end come, for we shall be as safe as you, yea more so, we can bring no one thing with us to recommend us to God with, for we are all polluted by sin, and Christ died for the elect and none else; so if we are elected, we shall be saved, &c., (and many such like things did they cast upon us,) but this did not move or hinder us in our pursuit of heaven. So we left them, and ascended higher and higher, yet we seemed to have nothing to stand upon, but we still kept getting higher, until we reached a dark place where we had to go through, and when I entered the dark place, I perceived that underneath us were lines like steps that we were borne upwards upon, and these lines were fixed to nothing but a passage of the word of God at each end, such as, "he that thinketh he standeth, take heed; and—watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Strive to enter in at the strait gate;—through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom, resist the devil, and my grace is sufficient for you, when thou passest through the waters, and where I am, there shall ye be also," &c., and as we entered, I heard heavenly voices singing, such blessed harmony I never heard before, my soul was filled with joy, and as they came nearer, I heard them more distinctly, and I with my feeble voice joined in the blessed chorus with them, praising and singing glory to God and the Lamb, and as I felt my feeble voice to rise higher, joining theirs, they passed off and left me behind, and I awoke, and behold it was a dream. Oh how disappointed I was when I was left behind, in this dark desert to repine, with scarce a twinkling ray of light. My dream was much upon my mind, and it strengthened me much, to think how God upholds us with his unseen hand by his holy word; so we go on from strength to strength, with line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little, a little comfort from reading a portion of God's word, and there a little comfort from hearing the word preached by his own-ministers, and though we have trouble from our own selves, our own carnal hearts leading us into captivity, this drives us to seek the Lord in his own word, by prayer and meditation, and here we find him again by his Spirit speaking comfort to our souls, then we sing,

"The gospel bears our spirits up,
A faithful and unchanging God,
Lays a foundation for my hope,
In oaths and promises and blood."

I also find by my dream, and experiences too, that 'tis through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven. Let formal professors say what they will, it was the word of God that first cut me down; there I lay, without hope, until the word was spoken to me, to enable me to hope and seek for mercy, and it was the word that enabled me to press forward and would not let me go, until I had found Jesus for myself. I know it was the Spirit of God that worked in me, the word of God testifying to me of Jesus, as God reconciled to me through him as my Mediator, Intercessor, and Redeemer. Then I could say "My Lord, and my God." Still I found the word of God said, strive to enter in at the strait gate, &c., this encouraged me to strive, that I may enter in, and I found the word of God says, run that ye may obtain; this enabled me to run in his despised commands. Yet I know 'tis the power of God by his Holy Spirit, upholding, preserving and saving hand, through Jesus my covenant head, that I am kept pressing forward, and 'tis he that will not let me go, or I should sink under my burden for ever. 'Tis by his almighty power (unseen by natural eyes) grace, love and mercy, that we are kept, or satan and our own sinful hearts would lead and sink us into endless misery for ever. Sometimes, I am up to my chin in deep waters, but I am comforted by Isaiah xliiii. 2. Then again, on the mount, praising and blessing God for the wisdom, justice, grace, mercy, power and love of a three-one God, for taking such pains with so worthless a worm as I am, and feel myself to be. Indeed, I again find the word of God the power of God, and through it I find (saith Peter) that I am begotten again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, through Jesus Christ, unto salvation. What blessed keeping! he that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. I hope to join chorus, in reality, with the ransomed of the Lord, to sing his praise for evermore, without a jarring note. There will be no tempting enemy, no wicked heart, no trying and alluring world, no afflicted body to bear, all tears will be wiped away from all faces.

Ever your's in the bonds of the blessed gospel of our covenant head, Jesus Christ the Lord,

THOMAS FIELD.

Blunham, Bedfordshire.

WORK FOR COMMENTATORS.

DEAR BROTHER:—I beg the favor of you or some of your correspondents to give a scriptural interpretation of the 12th verse of the 2nd chapter of Romans. I trust the dear people of God may thereby be edified.

Your's in the dear Lord Jesus,

MARTHA.

The Bridgroom's Voice.

CHRIST'S bride the Bridgroom's voice shall hear,
To stop her in her mad career,
And raise her from the dead;
He'll speak in thunder by his law,
To make her bow with solemn awe,
And fill her heart with fear.

The bride the Bridgroom's voice shall hear,
To make her bow in humble prayer,
For mercy from on high.
For pardon of her dreadful sin,
To cry because of guilt within,
Lord, save me, or I die.

The bride shall hear the Bridgroom say,
Arise, my love, and come away,
From every idol flee;
From all self-righteousness depart,
I come, my bride, to claim thy heart,
Then worship only me.

The bride the Bridgroom's voice shall hear,
When fill'd with sin, and guilt, and fear,
Base unbelief and doubt;
Tho' you as black as hell appear,
Yet come to me, and cease to fear,
I will not cast you out.

The bride shall hear the Bridgroom say,
My love, thy sins are put away,
I freely pardon thee.
Thy sins are cast into the sea,
No more shall they remember'd be,
They all were laid on me.

For thee, my love, the curse I bore,
And cancell'd all thy dreadful score,
I justice satisfied,
By pouring out my soul to death,
And for thy life resign'd my breath,
Then how'd my head and died.

For thee, my love, I rose again,
In triumph led the hellish train,
I then ascended high;
To sit at the right hand of God,
And plead the merit of my blood,
To bring my chosen nigh.

The bride shall hear the Bridgroom say—
When fierce temptations thee dismay,
And hellish lions rave;
When troubles upon troubles roll,
And threaten to overwhelm thy soul,
I mighty am to save.

O may we hear the Bridgroom's voice
Say, trembling soon, in me rejoice,
Thou art my lovely bride,
My heart is firmly set on thee,
Thy debts I paid to set thee free,
When I on Calvary died.

Thou heavenly Bridgroom, to us say—
Strength shall be equal to thy day,
When call'd to fight the foe;
If thro' rough paths our souls are led,
We cheerful on the thorns will tread,
If thou with us wilt go.

The Bridgroom then shall hear our voice,
In him we'll triumph and rejoice.
For love so rich so free;
We then will spread his matchless fame,
And speak the honours of his name,
Through all eternity.

O may we hear when call'd to die,
The Bridgroom say, ascend on high,
And dwell in my embrace;
For ever free from guilt and sin,
With me eternally shut in,
To sing redeeming grace.

G. CRITTLE.

East Peckham.

Mr. Osbourn's Letter to Mr. Philpot.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel* :

DEAR SIR—As you profess, and have in some measure laboured to inculcate, UNITY AMONG THE TRUE MINISTERS OF CHRIST, I trust you will announce in your next a new work which I expect will be issued in a few days, entitled "Liberty taken without Grant; or, an Experimental, Faithful, and Discriminating Letter to the Rev. Joseph C. Philpot, of Stamford, Lincolnshire." By James Osbourn, of Baltimore. I am fully justified in saying this letter has not been put to press without the most solemn prayer for heavenly direction. Days and nights—weeks and months, have been spent in contemplation over it, and in seeking counsel from heaven respecting it. The result has been, a fixed determination to send it through the lengths and breadths of the land; and I believe the blessing of heaven will accompany it, and that good will be done.

The spirit of disunion that has long existed among ministers of the true gospel in England, has been a source of grief to many hundreds of the Lord's redeemed and quickened family. CHRIST—(in his ministers, and among the members of his mystical body—) HAS BEEN DIVIDED! There has been too much homage and honor rendered to men; and too little simple and sincere reliance upon, and devotion rendered to, Christ. The old Corinthian fever—"I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas," has long raged in this little island, and it is so deeply rooted, and is supported by such powerful and influential advocates, that the man who shall dare attempt to expose or speak against it, risks, in a great measure, his standing and acceptance among the professed churches of truth.

I know very well that there is a class of men (running about in the ministry,) that are dangerous and unholy characters; but I also know that there is a vast number of really useful men; men that the Lord has experimentally blessed, and ministerially honoured, who have been unjustly treated with scorn and contempt by those whom we look upon as our leaders in Zion; these things ought not so to be; and the time is hastening on when these strong bars of ministerial jealousy, popish tyranny, and bitter prejudice, must be loosened. The Lord is giving his people to see and to feel that living, experimental truth is not confined to the *Gospel Herald*, the *Gospel Magazine*, the *Gospel Standard*, nor to any of the good men who have the more immediate management of these works. The Great Head of the church has raised up and sent forth men into the ministry who have been solemnly baptised—not only into Moses—but also into the love, and blood, and healing power of a Triune Jehovah; and they must and will preach "Peace by Jesus Christ"—HE IS LORD OF ALL: it is impossible to crush or silence

the labours of these men; God is in the midst of them; he will help them, and that right early.

I have very long feared that there has been a class of ministers nursed up and encouraged in this country who know not what Paul meant when he said—"When it pleased God to reveal his Son IN ME." Consequently, they have manifested a haughty, bitter, bigotted, and cruel spirit: this spirit they have thrown into many of the churches of truth in England. Fully believing, as I do, that no man can preach the pure Gospel of Christ until he himself has been brought into liberty by that Gospel, through the anointing and sealing powers of the Holy Ghost; and that all other preaching in a great measure gendereth to bondage, I do earnestly long for that day when the ministers who stand upon Zion's walls shall be men who stand in a holy and a happy freedom of mind and spirit, determined to know nothing among men—(he they great men or little men,—) but Jesus Christ and him crucified. By the help of my God, I will pray for this great desideratum; and I humbly hope my prayers will not be in vain.

I am, dear sir, your's faithfully,

A BAPTIST PASTOR.

Notices of New Works.

"*The Stone of Israel; or, Christ the Rock of Ages*;" by JAMES OSBOURN. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

The different Metaphors employed in the Scriptures of Truth, to illustrate the character and offices, which our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ sustains for, and on the behalf of his Church, are here dilated upon, in a way calculated to lead the mind to much deeper contemplation.

"*Knowledge from afar; or, The only Safe Way out of Trouble*." A Tract for the Afflicted in Zion:" by JOHN COATES. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

We do certainly wish that many who stand on high places in Zion, might be induced to read this Tract; it is as plain and as blunt as you can wish it to be; but it deals with things the most solemn under the heavens; and, although it has no literary adornings, yet the man that could heedlessly condemn it, we should fear, was under the influence of a seared conscience. "*Fruits and Effects; being a Continuation of the Tract, entitled, Nothing to Pay*." Colingridge, City Press, Long Lane.

The ups and downs of the living soul, are here exhibited in an interesting narrative. The great and glorious change which grace makes, and the holy triumphs grace achieves are here beautifully borne witness to. We have given an extract from this tract in page 145.

"*The United Brethren; their Privileges, Blessings, &c.*" By SAMUEL TURNER. London: Groombridge.

Thirty-two pages full of those things which live inside the christian warrior.

A Divine Experience—a Living Faith—and a Gospel Practice.

THREE things of greater importance—of more essential and eternal advantage cannot be named, desired, possessed, or contended for, than are a *divine experience—a living faith—and a gospel practice.*

Let men, think or say as they will, either against this publication, or its editor, he can and doth solemnly declare, as in the presence of that God who searcheth the heart—and understandeth the motives of the sons of men, that for himself, for his readers, and for the true church of Christ at large, there is nothing he is more deeply concerned to know, realise, manifest, and to labour for, than the three things herein named. And however great or influential (in popular estimation) some men may be, he has no desire to be either connected with, or countenanced by any who stand not in—and who stand not *for* the vitality and unity of this trinity of new covenant blessings. These are the only things that can enable a man to *live* as a christian in time; they are the only things that can support a man in a dying hour: without these things no soul can ever enter the portals of the heavenly kingdom. Therefore, reader, be you who, or what you may; God Almighty help you to turn away from all the empty, deceitful and flesh-pleasing *theories* of the great bulk of modern professors; and come solemnly to see to it that thy experience is *divine*; that thy faith is the faith of God's elect; and that thy practice is that which becometh the Gospel of Christ.

With this desire warmly alive in my heart, I cannot refrain from giving thee some portion of a subject which, in a measure, comprehends these things, and which having been greatly blessed to my own soul, and also to the souls of some of my dearest friends in the faith, I do sincerely hope may be made useful (in the Lord's hands) to your soul. The portion of Scripture which I trust the Lord did bless to my soul; and from which I spoke twice on Lord's-day, June the 17th is the last verse of the 23rd Psalm: after reading it, I was led to speak somewhat as follows:—

If you had known the state of mind I have been in this week; the deep and dark

exercises of soul, arising from outward trials, you would wonder how it was possible for me to read these words, 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' But I am more and more convinced, that neither the Word of God, the work of God the Holy Ghost, nor the voice of a living faith can ever be altered or destroyed by all that may come to pass in a man's soul. The word of God, is, as I may say, the trumpet through which, and by which, God speaks into the hearts of his people; and when the Lord is pleased to speak a word with life and power into a man's soul, it brings forth faith into exercise; it stops the lion's mouth; it silences the rebellion of the heart; it chases darkness from the mind; and lays us down at the dear Redeemer's feet. I will tell you how, and under what circumstances this text came to me.

On Friday last I fell into a murmuring fit:—I thought I had laboured and toiled, and it was no use; comfort I should never have, and I might as well give up all thoughts of home, and just go wherever the Lord might require me. I was trying to bring my mind to be reconciled to give up church, home, and everything, and just leave myself in the hands of God, for him to do with me as seemeth him good. In the midst of this, these words sprung up in, or were brought to my soul, 'Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' Upon this my murmuring a little went away.

But this morning, while on my knees in prayer, there came a question such as I never had before; it was this,—'Suppose all the Scriptures you have had applied to your mind came from satan; and you have said, they came from God; is not this lying against the Holy Ghost, and being guilty of the unpardonable sin?' Well, I could not answer it, only in one thing—'Lord, I do hate all sin; I do want to be all holiness; although a more sinful creature there cannot be.' When I got down into my room, the words seemed to come up very gently again—'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.'

This is the language of a heart that possesses two things;—first, a sense of the goodness and mercy of God; secondly, a living faith in his immutability and almighty power.

In this twenty-third psalm, *faith and experience* are very sweetly blended together. And these *two* must go together where the soul is in a right state before God. Yea, if there be any saving knowledge of God; if there be any vital union to Christ; if there be any of the blessed

teachings of God the Holy Ghost, then there will be a *divine experience*, a *living faith*, and a *practical obedience* to the commands of heaven. You find some are all for faith; and almost laugh at experience; others are all for experience of the darkest kind; and they look upon the man who has strong faith, as though he was a presumptuous man. But this you may rely on; there can only be strong faith in God, where there has been a deep experience of the things of God. This my soul is satisfied about. Take Abraham and Job; Isaiah and Habbakuk; Paul, and Peter, and John, as witnesses of this. Abraham was strong in faith, he staggered not at the promise; Job said, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;' Isaiah said, 'Though he was angry with me, his anger is turned away, and he comforted me. He also is become MY SALVATION.' Habbakuk; read the third of Habakkuk—see the deep things he saw, and heard, and felt—then listen to his strong faith. 'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet will I joy in the God of my salvation.'

Strong faith then is the fruit of the Holy Ghost leading the soul to know and feel some of heaven's deep and precious things.

In this twenty-third Psalm David tells you seven things that God had done for him; and this he calls, 'goodness.' (1.) He had restored his soul. (2.) The Lord had led him in the paths of righteousness. (3.) He had made him to lay down in green pastures. (4.) He had led him beside the still waters. (5.) He had prepared a table for him in the presence of his enemies. (6.) He had anointed his head with oil, so that his cup had run over. (7.) He had been present with him; and made both his rod and staff to comfort him.

Look then briefly at these three things. First, the experience David had of God's goodness and mercy. Secondly, the faith he possessed. Thirdly, the practice he felt determined in God's strength to stand in.

I. The divine experience David was the subject of.

(1.) *Restoration of soul.* The elect soul is never out of the covenant, nor out of Christ—but it may be stolen away in its affections and desires, as Joseph was stolen and carried away from his father, but he was Joseph still; and Jacob's son still; and there was a restoration, and coming together again: or, the soul may wilfully depart from the house and ways of God as the prodigal did go away from his father's home; but he was his son; and back he came, and was received. So do we often wander and turn away from the blessed Lord; we get entangled in worldly, fleshly, and sinful things; but he brings us back; makes us sorry for our sins; ashamed of our sins; puts a cry into our hearts for pardon and peace; and, blessed be his

name, these cries are not in vain. Many times have I wandered away in thoughts, and feelings, and desires, but *he restoreth* my soul. There are two very solemn scriptures, full of interest, full of Christian experience and gospel truth, in Isaiah; which will shew you the two-fold condition of elect and redeemed souls, (that is *before* and *after* restoration.) The first is in Isaiah xlii. 22, 'This is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses; they are for a prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith, Restore.' This was true of the Jews; and is true of all God's saints, more or less; they are frequently robbed of their peace and comfort; spoiled for all service and usefulness in the church; snared in holes, and shut up in prisons; that is, in dark places, in places of bondage, unbelief, hardness of heart; and a want of all divine power is felt. And what is worse than all, 'none saith RESTORE.' God gives no command; Christ gives no smile; the Holy Ghost gives no meltings; the ministers give no help; the Bible gives no encouragement; the saints give no sweet communion. 'None saith RESTORE.' *This is the state of a living soul*, while under satan's limited power before this restoration of soul takes place of which David speaks. See, then, in how dark, and dreadful a plight a living soul may be!

But, look at the other Scripture; it is Isaiah xlix. 6. There the work of Christ is said to be two-fold: *to raise up the tribes of Jacob*; and *to restore the preserved of Israel.* The tribes of Jacob are raised up in effectual calling; and, they are ever *preserved in Christ*; consequently, wander, decline, or get imprisoned much as they may; they shall be *restored*: that is, brought back to the throne of grace; brought back to repentings, to confessions, to prayers, to pardon and to communion. And there are three things God promises to do in restoration, 'I will *heal* him; I will *lead* him also; and restore *comforts* unto him.'

When God doth bring back a poor bleeding, wounded, broken-hearted sinner, he doth presently give him such a sense of heavenly love; such faith in the rich atoning blood of Immanuel; and such communications of divine grace, as do heal up his wounds, and give peace in his soul. Ah, and the Lord will now *lead* him deeper and deeper into the mysteries of iniquity, and into the mysteries of sovereign grace, so as to engage, draw out, and, at times, greatly comfort this restored soul.

(2.) 'He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name sake. These are *right* paths; not presumption, nor false confidence, nor empty boasting; '*paths of righteousness*,' are expressive terms, meaning paths that have their spring and rise in the Person and Righteousness of Christ; paths which lead souls to him; and to justification by him.

There are other paths spoken of—as in

Job vi. 18, 'The paths of *deceitful brethren*.' These paths are such as spring from a natural talent—and a noisy, empty profession. The great geographer tells you

"There is a river called the Diurnal river, or the day river, because it falls with a mighty current in the day, and in the night is dry. This may seem to be a fabulous report, but the reason given (which is direct to the point in hand) makes it not only probable, but very plain; for they tell us, that this river is not fed by a fountain or a spring, but is caused merely by the melting of the snow, which lies on the mountains thereabouts. In the day time, when the sun is springing up and warm, the snow melts, but when night comes, and the sun goes down, the snow freezes and so the channel dries. Thus it is with those who have not an inward principle of holiness, they may have a great flood of profession, when the snow melts down into their bosoms, by the shine of outward prosperity; but when night and cold, when troubles and dangers come, their waters freeze up, or pass away and go to nothing. So much of the causes, why these streams, these water brooks vanish, they have no spring to maintain and feed them. Rain, and frost, and snow (uncertain all) are all they have to trust to."

There is also the path of the hypocrite. This is compared to a *rush*: 'Can the rush grow without mire? can the flag grow without water? Whilst it is yet in his greenness, and not cut down, it withereth before any other herb. So are the paths of all that forget God; and the hypocrite's hope shall perish.' Job viii. 11, 12, 13.

"Consider a wicked man or an hypocrite, is like unto a rush; because first, the rush is a very spongy, hollow substance, it is not solid or close-grained: an hypocrite hath no solidity, we call him a hollow-hearted man. Secondly, hypocrites are well compared to rush or a flag, because in windy weather they sit which way soever the wind sits. They take no harm by a storm, because they yield to every turn; let the wind blow which way it will, the rush breaks neither body nor branch. Let things turn which way they will, hypocrites can shift, and bend, and yield with them. And therefore when storms arise, which pull down and scatter many godly trees of God's own planting, these rushes continue. Hypocrites keep their standing, because they never stand. A great man being asked how he kept his honour and preferment in so many changes of wind and weather, of times and Princes, answered, 'By being a willow, and not an oak.' He that can sway, seldom breaks. Hypocrites in the Church and State, live by the same principles. Thirdly, the rush and the flag grow only in miry places where they have abundance of water and moisture, which notes a kind of sensuality in them, and therefore they have their names from drinking. So hypocrites seem to be heavenly, but are indeed earthly; they are like the rush, they cannot live without store of water, they are sensual, they must please their appetites and delight their palates. The Apostle describes them so, 'They serve not the Lord Jesus but their own bellies;' they must be supported with the affluence of outward things, else they cannot hold out in a profession. Whereas the godly and true believer can live, when the water is drained or dried away, when outward things fail and are gone. So the Prophet Habakkuk professes, Chapter 3. ult. 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine, though the fields shall yield no meat, and there be no herd in the stall, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, and will joy in the God of my salvation. A godly man will grow when all the world decays to him: he will rejoice in God when all outward comforts fail him; hypocrites must have sensual supplies, or they are lost. 'A feigned love of spiritual things is ever joined with a true love of worldly things.' Christ speaks of some who followed him more for

the leaves than for the word. And Judas followed his Master's bag, more than his Master. Fourthly, bulrushes or flags yield no fruit at all, they only make a fair shew; hypocrites how green soever they are, what shew or profession soever they make, yield no fruit of holiness. Fifthly, a bulrush or a flag withers sooner than any other herb, that is, than other herbs that are not seared so near the water. And this agrees well with the hypocrite, for when the hypocrite begins once to wither, he withers quickly. He never had any true life, and he will not long appear to have any. When one that hath made a fair profession begins to decay, he decays sooner than a mere civil man; a civil man will hold out in honesty and justice a great while, but a hypocrite gives over holiness and godliness presently. Besides, God blasts and withers an hypocrite sooner than any other man, because he hath abused and wronged God more than any other man."

But coming into Proverbs iv. 10, 11, we read of *RIGHT PATHS*. These are evangelical repentance; a living faith; a gospel hope; persevering prayer; and so on; of all these it may be said, 'When thou goest thy steps shall not be straitened; when thou runnest thou shalt not stumble.' For evangelical repentance—a living faith—a gospel hope—and persevering prayer, all tend to bring the soul more away from the the straitness of the law into the fulness of the gospel; and from the narrowness of unbelief into the richness of sovereign grace: so that these right paths lead from death to life; lead from narrowness to fulness; lead from the delusions of the flesh into the eternal realities of the God of heaven.

The third branch of a divine experience is this, 'He maketh me to lie down in *green pastures*. The green pastures are fields of young and tender grass; that is, where the pasture is fresh and good. This denotes the doctrines of grace, and the living ministers of the word. The doctrines of electing love; eternal redemption and justification by Christ, are doctrines that cannot be received so as to become food to the soul, until the soul is blessedly led by the Spirit into them. We kick against them; we are opposed to them until the Spirit shews us that in no other way can we be saved; and when we clearly see that *unless* chosen in Christ, redeemed by Christ, truly called into fellowship with Christ, we cannot be saved, then—then, our anxiety begins: deep concern begins; knocking loud and long at mercy's door begins; we ask for the old paths and desire to walk therein; and when we taste the Father's love, or are drawn by it; when faith in the atonement takes away our guilt; and when the blessed Spirit whispers peace, then we lie down satisfied and pleased. So with a living ministry. Bring a poor dead professor under a living ministry—why, the poor thing is as unhappy as it can be; but let God the Holy Ghost bring a living soul under a living ministry, and then it can lie down, and there it will find rest.

The fourth branch of a divine experience, is to be led beside the still waters. These are the waters of quietness: resignation to the will of God, patience under the chastening hand of God. How sweet it is to lie down beside the still waters; as Abraham

did when going up to Mount Moriah—'My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering so they went both of them together.' This is Abraham beside the still waters. Look at poor old Eli, when Samuel told him every whit, he said, 'It is the Lord let him do as seemeth him good.' Look at David when Shimei cursed him, 'Let him curse, for the Lord hath bidden him.' Look at Micah, 'I will bear the indignation of the Lord; because I have sinned against him.' Look at Christ, 'Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.' Look at Paul, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.' Beside these still waters, the living soul is sometimes led; and very blessed it is there to exclaim—'Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; and this is all my salvation and all my desire.' And out of these and other branches of a divine experience there doth arise, first, a holy confidence and reliance in the Lord; and a solemn determination to abide in his house for ever.

In the midst of all the confusion and division in the churches in our day, how delightful it is now and then to find a man who has been divinely taught, sanctified, delivered, pardoned, and preserved by the light, life, love, blood, and power of the ever-blessed and ever-glorious Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! And whose life accords with this sentiment—'I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever:—for by 'DWELLING in the Lord's house,' I understand—

- A firmness in the doctrines of grace;*
- A steady abidance in the ordinances of the Gospel;*
- A jealous concern for the honour and glory of the dear Redeemer;*
- A spiritual well regulated sympathy with the saints of God in all their sorrows by the way.*

Brethren!—my heart's desire, and prayer to God is, that we may be led increasingly to realise and contend for that EXPERIENCE—FAITH—and PRACTICE, which only can emanate from a vital union to HIM who said—'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; so shall you (*manifestly*) be my disciples.

C. W. B.

If sin get into thy bones, punishment will follow; as there are sins of the flesh, and sins of the spirit, so punishments of the flesh, and punishments of the spirit; there is nothing so strong, so deep, or retired, but punishment will find it out: not only the skin and flesh, but the very bones shall smart, yea, and the bottom of the soul too.

THE

Lord's People among the Wesleyans.

MR. EDITOR:—A correspondent on the wrapper of last month's *Vessel*, expressed a wish that some brother would state his views, as to the probability of there being many sincere and gracious characters among the Wesleyans. This, I believe is a subject which often occupies the minds of God's ministering servants, especially when they come in contact with, or are providentially placed among members of the above connection. Many of our Calvinistic brethren have not had opportunities of personal acquaintance with them, consequently their judgment of them is founded upon what they have heard others say of them, and what is deducible from their writings. To judge righteous judgment concerning any one's profession of Christianity, it is not enough that we ascertain what tenets they hold; we must see how they live, and what influence their doctrines have upon their actions? Whether their hearts have been touched by the finger of God, inducing contrition of soul, and a solemn sense of having to deal with God, who is a Spirit, and will be worshipped in Spirit and in truth. God, in the course of his all-wise providence, has of late fixed my lot where I have necessarily had many interviews with ministers and members of the Wesleyan connection, and it is my humble opinion, with a minister of truth in Suffolk, that there are many sincere and gracious characters in the Wesleyan connection, who know what it is to have passed from death unto life,—who rejoice in Christ Jesus, having no confidence in the flesh,—and whose life and conversation adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things;—who are no believers in the merit of works,—but who, if conversed with, attest the fact of their full belief in justification and salvation by the free grace of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. Here I anticipate an objection—'How then can such sit and hear free-will preached?' I answer, first, free-will is not always preached; and often, when it is, not in the sense many of us understand it. Secondly, there are many gracious truths, delivered in their pulpits—truths which are the support and joy of a believing soul; and, amid all their jarring contradictions, free grace will often lift up its head, and God has all the glory. I cannot but believe a soul may be the subject of saving illumination, humble before God, and in a measure taught of him, who yet, as to many great and glorious doctrines, is comparatively in the dark. A sound creed may be in the head, where there is no grace in the heart; so, on the other hand, grace, rich, free grace may be in the heart of one who has imbibed many unsound and pernicious doctrines;—those doctrines may be in the head, but grace being in the heart, and the

heart being the seat of true religion, the man is necessarily actuated by the grace of God, which outshines, yea, often combats and overthrows the false notions in his head. Such an one in his prayers and dealings with God, declares in the language of the apostle, 'By the grace of God, I am what I am, and to grace be all the glory.' Will any one say, such a character, because he does not in word, (I say, in word, because many deny in so many words the doctrine of election, whose very conversation, experience, &c., attest its truth,) believe the doctrine of election, is not a gracious character? I cannot say so; and those who dare, I presume, have more arrogance than Scripture knowledge. It is the height of presumption thus to judge and pronounce sentence. We know not to what extent grace in the heart may be associated with false and unscriptural notions in the head. When we see Toplady defending the Church of England,—Whitfield, Beridge, &c., pleading in favour of Infant Sprinkling,—Watts invalidating the glorious doctrine of a Trinity of Persons in the Unity of the Essence,—we see ample ground for charity and forbearance towards each other. It is my firm belief the Lord blesses truth wherever it is spoken, though there be no more of it than the light of a dim candle. In the infant church at Corinth, was a certain Jew, named Apollos, an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures; this man was instructed in the way of the Lord (in part) and being fervent, he spake and taught the things of the Lord. And what was the sum total of his teaching? Why, merely the baptism of John; his converts knew not so much as whether there was any Holy Ghost. His was a defective ministry truly; and yet it was blessed by God to the gathering in of many; for it is said, 'He mightily convinced the Jews that Jesus was the Christ.' God was with him; and in so far as he preached truth, the Lord made that truth powerful to the pulling down of the strong holds of sin and satan. So, in like manner, I believe God has blessed the different sections of professing churches; they may be deficient of the knowledge and enjoyment of many truths; still, God is making them instrumental in bringing sinners from the power of darkness into the kingdom of his dear Son; and many who have been first wrought upon by the Spirit under their ministry, have ultimately become ornaments of our Particular Baptist Churches; God does not bless error; he cannot bless false doctrines; but the TRUTH, and there is some truth mixed with them; this God does bless; and we cannot deny it; we may quibble upon the point, but let us beware of rash conclusions? 'All (says Thomas Hardy) who are mixed up with bodies are not of them. The Lord only knows them that are his.' For my part I have found many in the Wesleyan connection, the sincerity and reality of whose religion I could no more doubt than I could William Gadsby's.

Since I have been in this island I have been wretchedly deceived and ill used by some Wesleyans; but from others I have received nothing but kindness and Christian benevolence. Some I have heard relate such wonderful things by way of experience, and with such pomposity have they expressed themselves, that it has thrown suspicion upon it as being nothing but the work of the flesh; on the other hand I have heard some relate their experience in such a simple way that it has commended itself to my conscience as the genuine work of the Spirit. I may surmise objections; but their experience, their aim, their hope, their practice, is decidedly that of the christian; they are living in hope; looking by faith for the mercy of God unto eternal life. Doubtless there are numbers of deceived characters among them; pride and presumption, with a deep rooted enmity to God's sovereign truth generally reigns among them.

I was preaching in the Bethel, in this island, some short time ago, when I was contradicted, or opposed by one audacious gentleman of the free-will garb, whom I afterwards ascertained to be a Primitive Methodist preacher. Him and his comrade came, I suppose, to hear what a poor Baptist would say. I was upon the words, 'Speaking the truth in love;' shewing truth in contradiction from error, which made some of them twinge to the backbone; at last he could bear it no longer; so exclaimed, 'I don't believe it.' At once all eyes in the chapel were upon him. I felt prepared to ask him why he did not believe it? The poor man dropped down his head, placed his fingers in his ears, and breathed out, 'Lord have mercy upon that man.' My brother Lucas (who has for many years been labouring in this island) was present at the occasion. I mention this circumstance as one instance out of a thousand of the natural enmity of many of their hearts to the truth of God; and wherever this enmity exists and reigns, it is a sure sign of an unhumbed, unregenerate heart! But I have conversed with many who have been afraid to speak evil of what they did not rightly understand. The 'Wa'chman on the Walls' was once in company with an uncle of mine, in Bedford, who had been a Methodist all his life, and a class-leader twenty years; the Watchman put some questions to him, with reference to his hope of eternal life, which he answered to his satisfaction. The Watchman afterwards told me he believed he was upon the Rock of free grace. And may we not conclude there are many unknown to us, whose hearts are in union with the Lord Jesus Christ; and when Christ, who is the life of his people, shall appear, they shall also appear with him in glory.

THOMAS SMITH.

St. Helier's, Jersey, June 11, 1849.

A Revelation of Heavenly Glory, AS REALISED IN THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH WOODS OF CAMBRIDGE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Woods late of Cambridge, was a poor, tried, tempted, buffeted child of God, for a period of full four years the good Lord had wrought in her soul, before a full and free declaration of it was made known to herself, or to her dear friends, although her love to the house was clearly evidenced to the utmost of her ability and strength. Some months before her decease, the Lord visited her with affliction which lasted some time: during her remaining in that furnace her concern of soul was evidently great, but her mind being exceedingly busy, her distress was by no means small, and what added to her suffering was she could not open her mind; bondage of spirit, a fear of hypocrisy, and the burden of her sins, with a fear they never could be pardoned, because she could not believe the great Redeemer would or could have died for so wretched a sinner as she felt herself to be; these things filled her unhappy mind, without almost any intermission for four years. Her dear husband observing her distress, became distressed himself, and to the utmost of his power tried to relieve her mind, by reading with, and praying for her, but still darkness remained. It pleased the Lord to raise her up again; for a short time she kept about; but a relapse took place which baffled all medical skill; evidently to all around her, she was not long for this world. Still her anxious mind was dark and distressed, and the enemy tempting her sore; her dear partner, and his two brothers, and sister who are dear children of God constantly attended her—offering up prayer,—reading the word of God, and trying to administer all the comfort they could, still but little comfort could she find, her longed-for Saviour did not appear. She now expressed a desire to see the minister she used to sit under, who was Mr. Pock (now in Ipswich,) he was sent for; as soon as possible he arrived, when she saw him enter the room she seemed disposed to bless and praise the Lord for his safe arrival; this was Monday, the 9th of April; she soon asked him to read and pray for her, remarking that she hoped the Lord would now be pleased to hear and manifest himself to her if she was one of his, but the devil told her she was not. Mr. P. read the 23rd Psalm, she requested it to be read again, she replied, "that is a precious Psalm, I shan't forget it;" after prayer she expressed amen with thanks. Mr. P. asked her to tell him how long she had felt a prayerful concern for the salvation of her poor soul? she replied, "ever since you preached the last baptising sermon in Eden Chapel, from Deut. xxvi. 17, in September 28th, 1843. Before then I used to go and come, but never felt myself a poor, lost, wretched sinner, needing to be baptised in the blood and death of the Lord Jesus Christ."—from then she knew she deserved to be sent to hell; she had tried

to pray but feared she never did properly, she had been tempted again and again to give it up, but she could not, it would come often fresh into her mind until at times she hardly knew where she was or what she was about. But (said Mr. P.) have you never had a little glimpse of light and hope granted to you? She said, "the first beam of comfort that gave me a little lift by the way was the last sermon you preached in that chapel, which was Lord's day evening, January 21, 1844, from Psalm lxxxix. 17. I then felt a hope I should be saved, but it did not last long, and I have feared many times it was a delusion, and your leaving us distressed me sadly, I thought all was over with me, and after all I should be lost; twice since then you know I came to Ipswich to see and hear you, once I stayed a fortnight to tell you my state of soul, but I was so shut up I could not tell you half my feelings, so I returned home almost as miserable as when I came, but this is the time, and this the place seemingly for me to tell you; O that he would manifest himself to me as my dear Saviour. I do not care about my sufferings if he would but come; but I am so unworthy a wretch, I fear he never will; her friend Mr. P. told her he had no doubt upon that point whatever, come he would to magnify the riches of his grace, to possess his own purchased property, to disappoint Satan, to the answer of her faith and prayer, and to the joy of our hearts.

The next day her medical attendants informed us of her dangerous situation, declaring the impossibility of her remaining here many days. Mr. P. disclosed this to her, at first hearing of it she paused a moment or two, then said, "Blessed Lord Jesus, O Jesus, come and take me to glory, do." Enquired for her little daughter, (six years old,) told her to read her the 23rd Psalm, and also to read it twice, declaring it was a precious one to her soul; also Isaiah xliii. Psalm xxxix. and others, were read at different times, the which the Lord was pleased to bless; her pain of body was great, she appeared going fast, her family and friends were called in to say farewell, and to witness the close of this solemn scene; but she revived and said, "not yet, my Lord has more to do yet;" the night was a very painful one, her eldest daughter continued steadfastly and affectionately waiting upon her; she grew weaker and weaker, but her mind became more easy and tranquil; she was anxious to sit up, she did, and truly blessed it was to hear her, confidence in Jesus grew strong, the world and every thing else appeared to have no place in her thoughts; the 63d Hymn of John Kents was a great favorite with her, her soul seemed filled with gratitude and praise, she wept and took the hands of Mr. P. and said, "O my dear minister, you have been made a blessing to my soul, the Lord reward you for all your kindness, and make you a blessing to many more, do remain with me till I am gone." The night of the 12th was to

her a memorable one, much struggling of soul with Satan, but her precious Jesus delivered her: the next morning she was triumphing in the Lord, her interest was clear, and gracious was her Jesus to her. In the afternoon, her room was nearly full of weeping rejoicing friends, her sufferings were acute, she lay as if her time was come to depart, as she said, to go to her Christ in glory; again she revived to speak to each and all present, which she did in words not easy to be forgotten, and though an illiterate woman, her dying expressions astonished all present, she addressed us thus, "Now I can leave you all, to her husband, she said, you have been a good husband and kind friend to me, do not weep, I am only going a little while before you, take care of the children, look to the Lord, and he will bless you; to her family, six in number, she gave exhortations of a truly patriarchal character, giving directions to the elder son worthy of his present and future attention, to the eldest daughter who professes to know the Lord, a tender pathetic counsel was imparted; and to the rest, exhortations filled with such wisdom and grace as proves the teaching of the Holy Ghost to be Almighty, and all sufficient for a living man, for a dying saint; a scene was here presented! not a dry eye present but those of the dying wife and mother, pausing a minute or two, stedfastly looking on her youngest son, she said, George, my dear, what do you think of death? you see your mother dying, what do you think of a dying mother's advice? On this bed, my dear, I have had many restless hours for you; be a good boy, George, and God bless you all my dears; love one another, be kind and dutiful to your Father when I am gone, for he is a good father to you, to all others present, her expressions of love were evident and sincere; she told us the fear of dying was taken away, her Lord was present and precious, she expressed a wish to see another sister in the Lord who was sent for, to whom she gave every proof of her faith in Jesus and longing to be gone. The next morning Mr. P. had to return to his people at Ipswich, she parted with him reluctantly, praying every blessing to rest upon him, his family and friends, to whom she sent her dying love, in the confidence her Jesus had done all things well, and of her soon being in glory. The same day Mr. P. left her, the enemy set in with renewed force, insomuch that she cried out aloud for her dear Jesus to come and end the battle for her; several more severe attacks followed, before she felt a deliverance arrive, yet amidst all this, she was kept praying mightily to her Lord; her husband's sister asked her if she felt the presence of the Lord with her then? O yes, she says, he never leaves me, I shall conquer. On the midnight of Lord's day, April 15, we were all round her bed, when she suddenly broke out with a smiling countenance filled with heavenly pleasure, "O my dear Jesus, I've got him, I've got

him, O how he shines! he is beautiful! beautiful! beautiful! his garments how glorious!"—then looking round, said, are you all here, O how I should like to take you all to glory with me. Thus was this child of God divinely helped, (who was so fearful in her living days to speak out the troubles of her heart,) to triumph over death, sin, Satan and the grave, gently yielding up her ransomed spirit into the hands of her all loving Lord, going almost imperceptibly out of time into her eternal mansions, in the arms of her beloved husband, her head leaning on his bosom, on the 18th of April, 1849, in the 50th year of her age, leaving her beloved partner, and three sons and three daughters. May her triumphant death to them be sanctified, and may the children of God be encouraged to hope in the Lord. MICAH.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

This place is holy ground,

World with thy cares away!

Silence and darkness reign around,

But lo! the break of day:

What bright and sudden dawn appears
To shine upon this scene of tears!

'Tis not the morning light

That makes the lark to sing,

'Tis not a meteor of the night,

Nor track of Angel's wing;

It is an uncreated beam,

Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time

Met for a moment here,

From earth to heaven, a scale sublime

Rested on either sphere,

Whose steps a saintly figure trod,

By death's cold hand led home to God.

She landed in our view,

'Midst flaming hosts above;

Whose ranks stood silent while she drew

Nigh to the throne of love.

And meekly took the lowest seat,

Yet nearest her Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,

Entranced our spirits fell,

We saw, yet wist not what we saw,

And heard no tongue can tell.

What sounds (the ear) of rapture caught!

What glory fill'd the eye of thought!

Thus far above the pole,

On wings of mounting fire,

Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,

But soon her pinions tire;

It is not given to mortal man

Eternal mysteries to scan.

Behold the bed of death!

This pale and lovely clay—

Heard ye the sob of parting breath?

Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?

No—life so sweetly ceased to be,

It lapsed in immortality.

Bury the dead—and weep

In stillness o'er the loss,

Bury the dead—in Christ they sleep,

Who bore on earth his cross,

And from the grave their dust shall rise

In his own image to the skies.

Thoughts on Believer's Baptism :

BY MR. RUTHERFORD.

"THE observation of Baptism is an open declaration of a fixed faith in *Christ Jesus*, and an entire devotion of the subject to the service of the *Triune God*. In this solemn ordinance we assert *Christ* to be our *Prophet* that hath taught us the things concerning the kingdom of God—our *Priest*, who hath made an atonement for us—and our *King* who is to rule, govern, and defend us; otherwise our submission is only a blind obedience; for the *Father* and his ways are only known to such as have a revelation of both from the *Son*. In this holy institution we profess to claim *God* for our Father, Husband, and Friend;—our Father, who hath made ample provision, and now prepared us for, and granted free admission to the children's bread;—our Husband, in whom we possess all things, and are now brought home to enter upon the enjoyment;—our Friend, with whom we take sweet counsel, and in fellowship with whom we have great delight.

"In baptism we declare we are washed with the washing of regeneration and enlivened by the renewing of the *Holy Ghost*; for they must be clean who come into the sanctuary of *God*; and alive before they can walk in his commandments blameless. Moreover, in this ordinance we profess to believe with all our hearts that the *Lord* is our portion, his people our people, and his ways our ways; therefore, with all our souls, we devote ourselves to *God* for this weighty reason;—'We are not our own, but bought with a price;' also, with a firm resolution, to observe whatsoever he hath commanded; and with this important prayer, that he would enable us to spend the residue of our days to his honour and glory.

"For if our minds be exercised, and faith employed, during the administration of this significant solemnity, we cannot but be impressed with the remembrance of the bitter baptism of our *Saviour's* salutary sufferings, when he was immersed in sin, overwhelmed in wrath, and plunged in the depths of agonies for us. Thus while we are indulged with soul-reviving views of our *Father's* love, and heart-affecting prospects of our *Saviour's* sufferings we cannot but long and pray for the *Holy Ghost* to 'lead us into green pastures, and beside the still waters;' so that we may drink deeper into the love of *Jesus*, and behold his beauty through the windows, while he shews his glory through the lattice. This being granted, we view the death of our Surety, making atonement for our sins;—his grave, in which all our guilt is buried;—and his resurrection, whereby we enjoy justification of life. In this figurative fountain we behold the streams of grace 'proceeding out of the throne of *God* and the *Lamb*,' and flowing into our souls, in virtue of the death, burial, and resurrection of *Jesus*; and are led by faith to see a death to sin, in our intel-

lectual powers; the old man buried; and the new man in *Christ* rising to holiness of life. We have a prospect of the baptism of sufferings, to which we are called as pilgrims of *Jesus*. Nor does this grieve or disturb our spirits, while we behold the eternal *God* our refuge and his everlasting arm our support. If we have not yet received, we are encouraged to wait for that sealing evidence of the *Holy Ghost*, which every saint is to look for and expect after believing.

The entire bathing of our bodies in water represents the bathing of our souls in the blood of the *Lamb*. In going down into the water we have a lively sense of our implantation into *Christ*, and of sinking deeper into the love of *God*, which flows from the fulness of the *Father, Son*, and *Holy Ghost*. In passing through the element, we have a sweet symbol of our translation out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of *God's* dear *Son*. In coming up out of the water, we have the joyful prospect of a complete deliverance from all sin and sorrow; together with a triumphant resurrection from the grave of corruption, and an abundant entrance into the kingdom of bliss and glory. Finally, whatever is necessary to qualify a sinner for communion with *God* in his house below, is represented in baptism; as whatever is necessary to qualify a saint for communion with *God* in his house above, is represented in the *Lord's* Supper. They are outward and visible signs of the true and real substance, and cannot possibly be of the least advantage to any soul further than faith is concerned, and the understanding employed to behold the things signified.

"Thus, while we rejoice in the blessing and feed thereon ourselves, we profess to others our confidence in, and devotedness to the great **THREE-ONE.**"

WHO ARE THE TRUE WORSHIPPERS?

Mizpeh was a valley between Samaria and Jerusalem; there Israel often assembled for the worship of the true *God*. This Mizpeh was a type of the gospel church. Before Samuel gathered them together in Mizpeh, they mourned after the *Lord*; as quickened souls will do. What did Samuel say to them? He said, 'Put away your strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you.' These strange gods were like the false doctrines, and delusive spirits of our day; and that Ashtaroth (*the goddess of good fortune*) was like that carnal, covetous, worldly-minded spirit, which nearly all professing and profane men are worshipping in our day. Before there can be a true coming into the church, these must be put away. 'Mizpeh' means, 'a place of look out; and enquiry;' such is the gospel church; there living souls look out and enquire for *Christ*, for pardon, for peace, for heaven; there they draw water and pour it out before the *Lord*; there they confess sin, and forsake it; and there they plead the merits of a bleeding *Lamb*, and the foundation of all their hope. These are true worshippers. See 1 Sam. vii.

The Work of God in Effectual Calling.

(Continued from p. 139.)

MY DEAR EDITOR:—I resume the thread of my last and proceed :

Most gladly would the seeking sinner pass the gate and go forth into Eden that he might sit down under the tree of life ; but destruction and death are yet in the way ; and the fate of Nadab and Abihu must be the inevitable consequence, unless that grace which has begun and carried on the work thus far, now provide and reveal “ a new and living way into the paradise of God.” But

We here stop and reflect on two or three things, which while they are no part of divine calling will yet attend the same. The first is ignorance ; and that both SPIRITUAL and NATURAL. By the former I mean that real darkness of the understanding which envelopes every heart till it be illuminated by the light of an effectual call. For though a legal call doth enlighten, yet it never dissipates the faintest shadow of spiritual darkness : whereas, this saving call doth so come in contact therewith, that it flees in the same proportion as light increaseth, but this is gradual, and often almost imperceptible to the possessor. But the increase is not the less real because the soul doth not comprehend it ; for though, because yet blind in many things, she cannot see the path of her feet, yet to those who can see, that path ‘ shineth more and more until the perfect day.’ The light affords no comfort, because it discovers nought but cause of fear, sorrow, and death : and the eye is far more intently fixed on the evils discovered than on the light that reveals them. And therefore as the mass accumulates to ‘ a mountain in the narrow path,’ or into a thick cloud over the head, so the soul broods sorrowfully over her hard case, and quakes and trembles at the voice of thunder that peals from above. Sin, ruin, and death are a terror ; but the light that reveals, is a cypher—a something nothing worth ! This is spiritual ignorance. This ignorance is the robe of unbelief,—the cradle of legality,—and the broad day of the devil ; and by these three every fact is reversed, and truth itself made a lie !

But as to natural ignorance, we all know how friendly it is to superstition :

and how by this the Lord’s own are often taught to lie against their right, and push their own privilege and property from them. Much of this may be dissipated by natural and common means, yet much will remain ; and that more or less in different cases ; and proportioned to its extent will be the fears, the false reasonings, and the forebodings of the soul. So foolish and ignorant is she often, even of the plan of salvation, and the methods of the Lord’s dealings with his people, that darkness is put for light, and light for darkness ; bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter : real hopes are turned upside down ; fair prospects end in disappointment ; and death is near instead of life ! This is natural ignorance ! But I had not mentioned this last, as it is no real part of our present subject, were it not needful to shew up another thing, which alike happens to all ; and that is temptation. Now the *ignorance* of the human mind is that *darkness* in which satan’s kingdom lies : and in which he carries on all his dark designs against God, his Christ, and his people. In proportion to our ignorance so is his power : for by sheer strength can he do nothing ; but by craft only ! In all cases, or nearly all, it will be found that the power of a peculiar temptation hinges itself in a certain ignorance of the mind ; for this only is satan’s anchor-hold in the souls of the elect, and the ground where he plants his anvil on which to forge the weapons of his power. And how many can confirm this by saying, ‘ The things that once troubled me much, though not altered, now trouble me not.’ The powerful light of truth, in the energy of the Holy Ghost, has dissolved all tangibility, so that now the devil has no finger hold ! Thus all temptation is nullified by the strong and powerful light of wisdom and truth ; but as yet the poor soul has little of this, therefore satan stands at her right hand to resist, and to accuse.

And here a startling fact looks me in the face ! It is this : much general light is now found, but spiritual light is faint and small ! And this shews us the last haunt of the wicked one. Pulpits are often the rostrums of the man of sin ; while

the spiritual ignorance of our spiritual men forms a veil of fine twined linen in the temple of our God that shrouds the sable prince from our eye, and allows him with impunity to occupy the holy seat! And it is this peculiar ignorance in this 'hour of temptation' that permits satan to lead our mother and her sons all captive! Alas! alas!

Oh, my dear editor, here I am tempted to forget that I am trying to write an effectual calling; and to run to the top of the mast of your *Vessel*, and cry aloud that the man of sin is sitting in the hallowed breasts of the sons of God! Pilot—pilot, go down to your sleeping naughty Jonahs, who, while they can see the evils of all else, cannot, will not see their own; and tell them the great fish Leviathan, is gaping wide beneath to swallow us all up! See how the deep is boiling like a pot! Hark, how the nations rush! O, ye ministers of Immanuel, awake, awake, and let us repair to 'the sea of glass between the porch and the altar,' and there mourn, and weep, and pray!

Reader pardon; and I proceed. Temptations of various kinds will surely attend an effectual call, for satan will not lightly lose a subject, nor allow the stronger man to divide the prey without a struggle. But still the light that has begun to shine shall increase; and this real saving light is the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Every precept given, is light. Every line written on the heart, is light. Every mystery unfolded either in the soul, or in the word, is light; 'for whatsoever maketh manifest is light; and this light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.' But darkness, devils, and their devices, must all flee before it! And thus satan at last comes out of the soul, and she falleth down dead in the straitness of the gate that leadeth into paradise!

Of course we speak to this stage of experience by figure; and that either by death, as that of a criminal; or by birth, when the infant is about to appear in the world. And the word affords us a rich variety of figure to set forth this part of the work of God in the soul. 'The inner man,' now 'a new creature,' is come to the birth; and the soul by her own strength has no power to bring forth. The believing sinner, called out of Egypt, is now come to the last point of his career under the law, and he is come to the end of the law. With his hand on his mouth, he cries, 'Guilty, guilty; woe is me, I am undone!' The soul lays self-condemned before the gate of Eden; and the cherubims answer roughly, and move their flaming sword! The eye of the understanding sinks to the dust—it sinks to the foot of the glorious throne! And looking down—looking humbly—looking with a broken heart, the cloud is removed from the gate, and the film from the sight, and, lo, a bleeding Lamb is seen in the midst of the way of the tree of life! It is a revelation of Jesus by the Comforter,

both as the Lamb and the Shepherd, slain by the flaming sword, to open, through him, a pathway to the Father; and to all the blessings of the covenant of peace. And a *sight is entrance! Discovery is possession! All, beheld by this anointing, is all in title!* Whatever of the new covenant is *shewn*, is the real and eternal property of the sinner! It is the legacy of the changeless testament; the estate of the unalterable will!

The first point is blood—the blood of the Lamb. For though the called soul may not have a clear revelation of this in so many words, yet this is the turning point—the hinge of salvation—and the pivot of redemption. The doctrine of the atonement, and the work of substitution, cannot be understood without it. Every new covenant truth is dipped in this wine; and every grape-like promise is full with this juice—and this juice to the soul is love. Love brings joy. Joy is strength; and strength brings peace. Peace and truth meet together; and their effect is liberty. Liberty brings quietness and assurance for ever!

This precious blood is the equivalent for all that was lost by the fall; and the pledge of all that can be hoped for from the promise. It is the blood of the everlasting covenant. It dissolves every stain; and answers to every charge. It pays every debt; and opens every gate. It gives citizenship, priesthood, and royalty; and bestows a full share of every future glory. It raises the poor from the dust, and the beggars from the dunghill; and placeth them among princes, and makes them to inherit the throne of the Lord. It places them in the *resurrection standing* of the Lord Jesus, and is a sure witness that to them there is no condemnation! It has so removed the entire mass of sin, transgression, and corruption, that though sought for 'THERE SHALL BE NONE.'

And Mr. Editor, it will be of no use for any of your many readers to pretend to dispute this by their *own experience*, for the *legalism* and *ignorance* of our minds can never affect the work of God; for that is perfect though we believe not. These may rob God of his glory, and his people of their comfort, as now they do; but they will never rob precious blood of its proper virtue.

The next thing apprehended is the *righteousness* of Jesus; for though blood sanctifies, righteousness only can justify. Blood pays my debt; but righteousness gives me title to live, and walk, and abide in the garden of Eden as one of the offspring of the second Adam. By the disobedience of the first Adam we all became insolvent, and went as vagrants from our home; by the obedience of the second we become rich, and enter into paradise, in which is given us places to walk among all those who stand by. And this obedience is our white robe—our holiday dress—our wedding garment—and our vest of salvation. And be you sure, reader, however ignorant you

may be, or however long you may remain so to your sorrow, grief, and woe, this holy attire was put on when you first felt the value and virtue of blood—when you first found its power cleansing your heart from a guilty conscience! Nor has it worn out, nor been taken from you; but as a *sure mercy* it abides with you! Nevertheless, I say not, how much you may be robbed of its comfort by being beguiled of the simplicity of its being yours as a free gift—a rich donation from the hand of free grace! And it is truly woeful to see how the saints—*‘the heirs of God,’* are now robbed and spoiled of all their joy through believing! and how the precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold are esteemed (*they so esteem themselves*) as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter: and by a false, and fleshly, voluntary humility, they push from them the joys of everlasting life! O Zion, Zion; how art thou fallen! and how do thy little ones effectually called, ‘swoon as the wounded in the streets!’

Instead of the limits of a letter, I feel I want a volume in which to detail what more might be said of this stage of effectual calling, its after progress, and its future glory, even in this life. But here I drop my pen, and remain the humble servant of you and your readers,

W. C. P.

Brenchley, June 5, 1849.

THE LIVING

Minister's Conflicts and Conquests.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have often purposed writing to you; but the trials in the church, troubles of mind, and afflictions of body have so depressed my spirit that everything seemed to be a burden to me; and now, when I am attempting to write to you it is in much bodily affliction. But as it hath pleased our heavenly Father in his great goodness in Christ Jesus, by his Holy Spirit, to give me a little reviving in my bondage, I feel desirous of sending you a few lines. May the Eternal Spirit help me. Amen.

In your's you asked me the following question,—‘My dear brother, where is thy soul?’ When I read this, the following answer dropped powerfully into my soul, ‘Among lions, brother Banks, among lions.’ I really believe this was the Holy Spirit's answer, for it was truly the case with my soul at that time. The psalmist (civ. 20) describes the state my soul was then in. It was a long, dark, and dismal night with my poor tempest tossed spirit. It was truly a night to be remembered. I speak now of inward soul distress, wherein I groped like the blind for the wall. O, what a terrible conflict I had within! I found a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members; so that I had to wrestle against principalities, against powers, and against spiritual wick-

edness in high places; so that I experimentally felt that my greatest foes were they of my own house. O, my dear brother, what inward abominations and wickedness I had to struggle with! The beasts of the forest did creep forth at this time; presumption, pride, sensuality, worldly-mindedness, and forgetfulness of God's past favours to me, doubts and fears, backslidings of heart, carnality, darkness, stupidity, and barrenness of soul. In my distress I groaned, sighed, and cried, but no answer came from the Lord. O the fearful apprehensions I felt of God's displeasure! and the devil crying, ‘you are nothing but a hypocrite; God will not hear you; he hath cast you off for ever.’ The temptations that my poor distressed soul endured I cannot describe; and if I could, I am sure they would betoo unholy and abominable to meet the eye of the most tried child of God. O, what a mercy it is that there is a fountain opened to cleanse the soul from sin! Eternal praises to the great Three-one Jehovah for providing a robe of perfect and spotless righteousness to cover and everlastingly hide all the church's abominations and imperfections from the eye of justice and the law. One thing that greatly troubled me all the time of my darkness and severe conflict was that the Lord (as I feared) having forsaken me, these evils that were working in my heart, would in some way or other be made manifest to the church and the world; and I should bring disgrace on the blessed cause of Christ. This pierced me to the heart, and caused me to groan out my soul's desire to God in language something like the Psalmist, ‘O, let me not be the reproach of the wicked; O, let not thy people be put to shame on my account.’ But even these groanings seemed to me to be sinful; I had neither life nor power; the heavens appeared as if shut up; there was no dew, rain, nor unction. I went from ordinance to ordinance, from page to page, and from promise to promise of the sure and precious Book of God; but there was no sound nor voice to my poor soul; all was desolation, and darkness, and misery within. At this time I was strongly tempted with something like what Jeremiah felt when he said, ‘I will not make mention of him,’ &c. Jer. xx. 9—13. But the following thought has just crossed my mind, ‘Why, Mr. Banks will think you do nothing else but tell him all your badness and complaints.’ Well, but what must a truly poor creature do that has nothing else to tell? Why don't write at all about them. But then brother Banks wants to know where my soul is? Then tell him a better tale, or else don't make it so black. Now, brother Banks, did you ever know such an insidious, crafty, ugly old beast as this self? It does not like to be exposed. O, the pride of the human heart! And it would have me conceal part of the truth. Is not this the very spirit of Arminianism? Well, by the grace of God I will tell the truth, let old

Adam whine, and the devil roar, as much as they like.

I was strongly tempted to give up the ministry, I had so much trouble in connection with it. 'Now (says Mr. Self-excuse) if you were in the ministry by Divine appointment all God's people would love you; for they love one another; but you see it is not the case with you; so you had better give up at once. At this time the Lord's words to Ezekiel came powerfully to my mind, (chap. xxxiii. 30—33.) This appeared to be just my case. What must I do? For two or three weeks I had a most dreadful conflict on my mind. I now named these trials, and my intention, with the cause of it, to my beloved partner in life, who is to me a judicious and true help meet in divine things. As soon as I named the subject to her, she said with great seriousness, and solemnity, 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.' This was the means of throwing me into an agony of distress, and led me to cry, 'Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?' Paul's words now came forcibly to my mind, 'I am set for the defence of the gospel.' But I could not tell what to make of them, for everything was dark and shut up from me; and with much anxiety, perplexity, and great depression of heart, I went the following Lord's-day (April 22nd) morning to the place of meeting, painfully expecting nothing but having my mouth shut before the people, as I could find nothing with which to feed God's dear family. As I was going along these thoughts kept working up in my mind, 'Fool that you are to go there to be made a laughing stock for the people; there won't be many there; they are tired of you; and they won't come to hear you if you could speak.' You may judge how my poor soul and body trembled. But, dear brother Banks, how shall I speak of the Lord's goodness to such an unworthy unbelieving one as I am? When I got into the place I saw that there were more people present than usual in the morning. I felt, in my soul, thankful to God to find that the devil and self were both liars; but immediately it rushed into my mind, 'you will have nothing to say to them.' With great fear and trembling I went into the pulpit; and when the service began I felt my heart drawn out in strong desires that the Lord would be pleased to bless us with his presence and help. I was led to speak from Leviticus xvi. And the Lord the Spirit was pleased to open up to my mind some of the great and grand eternal truths of the gospel that are contained in that chapter. O, the transporting, comforting manifestations I had given to me of the Lord Jesus Christ's priestly character, Suretyship engagements, perfect and finished work, his going within the veil with his own blood, his prevalent intercession for, and his final and complete presentation of the whole chosen church without blemish, spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing to the Father. O, my dear brother, the Lord having appeared in some of his loveliness to my poor

soul, satan was conquered, sin was removed, and my fears were gone; I had such a sweet manifestation of the dear Redeemer's work, and such a well-grounded hope of my interest in it, and I felt such a blessed enjoyment of divine peace flowing into my soul that I could with great pleasure speak of those things which I had tasted, and handled, and felt of the Word of life. To God be all the praise, who was pleased by that discourse to lead some of his dear people further into the enjoyment, and to comfort and establish others in the glorious doctrines of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Since that time I have had some sore conflicts with satan and self; but blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, he has, by the power of the Holy Ghost, kept me in some humble measure looking unto Jesus, by and in whom I have peace. I cannot speak of exceeding transports of joy; but feeling that Christ is in me the hope of glory, I have a firm reliance on the blood of atonement. O, my beloved brother, I feel that nothing but a sweet sensible enjoyment of the sin-cleansing blood of Jesus will satisfy the living soul; nothing will suit it for a covering but the all perfect righteousness of the holy Redeemer. When the Holy Ghost is pleased to witness to the soul its interest in everlasting love and covenant blood, then old legal hope and fears give way, and we feast upon the fat things of the gospel feast, and drink of the well-refined old wine of the kingdom.

Now, my dear brother, I have given you a very faint outline of some of my soul exercises in the house of my pilgrimage. So that you see I am sometimes fighting, then for a little while resting; sometimes believing, then fearing; sometimes rejoicing, then mourning; sometimes up, and then down; but blessed be the precious name of our new covenant God in Christ Jesus, not destroyed nor forsaken, although sometimes afraid that I am. One would really think after the Lord had so graciously delivered me out of so many troubles that I would never distrust more; but I find that my heart is so foolish and deceitful that I am just like Christian in doubting castle, forgetful both of the key of promise and of the Lord the deliverer.

May the Lord keep me humble at his feet, watching unto prayer, and preserve us unto his eternal kingdom and glory by Christ Jesus. Amen and amen.

I am yours affectionately,

DAVID WILSON.

20, Kingston Terrace, Holderness
Road, Hull, May 25, 1849.

[What is all this for? But "to hide pride from man;" to crucify him to the world! and, while it more deeply convinces him of his real condition as a poor, defiled sinner, it qualifies him to speak to the tried family of God, and prepares him for further displays of sovereign grace and mercy.—E.D.]

A Letter from England to Christian Friends in America.

DEARLY BELOVED AND LONGED FOR:— Grace, and the God of grace be with you all. Amen. Through the tender mercy of the Most High, your weather-beaten friend is still in the land of the living, on praying ground, on pleading terms with God, under hope of Gospel grace, and looking beyond the grave for a glorious immortality. He hitherto has suffered somewhat from wind and weather, and he has also been much shaken in mind, and staggered in faith and hope, and at times pressed out of measure, and bowed down to the earth with grief; and despised he is and rejected of some men, and some say, He is a good man, but others say, Nay, he deceiveth the people. What then shall be said to these things? If God be for him, who can be against him? and that God is for him is most evident by his being at present in that narrow path which leads on to glory above.

In this path, brethren, are many briers, and thorns, and miry places, and dreary walks, and numerous enemies, and beguiling snares, and crowds of heresies and heretics; and yet, here am I a poor ignorant and defenceless thing in and of myself, but upborne by grace divine, and enabled still to say, *Thou art my hope, O Lord God.* Psa. lxxi. 5. Although the path where my feet are placed, and in which path I have travelled for the space of fifty years, is rough, thorny, and difficult, yet in and about it are many charms, beauties, riches, glories, and springs of water, and streams refreshing, and living bread, and wine on the lees well refined. Indeed the path drops fatness, and it is moistened with the dew of heaven; and it yields an abundance of honey, balm, figs, myrrh, pomegranates, and sweet spices, and the air is pure and wholesome, for it is the breath of God.

Now I am persuaded that this is the path which the holy prophets and apostles trod, and where all true Israelites are found, and in which they suffer affliction, and meet with many things hard to be borne, and yet, with help from the Lord, they are enabled to bear them. Here too, at times, they are broken in upon and assaulted by a host of cruel and malicious foes who seem bent on plunder and ruin, and ruined they would be but for the timely interposition of the God of Jacob. *When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.* Isa. lix. 19: and as the Lord God is on their side, so relief will assuredly be ministered unto them in due time, and they shall partake of all the rich and good things of this pathway leading on to joys above.

Be it known unto you then, that I am still in this path and under the guidance of the unerring Spirit of the Lord, and occasionally under his heart-cheering influence, and then all things without and

within move on well and my soul flourishes like grass of the earth, and makes good head-way in the divine life, and pays an humble tribute of praise to him who remembered me in my low estate, and whose mercy endureth for ever. Sometimes I suffer much in mind, and my soul is cast down within me, and I go mourning without the sun: at other times, light is in my path and I go on pleasantly, singing for joy of heart. But I must needs say to you all, that my sojourn in this foreign land has been sufficiently long enough for me to know that a Christian man can no more be exempt from tribulations, and the cross, and the slander and lies of graceless mortals in England, than he can in America; sin is sin as well in one nation as in another; and the same may be said of satan and his wily arts and snares; and the same also is true in reference to carnal preachers and empty professors; and it is likewise true, and a sweet truth too, that God is the same in his love, mercy, grace, pity, compassion, good will, decrees, purposes, counsels, and the intents of his heart towards his chosen, called, justified, afflicted, tried, tempted, poor, and heavy laden children, in one country as in another; and just so your correspondent has found these things to be, and with Paul he can say, *Every where and in all things I am instructed.* Phil. iv. 12. Yes, even in England as well as in America, I know what it is to be despised and shamefully treated, and vilified, and belied, by a few; and so likewise know I what it is to be greatly beloved and caressed, and well used, and respected by many.

A child of God by true adoption, being very sensitive in all his best feelings, can but see and feel something of the dreadful ravages and direful effects of sin go wherever he may, nor will these effects fail to grieve and vex his righteous soul. I have found much of this in my day; yes, I have been, and still am, a great sufferer by sin, for it has robbed my soul of many sweet morsels and of much rest; but still God is my rock and refuge, and such I trust he will be to my soul till all calamities are over-past, which in my own instance will be the case ere long, for I am old and gray-headed, and am fast hastening to the tomb where the prisoners rest together, and the servant is free from his master, Job iii. 18, 19.

During my continuance here, I have visited and preached almost in every city and large town in the kingdom, and it would be grateful to all my best feelings if I could say that religious affairs were in a much healthier condition here than they are in the United States. However, it will be perfectly safe for me to say, that the religionists here, take the country at large, far enough exceed the Americans in point

of disgraceful contentions, vain janglings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings, bitter railings, shameful backbitings, and slander, and envy, and strife among themselves. These things here are most notorious; and we all know that such things are the bane of Christian society, and that they fully and clearly demonstrate a conceited mind,—a barren heart,—a misguided judgment, and a proud spirit. When the Lord shall turn again the captivity of Zion, and restore the ancient order of things, religious matters, and religious people will be in a far better condition than now they are, and we may well look, long, and wish for the latter rain in its season, so that the church of God here on earth may flourish and grow as the corn, and the vine. At present Zion is in a cloud, and so is most of the preaching, both here and else where. In England however, the clear light of the gospel has become very dim, and it will become more dim yet before it is better, for nothing can be more evident than that most religionists are under the influence of the old covenant, and by the ministry of men under this influence, though orthodox in word, Christ and the true spirit of the gospel are sure more or less to be obscured, and regenerate souls kept in darkness and in a state of thralldom; and this is just where most of the leaders and the led are at present, or else I do not draw the breath of life.

The Lord's design by the ministry of his word is that the gospel gates should be thrown wide open so that all the fragrance may be seen and admired by sin-sick souls and afflicted consciences. In this way it is that sinners who are acquainted with the dreadful malady of sin, are to have the remedy provided by the Lord brought to their eternal view: but instead of this being done, dwelling on the old covenant things is pretty much the order of the day in Great Britain, for sure and certain it is that the full liberty of the gospel, and living, and walking, and preaching in the same, is but rarely known in the camp of Israel, for clouds and darkness are round about the holy land, and old covenant things are handled and dwelt on by pulpit men, and it all seems to be received very well by people in shackles under the galling yoke of Moses. Here are an abundance of pulpit and pew people that pretend to hold fast the form of sound words and to tread in the same steps of some good men whose souls were under a new covenant bias, and who lived, and preached, and walked, in the light and liberty of the gospel; (I now particularly allude to Messrs. Hart and Huntington) but I fear that these pretenders are void of that gospel spirit, heavenly dew, holy unction, and divine savor, which the above two men were in so large a measure favored with, for at best they are but mere urchins in the gospel field, or mimics of Hart and Huntington; but you will see, when we meet, this subject handled on a larger scale in a

work of mine now in the press, entitled "Liberty taken without Grant."

I wish all of us may know, and feel, and enjoy, more of the power and the liberty of the gospel of Christ than we do; and I hope that on my arrival amongst you I shall find you in a good condition, and feeding on divine truth, and walking as children of light and as if this world was not your best home nor your settled rest. As you pass along, pray let Jerusalem come into your mind, and still keep in the mercy of God, and look to him for succour and support while in the house of your pilgrimage. It is not much longer that we have to be here in this tiresome world, a world of sin and sorrow. As Christ (for his own inheritance,) has disarmed death of its sting, they need not dread its approach, for instead of its doing them any injury, it will release them from many sad incumbrances, and introduce them into endless rest.

I fully expect (D.V.) to be in Baltimore early in August, and no more to leave America till I leave this world. In England I have seen enough to know that all is not gold which glitters, but more of this when we are together. Permit me to crave an interest in your prayers, and believe me to be,
Your's affectionately,

JAMES OSBOURN.

Godalming, June 1, 1849.

P.S.—You know as well as I, how suddenly, and easily, and unexpectedly, a christian can, by the great enemy of souls, be thrown off his guard and dragged into an error by which all his pleasant things are smashed in pieces instantly, and his shining path covered with a cloud thick and gloomy, and his peaceful mind become a seat of violence and terror.

Since my letter was written I have seen a poor thing in this condition occasioned by a petty error in practice; but his soul, I saw, was in a sad consternation by the same, and Satan, as far as it was in his power, was taking every advantage of him by augmenting his wrong almost to the sin against the Holy Ghost: whereas, even to make the worst of it, it was but an *impropriety*. I mention this circumstance to show how very sore the conscience of a christian can become by little wrongs, when God takes the matter in hand with an intention of chastening a beloved child of his, and to show him the evil of departing from an upright course, even in minute things. God grant that we may be kept by divine power through faith unto salvation, and in him be made to rejoice and to sing praises all our days. J. O.

London, June 8th.

"Christiana" would be thankful if some spiritual correspondent would endeavour to lay open the mind of Christ in the following text: 'We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.' We trust this appeal will not be made in vain.
Ed.

Made Nigh by the Blood of Christ.*Continued from p. 244, Vol. IV.*

"But with the precious blood of Christ."

I PROMISED, in my former communication, if spared to continue the piece; I now fulfill the promise, feeling it is of the Lord's mercies I am not consumed, because his compassions fail not; he is a faithful, covenant making and covenant keeping Jehovah; his purposes of grace and mercy are unfolded day by day in the experience of his loving family who are privileged to enjoy sweet fellowship and communion with him, feel pardon in their souls by the power of the eternal Spirit, through the precious blood of Jesus. The voice of Calvary has a solemn sound on their spiritual ears, softens their hearts, and draws out their affections after Jesus, constraining them with holy delight and solemn pleasure to sing with the poet,—

"Hark, the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary."

It is the cross alone the christian desires (when in his right mind) to glory in. 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.' So said the great apostle; and through grace divine, I can say, what are all the things of time and sense compared with an experimental acquaintance with these divine realities? feeling that once we were a very far off, but are now made nigh by the blood of Jesus, and that in him we have access, by one Spirit, to the Father, walk in the light as God is in the light, have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth us from all sin. God the eternal Father had his eyes solemnly fixed on Calvary when he entered into covenant with the Lord of life and glory from before all worlds, as the great Redeemer, Ransomer, and trusted the salvation of his church in his hands. The Lord Christ says, speaking to the Father, 'Thine they were, and thou gavest them me.' Here is a solid resting place,—here God and the sinner meet, are reconciled to each other, even in the person of Christ; there is no wrath, no terror, no condemnation here, but all is peace, love and joy. The Old Testament saints looked forward to Calvary when the great atonement for sin should be made, and by faith rejoiced, even as Abraham. Moses, by faith, and in type, said, 'Behold, the blood of the covenant; as though he had said, 'Behold, Jesus shedding his precious blood;' for he is the covenant spoken of. The Holy Ghost, by the prophet Isaiah, says, 'I, the Lord, have called thee (Christ Jesus) in righteousness, and will give thee for a covenant of the people.' There is nothing for a poor sensible sinner out of Christ; in him all fulness dwells, and in him alone; and by the shedding of his blood we every blessing receive; every promise is by blood sealed;

every deliverance is accomplished by blood. 'Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope,' ye that have long lain under a fearful apprehension of the impending curses of a broken law, ye that have been long tugging and toiling at Sinai's fiery mount, under hard task-masters and legal work-mongers. Look to Jesus as your only refuge; behold his precious blood to cleanse you from all your defilement. 'I have laid help on him;' 'he is mighty to save;' 'I have appointed him my King in Zion;' 'the government is upon his shoulders;' 'behold him coming from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, travelling in the greatness of his strength;' 'the man, my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts.' He will save you; he hath redeemed you with his precious blood, and he will own you in that day when he shall make up his jewels, to stud his Mediatorial crown, and you shall shine forth in the kingdom of your Father. This is indeed liberty to the captive, the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound. They then can sing with the heart and understanding, those lines of dear Gadsby's now in glory,—

"Redeem'd with Jesus' blood redeemed,
His beauties call'd to trace;
No angel can be more esteemed,
Than sinners sav'd by grace."

Jesus is now precious; his blood is precious; his people are precious; yea, all connected with his cause is precious. But, dear reader, being still in an enemy's country, we cannot expect long to be at ease, having enlisted ourselves as good soldiers, under the blood-stained banner of the cross, we are called on to fight and not to be at ease in Zion. There is a woe pronounced on them that are at ease in Zion. There are three enemies we shall have to contend with all our journey through. 'Oh,' says one, 'I thought that all the ways of wisdom were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace. I shall give my religion up, and turn something else.' If you picked your religion up in this way, I would not be in your position in a dying hour for millions of worlds. 'A man's enemies are those of his own house; I find to my sorrow, I am possessed of three in my ungodly heart; and these three are in league, and agree with each other, that they always help each other; and sometimes I foolishly attempt to war with them in my own strength, and, to my confusion, I am sure to be overcome; but when I am enabled to go forth against them in the strength of my Lord and King, fired with holy zeal, having on the whole armour of God, then I can stand against them all, combined with all their bellish crew: remember, it must be 'the whole armour of God;' no part of it must be lacking, or we shall lose the victory. You can read the list of the spiritual armoury required in Ephesians vi. 11—18.

May we be led to study it well, be always clad therein; for we wrestle not against

flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places; and, through being off our watch tower, we often are overcome from a quarter we least expect.

Within, oh what a hellish crew,
Who knows what dwells within?
How oft some darling lust creeps out—
Some unsuspected sin!

Lord Jesus, heal this malady,
And set my broken bones;
Let my petitions reach thy ears,
Though only sighs and groans.

Base as I am, yet blessed Lord,
I dare to make this plea;
As Jesus died to save the lost,
Perhaps he died for me.

A POOR WORM.

THE ERECTION AND Protection of the Church of God.

"The wall shall be built up even in troublous times." Daniel ix. 25.

Zion's a city built by God,
Wall'd around by love and blood;
An act of free and sov'reign grace,
Which God determin'd should take place.
Zion, (in God's eternal mind—
Who's ever gracious, ever kind;)
Was purpos'd to be built in time.
What matchless grace! What love divine!
To think upon a rebel race,
Provide for them an hiding place
From guilt, and from eternal woe,
A wonder is to me, I know.
Yea, lost in wonder, love and praise,
Which such an act of love displays;
I sing to God, th' Eternal Three,
And wonder still how it could be!
Behold, he says of Zion's walls,
They shall be built, whate'er befalls:
Though earth, and hell, and sin oppose,
They shall be built in spite of foes.
Though troubles rise on every side,
And dash upon them like a tide;
And roar aloud like billows fierce,
These mighty walls they cannot pierce.
Zion is wall'd around by grace,
Well fortified in every place;
The enemies in vain besiege,
In vain they fire—in vain they rage!
Their cannon balls and bombshells too,
Are all as chaff in Jesus' view;
When fir'd against this wall of grace,
Their shots rebound with double pace.
Yet thus it is, this wall shall rise,
Till th' topstone reach above the skies;
Yea, none shall overturn one stone,
Sooner shall hosts be overthrow'n.
God will appear for his elect,
And Pharaoh with his host reject:
'They'll trouble Israel then no more,
Israel shall land on Canaan's shore,
Though hosts encamp on ev'ry side,
God doth and will for them provide;
The Canaanites he'll overthrow;
God's people all must onward go.
Again they're troubled on ev'ry side,
New conflicts doth them all betide;
They're carried captive by their foe,
And mourn their wretchedness and woe.
But God appears for them again,
And brings them out to praise his name;
They build the wall of Zion still,

And thus perform Jehovah's will.
With sword in hand they toil all day,
And keep a watch to guard their way,
The wall they build, and shouts of praise
They then in acclamations raise!
Thus God will build up Zion still,
And frustrate ev'ry creature's will;
The cunning serpent can't prevail,
Though he does oft our souls assail.
He tried to bruise our glorious Head,
'Cast thyself down,' the devil said,
Our Captain knew his way too well,
Than thus to please the prince of hell.
He conquer'd all his foes and ours,
For he's above all hellish powers;
And we through him shall conquer too,
And triumph o'er the hellish crew.
Not all the blood shed by our foes,
Not all their threatenings nor their woes,
Shall overturn the church of God,
But soon they'll feel his ireful rod!
Then courage take, ye fearful saints,
To Jesus make your sad complaints;
And he'll relieve you in distress,
Yes, he'll make known his sov'reign grace.
God is a wall of fire around
His mystic church,—'tis sacred ground;
He will protect her from all harm,
And all her foes he will disarm.
The wild and savage beasts of prey
Are by this fire put to dismay:
Within this wall they dare not come,
For 'tis the church's glorious home.
God's ministers are brazen walls,
Built up as God the Spirit calls:
They stand the shots of many a foe,
Yet still they all shall rise and grow.
The Lord is with them to protect,
And keep them as his own elect;
Though men do oft their souls assail,
God is their strength, men can't prevail.
The church is, too, a glorious wall,
While seen upon this earthly ball:
She stands on Christ, foundation good,
Made sure to her by love and blood.
United too in ev'ry part
By the affections of his heart,
She grows in grace and favour too,
And keeps her husband still in view.
Thus God will build up Zion's wall,
He'll be her portion and her all—
While all her foes he will abase,
To his own praise and glorious grace.
The wall he'll build both great and high,
And crown it with his Majesty,
And all the precious stones shall be
Precious to him eternally.

Manchester.

JOHN HUDSON.

The Resurrection:

AN ACROSTIC.

A h! thou risen precious Jesus!
C ancill'd are our sins by thee;
H igh exalted, Lord, to save us
A rt thou now ascended high.
R ich in power, grace, and truth,
I n all that God can do to save;
T hat thy church should reap the fruit,
Y et arising from thy grave.
B lessed Brother, Husband, God!
O how precious in each tie!
Y et endearing in thy love—
Y et my glorious Lord on high.
E verlasting honours flow
O n thy gracious head divine!
V ouchsafe thy precious aid below,—
I n thy full salvation shine.
L ord of hosts, triumphant reign!

January 5, 1844.

JOHN BARBER.

An Original Letter of the late Dr. Hawker's.

DEAR MRS. M.—whom I love in the truth, and not I only, but also all they that have known the truth.

It was not until yesterday, after closing in the Lord's holy day which had just passed, and fled to be numbered among the years, both before and since the flood, that I heard of the Lord's visiting you with his bereaving providence, and death hath entered your windows. How the dispensation found you, and how the Lord had prepared you for it, was and is with the Lord; but my hopes are alive that the event both found you and left you as those of old, who though sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things.

Having Christ for your portion, you have enough to live upon to all eternity, and with him you cannot be poor, without him all the gold of Ophir could not make you rich.

I know not the years, my dear correspondent, to whom I am writing, hath marked down in the arithmetic of life; but to the longest boundary when run out, the patriarch's confession suits every son and daughter of Adam, 'few and evil have the days of the years of my life been;' we truly can count nothing of life, until we begin the spiritual life in regeneration; then, and not till then the calculation commenceth, and being in Christ, and one with Christ, and interested in all that Christ is, we can say with the apostles, 'to live is Christ, and to die is gain. For whether we live we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord, whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.'

It hath been whispered to me, and but whispered, that the disposition of Mr. M.'s effects are not so favourable to you as would have been the case had those that love you had the appointment. But here we are taught the blessedness of being always under a wiser and better direction than our own. His sovereign and gracious will when seen through the cloud, sweetly silenceth all complaints; that divine Scripture when spiritually taught by the Almighty author of it (God the Holy Ghost,) and when spiritually received into the regenerated mind, and lived upon, and enjoyed, carries the child of God through all; namely, 'For we brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry

nothing out of it;' and having food and raiment let us be therewith content.

Yet a little while and it will be of no more consequence both to you and me, whether in passing through this world of sin and sorrow, we have been clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day; or, like the prophet, we have had the daily cake from the Lord's providing out of the barrel of meal, of the widow's almost exhausted stock, to teach the blessedness of our daily dependence on the Lord both in spirituals and temporals for our daily bread.

We are going home, my dear friend, to our Father's house; every day lessens our journey; and what matters it concerning the accommodation by the way at the inn? travellers with little equipage will have the less to look after; and sure I am both your pillow and mine will be the softer if there are no bags of gold or silver under it to make the head uneasy.

I know not what my dear friend's sentiments are on these things in relation to the late Mr. M.'s effects; but this I know, it will be a blessed disappointment, if our most glorious Lord makes a barter with our dear Mrs. M. to fill up all vacancies, and all want with Himself, certainly there will be more room for Christ where there is more emptiness of the creature's; and if you are graciously taught, by his divine teaching, that his unerring wisdom, and his unerring love has been purposely arranging these things, that by turning all our trumpery out in the street, that in the naked walls of our hearts he might find a greater welcome, O, the blessed exchange! and what a loveliness of unutterable affection, when you hear his voice saying, as he takes possession of your heart as his throne, 'here will I dwell for I have a delight therein.'

I pray you may have those things in remembrance; never forget for a moment who is with you; call to recollection the love, the sympathy, the bowels of the Lord Jesus. All is well. The everlasting love of our glorious God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to our persons, as we are in Christ, will not only make you rejoice over every exercise of these trying transitory events, but over sin, hell, and the grave. Your's in the Lord,

ROBERT HAWKER.

Recognition of Mr. T. Woodington, AT CROYDON, SURREY.

THE anniversary and public recognition of Mr. Woodington, as Pastor of the Baptist Church, meeting for worship at the old Baptist Chapel, erected in the year 1729, at Pump Pail, Croydon, Surrey, took place on Tuesday, June 5th, 1849.

In the morning Mr. Newborn, of St. Luke's, gave an address on the nature and constitution of a gospel church; and Mr. Moyll, of Peckham, asked the usual questions.

In answer to Mr. Moyll's first question, relative to the leadings of God's providence in bringing Mr. Woodington amongst them, one of the deacons rose and gave a short verbal statement; of which the following is a summary:—

"It is now about nine years ago that Mr. Woodington was in the habit of serving us, in connection with other ministers, who have now gone the way of all flesh. From that time we lost sight of him, or at least heard nothing from him for several years; yet we often felt a desire to hear him again; and when we again found him, he was so much engaged elsewhere, that he could not then serve us. Time rolled on, and some few months ago, we heard that Mr. W. was at Sydenham; and the Lord put into the heart of my brother deacon and myself, (who had laboured by day and by night, and by prayer and supplication had looked out for a man who should go in and out amongst us;) to go and hear him; I said, 'If you are agreeable we will invite him to serve us for six months.' I mentioned this to Mr. Woodington. He said, he could not come then as he was engaged, but he would the first opportunity. Accordingly he came, and preached to us for several Sabbaths. To some he was much blessed. The church gave him a call for six months, and ultimately requested him to become their pastor. His ministry has been blessed to the conversion of some souls in this place. We, as a church, believe him to be a man of God; and we believe him to be sent of God to preach the gospel; and as such we believe God will bless his labours, and I can truly say, as one that has watched the hand of God for many years, I believe the beauty of the Lord has been upon us; and the work of our hands have been established.

Mr. Moyll then called upon the members of the church, publicly to recognise the call, which they did. Mr. Moyll next asked Mr. Woodington to give a brief statement of how the good work of God was begun upon his soul: the substance of which was as follows:—

"It is many years ago since the Lord opened mine eyes to see that I was a poor, helpless, ignorant sinner; though I cannot date a time when the Lord began it; all I can say is, 'Whereas I was blind, now

I see.' But there never was a time, as far back as I can recollect, that I was without a conviction of sin, though I knew nothing about Christ, God, sin, or the devil. And whilst a youth, if I met a funeral the question instantly arose in my mind, 'is that man or woman saved?' To go through all the details of my earliest life would be detaining you too long. I therefore pass on to the time when the Lord in his providence removed me to London, much against my own will and mind, though I could afterwards see that it was for good. For it was there that the Lord met with me and shewed me that I was a sinner; and that not by any particular man or minister; for my mind was led constantly to study the Scriptures, more than the ministry I attended, which was not a gospel one; and I soon began to find out that I wanted a something, but what that something was I knew not until one day I was passing the church of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, where I saw a light; I entered, and saw a number of children sitting along one side, and a number of men and women on the other. The minister was in the desk speaking to them; and I there heard such things as I never heard before. They were just suited to my case, and I determined the first opportunity I had, to go and hear him. Accordingly, the next Lord's-day evening I went; the man preached the gospel, and then I found out what it was I wanted. His text was taken from John xvi. 13: 'And when he the Spirit of truth shall come, he will guide you into all truth.' And what he then said came with such light and power to my soul, that made me feel as I never felt before, and knew not how I got home whether upon my head or my heels, as the common saying is. From that time I knew the distinction between a living and a dead ministry. I used to go occasionally to hear this minister but there seemed no particular attachment to him, at which I have often times wondered; and many changes have I seen since that time. I thought at that time never to see any more trouble. And I remember saying, 'I shall never doubt the word of God any more,' when only three days afterwards I was tempted to deny the whole of it. I never experienced such a deep sense of law terrors, as some have done. Once in Bloomsbury Square I was suddenly seized by it; but as soon as the law made its demands, instantly I saw the Redeemer as the law fulfiller—and it vanished. But there came a period when I began to question all that I had gone through, and was tempted to give it all up. In this place I continued for upwards of two years. I was filled with the horrible suggestions of satan, and thought I was one who had neither part nor lot in the matter; yet underneath all there was a secret persuasion that God would

time I had got all the doctrines and the great plan of salvation in my head, and it was now that I was led to see the great difference between religion in the head and the heart."

Mr. Moyll next asked Mr. Woodington for a brief statement of his call to the ministry. Mr. Woodington said:—

"It is now twenty years since the Lord caused me to open my mouth in his name; though I had not then any idea of ever entering a pulpit. A dear friend and myself used to go out together to visit the workhouses round the metropolis; where we used to read and expound the Scriptures to those who would listen to us—one in particular, St. George's, Southwark,—yet I have seen such scenes in these places as made me wonder how we could go at all. Another one was St. James's, Poland Street, Oxford Street; where I used to feel some liberty in speaking to the poor people. These were what we called our *workhouse visits*. The devil soon set his feet in here and caused the authorities to close the doors against us. But the Lord soon opened pulpit doors. Sydenham was the first place, I think, where I preached, and when I went there I had no idea of doing so; and ever since that time I have been called hither and thither, *yet I have never put one finger towards it*; except at the workhouses, where we went of our own accord."

Mr. Woodington next gave a clear and distinct confession of his faith, and publicly ratified his assent to the church's call; and Mr. Newborn gave the right hand of fellowship jointly to Mr. Woodington and a deacon as representative of the church; after which, Mr. Moyll concluded the morning's service by prayer.

In the afternoon Mr. S. Milner, of Rehoboth, Ratcliff Highway, gave the charge to the minister from 'Consider what I say.' In the evening Mr. John Foreman preached to the church.

The chapel was full on each occasion.

Infant Salvation.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND DEAR CHILDREN at Sturry and Canterbury, and to all such as love the truth about your parts, I send greeting; and in the words of one of old feelingly say to you, 'Walk in love as dear children.' As I sat alone in my room this evening, I seemed to hear a sort of whisper, saying, 'E— can't give her child up now.' Struck with it, I thought 'What does that mean? Who is it? Why, surely, that must be E. F., at Sturry.' Well, I was struck with a thought that if you belong to the family of God, (and I am constrained to believe you do,) I think there is another trial which I have had at the death of a child, which,

perhaps, you have had also, namely, *ITS ETERNAL STATE*. Now I will briefly tell you: I was once tried at the death of my little Benjamin, (four years and six months old,) about his eternal state; and of some others I lost younger; and a thought would sometimes thrill through my soul, 'What, if such an one should be in hell?' Well; bless the Lord, I was delivered from that fear, not as the worldling is, on account of the child's natural innocency, for that is delusion, but it was from God's own word; from these words, the sentence of the great and just Judge against lost souls, '*Depart from me, all ye WORKERS OF INIQUITY.*' Now, an infant is the subject of iniquity, but not a WORKER OF IT, as it is not conscious of its actions; and it is certain that the Lord well knew who would die in infancy, and who would not; and as the atonement of Jesus answers for all the original sins of his elect; and as salvation is wholly by and of grace to every vessel of mercy; could not the Lord give grace to an infant that cannot make it known, as well as to them that can? As to opposition, the older the person is, the more opposition there is; and I ask any thinking, exercised child of God this question, *Does the salvation of a soul depend on that soul's manifestation of grace?* or, on the love and grace in Christ Jesus eternally fixed on that soul? Surely the latter. Then, cheer up, ye troubled, bereaved parents, who feel tried on the ground of your children's state, dying in infancy, while I refer you to a few Scriptures that have been a support to my soul under that trial. First, look at Rev. xx. 12, 13, and you will see the condemnation runs on a *practical race*; again, conscious characters only are alluded to, in Matt. xxv. 41, to the end; again, said Jesus, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for *of such* is the kingdom of heaven;' and again, when David's child was dead—here could be no works to gain salvation, nor no inherent moral virtue, for the child was newborn;—but David was comforted by saying, 'The child could not come to him; but he should go to that.' He could not mean merely the grave, for that alone could be no comfort at all to him. The confession of Abraham once hushed the storm to a sweet calm in my breast; 'The Judge of all the earth will do right.' Therefore, think what a mercy to have raised up a child for the Lord; saved from ten thousand troubles and snares. In heaven, (said Jesus,) their angels do always behold the face of my Father; and can you murmur to think your child is taken to be for ever with Jesus, in the sea of infinite and unbounded love to all the chosen race. As to the objects of Sovereign choice, what did the Lord see in you or I to induce him to love us any more overrule all this for my good. Before this

than he did in your little infant? Oh, *nothing; nothing; nothing*; say you, let him have the souls he has so loved, and so dearly bought; and think yourself highly favoured of the Lord to be mother to a child, Jesus so soon called home to himself. May the Lord give you both, and friends Mr. and Mrs. B—ks, in Canterbury, and all others that have suffered such losses, a most feeling submission to his righteous will, so as to sing solemnly thus:

“ Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.”

My love to Mr. and Mrs. Fullforth and family, and all such up in the city. Give God all the glory for all comforts.

Your's truly,

J. RAYNSFORD.

Horsham, March 23, 1849.

Comment on Romans ii. 12.

THOUGH I be not a commentator in the strictest sense of the term, yet I may be excused if I offer a comment or two on the second chapter of Paul to the Romans. Now to understand the twelfth verse aright, we must particularly observe the drift and aim of the apostle in the first and second chapters throughout, then we shall presently see that the two distinct sorts of sinners mentioned in this twelfth verse are Jews and Gentiles; that is, Jews unto whom God had committed his oracles, covenant promises, circumcision, and the like—and Gentiles who had received nothing of the kind, and were emphatically heathens. And though these favoured Jews had all these external privileges and advantages over the Gentiles or heathen, and moreover were in the constant habit of hearing the law, yet doth the apostle class them upon a level with these Gentile heathens, and shews that in the grand matter of justification before God, these circumcised Jews—these strict observers of external ceremonies—were not a whit more to be commended than the Gentiles, who observed nothing of the kind; but as both were sinners—the Jew with the law, and the Gentile without it—they should both alike perish without a vital union to Christ; for saith Paul, ‘not the hearers, but the doers of the law are just before God. Now my belief is that the apostle, when he speaks of the doers of

the law, intends such as believe in Christ, the Law-fulfiller, and these wait in the kingdom and patience of Christ in well doing, and in this glorious person is honour, immortality, and eternal life, and nowhere else. And at the close of this second chapter how mightily doth the apostle demolish all their external observances, and magnify and exalt the proper spiritual Jew, and that circumcision made without hands; he tells these sticklers for circumcision, hearing the law, &c., that that which is outward in the flesh is not circumcision. Now look carefully among the different sects; and what is their contention about? Is it about vital godliness—or is it about externals? Alas, alas! we are very little before these Jews. Now suppose Paul had lived in these days of baptismal controversy, he would have only slightly varied his phraseology, and said, He is not a christian who is one outwardly—neither is that baptism which is outward on the flesh; but he is a christian who is one inwardly—and baptism is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; that is, being baptised by one Spirit, into one body, being buried with him by baptism into his death and sufferings, and all who are thus spiritually baptised into Christ have put on Christ as their righteousness, sanctification, redemption, holiness, justification, and salvation. How very far, infinitely so, doth this blessed work in the soul leave all externals; for be it observed, here lieth the only proper distinction between the hearer and the doer. Men may, and do, attend to the outward forms of what are termed gospel ordinances, &c., but they are not the true doers of anything spiritual; and are by the apostle classed with such as know or care nothing at all about these things, both of which are equally in the flesh, and therefore cannot please God.

Doubtless you will have many commentators addressing you on the subject much more ably than anything I can produce. Nevertheless I have made bold to give you my opinion; and remain, sir, with the best of wishes for your success in the pure and sterling testimony of *Christ's* gospel,

Faithfully yours,

BAREAS.

[The articles on the same subject by “Aquila” and P. W. Williamson, are intended for insertion.]

SOME OF THE THINGS WHICH

The Prophet Zechariah Saw and Heard.*(Continued from p. 117.)*

ZECHARIAH IV. 11, 12.

THE first word in my soul this morning was, 'Having nothing, and yet possessing all things.' The first sentence I was quite confident of; but the second made me pause.

The prophet Zechariah seemed something like this—He had all things revealed unto him, but he had no knowledge—no powers of conception to understand them until the same Spirit that revealed them, explained and confirmed them.

So is it with living souls:—all things are theirs in the covenant, and in Christ; and glorious things are revealed unto the eye of their regenerate minds by the Spirit of God—but with many of them there is not much faith to lay hold of, nor knowledge to understand what these things can mean.

I said a few things last month respecting the visions which Zechariah saw; and having been led a little this morning into the beautiful garden which this prophet planted, and left behind for our edification, I will just call your attention to one or two of the interesting scenes further laid in this part of divine inspiration.

Let us look simply:—

1. At the divine consolation which the angel administered unto the prophet from verses 8 to 10 of the fourth chapter.

Then, secondly, at the candlestick.

Thirdly, the two olive trees.

Fourthly, the two olive branches.

Fifthly, the two golden pipes.

Sixthly, the golden oil. And

Lastly, the emptying out of this oil.

First, at the consolation administered. The prophet says, The Word of the Lord came. This is generally the instrument by which consolation and correction, reproof and instruction do come; by the Word of the Lord; and this must come; for we cannot fetch it, nor command it; but with sovereign power it comes, or we perish: this is that open vision of which Solomon speaks. Prov. xxix. 18. Well, when the word of the Lord came, it spoke of seven things—1. Of Zerubbabel. 2. Of his hands. 3. Of a house. 4. Of the foundation of the house. 5. It declared that the same hands which laid the foundation would also finish it. 6. Of the plummet in Zerubbabel's hands. 7. Of the eyes of the Lord. In these seven things lay the whole strength of Zion's beauty, safety, and glory.

1. Of Zerubbabel. You read of this Zerubbabel in Ezra iii. 2. First Joshua (a Saviour) stood up—then Zerubbabel (a stranger in Babylon) stood up: and what did they do? They builded the altar of the God of Israel; and established the true worship. This doth represent Christ in his divinity and humanity. As Joshua, he is God, and stood up in the ancient settlements, and councils of eternity; as Zerubbabel he is man, (a stranger in this

world,) and stood up in the days of his flesh, to perform the work appointed to him. 2. The hands of Zerubbabel. These bespeak the Almighty power of our Lord; and the actual and absolute work he has done. He is not a mere talker and promiser; but he is indeed a DOER of the work. In Hebrews viii. 9, he says, of Israel, 'He took them by the hand, to lead them out of Egypt.' Moses and Joshua were his hands: the law and the gospel are his hands. With the one he kills; with the other makes alive; with the one he breaks down; with the other he builds up. With one he delivers; with the other he saves: his sheep are in his hands; none can pluck them out. 3. The house is the temple or church of God: we are his house; we are his workmanship; he made us; and he has promised to dwell and walk in us, and never to depart. 4. The foundations of this house were laid in oaths, and promises, and blood. In the covenant of grace, he pledged himself to be unto us a God: in and by the prophets and patriarchs, he promised that what he had undertaken he would perform; and in the days of his flesh he laid down his life, and shed his blood for the redemption and salvation of his people. And this foundation is laid in the same way in the soul. By his power, he brings the soul into covenant union with himself; by his Spirit he speaks in many precious promises, thereby giving life and strength to faith and hope: and by his blood at length he purges the conscience, gives peace to the soul, and lays in such strong consolation as cannot easily be removed. 5. His hands will finish what he has begun; you must look at the figure employed, if you wish to examine yourself as to whether you are a christian. The first state was a state of moral innocence and purity in Adam and Eve; this was overturned by satan, and Adam and Eve driven out; and then sovereign grace and salvation came in. So when Christ came, he went down to the bottom of sin, and overturned it; to the bottom of death and destroyed it; to the end of the law, and fulfilled it; to the last drop of wrath, and drank it. So in coming into the soul, he goes to the bottom of things; he breaks up the fallow ground of our hearts; he overturns our projects; dashes to pieces all our purposes; tears in atoms all our righteousness; makes a complete wreck of our poor souls; and then, even before all this rubbish is quite cleared away, he begins to lay in a solid foundation by a divine discovery of the sovereign and unchanging purposes of his grace; the redeeming power of his arm; and the glory of his kingdom; and under these discoveries, this poor trembling soul is brought solemnly to see that salvation is not obtained by the works of righteousness which we have done, but that it is the free gift of the FATHER; the complete purchase of the Son; and that which the blessed Spirit brings the elect of God into, and unto, without money, and without price. But more of this another time.

A HASTY GLANCE AT
Some Parts of our British Zion.

No. I.

'What do you consider to be the state of the Churches?' is a question that is not unfrequently put to us, by those who are concerned for the prosperity of Zion. During the last four or five years we have travelled thousands of miles; and have had opportunities of witnessing much that is going on among the Churches that profess to hold the Truth as it is in Christ; and we hesitate not to say that the aspects and conditions of the Churches are as various, as are the different agricultural districts through which we have passed. Some spots are dry, unfruitful, and dismal in appearance; others are fresh, green, lively, and flourishing. Upon the whole, there is evidently an *increase* of Gospel ministers; Gospel professors; and Gospel Churches; but, *generally speaking*, among the ministers *life and power* is wanting; among the professors of divine truth, *love and unity* is wanting; among the Churches, *peace and prosperity* is wanting. We do not say this is the case with all. No. Blessed be God, some ministers appear to be standing in acceptance and in usefulness; some believers are walking in union and brotherly love; and some few Churches are lengthening their cords, and blessedly employed in gathering in sinners to the fold of Christ, such (we hope) as shall be saved.

With this brief introduction, we shall furnish our readers with a few particulars descriptive of the *present position, prospects, and appearances* of usefulness among the Churches of Christ in Great Britain. The first spot we shall look at, is

MANCHESTER.—This is one of the largest cities in the North of England: its population is immense: and from the multitude of churches and chapels in every part of it, it is very certain that *professors* of the Gospel swarm here in great abundance; how many precious redeemed living souls are found among them, the Lord only knows. There are two churches (at least,) where vital, experimental, Gospel truth is maintained: the first is, St. George's Road—(the late Wm. Gadsby's—where Mr. Taylor is now settled;) the second is Bethesda Chapel, Oldham Street; where Mr. John Corbitt is the stated pastor: from this part of the vineyard our brother Corbitt writes as follows:—"I am happy to inform you, the glory of the Lord is risen upon us; his power is felt in our midst; there is a shaking among the dry bones; and the congregation is reviving from the shock it received, and is increasing very fast; my weakness and satan's temptations tease me all the week; but the Lord appears for me in a most wonderful manner." This

is, we believe, one of the choicest spots that the North of England has. God himself has made John Corbitt a bold, honest, spiritual, and laborious minister of the Gospel of Christ; and although the elder brethren may frown, the devil may roar, and professed friends may be turned into open foes; still, the Lord will honour him, and crown his labours with increased success.

TROWBRIDGE (in Wiltshire,) is another little green spot. This town (supposed to contain nearly 15,000 souls,) is proverbial for an extensive profession of religion; but, for many years '*Parson Warburton*' has been almost the only man of truth in the town. There have been others preaching the Gospel for a time; but their abidance has not been for any length of time. '*Parson Warburton*' (as they call him,) still stands at Zion surrounded by a numerous body of people; and Joseph Rudman's ministry in the Baptist Chapel, on the Courts, is exceedingly prosperous: the chapel is crowded to overflowing; and it is in contemplation to enlarge it, which, we trust, the Lord will enable them to accomplish. The Lord has certainly given our brother Rudman a mind for deep research, study, and ministerial labour; this being accompanied by a divine experience powerfully burnt in his own soul, makes his ministry both useful and edifying. Without guile, we can say, it is our fervent prayer that the Great Head of the Church will build up his afflicted body; maintain his soul in holy peace; and make him a burning and shining light in the Gospel kingdom.

GUILDFORD (in Surrey,) also contains a little garden wall'd around, where the pure and simple truth is administered. The Lord having been pleased to bless the labours of our esteemed brother ISAAC SPENCER, a new chapel has, this year, been erected. It was opened on Wednesday, June the 6th, 1849; and a very neat and substantial Baptist Chapel it is: situated in a retired part of the Old Barrack Field. Mr. William Bidder preached the Opening Discourse in the morning from Psalm iii. 8—"Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; thy blessing is upon thy people." The chapel was filled; and a spirit of christian love and kindness seemed strongly to exist among the friends. In the afternoon, the Ripley Pastor (Henry Allnutt,) read, expounded, and prayed; and C. W. Banks preached; a very large party sat down to tea; and in the evening our brother Raynsford read part of the 2nd chapter of Zechariah, and expounded in a very solemn and profitable manner; and after prayer, the afternoon preacher spoke again. Of this Opening day, a correspondent says:—"As regards the Opening day, I believe it was in reality a opening day with many of the Lord's dear children; their

hearts were opened to pay attention to the voice of the King of kings; Mercy's stores were opened; the treasures dealt out in rich abundance; the words of the poet nicely fit in, where he says,

'The op'ning heavens around us shine
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shew'd his heart was ours,
And whisper'd we were his.'

This is enough. My beloved is mine, and I am his.' Many of the Lord's dear children were satisfied as with marrow and fatness; cheered with wines on the lees well refined; and I do hope the Word of God will be verified concerning us—'The name of the city from that day shall be the Lord is there.' In every sense of the word it was a good Opening day; the Lord opening the hearts of his children to receive his truth; also he opened their hearts to contribute willingly towards his house; the collections amounted to sixteen pounds; for which we desire to praise our God, and humbly thank our numerous friends. I have sent you an hymn that was composed by a christian brother for the occasion, which is as follows:—

OPENING OF GUILDFORD CHAPEL, L. M.

'Great God, thy goodness and thy grace,
Resplendant shines in Jesu's face;
And all thy gracious acts of love
Flow through a precious Saviour's blood.

And we, as monuments of grace,
Are here to celebrate thy praise;
And cause thanksgiving to abound,
While heaven rejoices at the sound.

And as these walls are rais'd for thee,
O may they consecrated be;
And by thy sacred presence blest,
That here the weary soul may rest.

May here the silver trumpet sound,
Sinners be sav'd and rebels found;
And all the church in union dwell,
As sinners who are sav'd from hell!

Long may Jehovah's name be heard,
The truth, the life, the living word;
And at the sound let error flee,
This place held sacred still by thee.

And when a future day shall come,
That God shall call his ransom'd home;
May the great Judge with joy aver,
This and that man was born in her!

'J. G., Kingston.'

IPSWICH.—Lord's-day, June 3rd, Mr. Pook, of Ipswich, baptised ten persons in the river Orwell. The morning was without a cloud; the sun, as a bridegroom, had risen out of his chamber; the tide in majestic grandeur rose, obeying the laws of its almighty Lord. The candidates advanced with willing steps, surrounded by a host of two thousand spectators, who, on the whole,

attended with good order; the great Founder of the institute granted his divine presence to the refreshing of the souls of many; the singing, praying, and preaching was attended with the unction and savour of the Holy Ghost; the candidates rejoiced in their Lord, giving glory to his holy name. Scarce had Mr. Pook come out of the water, when one man, (late of the church of England,) expressed his desire to be one of the next, declaring the Lord had also visited and blessed his soul under Mr. P.'s ministry. 'Blessed art thou, O Lord; teach me thy statutes.' Psa. cxix. 12.

GREENWICH.—"The ordinance of Believer's Baptism was administered by our esteemed pastor J. Gwinnell, for the first time in our new chapel, Bridge Street, Greenwich, on Thursday, May 31st, to sixteen persons, after an affectionate address delivered by brother Allen, of Cave Adullam. Two of the candidates were a son and daughter of an aged minister, Mr. Kevell. And on Lord's-day, June 3rd, the above number, with four from other churches, were publicly received into our church at the Supper Ordinance, our pastor, as usual, briefly relating their various experiences. The Lord is indeed greatly blessing the preached word to the ingathering of his chosen church. May we be kept humble, prayerful, and truly thankful. J. T."

LUTTERWORTH.—"I am, through mercy, as usual, in health of body, but a polluted leper, body and soul: this would be a paradox to most professors, yet I trust you have an experimental key to unlock this mysterious door. Hezekiah knew this, when he said, 'By these things men live.' To die to live—to be cut down to be preserved—to be famished to be fed—and to have this house burnt down to be driven to a sure hiding-place, are secrets hid from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes. Twenty years ago I thought I was deeply taught in many divine mysteries, and could in secret pride look down upon tender gracious souls as far below my standard in experience, both in grace and providence; I now feel myself a fool, often wish I could spend the remnant of my days in seclusion, to mourn my past folly, and be entirely devoted to God, body, soul, and spirit; but the Lord has ordained me to go forth, and take forth the precious from the vile; and the more I plan to keep here in the back ground, the more he seems determined to upset my schemes and send me out. Truly, if I am right, these are awful times. Zion is a wilderness; Jerusalem a desolation; the rams fighting; the sheep wandering; the lambs shivering and crying; and the devil making merry at Zion's calamities. Yet there are a few that tremble for the ark of the Lord, who can and do meet together for

an hour, once a-week, to wrestle with the Lord for Zion's peace and prosperity. The Lord give us a heart to love him and his Zion more and more. Watts says—

“The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.”

I view myself daily as one of the most striking monuments of the Lord's mercy in the world. Here I have been for years, with a number of kind friends, a peaceable home, a quiet people, a good congregation, and poor souls often coming to me to declare that the Lord does bless the word to them in times of great distress; and plenty of enemies and persecutors to act as the devil's whetstone, sharpening the edge of the instrument, ‘having teeth.’ R. D. F.

Notices of New Works.

“*The Portentous Signs of the Times.*” The Circular Letter of the Kent and Sussex New Association; for 1849. Mr. W. Pope, Baptist minister, Meopham, Kent, Secretary.

THIS association held its annual meeting at Hadlow, in Kent; and it is stated that the letters from the churches shewed that they were in peace; and enjoying a *measure* of prosperity. We are fearful that the measure of *real prosperity* is very small; if the Table of ‘Numerical Account’ may be taken as a fair index. Nevertheless we are thankful to find that in some humble measure THE TRUTH is spreading; surrounded as she now is by floods of fashionable and popular errors. Brethren Slim, Edgecombe (of Dover), Blake, and Mose preached. We were told that the discourses were sound; and the meetings were well conducted.

The Circular Letter which had been drawn up by MR. THOMAS JONES, (of Chatham,) is, indeed, a valuable document; and ought, as we think, to be printed in a cheap and separate form, for general and extensive distribution. It is an able REVIEW of the past and present movements of the different *professedly religious bodies* throughout continental Europe; and after giving ‘our own churches’ a sound thrashing; and fearlessly pointing out the many infirmities and inconsistencies which too generally characterize the members thereof, the writer comes to a solemn close with the following weighty sentence:—“Brethren, there are Signs in the Times, and in the state and temper of the churches, portentous enough to fill us with alarm lest the Lord come and remove the candlestick out of his place, and leave the churches to experience a famine of the word of life. Let us pray to be delivered from all evil, and for the quickenings and drawings of the Holy Ghost, ‘that we may run with patience the race set before us.’”

“*Poems on Scriptural, Spiritual, and Experimental Subjects.* By T. WELLAND, Pastor of Zion Chapel, Witley, and elsewhere.’ London: Houlston and Stoneman.

THIS is the first part of a series, intended ultimately to form a volume of Original Poems on spiritual matters. We do not consider ourselves to be any judges of poetry; but, in reading some of the pieces in this part, we have been edified and refreshed; and there certainly are some striking and original gushes of a mind more than ordinarily gifted for poetic composition. This part contains, Poems “on the Death of William Gadsby;” “My Spiritual Birthday;” “Friendship;” “Brotherly Love;” “Naaman the Leper;” “The Life Boat; or Noah's Ark;” and other pieces.

“*Two Dialogues—the first, between Two Christians; wherein the distressed, afflicted, tempted, doubting, and desponding soul is strengthened, encouraged, and comforted. The second—between a Christian and his neighbour, upon the Doctrine of Election, and the Ordinance of Believer's Baptism, wherein Scripture evidence is produced to prove their authenticity, by Edward Arnold, Minister of the Gospel, Cuckfield, Sussex.*” London: Houlston and Stoneman; to be had also of Mr. Stenson, King's Road, Chelsea.

WE do unhesitatingly say of this little manual, that it gives A SAFE and very CERTAIN SOUND, relative to matters that are of much importance among the living family. Its sound is *safe*; because all it says is based upon, and backed up by scripture authority; and it is *sound* because there is no mixture of error with truth; but there is a faithful compound of *doctrine, experience, and practice.*

There are very many sincere souls, who do not know,—or, are not established in the fundamental doctrines of divine grace; neither have they minds capacious enough to digest—or, pockets deep enough to purchase—the able treatises which many of our fathers in Israel have written in defence of the grand corner-stones of the Christian faith; but such simple, unadorned Truth as is contained in this little shilling volume is well suited to the two-fold necessities of thousands of the redeemed family. The spirit which this little messenger breathes, is one of DECISION FOR TRUTH IN ALL ITS PARTS—and LOVE TO LIVING SOULS IN ALL THEIR SORROWS, and SAD MISTAKES:—therefore, we heartily bid it God-speed; and say,

Go, little book; and simply tell,
How Christ redeems poor souls from hell.

Be not discouraged; for, it is certain blessings from heaven will attend thee.

An Address to the Ministers, and Churches of Christ in Old England.

PART II.

"Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followed not with us."—LUKE ix. 49.

BRETHREN—Satan's kingdom is a kingdom of lies, murder, darkness, and death; and without the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, this world is a fac-simile of hell! But the kingdom of Christ is a kingdom of light, life, truth and love. 'For this purpose the Son of God was manifest in the flesh that he might destroy the works of the devil.' Were the natural sun taken out of the solar system, what a dark world this would be, and if Christ, the heavenly sun of righteousness, is left out of our ministry, O what a dark world is this! It is only by the light of the natural sun that we see the Sun: so it is only in the light of the spiritual Sun that we can see any beauty and loveliness in Jesus. 'In thy light we see light.' 'The natural sun gives light to all the natural world, and our true spiritual sun gives light to all the regenerate spiritual world.' The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy sun shall no more go down.' 'The life was the light of men.' Thus where Christ the light of life is in the soul, it must come to the light and see the sun. The sun may blaze at noon-day on a dead man's eyes (dead in trespasses and in sin,) but he doth not see the light, because there is no life within. But Jesus saith, 'This is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.'—John vi. 40.

God, in his universal goodness, by the natural sun, enlightens all the revolving sphere, and the inhabitants thereof. He maketh his sun to rise on the evil, and the good, and sendeth rain on the just, and on the unjust.' Would not you think that a very selfish man who would have all the sun, and rain, shine, and fall on his own field, and none on his neighbour's field? God's good gifts fall on all men in the natural world, and his perfect gifts fall on all the regenerate spiritual world, Christ and all his perfections are God's great gifts to the church. And it is in the name of Christ and by the power of the Holy Ghost in preaching the gospel, that light breaks in upon men's minds, to discover satan's works of darkness, and through the name and power of Jesus, devils are cast out of men's souls; and if souls are enlightened by the same light, from heaven, why should we endeavour to blow each other's candle out, that we may shine alone? Some preachers appear very jealous of others, and would not allow them to shine if they could prevent it. But if we see the spirit of truth and love in any man, why should we forbid his prophesying, preaching, and casting out devils? Having gifts differing, but all the same spirit, let us prophecy, according to the

measure of faith given, with the ability that 'God giveth according to the oracles of God.'

But as the sun does not shine round any body at one and the same time, in this mortal state, we have all a dark side, and satan, the old serpent, crept up the dark side of Peter, and up the dark side of some other disciples of Jesus, 'Master (said they) we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him because he followed not with us.' Ah, brethren, don't ye see, the idol great I, WE and US! 'We forbade him because he followed not with us!' Jesus said, 'Forsake him not, for he that is not against us is for us, for there is no man that can do a miracle in my name that lightly speak of me.' Ah but they would not be silenced with the meek and kind words from the mouth of Jesus. No, no, they must be at him again, for satan prompted him to revenge; on another occasion, saying, 'Lord, wilt thou command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did?' Then Jesus returned and rebuked them, and said, 'ye know not what manner of spirits ye are of, for the son of man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them.' This was evidently the work, and spirit of satan the old murderer, infusing thoughts of murder, revenge, and death, into the mistaken disciples. Jesus came not to destroy us, for satan, sin, and self have already destroyed us, and our only help, life, and salvation is found in him. Brethren, let us not be high-minded, nor self-conceited, lest we fall into temptation, and be led by our own spirits, to think that great I, WE and US, and our favorites, and party, are the only sect, sent to preach the gospel, heal the sick, and cast out devils; satan is too wise and cunning for us, if Jesus withdraw his power and wisdom from us. For who is sufficient to cast devils out of those, who are going about to cast devils out of others? 'NONE BUT JESUS, NONE BUT JESUS.' If he had cause to rebuke his disciples, doubtless we shall sometimes need his rebukes; and if we get too high, let us rejoice that we are made low, and not faint when we are rebuked of him. For whom he loves he rebukes.

Now, as the created sun enlightens all the natural world; so Jesus, our heavenly sun, enlightens, warms, cheers, and fructifies all in the regenerate spiritual world, and would not that be a foolish man who would endeavour to obstruct the sun light from shining on his neighbour's field? And are we not foolish if we think we have all the light, wisdom, and knowledge in us sufficient to preach, prophecy, and cast out devils, to the exclusion of others, on whom, and in whom, the heavenly light shined?

Great I, we and us, are but dark bodies in and of ourselves, without Christ, the heavenly sun; so that we stand in need of the same light from him as others, in the spiritual world; and they need the same light of life from Christ as we have. Therefore; great I, we and us, (as a party) see ourselves in the church, to be the only light, oracle, standard, head and guide to others, who in ourselves are but poor dark sinners, we stand in the way of the true light, and hide the light from others as much as in us lie. For our own light, independent of Christ, the light of life, is darkness and death. 'If the light which is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness.' Great I, we, and us, make only a shadow in the sun-shine, unless we are filled with the light, life, and love of the Spirit to shine as lights in the world. One candle cannot light another unless there be fire in the wick. Thus we cannot give any light to others, only as we are lightened with Holy fire from heaven, and filled with the Holy Ghost.

Brethren, believe me, I would not write or preach, wilfully to offend, grieve, or vex any of my brethren in the ministry; nor any of Christ's little ones.' For truly, in ourselves, we are all poor, dark, filthy, guilty sinners. Corrupt beyond human conception. But now I say, if our preaching consist more of these miserable, doleful things, than of Christ, and the work, light, life and love of the Spirit, what doth it profit the church of God? Truly, we must shew the hole of the pit from whence we were taken; but preachers should not endeavour, with their muck hooks to pull us in again. If the Lord has brought our souls out of the horrible pit, and miry clay, and set our feet upon a rock, established our goings, and put the new covenant gospel song in our mouths, why so much sing-song of this old Egyptian darkness, bondage, and death? Why so much about the filth of Sodom, self, and corruption, rather than the glorious gospel of Christ? What have such preachers, with their little greatness, been doing in the visible church of late? Standing in the way of light, making a dark shadow, rather than, as heaven-lighted candles, 'giving light to all the room,' or in the church. A wise Christian who has seen and enjoyed the light of the Lord's countenance may truly say to them, as Diogenes, the philosopher, said to Alexander the Great. That Grecian monarch, anxious to see the old philosopher, found him in an attic, sitting in an old tub, formed into a chair. He said, 'Diogenes, what can I do for you?' 'Stand out of my light, (said the old man) and do not deprive me of that which you cannot give.'

And really some preachers, in our time, have appeared to stand in the way of the light, rather than giving light in the visible church, darkening the minds of men, rather than enlightening them. Sin of every kind is of the devil; and if we feed our pride, vanity, prejudice, envy, lusts,

passions and corruptions, either in ourselves or in others; that is entertaining and harbouring devils in the dark, rather than casting them out in the name of Jesus, and by the power of the Spirit of our God.

I have heard of a minister who was angry with another minister because he went preaching too near him. 'O, (said the jealous preacher,) he is not wanted here; I can do all the work in this corner.' He forbid him going there to preach, and cast out devils.' Yes, said Amaziah the priest, to Amos the prophet, 'Prophecy not again any more at Bethel, for it is the king's chapel, and it is the king's court.' Amos vii. 13. O dear! it is the king's chapel, a rich man's chapel. Don't come here; I can do all the business here: I am well fed, and well paid; I know how to preach to the rich and great; don't you come here with any of your broken rhetoric and bad grammar. Your words are too heavy, the people cannot bear them. Ah, great I, we, and us, and our party are the men that can preach, prophecy, and cast out devils, and where will you find any like us?

The natural sun-enlightens all this old creation and all creatures in it that have life and eyes to see. So the uncreated Sun of Righteousness (God with us) enlightens all in the new creation, and they shall have the light of life eternal, though indeed some have more light than others in to divine things. But those that have great light should not dispise those that have but little, for none of us made our own eyes, nor the light that enlightens us; all believers received it from Christ: then why should we glory over another as though we had not received it? Take heed, my brethren, of thinking too much of great I, we and us, there has been too much of this forbidding spirit; some setting themselves up as oracles, rulers, masters, and standards for others. But one is our Master, even Christ. Therefore, let us, who teach in all good things, look up to the Master rather than to one another. Who would borrow a candle of his neighbour to walk by, when the sun shines on his head in open day? 'Come, house of Israel, let us walk in the light of the Lord.' And if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'

Now brethren, don't you see 'the depths of satan?' When the light of the glorious gospel of Christ began to blaze upon satan's kingdom in this dark world, and in the name and power of Jesus, devils were cast out, satan began to tremble, and to hit upon some new scheme. What now? Why, set the followers of Jesus to quarrelling, endeavouring to make them blow each other's candles out, that they might bruise one another in the dark; ah, but he could not blow the Sun out; Jesus, the true Sun, detected him. 'O,' said satan to the disciples of Jesus, 'if you be sent to cast out

devils, those other fellows, going about, have no business to do it, unless they ask your permission, and become your servants and followers; therefore, forbid them at once.' Thus you may see that satan was trying to make them blow one another's candles out, that they might fight in the dark. And satan has been trying the old trick over again in this our day; each one saying, *great I, we, and us, and our party* are the only men to preach, prophesy, and cast out devils, and we forbid others preaching in our circle, in our connection, or in our pulpits; and on the same ground, others may forbid you; and thus the old serpent, the prince of darkness endeavours to skulk in the dark passions and prejudices of all parties; and herein lieth one of 'the depths of satan,' to hide himself in the deep and dark prejudices and caverns of our deceitful hearts; and those going about to cast devils out of others cannot cast them out of themselves. Thus, if Jesus, by his Spirit, power and grace did not cast the devils out of us, they would remain in us all; and I find many devils hunting me that are too strong for me, if Jesus did not say, 'Come out of him.' O, these stubborn devils! they go not out only by prayer and fasting.

In former times the Papists forbid the Protestants preaching and casting out devils; and this was the council of the devil in them; and in the days of Cromwell, when the Independents nearly grasped the reins of power, they forbid the Baptists preaching and casting out devils, and imprisoned some Baptists in Suffolk. (Read Crosby's History of English Baptists.) And what is the case now among the Baptists professing the sound truth of the gospel? Why one party forbidding another to preach in their circles, connections, and pulpits. Some are saying, 'What business has that old fellow Osbourn to come to England preaching? We could do it all without him. And what business has that little fellow Banks to run about preaching? We will forbid them in all places and pulpits where we have any influence. And we have not much opinion of that fellow Garrard for allowing them in his pulpit.' I tell you this, sirs, you have quite as good an opinion of Garrard as Garrard has of himself; he knows much more evil of himself than you know of him; and can go down the deep stairs of depravity, corruption, and deceit of his own heart, much deeper than you can go down into it; but as he finds no bottom to the stairs which leads down to the bottomless pit, he had rather be looking upward, and praying, and saying, 'draw me, Lord, that I may climb higher and higher into the knowledge of the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Yea, growing in grace, and the knowledge of our standing in the divine perfections in Christ Jesus our Lord, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.' The lengths and breadths, and heights and depths of the love of Christ that raised our souls from death and the horrible bottom-

less pit. No man shall stop me of this boasting in the regions of old England, nor forbid my preaching Jesus while God gives me life and breath, neither will I forbid you. When any of you who preach Jesus, pass this way, come and preach him in my pulpit, and try and outshine me; and I trust I shall rejoice in the light, and glorify God on your behalf.

WILLIAM GARRARD.

Leicester, May 18, 1849.

TOPLADY'S DYING WORDS.

It was in 1775, that Toplady came to London, from Devonshire. By an engagement with the trustees of the French Calvinist Reformed Church, in Orange Street, Leicester Fields, Mr. Toplady preached his first lecture there on Sunday, April 11th, 1776, on that spot he closed his ministerial labours, which continued there for the term of two years and three months. On Easter Sunday, the 19th of April, 1778, as he attempted to speak from—'Thy dead men shall live, together with my body shall they arise,' &c., his hoarseness was so violent, that he was obliged, after naming the text, to descend from the pulpit. After the above Sunday he preached four times, and on each occasion his words were to the congregation as if he should never see them more, until he met them in the kingdom of heaven. A few days preceeding his dissolution, sitting up in his arm chair, and scarcely able to speak, he said, 'It is impossible to describe how good God is to me. I have enjoyed such sweet communings with God, and such delightful manifestations of his presence with, and love to, my soul, that it is impossible for words, or any language, to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable. I know I am safe and secure; for his love and his covenant are everlasting.' All his conversations, as he approached nearer and nearer to his decease, seemed more and more happy and heavenly. He frequently called himself the happiest man in the world. 'Oh,' says he, 'how this soul of mine longs to be gone! like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. When he drew near his end, he said, 'Oh, what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?' A little before his departure, he was blessing and praising God for his abiding presence, and the shining of his love upon his soul. 'The sky,' says he 'is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!' Within the hour of his death, he called his friends and his servants, and asked them if they could give him up? Upon their answering in the affirmative, he replied, 'Oh, what a blessing it is you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer. It will not be long before God takes me; for no mortal man can live (bursting, while he said it, into tears of joy) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul.' Soon after this, on Tuesday, August 11, 1778, in the 38th year of his age, he closed his eyes in peace.

A HASTY GLANCE

At Some Parts of our British Zion.

No. II.

INSTEAD of going into the provinces, the small towns and hamlets, we had purposed this month to notice a little of what is going on in the precincts of this great metropolis; for of late there have sprang up many little churches professedly holding the grand essential doctrines of divine grace, in and about London, that we had purposed calling attention to their origin, progress, and present position; believing that in some cases, *encouragement*, and in other cases, *caution*, may from thence be derived. But we are hindered in our purpose at present; and can only furnish our readers with the following:—

SATURDAY, June 9th.—Almost the only leisure moments I get is when travelling in railway carriages. I am now stuffed right in the centre of one, about to start for Crudwell, where I hope to-morrow to be found speaking in the name of the Lord, leaving Mr. James Osbourn in possession of Crosby Row pulpit. This has been a memorable week again with me; and I feel a desire to record some of the mercies of the Lord toward me, a poor, weak, and sinful worm, as in myself considered. As a church and congregation we have much indeed to be thankful for; the good hand of God still appears to go with us. During the time that Crosby Row Chapel was being cleansed, painted, and altered, the Lord provided Artillery Lane Chapel for us, and there I preached four Lord's-days with considerable liberty; our closing service in that place I hope never to forget: it was Tuesday evening, May 29th. On that day I went in the afternoon to Stratford, preached one of their anniversary sermons, and came back to London with the face and tooth-ache; and sped my way to Artillery Lane, where, that evening, I preached from these words—'See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptised?' I was led to notice what things took place before Philip baptised the Eunuch; the Spirit of God worked a secret work in the Ethiopian's heart; he also worked with Philip, so as to bring them both together; spoke distinctly, too, of the qualification required—'If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest:' and I did not dare to pass by Philip's mode of administering this sacred ordinance: 'they went both down into the water, both Philip and the Eunuch.' Matthew Henry says, 'Of course they had no vessels with them in the carriage; and so Philip took the Eunuch down into the water.' I do not know that; travelling a long journey as they had been,

I think it not unlikely that there was a vessel of some kind or other in the carriage; and if there were none, if Philip had required a vessel for *pouring*, he might have waited until one could be procured; but no such thing did Philip want; he was an unhesitating Dipper, or baptiser into water; to this the Spirit of God directed him; and as soon as Philip had baptised the Eunuch the Spirit caught away Philip, evidently proving that the blessed Comforter watched over and sanctioned this truly Gospel ordinance. I do not think I ever had the truthfulness of baptism by immersion so powerfully opened up in my soul before. After preaching, and speaking a few moments beside the water, I went down and baptised sixteen persons who had witnessed a good confession. It was to me and to many, an unusual time of refreshing, and of blessed establishment in the glories of the Gospel Kingdom. That same evening Mr. Stevens (of the City Road,) baptised in the same pool after I had done; and on the following evening, Mr. John Fowler, now of Providence Chapel, Golden Lane, baptised in the same place: so that it is evident, after all the bitter things said by some of our Gospel ministers against the Baptists, God is still raising up many witnesses to prove that it is an ordinance he hath instituted, and one that he will honour.

The next morning my poor head and face were burning with pains; an affliction I have had at times for years. I was engaged to preach twice that day at Wantage anniversary; so, with all my infirmities, having sought the Lord's presence and blessing, I set out above sixty miles to travel and twice to preach. Infinite mercy preserved me; and I arrived at brother Irving's house just in time for a bit of dinner; but tormenting pains were eating up my strength; nevertheless, after well bathing my face, I went and preached, and in the evening especially, I found my poor soul all alive in my Master's work. There is evidently an increased spirit for hearing Gospel truth in Wantage; and if it pleased our blessed Lord to send them a good, honest, industrious, sound, experimental man, in whom was combined both the PASTOR and the PREACHER, there is every prospect of his gathering a large number of living souls together.

The next day (Thursday) I was at Knowl Hill; this is the chapel where Mr. Savory (now of Brighton) was formerly pastor; for some years, our esteemed brethren Mason and Webb have laboured together in the ministry of the Gospel here. The Lord has owned their labours, but at present the cause is low and weak. In some country places the church of England folks are either buying up the people, or using other means to compel them to attend the steeple-

house,—these things (in some places) thin the ranks of hearers where Gospel truth is preached; but the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth; and although he often sifts the house of Israel, yet will he take care of his chosen sheep.

Our re-opening day at Crosby Row was a happy one. In the morning I besought the Lord to speak home some word of instruction and consolation to my soul. I wish to make nothing more of this than it really is, but it is my mercy to know that the dear Spirit of Truth has not left off to speak softly (at times) into my heart; of this I am confident; for this I desire to be exceedingly grateful to the God of all my mercies. As I was coming down stairs on the morning of the 3rd of June, (our re-opening day,) these words came loudly into my spirit—'My house shall be called an house of prayer;' and this was repeated several times. I continued for some time in silent waiting and prayer, until these words fell with weight into my soul—'REJOICE WITH TREMBLING.' I searched, and found the words in the 2nd Psalm, 'Seek the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.' No words could be more wholesome and suitable: from them I preached, and found a holy freedom in the work: but in the afternoon of that day, great darkness came over my mind; and I can certainly say, that I knew what it was to grope for the wall, like the blind; I endeavoured to pray, but no access; I turned the Bible over from end to end; but every sentence appeared to be sealed up against me. I wandered about my room, as though God had forsaken me; I looked, I sighed, I felt dying fears, and heart-felt sorrows; but a little before the time came, these words fastened upon my mind—'I, even I, am He that comforteth you; who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die?' I went again to the pulpit, and I spoke from the words, but it was laborious work, my soul being cast down. After sermon, I received sixteen into the church; and found a humble hope that I stood in the work and power of the Lord. Certainly, mine is a mysterious path; goodness and mercy follow me; but deep inward exercises often depress and sink me low.

With one word about CRUDDWELL, I must close. I was enabled to preach there three times, Lord's day, June 10th. We had a large gathering of people; and there was a blessing for some souls. The cause of God in these parts of Wiltshire appears to be weak, but there are many who are panting for the power and the presence of the God of Jacob. It is no use attempting to deny the fact; a heavy cloud hangs over the greater part of our British Zion. That the Lord may arise, and have mercy upon her, is the earnest prayer of,
Your devoted servant,
for the truth's sake,
C. W. B.

*Studley, (Warwickshire).—*FROX a letter written to the friends at Studley by John Freeman, and which has been forwarded to us, we fear there is not that decision and zeal for the truth as is needful for the prosperity of the cause. How painful it is for Ministers to find (among the people professing a love for the truth) so much indecision, indifference, and slavish fear! Of the cause at Studley, we will publicly repeat what we often said when amongst them: in the first place, we know of no cause where firmness for TRUTH and consistency in practice, is more essentially necessary. Let them waver, and be easily shaken; or let them give way to laxity and uneven walking, and their enemies will triumph over their downfall; but let them (by grace divine) stand bound up together in gospel love and holy union, and then, though weak in and of themselves, they will increase with the increase of God; and the vile, base, hypocritical, and awfully deceptive opponents who surround them, and eagerly watch for their halting; shall be covered with shame and confusion of face. Oh, ye beloved friends of Divine Truth, in Studley, be ye fully persuaded of these two things: TRUTH has never yet entered into any part of Satan's kingdom, but all his battering rams have been levelled against her: so, again, whenever, and wherever TRUTH has been fairly dealt with; whenever, and wherever her friends have been unflinching in their attachment, and clean in their practice; she has never failed to triumph over all her foes, and bring peace and prosperity to her real friends. She says to all who would walk with her—'It is given unto you not only to believe on his name; but also to suffer for his sake.' NO CROSS—NO CROWN! is her motto. But he that taketh up his cross for Christ's sake, shall never be deprived of the crown. Of the cause at Studley, we say, lastly, it requires careful nursing, much patience, and fervent constant prayer. Let not John Freeman's heart be discouraged; let him and the friends at Studley beseech other good men, (such as our brother Jay, of Birmingham) to come to their help; and let them also urge the Poor Gospel Ministers' Relief Society to send them aid. We have men of God around us who would come down to their help and encouragement. Let the friends at Studley stir up the Committee of the Relief Society (who are now half asleep,) and let the Committee of the Relief Society stir up some of their ministering brethren to go down to their help. Look at such men as William Skelton, and others, who are both willing and able to serve destitute churches; but doors must be opened; necessary means must be afforded. Let these things be considered.

(Continued on page 196.)

"Faith and fear, though not good friends, are sometimes very near neighbours; yea, they often lodge in one house, in one and the same heart."—*Toplady.*

A FAITHFUL

Portrait of Christian Ministers.

MR. EDITOR.—You have favoured your readers with some interesting extracts from my "Bunhill Memorials," for which I feel obliged. In my forthcoming number will be found an account of the late Mr. James Upton, of Church-street, Blackfriars. I had transcribed the essential parts of a *Charge*, (perhaps one of the most important of its kind ever published) as delivered by Dr. Gill to Mr. John Davies, of Waltham Abbey, who was Mr. Upton's pastor; but I found it too long for insertion, as a note, in Bunhill. As it is too valuable to be cast among my *accumulating* mass of papers, perhaps you will give it a place in your next *Vessel*; it will not deteriorate the value of the number.

I am, dear Sir, Your's, &c.

July, 13, 1849.

J. A. JONES.

MINISTERIAL REQUIREMENTS.

Extracted from a Charge, delivered by Dr. Gill to Mr. John Davies, of Waltham Abbey, August 15, 1764.

Reader! Art thou a professed minister of the everlasting gospel? If so, *listen*. Ministers of the gospel are the servants of the Most High God. They are to acquaint, all that they are concerned with, that *salvation is by Christ alone*. They are to set Christ forth as the propitiation, the mercy-seat; they are to keep in view, in all their ministrations, the doctrine of *atonement* by his blood; to let *this* be the *pole-star* by which the whole course of their ministry is to be *steered*. They are to be humane and courteous; pitiful and compassionate to wounded consciences, and tempted souls; men of understanding, wise and prudent, manly and courageous, *strong and valiant in the cause of their master*. Men looking upwards to Christ in heaven for fresh supplies of gifts and grace; for an increase of spiritual light and knowledge, to fit them *more* for their work, and to enable them *better* to perform it. Ministers of the gospel have need of a large share of knowledge, both of things natural and spiritual:—knowledge of *themselves*, and of their state by *nature* and by *grace*; they should have a good experience of the work of the Spirit of God upon their own hearts. They should have a *spiritual knowledge of Christ*; his person, offices, and grace. They should know the holy scriptures, which are profitable for doctrine and instruction, and are calculated to fit and furnish ministers for the work they are employed in. They should have a good knowledge of the mysteries of grace, of God, and of Christ: all which are absolutely necessary for them; since their business is—to feed men with knowledge and understanding, and to train them up in it, "till they come to the

unity of the faith, to a perfect knowledge of the Son of God, and to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." They have need of all their strength to enable them to bear with the infirmities of weak saints, and with the insults, indignities, reproaches, and persecutions of sinful unregenerate men. They have need to be strong in the grace that is in Christ, in order that they may be able to do the duties of their office, to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, to be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, strong to labour in the word and doctrine, and to do the work of the Lord as it should be done.

Ministers should be clear-sighted men; they should have as it were a vulture's eye, sharp sighted. Yea, they should be Argo's-like, have many eyes, and they have need of all they have, to look into the sacred scriptures, which are a sealed book to learned and unlearned men, destitute of the Spirit of Christ. This book is only to be looked into so as to be understood, by such as have their eyes enlightened and their understandings opened, by Christ. Ministers of the gospel had need to be full of eyes, to look to themselves, and to the flocks committed to them, to take the oversight of them, and to feed them with the words of faith and sound doctrine, wholesome, pure, and incorrupt; they are to look diligently, lest any root of bitterness, of error or heresy, or of immorality or profaneness, spring up in the churches, and trouble some, and defile others; they are to watch against false teachers, and to be careful to keep up the discipline of Christ's house; they should have eyes before and behind: eyes behind to observe things past, the fulfilment of prophecies, and promises of Christ; before, to look to predictions yet to be fulfilled, relating to the church and kingdom of God; behind them, to watch against satan, who often comes upon the back of them unawares; and eyes before them, to look to the throne of God and the Lamb, on whom is their alone dependance, from whom they expect constant supplies, and whose glory they are altogether to be concerned for; they are also to have eyes within, to look into the sinfulness and corruption of their nature, that they may be humble under all their attainments, gifts, and usefulness; to look also into the state and case of their own souls and their inward experience, and which will qualify them to speak to the cases of others, and by which also they can form a judgment of the truth of the doctrines which they preach, having a witness of the same in their own souls; they are also to look upon the treasure which the Lord hath put within them, in order to bring forth from thence "things new and old," for the profit and pleasure of those that hear them; they are moreover to move swiftly, in all readiness

and cheerfulness to do the work of God, to preach the gospel, to administer gospel ordinances, to visit the members of the churches when needful, and to do all good offices for the saints that lay in their power.

Ministers should be deeply sensible of the purity and holiness of God, of the spirituality of his law, of their own unworthiness to be employed in his service; they should look on themselves to be less than the least of all saints; to be ashamed of their poor performances, to acknowledge they have nothing but what they have received, and have therefore nothing of their own to boast of or glory in.

Sound gospel ministers should have an affection towards each other, to give mutual assistance to one another, to have a joint concern in the same work, preaching the same truths, administering the same ordinances, having the same zeal for the glory of God, love to Christ, and to the souls of men, and, being of the same mind and judgment, as they all will be so in the latter day, when "they shall see eye to eye." Isa. lii. 8.

Ministers should be steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. And besides their public work, they should do much work in private, in their studies and their closets, in meditation and prayer, where no eye sees them but the eye of God; they are also to make straight paths for their feet; they are not to be found walking in crooked paths; they are to walk uprightly, according to the truth of the gospel; they are not to turn to error on the one hand, nor to immorality on the other; but having put their hand to the plough of the gospel, they are neither to look back nor turn back, for such that do so, are not fit for the kingdom of God.

Where the true and sound ministers of the gospel are, there generally true and sound gospel churches are to be found: and, as the ministry of the word is continued or removed, so is a church-state fixed or changed. It is in this way and by this means that the candlestick is either continued or removed out of its place. Generally speaking, as ministers are, so churches are. If ministers are lively and active, so are the churches under their care; if they are sound in the gospel, so are their churches sound in the truth; if the minister is legal, you will usually find the members of his church to be of the same complexion, views, spirit, and temper. When the light of truth shines clearly in the ministry; when there is ardent love to Christ discovered, and to the souls of men, then may such ministers be said to hold forth the word of light and life, to be as a shining and burning light or lamp; their own hearts being warmed, they become the means of warming the hearts of others: and when their fire is bright and clear, as the word of God is, then, "out of the fire went forth lightening," (Ezek. i. 13.) which denotes the quick and

penetrating efficacy of the word of God, when accompanied with the Spirit of God to the souls of men.

In a word, ye servants of God,—reach salvation by Christ; the doctrines of pardon by his blood, of justification by his righteousness. Be laborious in your master's work; bold and intrepid, watchful and wakeful, tender and compassionate; be always an example to the flock; constantly look up to heaven for all your fresh supplies of grace to carry you through your ministrations in all the branches of it:—so do, and may you be as burning and shining lights in your day and generation, successful in your work, have many souls given you for your hire, and at the end of your labours, enter into the joy of your Lord for ever.

Lines addressed to Mrs. E. Foster,

OF STURRY, IN KENT,

To console her mind under much distress, by
loosing a dear child in its infancy.

WHO is that poor dejected soul,
Elizabeth by name,
That mourns in Sturry village now?
Oh, sister, what a shame!
The Lord, in tender love, has took
A lily home to rest;
He saw the storm was coming on
And open'd his dear breast.
Ah, nature says 'tis very hard
To loose a child so sweet;
And Lisse feels the cutting stroke,
Is most amazing great.
In health, your thoughts on this dear child
Did often fondly dwell;
But your Lord Jesus claims your heart,
And takes your babe as well.
Now think for once, if she had liv'd,
And broke thy heart with care,
And gone in all the paths of sin,
And fell in every snare:
Then died at last, a victim base
To all the baits of sense,
Without one single spark of grace
And God had drawn her hence;
Then might you grieve, and cry, indeed;
A daughter gone to hell;
But now, thy God has took her home,
Cannot you say "TIS WELL?"
"A child so dear, I did much crave
Might live to comfort me:
But, precious Jesus! now I find
My comfort's all in thee."
A token this, in love is sent,
He loves thy soul so well;
He said, "My daughter, come to me,"
And so remov'd the spell.
Thy Jesus bad but half thy heart,
Thy daughter had the rest;
He cannot bear a rival, mind,
Because he loves thee best.
"Submission sweet, dear Lord, bestow,
To give my child to thee;
I cannot nurse her now I know,
Dear Jesus, now nurse me."
No fatal storms to dread, nor want—
No sorrow now, nor pain;
Do give thy child to him, dear friend,
Who for thy soul was slain,
How sweet to feel as potter's clay,
And say, "dear Lord, take all—
Prepare for that most solemn hour
When for me thou wilt call."

Sussex.

J. RAYNSFORD.

Things that must Shortly Come to Pass.

FROM my solitary dwelling in the desert I drop you another line. I often ascend my tower, and look around, and find that the day is dark and lowering: and if I make no mistake, a fearful storm is gathering in the north. Very lately I have discovered that the prophecy of Gog and Magog in Ezekiel xxxviii., has a two-fold application, like most others. The first to the end of the *present* dispensation, and the other to the *next*, the millennial, as in Rev. xx. The features of this judgment are expressly the same as those in Joel and Habakkuk; and soon it will waste Christendom as the Chaldean wasted Jewry! Look at the combination of evil spirits and evil men at the present time. Together they must form one vast vortex on the field of Armageddon to swallow up truth and the church! All must come under the sway of one sceptre, and none more promising at this moment than that of the Czar of Russia! The head of the Greek church aims at universal dominion! He has crushed Poland; is crushing Hungary; and is buying the papal dignitaries over to his interest. His *power politic* is giving them that *liberty* and *life* which republicanism has denied them. He *can* serve them, they *will* serve him. For many years I have had the presentiment that another particular and powerful headship must arise on the ruins of the papacy. Steps are now taking us that way. Developments are rapid. Is your lamp well furnished with oil? To go in with the bridegroom and stand with him like an army in reserve, will be both our safety and our comfort. Nothing but *prophetic knowledge* will grant us the liberty. Experience and doctrine *only*, will not do. Peculiar times require peculiar faith; peculiar faith can live only on peculiar truth. Much of this we have in our treasure house, but none seem to unlock, and spread it on the table; for the prophets must not prophecy, and the seers must not see! Smooth and comfortable things only will go down; the reproof of iniquity, and the alarm of war are too terrific to be allowed of among our mother's sons! Nevertheless it is yours; it is mine, to be *first* faithful to our Lord, and then be as soft as we can to the people. Our work seems to lie here. *Prepare the table; watch in the watch-*

tower: eat, drink; arise ye princes and anoint the shield.—May our God keep you here. Amen. W. C. POWELL.
Brenchley.

Eternal Union:

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE MARRIAGE OF
A CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

The Lord, we are told, this pattern began,
His bride for to marry before he made man;
In mystical union before she was born,
She dwelt with her Lord on eternity's morn.

'Twas the will of the Three-One, who counsel'd
that plan,
Countless millions to save, even down to a man;
Sin, satan, and world, her destruction design'd,
Yet, by oath, there shall not be a hoof left behind.

Her union in time, is but the effect
Of eternity's plan to all the elect;
They shall persevere, tho' hell may assail,
Since Christ is the Surety, they all must prevail.

Tho' oft like a Jonah, cast out they have been,
And nought but destruction by them could be seen;
Yet still, like the throne, which for ever must stand,
So sure shall they enter on Canaan's land.

When the supper's prepar'd, each seat for it's guest,
Not one shall be missing—no room for the rest;
But with banners of blood the top stone must come
in—

With shoutings of vict'ry over death, hell, and sin.

Changes.—"What shall the end of these things be?"—A correspondent says, "Mr. T. and his people have had a disagreement at Peterboro'; and he does not preach here. The great cause of the division arose because he has made up his mind not to have communion with any people who do not see with his eyes respecting the 'insurance of lives and property,' and he considers 'to shave on a Sunday,' 'to buy a little milk,' &c., is sinful; none of his members are to do it. At what point we shall next find him, is a question." It is indeed a question if a minister is justified in ceasing to preach to the people, and excluding them from church communion because he cannot bring them to his mind on such minor points.

Hackney.—How solemn have been the changes connected with the cause of God at Hackney! In the midst of them all, however, the Lord keeps his people alive; and continues to raise up witnesses to proclaim his truth. Mr. Hughes frequently now addresses the people that meet with him, although he does not go into the pulpit. Mr. Godsmark's labours in Hackney have proved acceptable to many: and they desire him to be settled over them; but this he has not done yet. Mr. John Osbourn preaches the gospel in Providence Chapel, Prospect Road, near Cambridge-heath Gate; and he has reason to hope that the hand of the Lord is with him and his people for good. Many, very many little doors in and around London are constantly opening for the spread of the gospel. We hail these, as the fulfilling of ancient prophecy; and as far as we can see the motive to be pure; we heartily bid them God-speed.

Divine Assurance, Affliction in the Way, and the Believer's Entrance into Glory.

MY DEAR FATHER:— I felt inclined to drop you a few lines from the dark 'Valley of Achor.' Eternal thanks to the God of ALL grace this valley is not without a 'door of hope.' What God is about to do with me I know not. I find in all my gourds a *destroying worm*. I sometimes vainly think I have made my nest, but the eagle-like stirring soon comes, and turns my paradise to thorns and briars. O, what a vale of briny tears—what a world of tribulation—what a scene of conflict—what a state of trial—what a field of blood—what a house of bondage—what a prison of death is this polluted state!—And because it is this the child of God flies from this fearful deluge to the ark of rest and repose. Abraham's bosom was sweet to that poor dog-pitied, but man-despised Lazarus. O, for light to see mercy mingled in our tribulated path! I have been down in the deeps of bodily tribulation, and I began to number my days;—I have been down in the deeps of mental tribulation, and I began to try my ways and ponder my path: and in looking back upon the past, it threw dread terror into the future; this is the sure effect of looking in the light of God's Word and Spirit to our ways, which are ways of awful rebellion, transgression and sin. But I was not left here, 'My eyes were turned another way,' even to the way of God's most gracious and merciful dealings with me in the *new* and living way, when by his blessed Spirit he *brought* me up out of that horrible pit. O, that the Great Sealer would be pleased to fasten these words, as 'a nail in a sure place,' in our hearts.

"All my times are in thy hands!"

O, that we may be brought down into a clay-like passiveness,— a child-like dependence,— and a watchman-like watchfulness. 'Watch unto prayer,'— 'Watch and pray,'— 'Watch and be sober,'— 'Watch thou in all things.' I had these two Scriptures in my soul yesterday (Sunday) morning before I awoke—'Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' 'ALL THINGS shall work together for good.' I thought in my dream I was speaking from the former with a great deal of life, light and solemn liberty. And in the midst of my speaking, I was directed to the latter, and I struck a person near me, who seemed to be turning from the word, and I said, 'Do you observe this? WORK TOGETHER? Work together!' Why it appears to me to have allusion to the 'leaven' and 'meal.' And here I awoke; and behold it was a dream; and a most solemn dream it appeared and proved to be in the experience of many living souls. He that hath a dream, is told, by the Word of God to tell the dream. I was enabled to tell this dream in the following order:—First,

the profound assurance of glory. Secondly the afflictions 'in the way' to glory. Thirdly, the issue out of tribulation, and the entrance into that exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

First, assurance. Spiritual assurance must have a base. What ground have I to anticipate a rest? What ground have I to believe I am going to heaven? People may talk about going to heaven, but what of that if the kingdom of heaven is within them. Now my mind was led to look at the context to find a base for this wondrous sensation—this full persuasion of a better country beyond the grave. In doing which I found a four-fold base, or foundation upon which divine assurance stood. The first is mercy received, 'We have received mercy.' Spoke a little about 'RECEIVING mercy.' In what state and circumstances mercy finds the man; in general, as miserable as hell, and sin, darkness and infidelity, self and satan can make him—ready to perish, sinking in the mire, drowning in the waterfloods, and going down to the pit, he cries 'Let not the waterfloods overflow me;' 'let not the pit shut her mouth upon me.' Now is the time for 'Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom.' Is not this mercy received—deliverance from a pit of devils, a pit of darkness, a pit of death, and a pit of eternal despair. Mercy is no longer a mystery to this poor wretch; but the mystery now is, that he, so black—so bad—so base—should be found in mercy. This is the man that can take up that song and 'sing of mercy and judgment;' none but he can rightly reconcile mercy and equity. This deep mystery that has driven divines mad, now makes the madman sane, and brings him to the feet of the dear, denied, and despised Man of Sorrows, in his right mind. His former residence declared his madness; who but a madman would dwell among tombs? And such madmen are every one of us that have not received mercy. (See for confirmation, Eph. ii. 4, 5.)

The second base is light communicated. We are referred to the first creation to ascertain how light is produced in the new or second creation; and in going back to Gen. i. 2, we are informed the state the earth was in ere light was commanded;— first, it was without form; secondly, void; and thirdly, darkness covered it. When a vessel is broken to pieces, it is without form. The vessel was marred in the hands of the potter. When Adam fell that beautiful form of purity, perfection, and peace fell with him. The communicated image of God in our first federal is gone—but by his own power he makes it again another vessel, and that in the form of the image of his Son. The earth was void of what? 'Fruit.' There was no fruit upon the tree till God said, 'Let the fruit tree yield fruit.' We are, by nature, like the barren

fig tree, void of fruit, but this communicated light grafts us vitally into the good Olive Tree, or Living Vine, and IN IT we are fruitful branches; as he saith, 'from me is thy fruit found.' Poor, foolish wretch I have been, in seeking grapes from a thorn, (self.) Micah vii. 4; and expecting to gather figs from a stinging-nettle. A man may look till his eyes are closed in death, for fruit, (that is good fruit) in flesh, and he will enter eternity with this sentiment in his heart, The earth was VOID. Again, this empty chaos was wrapped up in, or, covered with darkness. O, the darkness of death—O, the gross darkness of sin! One of old was so dark he could not see, 'I once was blind, but now I see.' How blind to God, Father, Son, and Spirit! How blind to self, sin, and satan! How dark to darkness! How dead to danger! Can our light shine here? The darkness did not stop the light, but 'the Spirit MOVED,' and God commanded, 'and there was light,' and God said it was good; but observe, he does not say the darkness was good! Now if God has commanded the light to shine OUT of darkness, you will adopt from choice and experience the language of your Creator and say, 'The light is good;' and a sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the sin-darkened sinner to see the Sun of Righteousness.

The third basis is, glory revealed; the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. We looked at the mysterious dealings of God with his servant Moses; what strange places, changes and states he had to pass through before he came to the 'Mount of God,' in which he saw something beyond what tongue could tell of the glory of God, and that in the face of Jesus 'The Lord, the LORD, God, MERCIFUL, &c. Take away the face of Jesus Christ, and where will you find mercy?

The last basis was faith possessed, 'We HAVING the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed and therefore have I spoken.' See these three things in this faith—first, it is a spiritual faith; this makes it, secondly, a speaking faith; and, thirdly, this proves it to be a Scriptural faith, 'as it is written.' Now before it can be said we possess spiritual faith, we must possess a spiritual being. 'That which is born of the Spirit is SPIRIT.' How may we know the spirit of faith from the multifarious sorts of faith in the great bulk of professed believers? The reference shall teach us. The apostle refers to the 116th Psalm, or rather adopts the Psalmist's expression as therein recorded. Do observe this spirit of faith is known by its voice, 'I believed THEREFORE HAVE I SPOKEN, I was greatly afflicted.' Ps. cxvi. 10. And the Psalmist tells us in faith what it was that so greatly afflicted him; the sorrows of death,—the pains of hell,—trouble and sorrows. Faith opens her mouth wide in the pains of hell, 'O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul,' and her voice is heard in heaven. And then she

shouts, 'Thou hast delivered my soul from death,' &c. And now faith calls upon her soul to return. Then the voice of faith is that of declaring what God has done for our souls. Can you take up the language, 'Thou hast delivered my soul from death, my eyes from tears, and my feet from falling'? 'No,' say you, 'I cannot.' Can you open your mouth here—'I found trouble and sorrow?' 'Well,' say you, 'I can.' Well, then, what does your trouble and sorrow do? Paul says our afflictions work. And where do they work? At the throne of grace. Mark again the words, 'I found trouble and sorrows: THEN called I upon the name of the Lord.' If you will search your heart you will find in one of its counsel chambers this deceit, 'you must not go to God in this state of mind; wait—till you are a little more calm, composed, and comfortable;' the trouble and sorrow lays so heavy upon his conscience, he groans out, 'God be merciful unto me a sinner, God be merciful.' He dares not go to the temple; he is such a monster of iniquity. Smittings on the breast and thigh is a good sign of trouble of this kind. Smite away, you will never smite the rock too hard. So you see Paul's spirit of faith led him to do as the Psalmist did, declare what God had done for his soul. The best way to get rid of unbelieving believers is to tell them about the 'terror of the Lord,' and the terrible things in righteousness he has brought you through. You will have but little society if you do this, because this is the light that darkness hates.

Secondly, afflictions in the way. Now observe three things—first, their source 'our afflictions;' secondly, their nature, light afflictions; and, thirdly, their duration, 'but for a moment.' I was led to shew that there was no affliction out of ourselves. Look at sorrows arising from temptation. The devil cometh and hath *nothing* in me, saith the Lord; but it is not so with us; when he cometh he finds a dreadful something indeed to work upon; and our forefathers never attributed their falls to God or the devil, but their eyes are turned within for the cause. And so with the afflictions of the world; if the world was not so much in our hearts, and our hearts so much in the world, we should not be so easily afflicted by it.

I cannot now enlarge. I pray that God who is the glory of his people Israel, and the inheritance of his saints will keep our eyes through every scene of tribulation, upon the Eternal Refuge, the eternal house; our hearts sensibly resting on his eternal power; our minds sweetly stayed in his eternal purpose; by faith appropriating eternal redemption; and falling down before the Author of eternal salvation, triumphantly singing, 'Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ.'

You have been borne up and carried by a good hand for many, many years, 'even to old age;'—this power, my dear father

will be exerted a little longer in this wilderness; and at last the arm now stretched out in power, providence and preservation, will waft you

“Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.”

Behold WE shall be changed; what a change! And now I commend you to God, the Keeper of Israel, and to the word of his grace.
S. COZENS.

A Sinner Saved by Grace.

MY late dear father, Robert Bradley, of Carshalton, Surrey, was a vessel of mercy afore prepared unto glory, and finally, by grace divine, made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; and the faithfulness, the long-suffering, and the unchanging love of our gracious covenant God towards him was great indeed. I will endeavour briefly for the honour of our God and I trust if it be his will for the encouragement and comfort of the tried children of Zion to relate some of the Lord's kind dealings with him, that his name may be praised for he alone is worthy.

In early life, I think I have heard him say, when about twenty years of age, his father (my grandfather,) was suddenly and solemnly called away from his side early one morning, and in about five minutes was enwrapped in the arms of death, by apoplexy, which was to him a trying dispensation, particularly as he feared no visible change had ever been manifest upon the heart of his parent; but oh, the aboundings of sovereign mercy! in the heart of the young man, my parent, was the fear of the Lord. God set up his throne there, and this silenced, supported and preserved him under the heavy shock, and brought him to this, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? His mother was afflicted with palsy and bed-ridden eight years, but was a subject of grace, formerly a hearer of Whitfield at the Tabernacle, and the beloved Romaine; and her departure was triumphant and blessed; a few minutes before she died, taking her son after the manner of the ancient patriarchs, and placing her hands on his head, implored the divine blessing to rest upon and abide with him.

As respects the life of my dear parent I need not enter into details, for that would occupy more than your space could allow; and much might not be really acceptable or profitable to the family of the ransomed. Suffice it to say, he was really taught the plague of the heart, and often groaned, being burdened; he was experimentally sensible of the weakness of human nature, and man's utter helplessness; he was not a stranger to the value of a throne of grace; and I remember, when a youth, his earnest petitions thereto; but his faith, generally speaking, was weak, and his besetment and greatest weakness appeared to be

a distrust of divine providence, and a dread of poverty and the workhouse; this the Lord mercifully disappointed him in, and amply provided for him till he wanted no more. Ah, truly it is so; ‘he hath not dealt with us after our sins,’ &c. Nay, I may say, on the part of God, his life was made up of gracious interpositions, merciful deliverances in trials, constant preservations, heavenly consolations, grace reigning over his rebellion, restoring mercy over his wanderings, light in darkness, joy in sorrow, and holy triumph in death; so that with Kent, I believe his experience really was this—

“By slips and falls he made me prove
How weak my nature thro' the fall;
How firm his everlasting love,
Which sav'd me thro' and over all.”

About nine years before his death he was brought to the borders of the grave by a fever; and upon my visiting him I shall never forget the calm resignation, the divine consolation and blessed faith with which his soul was filled. ‘The covenant God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is my salvation; (said he) Christ is precious to my soul.’ And what was revealed to him, he never could fully express; but it pleased the Lord to raise him up again; and he told me in confidence about in the following words—‘I say nothing of this to the worldling, because they would call it enthusiasm or something else; but I knew after a certain day the Lord did not intend to take me home then. I was laying (said he) in a very comfortable frame, and much more awake than asleep, and I had such a view of my Redeemer as I never had before, and cried out, Lord, let me come! Shall I come? But he said, You shall come, but not now. And,’ he said, ‘I knew from that moment his time had not arrived, and I was to be raised up again.’ Ah, my dear brother, how true it is

“Plagues and death around me fly,
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.”

I feel I should be taking up more room to finish the narrative than you could spare in one number; I will therefore, for the present reserve the remainder.

Your's in the communion of saints,
W. BRADLEY.

AN IMPORTANT INQUIRY.

THERE is, in a densely populated part of England a thirst for a faithful, spiritual, devoted ministry of the pure gospel of Christ; but is there a man (hidden in some dark corner or other,) who is qualified and commissioned by heaven for such a work? If this should meet the eye, and touch the heart of a loving, laborious, preacher, who is waiting for THE LORD to open a door, we hope this inquiry will be owned of God to that end. We would forward to the place referred to, any communication that might seem to answer the description given.—Ed.

A Visit to Lebanon—its Spiritual Signification, and Typical Character.

No. II.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE FAITH AND HOPE OF THE GOSPEL:—According to promise, I here send you a few thoughts on Lebanon. May the Spirit of truth lead us from the history into the holy mystery of the same. The former is known by many, but the latter only to those who are *led and taught* of God. For to you it is given to know the holy mysteries of the kingdom, and to them it is not who are still in the flesh. Surely the man of God, Moses did, when in the wilderness, see a little of the greatness, and the mighty hand of Israel's God, so as to say, "What God is there in heaven or in the earth, that can do according to thy works, and according to thy might?" So that he earnestly prayed that he might go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon. Now in order to visit this goodly mountain, we must be effectually called out of our Egyptian state of bondage, ignorance, death, and idolatry, then led forth by the glorious pillar of the truth of God which is a cloud of witness by day, and a pillar of fire by night, this conducts us through the red sea, a type of the wrath of God, divided by Christ, so that a way is made for his ransomed to pass through; then led to see a little of the majesty, greatness, grandeur, and holiness of God, in passing Sinai's awful mount. This causes us to fear and quake exceedingly. Here it is, all our comeliness is turned into corruption, rottenness enters into our bones, and all hope of being saved is lost as to ourselves or by the works of the law: then we begin to cry from the very bottom of our hearts, let me pass over this Jordan, (that is judgment) to see that goodly mountain Lebanon; which I take to be a type of Christ and the church standing in him, which we will consider as follows:

I. *The name Lebanon*, signifies *white* from Laban, otherwise *incense* from Libnah, this will furnish us with two ideas, Lebanon appeared as if clothed with white, on account of the snow falling upon the cedars there; so Christ appeared to his spouse, when she exclaimed, my Beloved is white. Cant. v. 10. And this is the language of every one taught of God, as they are all led to see the matchless beauty and the spotless purity of the Son of God. "For such an high priest became us who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." Heb. vii. 26. Hence, it was that when John had a glimpse of his person, his head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow. Rev. i. 14. And again, in his transfiguration, his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them. Mark ix. 3. Thus we behold a little of the purity of the head of his body, the church, so that he was well qualified to purge and cleanse us in his own blood,

that we might be whiter than the driven snow, and thus look like a cedar planted in the mountain of his holiness, clothed with all his spotless purity, and thus presented to the father without a spot or blemish or any such thing, that we might be before him without blame, in love; these are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14. So that Christ says, thou art all pure my love, there is no spot in thee. The other word *Incense*, is truly applicable to Christ as our great intercessor at the right hand of the Father, so that he is the angel who stood at the golden altar having a golden censer with much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints which ascended up before God; and as Bunyan observed, "thy prayers offered upon this golden altar, become golden prayers, thy tears golden tears, thy sighs golden sighs," and God the Father looks upon his dear Son as having loved us and given himself an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour, or a savour of rest where God rests, and where the church of God rests, for this precious Jesus fills heaven with his divine sweetness and rich perfume. "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloe, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad." Psalm xlv. 8. O what a divine fragrance is also emitted from him whose name is truly as ointment poured forth, when felt in the soul of a poor broken-hearted sinner who has bled under a sense of the weight and burden of sin and the curse, with what unspeakable pleasure and holy delight does he hail the perfume of the person, sufferings, death, ascension and intercession of his enthroned Lord, while he exclaims with the Prophet, that his beauty is as the Olive tree, and *his smell as Lebanon*. Hos. xiv. 6.

II. *Lebanon was noted for its fertility*. Here was some choice pasturage for flocks, and where can the church of God, which is the flock of Christ, the purchase of his most precious blood, feed and lie down but in the truth of the gospel, as that is opened up to them in Christ by the Spirit; and then we are led to join with the Psalmist, and say, the Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, the love of God, the mercy of God, the peace of God, the pardon of God, the defence of God, the tender care of God, and the help of God, for he that hath mercy on them shall lead them, and his promise is, that they shall feed in the ways, and their pasture shall be in all high places. Isa. xlix. 9. I will feed them in a good pasture and upon the high mountains of Israel shall they fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed, upon the mountains of Israel. Ezek. xxxiv. 14.

Christ is the door, and if we enter by him, we shall be saved and go in and out and find pasture.

Then there was not only pasture in Lebanon for flocks, but all kind of grain, various trees with a great variety of fruits. Setting forth Christ with all his benefits, favours and blessings, as it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell, all fulness of redemption, all fulness of pardon, all fulness of peace, all fulness of mercy, all fulness of righteousness, all fulness of rest, all fulness of glory. In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Psalm xvi. 11. Christ is also that tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruits every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. Rev. xxii. 2. And when the Lord fulfils his promises, the fruit shall shake like Lebanon, that is Christ, shall come down in all his benefits as fruits from off the trees in Lebanon, and they of the city, (true citizens) shall flourish like the grass, having gathered up these precious fruits. Here it was also, that the vine grew in a most luxuriant manner, producing its beautiful clusters of the richest grape, from which was obtained a most excellent kind of wine, Christ himself opened up this holy mystery when he said, I am the vine, and (oh the sweet thought,) ye are the branches. May we be led to draw all our life and vigour from him, and thus make it truly manifest that we are united to him, quickened by him, and then shall we know that the blood he shed, and that was pressed from every pore of his sacred body, is the most delicious wine that is—it cheers the heart of God and man. How truly exhilarating is a faith's view of his sufferings or manifestation of his glory, and to feel his love shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, it will make the lame to leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing aloud for joy, the poor to forget his poverty in the riches of Christ, and to remember his misery no more, when brought into the house of wine, there to see the banner of eternal love displayed and all the perfections of Deity shine forth in the face of Jesus Christ; then it is we can say, my beloved is mine and I am his. O bless his dear name, there is no condemnation in him, and there can be no separation from him, and the time is fast approaching when Christ will drink this wine new with us in his Father's kingdom. Matt. xxvi. 20.

III. Lebanon was also noted for its springs, which flow in streams from that mountain. Hence we read of a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. Cant. iv. 15. Some tell us that there were four rivers took their rise out of this mountain. Of this, I am sure that election, redemption, justification, and sanctification all take their rise from and spring out of God's holy mountain, Christ, he is the fountain of the

water of life, which imparts life to the dead in sin, and revives those who are ready to die with thirst in the wilderness, with those cooling streams which flow so freely all our wilderness journey, in order to refresh and sanctify those trees of righteousness, the plants of God's right hand planting, that he might be glorified, which he is when we are brought to feel and acknowledge that all our springs are in him; and he has said, he that shall drink of the water which I shall give him, shall never thirst, and again, he that believeth on me as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters, but this spake he of the Spirit which they that believe on him should receive. John vii. 32, 39. How necessary then is it to know whether I have the Spirit, and how shall I know this? It shall spring up in the soul in prayer, desire, longings, sighs, groans which cannot be uttered in words, and afterward it shall flow forth when those prayers are answered in praising, blessing, thanking, adoring and glorifying the fountain of Israel for those streams of holy joy, love, peace and pleasure which cause us to sing again and again, 'spring up oh well, sing ye unto it.'

IV. *The wood of the trees of Lebanon was of singular use.* The house of God was built with cedar, which is called Lebanon. Cant. i. 17; iv. 8. And is not Christ the house of God, where God dwells? God was in Christ, who is our true temple, far surpassing Solomon in all his glory. Christ is our true light, bread of life, hidden manna, budding rod, altar of incense, ark of the covenant, mercy seat, yea all and in all, he is a sun over it, and the glory of it. "For He shall be for a glorious throne to his father's house, and they shall hang upon him all the glory of his father's house, the offspring and the issue of all vessels of small quantity from the vessels of cups even to all the vessels of flagons." Isaiah xxii. 23, 24. Then again, we find King Solomon built a CHARIOT of the wood of Lebanon, which did set forth Christ as the chariot of salvation, built for his beloved spouse, as his delight is in her, the pillows of this are of the choicest silver, the bottom of the purest gold, the covering of the richest purple, and in the midst, (where his people dwell), paved with his matchless, his everlasting and inseparable love: this chariot, thus prepared, will continue to go forth until every one of the daughters of Jerusalem are taken up out of the world of sin and sorrow into that world of light and glory above.

V. *There was a tower in Lebanon;* and this tower is said to look towards Damascus, which word signifies a sack full of blood or deceit, this tower stood between that and the promised land; so Christ who is a tower of salvation to his people, stands between this world of blood, iniquity and deceit, and effectually separates his people, who dwell in the land of promise, from all their enemies; the church's nose is compared

to this tower. Cant. vii. 4. Now as the nose is the most prominent feature, as it stands out in the face, so Christ is that tower which stands out so conspicuous and looketh toward Damascus, the place of ours and his enemies, and thus looking, discomfits them, as he did the Egyptians in the red sea, and at last destroys them altogether.

VI. *It was a very delightful mountain.* It would be impossible to mention all the choice things that are found here, Christ is as the holy mountain, full of the best and choicest things you can name. He yields a thousand sacred sweets to his people, even here in the wilderness. Oh how delighted I have been with his person, his work, his offices, as Prophet, Priest and King, when I have been led to sit down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit sweet to my heart; when the "mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits new and old which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved." Cant. vii. 13. When we are led to see the veil of ignorance destroyed, death swallowed up in victory, God wiping off our tears and making a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. Isaiah xxv. Historians tell us that there are four inclosures of mountains one above the other, the first is said to be rich in grain and fruit. Might not this represent our Eden state before the fall? The second is barren, abounding in thorns, rocks and flints. Here is our fallen state. The third, higher than this, enjoys a perpetual spring, the trees that live here are always green, and the orchards filled with fruit, it is so agreeable and fertile, that some have called it a terrestrial paradise. Does not this set forth our state of grace as planted in the garden of the Lord, where the sun always shines, although we do not always feel it, and where the trees shall not fade, and whatsoever we do in faith shall prosper?

VII. *There is a fourth so high that it is covered with snow.* There is no mountain so high as this in Syria or Judea, which faintly shadows forth him who is higher than the heavens, the great high priest of his people, who was made lower than the angels for the suffering of death, but now God hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name. Phil. ii. 9: so that the spouse could say that he was the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely, and it is truly blessed when we can mount upon the wings of faith and love, and soar above these inferior things, and see God, the Father's first begotten Son, higher than the kings of the earth having all power, authority and glory as Mediator, sitting at the right hand of the majesty on high, above all his enemies, sin, death, hell and the grave—standing forth in all the greatness, grandeur, majesty and glory, so that his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent

as the cedars. Cant. v. 15. And well might she add in the next verse, his mouth is most sweet, yea he is altogether lovely, this is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem. O may my brother be led more than ever to see his divine purity, spiritual beauty and wonderful suitability as a Saviour, that may truly ravish your heart and fill you with joy and peace in believing, that you may be like a tree of Lebanon planted in the mountain of his holiness, that you may take root downwards, and bear fruit upwards,—to the praise and glory of a Three one God, peace and truth be with thee. Thine in Jesus,

AN UNLEARNED PREACHER.

Old Brentford, 1849.

Furnace-Work.

"Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver, I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Isaiah xlvi. 10.

THE following lines were sent to a sister in the Lord, who has long been confined to her bed through affliction, yet has been highly favoured of the Lord while there.

HAIL! favor'd saint, though in the furnace tried,
How precious still is Jesus crucifix'd!
His hand turn'd on thee, how he does refine;
And in his image makes thy soul to shine.

Though in the furnace he has chosen thee,
In love while there he still embraces thee;
For many waters cannot quench within
The fire of love, amidst a mass of sin.

Thy faith, though tried, its origin divine,
To Jesus clings, as ivy doth entwine
The stately oak, and so doth upward tend,
E'en so thy soul to Jesus doth ascend.

Thy faith, thy hope, thy love, thy person too,
In all, thy Christ his property can view,
His own in fires and floods, he'll ne'er deny,
But watches all with an observant eye.

The rod in honey dipt with loving hand,
The sweetness falling by divine command;
The heaven-born spirit sweetly doth renew,
As gentle showers or softer falling dew.

How sweet affliction when supported thus—
The cup of bitterness without the curse;
The waters are by miracle divine,
And sov'reign grace turn'd into gospel wine.
Tunbridge Wells. T. EDWARDS.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER WAS ADDRESSED
TO BROTHER EDWARDS IN ANSWER TO
THE ABOVE.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND—I return many thanks for the lines you so kindly sent me. On unfolding the paper, I was much struck with the text you had chosen; long has it been most sweet to my soul; and so descriptive of my state. 'He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters; yes, he did it for his own name's sake; for he says, 'How should my name be polluted?' and again, 'I will not

give my glory to another.' O may I ever speak well of his dear, blessed name, who hath done so much for my soul: 'he has raised me up out of an horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. Oh, that many may see it, and fear, and put their trust in the Lord.'

On Friday night, how sweet and precious was the Holy One of Israel to my soul! what a sense of pardoning mercy did I feel! how I could sing praises in my heart! I was truly lost in wonder, love, and praise, and my soul enjoyed that peace which passeth all understanding. What cause for thankfulness and praise, when we look back on the past, and see what we once were! how, when we were in nature's darkness, he plucked us by his rich almighty grace, as brands from the burning; if we had been left to our wills we must inevitably perished in our sins: in due time he passed by, saw us polluted in our blood, and bid us live; cast his mantle of love upon our souls; clothed us in his beautiful righteousness; and made us comely with the comeliness our blessed Lord has put upon us. Oh what a price did this precious robe cost, even the precious blood of Jesus Christ the beloved son of God, he so freely gave himself for us, that we through his poverty might be rich; and condescended to visit this earth, took upon him the form of a servant, passed a life of sorrow, pain, and woe; he was weary, hungry, thirsty, and faint; despised, buffeted, mocked, reproached, and spit upon; yet this meek, patient, and holy sufferer, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously. May we ever be enabled, through divine grace, to follow this blessed example in all our trials, temptations, and difficulties, and to say from the heart 'not my will but thine be done.' May we ever give the reins into the hands of our almighty leader, and our concerns to his divine guidance, then all will be well. May the Lord bless your labours abundantly to many precious souls; if you feel darkness, be not dismayed; thy God will be with thee. Very truly yours in Jesus,

6, Ely Terrace,

F. DAMPER.

Tunbridge Wells, March 31, 1849.

"Through much Tribulation:"

AN ANSWER TO "CHRISTIANA."

DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD:—As I was plodding my way through the profitable pages of the last *Vessel*, I came to your request in one corner, and it at once attracted my attention; by reason that my own mind had been exercised about the same passage: and I remembered at the time, I found the 'must' a very awkward word, for I seemed shut out thereby,—being comfortable in my circumstances, free from bodily

affliction, not subject to persecution from without, and favoured by being enabled to attend the means of grace.

Surely (I thought) my spot is not the spot of the Lord's people. Then I considered, whether the passage might have referred mainly to times of persecution, but could only come to the conclusion that it must be more or less applicable to all our time state; and that from Adam to our sister Wood, (whose obituary I had just been reading,) it had met its fulfilment in some way or other. Then it occurred to me that whilst perusing only a few pages of the *Vessel* I had to stop a dozen times to cry to the Lord to deliver me from my own thoughts, from temptations without and within; and I was sure this was a 'tribulation' to me.

To go to prayer, and in the midst forget the existence of the infinitely glorious Being addressed; or to find the heart suddenly starting aside like a deceitful bow, and clasping some desire or thought lighter than vanity. To have no chord awakened by the name of Jesus, but the heart's affections, instead of gushing forth like water, shrinking back (as the snail) into their own deceitful and dark abode. Are not these things 'tribulations'—are they not bitter to the 'inner man,' renewed and enlightened by the Holy Ghost? Surely there is not a more continuous cause of grief than an 'evil heart of unbelief, prone to depart from the living God, whose estimate of it is—'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' out of which 'proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witnesses, blasphemies.' Then whilst the heart beats will it not be a prolific source of 'tribulation?' And there is the same thing, on various accounts, for one's own kindred; like Paul's for his brethren in the flesh—on account of the church's state individually and collectively, a great profession, but little of that 'first love,' which preached so powerfully, and constituted the 'BEAUTY of holiness,' the lovely FRUITS of the Spirit's indwelling in apostolic times. Such facts are also cause of 'tribulation.' And is there no comfort to be had? Yes; and the 'church's riddle' contains it—'out of the EATER came forth MEAT, and out of the STRONG came forth SWEETNESS;' and 'tribulation' worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, &c. So, dear sister, it's not so bad after all, if we have been taught the meaning of that word, 'GRACE;' for when we see that little word in the light and home-sending of God's Spirit, it holds the large family Bible in its four blessed letters; for I'm sure there's nothing beside grace for the Lord's redeemed ones there. I know for the WICKED the night is coming;

"— A night of speechless woe.

But there shall be NO NIGHT for you
Who Jesus know!"

One thought more, Do we goan to be

delivered from the troubles which assail us? For our comfort during our brief sojourn here, may we pray for increased faith when affliction presses, just to put it beside the glory which shall be revealed in us, and this will make it 'light,' enduring but for a moment; for 'but a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry; and where will be the 'tribulation' then? 'for the former things shall not be remembered nor come into mind.' Amen.

Somerstown.

W. PALMER.

"Brethren, Pray for us."

BRETHREN, you who're born of God;
You that walk the narrow road;
You that seek eternal bliss;
You that love the Saviour's kiss;
You that fight with hell and sin
And feel the infernal foe within;
You that are taught to mourn and cry,
And find you have no strength to fly!
You that are made to stand and see
That God's salvation's full and free—
You who in this time-state are thus,
We pray you, 'Brethren, pray for us.'

Brethren, do you now enquire
'Who it is that seeks thy prayer?'
A band of men who once was slain
And in the open field were lain;
Were slain by sin and held by death
Until the Spirit came with breath:
Then was the time of God's decree,
He work'd by love and set us free;
He did from earthly things us raise,
That we should give our Saviour praise.
You then that know Jehovah thus,
We pray you, 'Brethren, pray for us.'

Brethren, do you seek to know
Why we need your prayers below?
We are weak, yet call'd to tell
Love, blood and power doth save from hell;
Called of God to blow the sound
Which tells there is salvation found—
The Lamb prepar'd—the charge now laid—
The sword unsheathed—the debt is paid;
The Holy Ghost, as saith the word,
Hath made us know 'tis of the Lord.
You that believe the truth is thus,
We pray you, 'Brethren, pray for us.'

Brethren, pray we may be taught
The wondrous mysteries God hath wrought,
We may be fill'd with holy zeal,
And precious things more sweetly feel:
We may be kept as children small
Declaring Christ is all in all:
That we may tread the trodden way,
And be upheld from day to day,
And prove as onward still we press
Christ is the Lord our righteousness.
If then the Lord will hear you thus,
We pray you, 'Brethren, pray for us.'

Great are our needs, then brethren cry,
That we in faith may live and die;
In faith may labour hard while here,
And in this work still persevere—
Our Master's kingdom still go on,
And satan's host be overthrow'd;
The Spirit by this word make known
Salvation is of grace alone;
His children then be brought to see
They are in gospel liberty,
May have a foretaste of that love,
Which yet reserved is above.

You that believe God acteth thus,
We pray you, 'Brethren, pray for us.'

Pivlico.

P. W. WILLIAMSON.

The Spiritual Railway.

THE line to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truths the rails are laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal where it ends.

Sovereign grace the station then
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.

Then you who need this station, try,
And lose no time for reasons why—
The fare is paid, the passage free
For all who pant his face to see.

The gospel train is always near,
Laden with food of heavenly fare;
'Tis free for all the blood-bought race,
That's clo'th'd in Jesu's righteousness.

On covenant lines no slips are found,
Secure the way and firm the ground:
No danger then, the way is clear,
For Jesus is the Engineer.

The engine is the Word of God,
'Tis strongly built and long has stood.
Through tunnels dark it guides the race
Of sinners call'd and sav'd by grace.

God's love the fire, his truth the steam,
Which drives the engine—draws the train,
And all who would to glory ride
Must come through Jesus crucifi'd.

Bright beacons on the line are found,
And heralds giving certain sound,
To warn the approach of danger near
Of those who would the line impair.

Come then poor sinners, now's the time,
At any station on the line,
If you in heart are sick of sin,
The train will stop and take you in.

And having enter'd on this line
The rule observe, the same thing mind—
For in this journey such of us
Shall reach the heavenly terminus.

The telegraph from earth to heaven,
Its signals all by angels given,
Shall never cease to go and come,
Till Zion's travellers reach their home.

Ipswich.

— MANNING.

TEMPTATION AND DELIVERANCE.

MY mind was arrested by those words in Malachi iii. 15, 'They that work wickedness are set up; yea, they that tempt God, are even delivered.' Something said within me, 'Your preaching and profession has only been a tempting of God: and yet you have been delivered.' I found a fearful suspicion in my mind that all was not right between God and my soul. This lay upon me for nearly two days and a night; only once could I really cry to God to settle the point; and this cry was very faint; but about five o'clock in the afternoon of the second day these words came spontaneously, and rather sweetly into my soul, 'Yea, though I walk 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.' Light and liberty came with the word. I think the enemy of souls tempted me by the word in Malachi; I hope the Spirit of God delivered me by the word in the twenty-third psalm, Reader! What do you think of these exercises of mind?—Ed.

The Origin of the Church over whom John Bunyan was Pastor :

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CHARACTER AND CONVERSION OF JOHN GIFFORD BUNYAN'S PREDECESSOR AND PASTOR ; TO WHICH IS ANNEXED, SOME MOST HOLY, WHOLESOME, AND NECESSARY ADMONITIONS FOR THE MEMBERS OF CHRISTIAN CHURCHES—JOHN BUNYAN'S RELEASE FROM PRISON—CALL TO THE PASTORATE—AND HIS DEATH.

It may not be generally known that the old meeting house in the town of Bedford, in which John Bunyan preached the glorious gospel of Christ, has recently been pulled down; and a new one is erected on the same site called BUNYAN CHAPEL.

John Jukes, the present pastor, has sent forth a little green-covered shilling book, from the sale of which, it seems, he hopes to derive a little towards paying for the new *Bunyan*. We have run over the pages of 'Bunyan's Church,' with some pleasure; and we must say John Jukes has put the thing together very nicely; it contains some excellent matter; especially John Gifford's Letter to the members of his church. Oh, we think that letter should be read, and read again, by all the members of all our christian churches: and not only read, but well digested, and duty practised. This being our desire, and our aim, we know John Jukes will be pleased enough to see that we have made a few extracts from his work; and included parts of the valuable pastoral epistle therein.

Reader! The matter that follows, is sterling; it demands thy most serious and prayerful attention. We command thee, yea, we beseech of thee to labour to get it into thy heart; and talk to thy neighbours about it; and may the good Lord bless it to all your souls, amen.

First of all, we give a little notice of the *Origin of John Bunyan's Church; and of the Character and Conversion of John Gifford, Bunyan's Pastor.*

Long before the time of the commonwealth "there were a number of godly people in the town of Bedford, who, although they were not gathered together into church order, were dissatisfied with the superstitious and persecuting practices of the prelates in that day; and were earnestly concerned to edify themselves, and propagate the truth; gladly entertaining those zealous friends of the gospel of Christ, who were then stigmatised by many under the name of Puritans; and were first moved to embody themselves in gospel fellowship by the advice of JOHN GIFFORD, whose history is truly remarkable. He was a native of Kent; and a major in the king's army. He was concerned in the rising in that county, for which he was afterwards apprehended, and, with eleven others, sentenced to the gallows. The night preceeding the day fixed for his execution, he was visited by his sister. On her approach to the prison, she observed the guard without was asleep; and finding his companions within intoxi-

cated, she entreated him to attempt his escape. This he effected; and finding his way into a field, lay concealed in the bottom of a great ditch for about three days, in which time the search after him began to abate. Being disguised, by the help of his friends, he got to London. In a little while he was conveyed down into the neighbourhood of Bedford, and remained hid for a season in the houses of some great people, who were favourers of the royal cause. After some time he came to Bedford, and being an entire stranger in the town, he ventured upon the practice of physic. Still he remained abandoned to vice, being particularly addicted to drinking, swearing, gaming, &c. One night, having lost a considerable sum, he fell into a violent passion, and indulged desperate thoughts respecting the providence of God. Happening to look in one of Mr. Bolton's books, something he there read, laid fast hold of his conscience, and he remained in a state of distress, under conviction of sin, for a month or more. At length the divine Spirit so enlightened his mind into a view of the way of forgiveness, through the blood of Christ, as filled his soul with joy and peace. This remained with him in an uncommon degree. He has been heard to declare, that during the space of five years, he never lost, for one hour, the comfortable light of God's countenance. The want of this privilege, it seems, he scarcely ever knew, unless for a season about two days before he died.

Being thus called by divine grace, he sought acquaintance with the people of God. At first he found great difficulty to persuade them he was sincere. He had been exceedingly vile and notorious for his enmity to serious godliness. Scarcely could they believe him to be a disciple. But being very warm in his attachment, and naturally of a bold spirit, he would not be repulsed, but took all opportunities to thrust himself among them. After many difficulties, he prevailed with them to admit him to a share of their friendship and confidence.

Soon afterwards, he began to speak the word of God, first in a private, then in a public way and manner. His ministry was attended with remarkable success. The hand of the Lord was with him, and a number were turned to the Lord.

Having been for some time engaged in the work of the ministry, by degrees he began to see the propriety and importance of professing believers in Christ being united in christian fellowship. He culti-

vated an acquaintance with other ministers. Obtaining farther degrees of light into this matter, he began to propose it among his friends, and endeavoured to lead them into similar views. They set apart many days for solemn prayer, to seek direction from heaven. At length they came to a resolution, that a select number should form themselves into a body, and so lay the foundation of a gospel church. In the year 1650, Mr. Gifford, and eleven other grave serious christians, well known to one another, appointed a day for this solemn transaction, when they met together, and after fervent prayer, they first gave themselves up to the Lord, and then to one another, according to the will of God.

This done, they with one consent made choice of JOHN GIFFORD, to be their pastor or elder, to minister to them in the things of the kingdom of Christ. This he accepted, and gave himself up to the Lord, and to his people, to walk with, and watch over them in the Lord.

The conversion of Gifford, under every view that can be taken of it, was a most striking and remarkable event. All who look at it in its true light must surely feel constrained to say "The finger of God is here." His conversion to Christ and his call to the Christian ministry, seem in several points to have resembled the conversion and call of the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

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THE FOLLOWING LETTER OF ADVICE WAS ADDRESSED BY MR. GIFFORD — (NOT LONG BEFORE HIS DEATH,) TO THE CHURCH OVER WHICH GOD HAD MADE HIM OVERSEER.

"I beseech you, brethren beloved, let these words (written in my love to you and care over you, when our heavenly Father was removing me to the kingdom of his dear Son) be read in your church-gatherings together. I shall not now, dearly beloved, write unto you about that which is the first, and without which all other things are as nothing in the sight of God, viz., the keeping the "mystery of the faith in a pure conscience;" I shall not, I say, write of these things (though the greatest) having spent my labours among you, to root you and build you up in Christ through the grace you have received; and to press you to all manner of holiness in your conversations, that you may be found of the Lord, without spot, and blameless, at His coming. But the things I shall speak to you of, are about your *church affairs*, which I fear have been little considered by most of you; which things, if not minded aright, and submitted unto, according to the will of God, will by degrees bring you under divisions, distractions, and at last to confusion of that gospel order and fellowship which now through grace you enjoy. Therefore, my brethren, in the first place I would not have any of you

ignorant of this, that every one of you are "as much bound now to walk with the church in all love; and in the ordinances of Jesus Christ our Lord, as when I was present among you: neither have any of you liberty to join yourselves to any other society, because your pastor is removed from you; for *you were not joined to the ministry but to CHRIST** and the church; and this is and was the will of God in Christ to all the churches of the saints—read Acts ii. 42, and compare it with Acts i. 14, 15, and I charge you before the Lord, as you will answer it at the coming of our Lord Jesus, that none of you be found guilty herein.

Secondly, Be constant in your church assemblies. Let all the work which concerns the church be done faithfully among you; as admission of members, exercising of gifts, election of officers, as need requires, and all other things as if named, which the scripture being searched will lead you into, through the Spirit; which things if you do, the Lord will be with you, and you will convince others that Christ is your head, and your dependency is not upon man: but if you do the work of the Lord negligently, if you mind your own things and not the things of Christ, if you grow of indifferent spirits whether you mind the work of the Lord in his church or no, I fear the Lord by degrees will suffer the comfort of your communion to be dried up, and the candlestick which is yet standing to be broken in pieces; which God forbid.

Now concerning your admission of members, I think expedient to stir up your remembrance: after you are satisfied about the work of grace in the party you are to join with, the said party do solemnly declare "That UNION with CHRIST is the foundation of all saints' communion:" and the said party ought to declare, whether a brother or sister, that through grace they will walk in love with the church, though there should happen any difference in judgment about other things. I exhort you, brethren, in your comings-together, let all things be done decently and in order, according to the Scriptures. Let all things be done among you without strife and envy, without self-seeking and vain glory. Be clothed with humility, and submit to one another in love. Let the gifts of the church be exercised; let no gift be concealed which is for edification: yet let those gifts be chiefly exercised which are most for the perfecting of the saints. Let your discourses be to build up one another in your most holy faith, and to provoke one another to love and good works: if this be not well minded, much time may be spent and the church reap little or no advantage. Let there be strong meat for the strong, and

* We should rejoice to see this one principle more fully recognized; we fear ministerial attachments are often carried too far; but membership-duties are seldom carried far enough.

milk for babes.—If a brother, through weakness, speak any thing contrary to any known truth of God (though not intended by him) some other brother of the church must in love clear up the truth, lest many of the church be laid under temptation. Let no respect of persons be in your comings-together; when you are met as a church; there's neither rich nor poor, bond nor free in Christ Jesus.

"None ought to withdraw from the church if any brother should walk disorderly, but he that walketh disorderly must bear his own burden, according to the scriptures: if any brother walk disorderly, he cannot be shut out from any ordinance before church censure. Study among yourselves what is the nature of fellowship, as the word, prayer, and breaking of bread; which, whilst few, I judge, consider seriously, there is much falling short of duty in the churches of Christ. You that are most eminent in profession, set a pattern to all the rest of the church. Let your faith, love, and zeal be very eminent: if any of you cast a dimmer light, you will do much hurt in the church. Let there be kept up among you solemn days of prayer and thanksgiving: Let your deacons have a constant stock by them to supply the necessity of those who are in want; truly, brethren, there is utterly fault among you that are rich, especially in this thing; 'tis not that little which comes from you on the first day of the week that will excuse you. I beseech you be not found guilty of this sin any longer. He that sows sparingly shall reap sparingly. Be not backward in your gathering-together: let none of you willingly stay till part of the meeting be done, especially such who should be examples to the flock.

Spend much time before the Lord about choosing a pastor, for though I choose he is before you whom the Lord hath appointed, yet it will be no disadvantage to you, I hope, if you walk a year or two as you are before election; and then if you be all agreed, let him be set apart, according to the scriptures.

Let the promises made to be accomplished in the latter days, be often urged before the Lord in your comings-together; and forget not your brethren in bonds. Love him much for the work's sake who labours over you in the word and doctrine. Let no man despise his youth. Muzzle not the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn to you. Search the scriptures; let some of them be read to you about this thing. If your teacher at any time be laid aside, you ought to meet together as a church, and build up one another. If the members at such a time will go to a public ministry, it must first be approved of by the church. Farewell; exhort, counsel, support, reprove one another in love.

JOHN GIFFORD.

From such a man, at such a time, this letter was indeed a most remarkable production.

As a soldier of most dissolute character in the royalist army, it seems only fair to presume, that when he first came to Bedford as a means of escaping from an ignominious death, he must have been either entirely ignorant of religion, or strongly prejudiced in favour of that form of it practised by the court. He does not appear to have been known by the brethren here, at the most, more than from ten to twelve years before his death. They enjoyed the advantages of his pastorate only from 1650 to 1656. How then are we to account for the simplicity, maturity, comprehensiveness, and liberality of his views?

He was evidently a man of sound understanding and sanctified affections. By his conversion he was introduced to a state where he found every thing new, strange, and unintelligible. He sought an unauthorized and competent interpreter. He could find it only in the Bible.

BUNYAN BEFORE, AND AFTER, HIS IMPRISONMENT.

One Mr. Burton succeeded Gifford, and he died in June or July, 1660. There is every reason to think that his pastorate was a time of much prosperity, both from the additions then made to the church, and the measures adopted by it, for promoting the spiritual prosperity and temporal comfort of its members.

Bunyan was at this time a deacon of the church; at a meeting held by it, on the 27th day of the sixth month of the year 1657, this office was transferred from him to John Fernie, because he could no longer discharge its duties aright, in consequence of being so much employed in preaching. Soon after this, the hand of persecution was raised against Bunyan; for at a meeting of the church, held on the "25th day of the twelfth month in the same year, we find it was agreed that the 3rd day of the next month be set apart to seek God, for counsel what to do with respect to the indictment of brother Bunyan at the assizes, for preaching at Eaton."

In the month of November in 1660, his long imprisonment began. He himself can best describe under what circumstances. Let us, therefore, hear his own statement. He says, "I was desired by some of the friends in the country to come to teach at Samsell, in Bedfordshire; to whom I made a promise, if the Lord permitted, to be with them at the time aforesaid. The justice hearing thereof, Mr. Francis Wingate, forthwith issued out his warrant to take and bring me before him." Bunyan knew he had done this, but still persisted, contrary to the wishes of his friends, in keeping his engagement. The consequence was, that he had scarcely begun the service before he was apprehended; and conducted into the presence of the magistrate. They would have allowed Bunyan to escape punishment for the past, had he been disposed to pledge himself to a different course for the future. Happily for his own con-

sistency and honour, and for the well being of his fellow-men, he spurned with pious indignation, the thought of such a compromise. He was, accordingly, sent to gaol. In the following year 1661, he was brought formally to trial before five justices. His examination seems to have devolved principally upon Keeling; who evidently did all in his power to change the views, in order to get an alteration in the practices, of the remarkable man now before him. But on finding that neither his influence nor his arguments at all prevailed, he said "Hear your judgment. You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church, to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished this realm; and if after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, &c., or be found to come over again without special license from the king, &c., you must stretch for the neck for it, I tell you plainly." The jailor was then commanded to take Bunyan away. But as he departed he declared that "if he were out of prison to-day, he would preach the gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God."

Through the kind hand of God, such a change took place as that Bunyan was licensed to be a teacher of religion on the 9th. of May 1672. The following is a copy of his license.

"CHARLES, &c. Bedford — Licence for John Bunyan to be a teacher in the house of Josias Roughed, 9th May, 1672.

To all mayors, bailiffs, constables, and other our officers and ministers, civil and military, whom it may concern, greeting. In pursuance of our declaration of the 15th of March, 1672, Wee doe hereby permitt and licence John Bunyon to be a teacher of the congregation allowed by us, in the house of Josias Roughed, Bedford, for the use of such as do not conform to the Church of England, who are of the persuasion commonly called Congregational. With further licence and permission to him, the said John Bunyon, to teach in any other place, licensed by us according to our said declaration. Given at our court, at Whitehall, the 9th day of May, in the 24th year of our reign, 1672.

"By his Majesty's command,

"ARLINGTON."

"It is said that Bunyan's was the first permission to preach, given to any Dissenter from the Established Church, in this country." Having received this licence he embraced the earliest opportunity for acting upon it, not only at Bedford but in other places. And accordingly the church of Bedford, did now choose him for their pastor, as is stated in the following minute copied from the church books. "At a full assembly of the church at Bedford the 21st of the tenth month, after much seeking God by prayer and sober

conference formerly had, the congregation did at this meeting, with joint consent, (signified by solemn lifting up of their hands) "Call forth and appoint our brother John Bunyan, to the pastoral office or eldership. And he accepting thereof gave himself up to serve Christ, and his church in that charge, and received of the elders the right hand of fellowship, after having preached fifteen years." At the same time also, the congregation having had long experience of the faithfulness of brother John Fenn in his care for the poor, did after the same manner solemnly choose him to the honourable office of a deacon, and committed their poor and purse to him, and he accepted thereof, and gave himself up to the Lord and them in that service. At the same time and after the same manner the church did solemnly approve of the gifts, and called to the work of the ministry these brethren, John Fenn, Oliver Scott, Luke Ashwood, Thomas Cowper, Edward Dent, Edward Isaac, and Nehemiah Coxo, for the furtherance of the work of God, and carrying on thereof in the meetings usually maintained by the congregation, as occasion and opportunity shall by providence be ministered to them. And did further determine that if any new place offer itself, or any other people that we have not full knowledge of or communion with, shall desire that any of these brethren should come to them, to be helpful to them by the word and doctrine, that then such brother, so desired, shall first present the thing to the congregation, who, after due consideration, will determine thereof; and according as they shall determine so shall such brother act and doe. The church did also determine to keep the 26th instant, as a day of fasting and prayer, both here and at Hawnes and at Gamlingay, solemnly to commend to the grace of God brother Bunyan, brother Fenn, and the rest of the brethren, and to entreat his gracious assistance and presence with them in their respective works whereunto he hath called them."

From the time of his release from prison until his death, Bunyan appears to have laboured, uninterruptedly, and with much zeal, diligence, and success. Branches of the church were evidently established at Cotton End and Kempston, as well as at Gamlingay, and Hawnes, for at all these places its special meetings were occasionally held.

We have lengthened this article more than we should have done, in the hope that the primitive practices herein recorded may in some measure check that loose, unholy, and carnal spirit now so prevalent in the churches in our day.—What minister, what church, can read these extracts, and the following with which we close, and not deeply feel the vast difference that there is between the practice and spirit of Christian churches in those days, and that which now prevails!—

John Bunyan, as is well known, died on

the 31st of August, 1688. The following allusions to that event, are found in the church book:—"Wednesday the 4th of September, was kept in prayer and humiliation for this heavy stroke upon us—the death of dear brother Bunyan—appointed also that Wednesday next be kept in prayer and humiliation on the same account. At the meeting held on the 11th, "It was appointed that all the brethren meet together on the 18th of this month, September, to humble themselves for this heavy hand of God upon us, and also to pray unto the Lord for counsell and direction what to do in order to seek out for a fit person to make choice for an elder."

Mr. James Osbourn's Farewell Letter.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST THE LORD, Grace be with thee,—I must drop a few lines to you as I am now on the eve of leaving Great Britain; and I can say that there is no man in England I am better acquainted with in a religious point of view, than with yourself; nor is there a man in all England so well acquainted with me on religious ground as you are, and what my feelings are on leaving you behind, never more to see you again in this world, none can tell but those who feel as now I do. Indeed the martyrdom of all my religious feelings is so great on leaving so many christian friends behind me, that I could almost wish I had not visited England; and Cranley, where you live, and which is so near to my birth-place, hangs heavy on my mind, much more heavy than any other place; but still, from Cranley and from the people I must soon be disjoined. Heart-rending work. Dear Lord, do, I pray thee, make it up to me by thy presence and love, and still strengthen and encourage my heart to trust and hope in thee and in thy mercy, which mercy endureth for ever; and may this mercy be plentifully communicated to my brother Holden while he is in this wilderness of sin and sorrow. Yes, may God, even Israel's God be our constant sun and shield, and our rock and refuge where to hide from the avenger of blood and many other frightful pursuers. We have been most blessedly sustained by the great Shepherd of Israel, and delivered too from some fearful snares; and by him, all through life, I hope we shall still be defended, and delivered, and made to rejoice and triumph over all our foes.

My brother, the Lord seems to shew me more and more of my own weakness, ignorance, inward depravity, and vileness, and hence I am quite out of conceit of myself. Any, and every christian on earth appears in my eyes to be better than myself; and I am persuaded that you take similar views of yourself, for we have talked these things over to each other. What then shall you and I render unto the Lord for all his care, goodness, mercy, and benefits towards such wretches

as we are? O that we could praise him as he deserves, and honor him duly, and serve him as we ought. But alas! sin hangs heavy on our souls, and our affections are cold and much scattered, and our zeal is languid, and we altogether are poor creatures: and yet, in due time Christ died for the ungodly, and such were we, and in our old nature no better now; but in Christ we are complete every whit, and in this we rejoice; but over poor human nature we can and must mourn and drop a silent tear or two.

My brother, think on me for good when I am in a foreign land, and I will think on you in the same way. Yes, on thee and thine shall I often think, and also long much to see you all, but shall be denied this favor; but in heaven's unmeasured space I hope we shall meet to part no more for ever. There we shall find and enjoy solid and undisturbed rest and peace; not the least vestige of sin can there be found, nor any concupiscence, nor snares, nor temptations, for God and angels dwell there. This is the home we now have in view, a long and a sweet home for the soul, and there I hope we shall arrive safe, and meet too with many mercies while on our way thitherward.

May the angel of the everlasting covenant attend thee all thy life long, and bless thy soul with the rich incomes of divine grace and mercy. My unfeigned love to your family and Cranley friends.—Your's without disguise,

JAMES OSBOURN.

London, July 30th, 1849.

I soon shall on the ocean ride,
And there in strange commotion roll;
But Israel's God will be my guide,
And hold in charge my helpless soul.
I throw myself on his kind arm,
Believing he will safely keep.
And well preserve me from all harm,
While passing o'er the mighty deep.
Be thou my helper, Lord, and stay,
While on the ocean, and on land;
Cast not my feeble soul away,
But give me grace and strength to stand.
And when I safely reach my home,
May I at home in peace remain,
No more in foreign lands to roam,
No more to cross the sea again.
I've travell'd far and wide abroad,—
All round about the British shore,
But now, if 'tis the will of God,
I'll pass my time in Baltimore. J. O.

Gospel Liberty, after Twenty-four years' Bondage.—Mr. J. Harding, Minister of the Gospel, Providence Chapel, Hastings,—has published a little work, containing—(besides many useful remarks of his own,—) some Letters written by Mrs. Standen; who appears to have been mercifully delivered from a long season of soul-trouble; and brought into enjoyment of divine consolation, through the ministry of the gospel by him. To such poor souls as are yet walking in darkness and distress of mind, this little book may be useful; this has prompted us to notice the work.

Whipping Sermons for the People that do Wickedly.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN TRIBULATION, — Your epistle, although short, was very sweet and savoury, for which I thank you. And feeling my mind full, “I will speak, that I may be refreshed.”—

I came home last week from a country village, where I had been preaching the word of the Lord to sinners, much burdened and distressed in mind. My text was in Psalm lxxxii. 8—10, the Lord gave me a sweet opportunity in speaking from the 8th and 9th verses, leaving the 10th to speak from the next time I should go. But after I had done, and got out, I was assailed by one professing to love the truth, while she proved that truth was loved best at a distance, for she could not bear the truth to stir up her nest of carnal ease and sloth: she said, “the two last times I had been preaching there, I had so whipped the people, that they went about the place mourning and distressed, because they could find no food for their souls;” I asked, if I had not spoken truth? she replied in the affirmative; I then asked, what was a hungry soul to feed upon, if it could not feed on the truth? the reply was, that my preaching was so cutting and wounding. I said, “it was God’s truth, and not my invention, I preached the preaching God gave me, and God forbid, that I should feed hypocrites and mere professors, or rock the cradle of those just going to sleep in carnal security, dreaming they are going to heaven, because they possess a sound creed in the head, but the heart uninfluenced thereby.”

Woe be to that man, who cries, peace, peace, to those who have builded up such a wall. This is what she would have me do, daub their wall with untempered mortar, as those we read of in Ezekiel xiii. 10. But God has sent to me the message found in the 11th verse, &c. And this is what she styles, “whipping the people.” Let her and others hear this, the reason is given by Jeremiah vi. 10. The prophets would suit, such as we read of in Ezekiel xxii. 28. Read also Jeremiah v. 30—31. Professors do not like to have their bed shook up, and to make a stir, they say with the sluggard, or slothful, “there is a lion in the way,” &c. Prov. xxii. 13. “A little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep,” &c. Prov. vi. 6—11. This sluggard desireth, and hath nothing, while the diligent soul shall be made fat. Prov. xiii. 4. This sluggard “is wiser in his own conceit, than seven men that can render a reason.” Prov. xxvi. 16. And, therefore, no wonder that they take upon themselves to dictate to God’s ministers both *how* they are to preach, and *what* they are to preach.

The two sermons I had so “whipped the

people” with were preached, the first from Matthew xi. 29, 30. I had preached from the former verse the time before, which was well received by the same person: but this did not suit, in this I insisted upon religion being carried out into practice, insisting on the fruits of godliness, especially a coming out to shew themselves on the Lord’s side. Now this does not suit the libertines, nor those who imagine they are going to heaven with taith void of works. The other text I preached “a whipping sermon” from was, 1 Kings xiii. 26. Here I noticed, I—the man of God; shewing what constituted a man of God. II—the way spoken of in the text. III—his turning aside from the way. IV—the instigator of his false step. V—the awful consequence of the sin of disobedience; ending, by asking the libertines, who consider the Redeemer’s yoke immaterial, whether it is worn or not, as they say it is not essential to salvation, so that because there is neither merit nor praise to the creature arising out of their obedience, they will not bow their stiff neck to wear it. Is it a non-essential to regard God’s command, or not? Look at the case of the man of God in the text, and let this decide the question. I went to bed very heavy last night, I found the Canaanite was yet in the land; the devil told me I had gone preaching there once a fortnight through all weathers, exposing myself to heavy colds, wearing out my clothes, and this is all the thanks I receive for it,—an insult.

Well, I went to bed intreating my divine Master to plead my cause against the persecutor. My sabbath morning’s text came sweetly into my soul. The portion was Zech. xii. 9—10. I dwelt chiefly on the 9th verse in the morning, speaking I—of Jerusalem. II—the nations that come against Jerusalem. III—the day referred to; and what the Lord had graciously said that he would do on that day. And in adverting to the nations that oppose the Church of God, I noticed, 1st. a nation of mere professors; 2nd. a nation of hypocrites; 3rd. a nation of foul spirits; 4th. a nation of vain thoughts; 5th. of free-willers dwelling in the human heart; 6th. of self-conceited, proud boasters, and these and many more the Lord saith (in the text.) “he will seek to destroy.” This text came sweetly to my soul last night, which caused me, like Hezekiah, to spread my case before the Lord, and this morning in walking, the words came blessedly to my heart, “he that despiseth you, despiseth me, and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me.” Luke x. 16. Thus the dear Lord brought good out of this evil, for he gave me another seal to my mission, and of his approval of

me and my poor labours, so that I can truly say, what I once saw written on the pannels of a pulpit:—

“Careless, myself a dying man,
Of dying men’s esteem:
Enough, O Lord! if thou approve,
Though all besides condemn.”

Thus I take courage, and press forward, leaning on his wisdom, love, power, and grace, who saith, “Lo! I am with you alway, to the end of the world.”

O! my soul trembles for those formal professors who have a name that they live and yet are dead. I can truly pray for them, that the word may not merely be “as a whip,” which may make their flesh smart a little, but as a hammer in the hand of the eternal Spirit to break their rocky heart, and as a sword to cut them away from what they hold so tight. They say, if I cannot have Christ and heaven, and my idols too, I will hold the latter and let the former go; they are partial in receiving God’s truth; they connive at such a portion as this, “whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath he cannot be my disciple.” Luke xiv. 33. God saith, “he will make a man more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir.” Peter saith, “to those that believe He is precious;” and so saith my soul, he is precious as a prophet, priest, and king: some will own him in his priestly office, but in his kingly office, they say, “away with this man, we will not have Him to reign over us;” which proves they never were cut down, but have jumped over the wall into a profession, learned joy before sorrow,—to talk before they feel,—they are saved before they saw and felt themselves lost,—healed before wounded; if God saves such he will undress them,—he will empty them,—cut the tree down,—he will mould them in the gospel mould,—make them willing in the day of his power,—he will give them love to himself and his,—they will be led to ask “what saith my Lord to his servant?” Professors don’t like to be unmasked, they say to God’s servants as Amaziah said to Amos, vii. 10—14, prophesy, or preach any where, but do not come to the king’s chapel, do not come to my heart where king Agag, or fleshly self, reigns. But blessed be God, Amaziah could not shut the mouth of Amos, neither can the enemy shut that mouth which God has graciously opened; for he opens, and none can shut, and shuts, and none can open. “I will work, saith God, and who shall let?” The enemy always hisses where there is good being done, and I believe God is doing a great work there, and while the word is made to one, the saviour of death unto death, to another it is the saviour of life unto life; the same sermon that hardens and stirs up the rebellion of one heart, God makes to soften and reconcile another, and cause to cleave closer to the word, and to the truth in love. A dear brother that

came part of the way home with me, cheered me not a little, while he told me that he had heard from several, that those close, or “whipping sermons,” had been made very useful. I feel confident that truth will never drive away any, save those who are unsound at heart; and should a child of God be permitted, under temptation, to take offence, he will have no happiness until he return. John saith, “they went out from us, but they were not all of us, for had they been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us, but they went out that it might be made manifest that they were not of us.” 1 John ii. 19.

And now, my much beloved and esteemed brother, who has long been my helper in Christ, may the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, abundantly load you with the blessings of the everlasting gospel; bless you with a deep discernment into the mysteries of God;—give you much of the enjoyment of divine love, in dealing them out to Christ’s lambs and sheep. Bless your ministrations abundantly, give you a tongue and wisdom that none of your adversaries shall be able to gainsay or resist. May he much sanctify every trial to your personal good, and the spread of the gospel, and at last crown you with eternal glory, is the prayer of your’s most affectionately in the nearest and dearest union.

EDWARD ARNOLD,

To MR. STENSON.

Cuckfield, Sussex.

[The reply in our next.]

LIFE AND DEATH!

Old master Caryl says—‘The life of man is nothing else, but a coming and returning: it is an ebb and flow, and then we are carried into the ocean of eternity.’ Could we more permanently thus view this mortal life, we should not be so concerned for earthly comforts, nor so alarmed at earthly diseases. We have of late been living and walking in the very midst of death and dying mortals. Turn which way you will, you can hear of little but the cholera, and sudden deaths. I went into the barber’s to be shaved; he said, ‘there are five persons dead in one house in Crosby Row.’ What a solemn scene must that be—five persons, one after another, laid quickly in the arms of death! I got up on an omnibus; the driver was talking to a gentleman about the cholera. He said, ‘I did not think anything about it, until it came and took away my neighbours;—when you see people well and hearty in the morning, and dead at night, it makes one think.’ I sat down at home for a moment, a man came in, said he, ‘Have you heard that Mrs. Bonner (the minister’s wife,) died yesterday of the cholera?’ Alas! alas! it is sweeping away its hundreds. Reader!

“Soon, must we pass the gloomy vale;

Soon, all our mortal powers must fail;

Oh, may our last expiring breath,

His lovingkindness sing in death.”

The State of Gospel Churches.

(Continued from p. 177.)

Tring.—It appears (from a letter now before us, as well as from other evidence,) that the Lord has been pleased to honour the labours of our brother Elven (at Tring) to the benefit of many souls: we hope to give some parts of this letter next month. On Lord's-day, July 22nd, he baptised three persons; who were afterwards received into the church. The presence and power of our heavenly Lord was especially enjoyed both by the preacher and the people. We trust this is but the beginning of better days for that part of the gospel vineyard.

Cambridge.—Green-street Chapel, in Cambridge, has recently been taken by a few brethren, who are desirous to establish a Particular Baptist Interest there. It was opened on Wednesday, July 18th, by Mr. James Osbourn, and C. W. Banks. If it please the Lord to send them a faithful, and an able Minister of the Gospel, Truth might make a stand there; but the very name of Cambridge (in connection with the cause of Christ) makes many a christian's heart to ache. We do not, however, despair: only let the GOSPEL stand there in uprightness, christian charity, consistency, and power; and it will yet triumph over all its foes.

Whithall Heath.—In a retired and quiet corner of Worcestershire, stands a very compact Baptist Chapel, where, (we rejoice to say) THE TRUTH—in sincerity, and faithfulness, is preached by our esteemed brother, John Freeman. In a loving epistle lately received from him he says—'As regards my pastoral charge, I am thankful to state that *peace prevails*: we are standing in the spirit of the 133rd Psalm. The anniversary of my settlement which was held on the 10th and 17th of June, wasto me a solemn time.' On Lord's-day, July the first, he baptised his own dear wife; Mrs. Charman; and E. S. King, the eldest daughter of a valiant and much esteemed friend to the real gospel of Christ. Blessed be God, for such additions to the visible church: we do certainly believe they are of such as shall be saved; and such as will prove a blessing to the cause with which they are connected. We have some sermons on the book of Revelation, by John Freeman; and from them we purpose to make extracts as soon as it shall be possible.

Risborough.—Mr. Thos. Terry, of Long Crendon, Bucks, departed this life, on the 21st of June, 1849, aged 65. He was born near Faversham in Kent. Ministered thirty years at Risborough, Askett, and Long Crendon; and for many years preached four and five evenings in the week, in surrounding villages. He suffered much, in his last illness, his nervous system being broken in upon, by the disease that terminated his mortal existence. He was buried

at Risborough; where hundreds of persons gathered together as the last token of friendly respect, towards one highly esteemed for his work's sake.

Trowbridge.—We have come to the determination, to hold a special church meeting for solemn prayer and deliberation, with regard to our enlarging our Chapel. God is smiling upon us. We are moving on in peace and union among ourselves. Many have come forward to say what they will give to a very encouraging extent. J. F. R.

Shipton, (in Hampshire).—Another new house for God and gospel truth was opened on Tuesday, July 17, at Shipton. Brother Joseph Rudman preached three times, taking Genesis xxvi. 22, for the opening subject—'He called the name of it *Rehoboth*; and he said, for now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land.' Master Osbourn said the other day, 'Rudman promises to be a sterling gospel preacher; but I fear he is not long for this world.' Well; we hope (with all his infirmities,) seeing he is enabled to preach—(ah, and boldly too,) three times in one day; that there is more vital and inward strength about him than many conceive. God be praised, the blessed truth of Christ is marching into Hampshire. 'Hampshire!' said a friend, 'there is no truth much in Hampshire.' It has been a dark county we know; but the Lord has a remnant there. We would say to the friends at Shipton, as one said of old, 'Fear not, nor be dismayed; for the Lord will be with you.'

Bexley Heath Baptist Cause.—Many of your readers will rejoice to hear that the Lord has again visited this lately forlorn spot. As a prelude to future good, on Lord's-day, July 8, I had the pleasure of taking into union with us ten steady united followers of the Lamb. Seven were baptised the Sabbath before, (July 1,) the other three were previously members of other churches; all, except one, have stood many a storm from satan and from those who have shewn their vindictive opposition to the sublime ordinance of believer's baptism; but sovereign love caused them to yield to the Word of God, and the dictates of a good conscience; I make the distinction of the other one, in order for your encouragement; he was first under your ministry, some time since, shewn the plague of his heart, and having through grace, fled to Christ for refuge, will, I doubt not, be a useful member to our number.—J. WALLACE.

Wolverhampton.—A friend and brother says, "the word of the Lord, in John Street Chapel, has been made a blessing; the congregation is increasing; a solemn spirit of prayer is poured out upon the church for better days." Oh, that the little one at Wolverhampton may yet become a thousand! They have now, we believe, a faithful ministry. The hand of the Lord has surely been seen in placing it there; and we trust it is for real good.

On the Full Assurance of Faith.

DEAR BROTHER,—I send you the following excellent article on Faith; it was written by the elder John Ryland, of Northampton, father of the late Doctor Ryland, of Bristol. R. DE FRAINE.

The full assurance of faith consists of a feeling application by God the Spirit of Christ to myself; being persuaded that by God's free gift Jesus Christ is mine; that I shall have life and salvation by Him, that is to say, a life of holiness and a life of happiness; and that whatever Christ did and suffered for the redemption of sinners, he did the same for me; he did as much for me as for any soul in all the creation of God.

This faith is a wise fitness of means to a most grand end; it is fitted to give all that glory to God that he can possibly receive from a rational creature to eternity. This act of vital faith on Christ brings more glory to God than the obedience and services of all the angels in heaven. It gives God greater honour than Adam could in Paradise. It brings more glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, than our keeping the whole law, as a covenant of works, from our birth to our death. In a word, this act of vital faith ascribes the greatest honour and glory to the eternal Jehovah, than the faculties of a rational creature can give him through an immortal duration.

Let us view this glorious faith more at large in its nature—its foundation—its fruits and uses, with respect to God, ourselves, and others:—

1st.—The nature of this assurance of faith. It is a clear, vigorous perception of God's will to be as good as his word; a distinct discernment of God's heart and bowels in scripture promises; a firm reliance and fixed confidence in God's immense perfections; a heart-felt lively persuasion of God's faithfulness to me; a quick and keen sense of God's resolution to fulfil his agreement with Christ on my behalf. It is a strong consciousness that there is an astonishing reality in all God's voluntary declarations of his free choice and unalterable resolution to do every thing great and generous for my service and good, for my welfare and happiness, for my consolation, honourable support, and eternal joy.

This noble vital faith is a kind spiritual sense, or feeling persuasion that Christ

yielded a perfect and persevering obedience to the law for me; that he paid down the price of his divine blood for my deliverance from slavery and bondage; that he offered up his body and soul for my complete reconciliation and eternal friendship with God: that he endured the very same punishment of loss and sense which was due to my sins from the law and justice of God. And thus Christ has provided for the eternal honour of the law for me, has given perfect security for the dignity and majesty of the divine government in the pardon of my sinful soul, and my salvation and happiness. In short, that Christ by his obedience and blood has united and reconciled the infinite majesty and abounding mercy of God's administration for me, and that I am now a rightful heir, and shall quickly be an actual possessor of God's heavenly and eternal kingdom.

2ndly.—The foundation of a full assurance of faith. The love of God, or his will to do us good with delight, arising out of his own sovereign and immense goodness. The love of God is an eternal, free, invariable purpose of communicating grace and glory to his people with the utmost pleasure. This love operates in a way of pity and bounty towards us as recoverable from the ruins of the apostacy, and the actings of God's love include an actual approbation of, and delight in, the persons (but not the sins) of his people; and it rejoices to promote our true and everlasting blessedness.

The power of God, or the strength of the divine nature, which is able to do every thing that is for God's honour, and the salvation of his people; every thing that shall serve to display his perfections, and advance our happiness. The invincible arm of God has undertaken the scheme and will infallibly carry it on to perfection.

The word of God. His plain and absolute promises, or the ideas of God's understanding, and the acts of God's will delineated and expressed all through the Bible. The promises of scripture are a true copy of God's heart. Faith takes God at his word, and depends upon him for our whole salvation. God is good, and will not—he is true and faithful, and cannot—deceive me. I believe that he speaks as he thinks, and will do what

he says, and therefore let me be strong in faith, giving honour to God, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The blood of God, or that blood which the eternal Jehovah in our nature shed on the cross; that blood which, in an inviolable connection with our Saviour's active and complete obedience all through his life, constitutes the true, the only, the entire matter of our justification at the divine tribunal. On the foundation of this blood, I challenge ten thousand of the most enraged devils to deprive me of my happiness. I defy all the united force of the world, the devil and the flesh, let them do their worst; I shall be more than a conqueror; I shall win the battle with eternal triumph through the Lord my God.

The oath of God, or God's solemn appeal to all his immense perfections for the truth of his promises. He calls upon his attributes to witness against him if he breaks his word; if he imposes upon us by fair speeches without accomplishment; if he deceives our hopes, disappoints our expectations, or damps and destroys our lively desires of everlasting happiness. God swears by his eternal existence, he swears by all the worthiness of his nature, that he will execute his purposes, and fulfil his promises, in the salvation of my soul through Christ Jesus.

The Spirit of God felt in our own vital experience. By the light and power of God the Spirit we are assisted to see our true state in Christ, our right to his person, his atonement, and his grace; and by his almighty influences on my soul, he assures me I am the Lord's. Deprived of his light I am all darkness and confusion, utterly at a loss whether I belong to God or the Devil, whether I am going to a heaven of happiness or a hell of misery. Let men that are full of themselves, but devoid of the life of God, despise God's Spirit, and banter his operations as they please—I am as sure of his presence and blessing as of my own existence, and so fully persuaded of the necessity as well as reality of his influence, that, were it not for these, no true church of Christ could ever be formed, no true christian could ever exist. In short, those that separate the Spirit of God from the word of God, had as good burn their Bibles and commence infidels and atheists at once.

3rdly. The effects and uses of full assurance of faith. This vital faith is a

noble preservative from presumption in sin, and a powerful antidote against despair. True faith will never suffer me to have the impudence and wickedness to presume on God's favour, while I wilfully break his laws, and indulge myself in sin! What ground have I for such horrid and abominable insolence? Has God given any promise to daring and resolute sinners? Is there any encouragement for a wretch that goeth on still in his trespasses? No, not in all the scriptures of God. Faith knows and assures me, that a God of infinite fidelity has prepared eternal terror and damnation for every fool-hardy rebel.—But shall a sensible sinner despair of thy mercy seeing inviolable faithfulness is the basis of my hopes? God forbid! Despair flings the utmost disgrace on the eternal Godhead, on all the divine persons, and all the divine perfections. "Despair is nothing but an abiding apprehension, or a prevailing thought, that there is an utter inconsistency between the glory of God and our happiness; that if we are unhappy, God must suffer injury in his essential honour;" or, if God is truly glorified, we must be eternally damned. But the fidelity of God in his word, and the full assurance of faith in my heart, are a glorious prevention of despair. This is God's promise: I will be merciful to their sins. I can be just and the justifier of the believer in Jesus! and says faith, shall I dare to make God a liar? when he swears by all the worthiness of his divinity, shall I charge Him with perjury, or for a moment doubt of the reality of his intentions? No, verily. I am as sure of the fulfilment of his declarations to me, as I am of the existence of a God.

This excellent faith exceedingly honours our Lord Jesus Christ. It treats him as being what He is: it owns him to be God, the true God, the great God, and God over all blessed for evermore. This noble faith owns him to be a real and great Saviour from the guilt and power of sin. It looks to Him for grace to dispose us to obedience, and enliven us in all the acts and duties of real religion. Did we truly consider how much we honour God our Saviour in this noble and difficult act of faith, how highly we exalt the blessed Jesus by taking him at his word, and boldly trusting in his righteousness; we should not be so dis-

pirited with jealousies concerning our right to believe, nor so enfeebled with queries and doubts as to our safety and happiness; but we should rather rejoice in giving the utmost honour to Christ Jesus, and with the greatest activity and cheerfulness we should proceed in a series of such solemn and sublime acts of application to our divine Saviour. Thus we honour the readiness of his tender and bounteous heart to save us. We honour Christ best when we trust Him most.

This sublime faith gives all possible glory to the united and harmonious perfections of God. It treats Him as a God. It pays that esteem and veneration to Him as a God of consummate worth deserves. It bows to his absolute dominion, and cordially approves of his sovereign method of salvation. It teaches me to say, "My God, I love thee for thine immense goodness, and reverence thine awful justice. I consecrate all my powers to thy service, and rejoice to have all my actions of mind and body determined by the dictates of thy wisdom and most perfect will. I confide in the veracity of thy lips, and place the whole stress of my salvation on thy faithful promises. This courageous faith boldly faces the very worst appearances of things in the operations of divine providence. It cuts through the most frightful discouragements from second causes. It laughs at and despises all improbabilities of success in the way of duty. It rushes through, and treads down a whole army of dismal doubts, and victoriously fights with the most violent and furious opposition. This vigorous faith is not governed by sensible appearances. It is not animated by the principles of flesh and blood. It looks through all the terrifying aspect of things to an invisible and ever-present God; a God who has left nothing to an after thought in his decrees, nor is ever a moment too late in his actions. Faith sees a God at the head of this universal empire; a God who inspects all things mortal and immortal; a God who presides over all human actions; a God who will ever befriend the good and punish the bad; a God who will ever maintain good order and good meaning in the universe; a God who is ever guiding the church to higher degrees of order, perfection and happiness; a God who has made my salvation as firm as

the basis of his throne, who has made my happiness as sure as his own eternal existence. What then hast thou to fear, O my timorous heart? With what calmness and serenity, with what exalted fortitude and undaunted greatness of soul, may I commit myself to God, amidst the wild disorder of human affairs, and strange confusion of mortal things, while I go on resolute and steady in the path of active duty to God, and diffusive benevolence to man! This vigorous faith triumphs over all cruel suspicions of God's fidelity to his promises. It cannot endure a thought of God's unfaithfulness. It abhors all base and beggarly jealousies concerning the punctual performance of God's promises to me. It teaches me to reject with scorn all cursed hesitations about the exact execution of God's free will bonds. It disdains the vile imagination of God's being fickle in his purposes, or false to his word. Faith meets God in the Bible, eye to eye, and heart to heart. The actings of the believer's soul correspond to the tender and generous actings of God's soul in scripture promises. Faith inspires a calm confidence that God will fulfil his free engagements to me; that he will make good his gracious declarations in the very best time, in the very best manner, so as to have every amiable property, every circumstance of beauty, and to be the most transporting to my passions, the most endearing to my heart.

This peculiar faith abhors and scorns for ever the unbelief of the whole wicked world. Faith discerns the horrid nature of unbelief. It is a composition of darkness, pride and enmity to God. It is a refusal to be of God's way of thinking in matters of eternal consequence to his honour and man's happiness. Unbelief—what is it? but a dissent of mind and thought from the testimony of God concerning the true means of attaining a state of final and consummate felicity. God says in his gospel, "The blood, the righteousness, the Spirit of my Son, are the only means my wisdom has ordained, whereby a sinner can obtain a state of everlasting communion with God." Unbelief opposes God to the uttermost. As it consists in ignorance, it sees no fitness or beauty in this means of blessedness. As it is made up of pride, it despises such a foolish method as this: it is not fit that a man should attain happiness, but by his own worthiness, and ascribe the

glory to himself. As it includes enmity, it hates God's method of deliverance. It says, "I dislike this way because man had no hand in the contrivance of it, and by reason it cuts off all boasting from man, and ascribes all glory to God." Now genuine faith abhors all this damnable impudence, and falls in cordially with God's testimonies. It loves and rejoices in salvation by Christ: "In Jehovah I have righteousness." Thus does faith justify God in his whole plan, and represents unbelief in all its ugly colours as horrible as hell, and worthy of the utmost extent of God's eternal indignation.

JOHN RYLAND.

Northampton, 1783.

God's Love to an unworthy Sinner.

It was early in life, the Lord was pleased (by his Holy Spirit,) to work in my soul a knowledge of my lost condition, and shewed me the just and holy demands of his righteous law, sounding as mighty thunders, and appearing as devouring flames of fire to my conscience. I was dead to all hope of salvation; knew no way of escape from its curse, from the consuming wrath of a holy God: such were the awful feelings of my poor soul when those words entered, "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Driven almost to despair, under guilt and condemnation, the enemy too, laid a plot for my destruction, suggesting to my mind, I had better put an end to my existence; how soon did my poor soul accede to this, thinking all my sorrows would be at an end, and that I should escape the vengeance of an Holy God, just ready to commit the deed, when God, in his infinite mercy, by his blessed Spirit, brought this precious truth to my soul, "*Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.*" On the back of this came with Almighty power, "*While we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly.*" The first portion, I was enabled to view at that time in this light, I was of the world, and therefore I must be among them for whom he died. Here I was a little comforted. The second portion seemed to comfort me a little more; although a sinner, and ungodly, no thought about God nor of his truth, and living in rebellion against him, yet Christ died for

the ungodly. I was the very character. Here the blessed Spirit was pleased to lead me into somewhat of the love of a precious Christ; to die for such a sinful wretch as me, so undeserving, so vile, filthy and polluted; this appeared too much for the moment, but the Lord was pleased to shew me that he came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance; this broke my poor heart, melted me down into deep contrition before his footstool. Again, I sunk down under condemnation and guilt; was constrained to go to his footstool imploring forgiveness through Jesus Christ, that he would have mercy on me, and not cut me off and send me to endless death; while thus pleading at his footstool, wrestling in anguish of soul during many sleepless nights, and restless days, the enemy persuading me I had sinned against all hope of mercy or pardon; I was as it were in the very depths of hell; killed through the power of the divine law; I knew what the Lord meant when he said, "I KILL;" but understood not what it was "I MAKE ALIVE." Scarce a gleam of hope was left; but, (oh the love of a covenant God in Christ, made known and brought home by the blessed Spirit!) he spake this precious word home with power, "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." What overwhelming, transporting joys I felt, that Christ had redeemed me a sinner so great; that he should have called me by my name; that name he had given me himself, *Hephzibah*; being married to him in eternal wedlock; and in whom he delighted! Language would fail to describe the overflowing joy and love I felt to my blessed Redeemer when he thus made himself manifest to my soul. Thus the dear Lord was pleased for some time to favour me with his divine presence; gave me to feel I had an interest in his heart, and an abiding place in him, as the Rock of Ages, that was cleft to shelter and securely keep all for whom he died. I thought to walk in eternal sunshine; to know no more sorrow, trial, conflict, or temptation. But alas, darkness again overspread my soul; deep conflicts between flesh and spirit, buffettings from the world, temptations from satan; then I found what is meant by the Shulamite, in which are the company of two armies, the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against

the flesh; but the Lord has (by his grace) upheld me amid all my sorrows, doubts, and fears; and, at times, he is precious to my soul. I have never forgotten the savour of that precious truth, (when ready to sink,) 'I HAVE REDEEMED THEE; THOU ART MINE.' That was liberty; that was freedom, and sealing assurance to my soul. I cannot doubt of my interest in his covenant love, in his atoning sacrifice, in his justifying righteousness. But do not think, beloved of the Lord, that I walk in open sunshine, or the full blaze of day, without a cloud: no, no; ten thousands of clouds have passed over my mind which have hid his face from view; many sore temptations have I been the subject of; many fears and blasphemous thoughts have arisen, and at times have been ready to conclude Christ could not dwell in such a heart as mine; but, beloved, there is a living principle implanted in the act of regeneration in the soul of a believer in Christ, that lives in the mighty ocean of conflicts, trials, sorrows, temptations, persecutions, doubts and fears, which are as so many billows to dash upon the poor exercised believer; and amidst all, this hidden life lives, and shall live for ever. Since the dear Lord has called me by his Spirit to preach the Word of eternal life, I have been called to do business in deep waters, I have learned much under the All-wise Teacher. It pleased the Lord to bereave me of the greater part of my family, and to bring me into great temporal difficulties; and under those circumstances all friends forsook but one, and he is that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

"His love in times past
Forbids me to think—
He'll leave me, at last,
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through."

Under the greatest trials, my Lord has been the most precious.

If I may just refer to what the Lord has done, by my instrumentality, I may say it has pleased the Lord, by his blessed Spirit to call sinners out of darkness into marvellous light, and has shed abroad the love of Christ in their hearts; others have been brought into the liberty of the gospel; sorrowful souls comforted; many brought to see the great plan of

salvation clearly; bowed down souls lifted up, and those that were wavering established; and God glorified in it all; he shall have all the glory; we will crown him Lord of all.

JOHN OSBORN.

Where is Zion?

WHERE ARE HER GUIDES: HER INTERPRETERS: AND HER WATCHMEN?

"Deliver thyself, O Zion, that dwelleth with the daughter of Babylon." Zech. ii. 7.

ZION.—Where is Zion? Echo responds, ~~Where, where?~~ Where are her guides, her interpreters, and her watchmen? Echo again replies, ~~Where,—where?~~ Is not Zion literally concealed in the thick mist of dark vapours, which have been infused into her atmosphere since the much-extolled reformation? and is she not hidden behind the stuff of pride, selfishness, worldly-mindedness and traditional mockery? see Isaiah iii. 16—26.

Moreover,—are not her guides,—her interpreters, and her watchmen, more or less stupefied and bewildered by the intoxicating influence of begotten gods, mortal mediators and pre-existing souls, together with their popish pantheon of absurdities? And are they not in the majority rendered pur-blind by the dense fogs of tradition and prejudice? see Isaiah lvi. 10—12. Furthermore,—are not the major part of her publications called magazines, standards, trumpets, and a vocabulary of other names, the mere vehicles of party feelings—of party views—and, of party prejudices? And further still,—are not many of them the panders of self-wrought fame—would be consequence; presumptuous confidence and legal arrogance? Yea! and in some cases (although the common cry is to the contrary) the very mediums of self-advantage? Finally,—all, yea even the whole mass seem to be engaged, more or less, in raising their voices against these visible effects, by crying out that Zion is in a low place—that her day is cloudy and dark, with a long catalogue of phraseology to the end,—but who (among the many) points to the cause of these communion-destroying,—comfort-killing perplexities? and sure enough, there can be no effects without a cause. Or, who among the many sounds an alarm by exposing the idols that are set up in her assemblies, and the traditional mockeries which are exalted above the Word of God in her precincts? The answer is—NOT ONE!—NO, NOT ONE!

Then I repeat, Where is Zion? To which echo responds again and again, WHERE?

H. S. B.

Sion House, Brighton,
Aug. 20, 1849.

Some of the Sorrows of an Irish Itinerant Preacher.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER.

[The *writer* of the following letter is unknown to us; but he is well known to the christian brother who wished us to insert it. It may be relied on as the genuine experience of an Irish preacher of the gospel.—ED.]

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD:—I received your comforting letter, which testifies so fully of the love, grace, mercy and faithfulness of our triune covenant-keeping God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and I praise his most holy name for the glorious manifestation of his power, as experienced by you, to the everlasting praise of his grace, and your eternal joy.

You ask me for an account of God's dealings with my soul. Oh, my dear friend, where shall I begin? I will just speak out the feelings of my heart, although the picture should constrain you to mark me down as a *goat*, or a self-deceiver. May the Spirit of God enable me to be honest.

Two years ago I left Dublin, full of zeal for the glory of God. I knew not where I was going. I was sent to C—. I was there followed, flattered and caressed. I went among the people with the gospel, according to the light I had. I was young in experience, not knowing sufficiently the devices of satan, nor the pride and deceitfulness of my own heart. I was lifted up with pride. I over-worked my strength, I grieved God's Holy Spirit. I was given up to my own way. Satan and his agents came in like a flood—I had no strength to raise a standard against him. I fell—and deserved to fall finally. I had to leave C—, *tried*, *tempted*, even to death itself. I was hunted by my conscience—was pressed down by a weak body—the curses of Sinai ringing in my ears—a heart pressed down with sorrow—no friend to point me to the brazen serpent, and wounded by the bite of the old serpent. Oh, my friend, 'tis a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God! Certain I am, that, at that time, and since, had not God's faithfulness restrained the enemy, and held me with an unseen hand, I would have been swallowed up.

On my return to Ireland, I had no peace by day, nor sleep by night; misery for time and eternity stared me in the face; I cannot describe the torments I endured. Sometimes tempted to infidelity—no promise mine—no light—all dark. I prayed, I read, I heard the gospel—still no comfort for weeks. I went to our conversation meetings—but was speechless. Every one who knew me wondered at the change. Thus I went mourning, like Ephraim of old.

After some time I felt stronger in bodily health, and became more composed. I found the means of grace of great use—but could not enjoy them; I would, but could

not believe; I had no real satisfaction in going—still I dared not stop away. Thus I struggled with my corruptions on the one hand—the enemy on the other—still under the eye of the good Shepherd, who never entirely left me. But praises and blessings to his most holy name, the prey was to be taken from the mighty; the poor captive was to be delivered; the prisoner was to be set free.

Last February I visited a member of the Scotch church; I told him my case; he said, 'Richard, you have been severely tried, but God will deliver you, and make use of you to comfort poor tempted believers.' It has just so happened; the Holy Ghost enabled me to see that it is in vain for a sinner to be looking to himself, to his frames, to his feelings, to his works, his prayers, or anything within or without of man's devising; and blessed be his dear name, I can sometimes fly to a throne of grace, and there pour out my complaints before God—here I get relief. I do desire to know more of his precious truth and daily seek the teaching of his Holy Spirit. I rejoice, at times, to talk of his love; at other times, oh, the awful rebellion and hatred I feel, and cannot subdue the traitor. 'Tis deep work—'tis heart work—'tis a hard thing to fight against long-loved flesh—grace, grace alone can conquer!

I have given you a true account; I have drawn my picture from life; I might deceive you, but I cannot deceive my God, not for a moment; now consider my case; tell me the truth; spare me not, but give me such advice as you think fit; and may he (the Spirit) guide us into all truth.

I can at times rest in, and take comfort from the grand doctrine of the gospel, that we are justified not by works in whole, or in part, but alone through the perfect righteousness, and all-atoning merits of Jesus, the Head and Surety of his redeemed people. I know I am a self-ruined, law-condemned sinner. Such passages of the gospel as point out the finished work of Jesus as the only plan of pardon, life and peace, I can set my seal to, and give him all the praise; but I want a more abiding sense of his love; I want more of the enjoyment of a sense of pardon; I want more love to him, and more devotedness to his cause; in a word, I want more faith to rest in his unchanging love.

Last March I went to a meeting; before prayer, the minister told me he wished to speak to me—I waited—he said, 'I want you to go out among the people to preach Christ, and to live Christ;' I could not consent, I trembled at it, lest I should bring disgrace upon the gospel. He said, 'you got the rod before, and you will get it again, take care what you are at—go home and seek the Lord's counsel, and then come to me.' I did so, and came to no conclusion

for some days. However, I saw my way, I gave myself again to the work; and having obtained help of the Lord, I continue to this day, a living monument of his power, love, and faithfulness; I labour among a poor, dark, and ignorant people: I am hunted by the papist, and frequently despised by the Protestants; sin and iniquity abounds on all sides, God's people are few and despised; a day of general profession this, but the way of the kingdom is neither known or loved. This country is under the curse, the government are supporting popery; our faithful ministers are despised, and passed over; hirelings are promoted. Popery is in full growth here; the poor people are ground down by the Priests of Baal. But, blessed be God, we have faithful men, who are making war with the beast; we have about ten faithful ministers here who will not submit to the bishop—they are crying aloud against the corruption of the times, and God is every day, bringing his elect people out of popery before he destroys it for ever. The glorious work of reformation is going on, in Ireland in one place (Dingle) ten years ago, there was not a church nor a Protestant; now there are two churches and five hundred in the congregation,* three schools and six hundred children; all of whom, even the minister were papists. I hope many of them true converts. The judgments of the Lord are upon us; cholera, fever, and famine. The poor are dying in our streets by cholera, fear and trembling on every side—the Lord is reigning and ruling on earth. Between Popery and Arminianism, the professing church is corrupted; but here and there, there is a green spot where the weary traveller may find rest. Dear friend and brother, I commend you to our gracious God, and pray that you may be abundantly blessed and sustained, both in body and soul; and at last triumph in redeeming love to the rich praise of his grace. I am very sincerely yours. R. O.

MR. JAMES

Osborn's Departure from England.

ON Lord's day, July the 27th, Mr. James Osborn preached two farewell sermons (afternoon and evening,) at the Surrey Tabernacle; and on the following Tuesday morning he set sail in the "Southampton" (a fine sailing packet,) for New York. He was in excellent health and spirits; and we most cordially acquiesce in the spirit of the following lines sent to us for insertion.

Return, thou favour'd man of truth,
Traverse the great Atlantic o'er;
Depart the country of thy youth,
God guide thee safe to Baltimore.

Long time thou hast sojourn'd with us,
And travell'd dear old England o'er;
Now in Jehovah put thy trust,
For guidance safe to Baltimore.

Farewell, thou servant of the Lord,
And if we see thy face no more,
Believing on the Saviour's word,
We hope to meet on Canaan's shore.

Return, thou servant of the Lord,
Exalt the Saviour more and more,
Lift up the standard of his word,
Throughout the length of Baltimore.

May sinners there be brought to bend,
And own Jehovah's sovereign power;
Prove Him a never-failing friend,
To sin-sick souls at Baltimore.

The Lord be with thee to the end,
Preserve thee safe the Atlantic o'er,
And guard thy soul from earth to heaven,
To sing His praises evermore.

There Hallelujah be thy song,
With all the ransom'd happy throng,
Of sinners saved from every shore—
From England unto Baltimore.

Wabworth, June 24, 1849.

J. C.

Some quaint and inquisitive lines have also been sent us by J. Reeves, of Rochester. As friend Osborn promised to write to us concerning his passage over, arrival at home, and other matters, we have hoped (that these verses may bring forth something from him that may be both interesting and profitable to his English friends.

QUERIES—ADDRESSED TO MR. JAMES OSBOURN.

Sir—in the Vessel, I do find
A piece you wrote to one in rhyme,
Whom you may see no more,
And to that friend you seem to say,
You soon shall bid us all good day,
And go to Baltimore.

But, sir, excuse me when I say,
I hope before you go away,
You will say something more.
I think, sir, it would be as well,
If unto us you were to tell,
Why you left Baltimore.

You say that there you left your Jane,
But don't you think it caus'd her pain,
When you step off that shore?
And when you bade your Jane adieu,
What object had you then in view,
By leaving Baltimore?

What motives could you mind incline
To leave your Jane so far behind,
To cross the ocean o'er?
The question I feel bold to press,
In hopes, dear sir, you will confess
Why you left Baltimore.

Sir, some say this, and some say that.
But yet the truth they can't get at;
Tho' they try o'er and o'er.
Therefore again, I must be plain,
And beg that you will yet explain
Why you left Baltimore.

Whate'er it was, one thing is clear,
Among some gospel churches here,
You've caused a great uproar,
Which makes me think it was not well,
In coming here so long to dwell,
And leaving Baltimore.

I hope you will not think me pert;
I do not wish your mind to hurt;
Therefore will say no more.

And may you get safe home again,
There to behold your modest Jane,
Once more at Baltimore.

Rochester, July 23.

J. REEVES.

A Minister's Saturday Night.

ESTEEMED, KIND, AND INDULGENT FRIEND:—Nearly another week's labour is brought to a close; I have travelled much, preached much, and wrote much of late, (weak and unworthy though I am,) but I cannot do half I desire to do. For many days I have wished to write to you, but I have been hindered. That you should so kindly write to me when at Hull surprised me; for I felt I had used you shamefully. Never answered your last—never inserted your letter. Why, I wonder you did not cast me out of your mind. But, I thankfully received your's at the hands of that loving man, D. Wilson. Ah, I wish you could have been with us, but it was not to be. Well, bear with my neglects—I will endeavour to reward you by ultimately writing more frequently—and inserting Mr. Hemsworth.

I am glad you patiently bear your cross. Listen to that heavenly word, 'Be still—AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.' This was my text last evening; Psalm lxxviii., 'His excellency is over Israel; his strength is in the clouds. Oh, God, thou art terrible, &c. Excellency is from the same root as first-born. Christ is over Israel. Over to save, deliver, preserve, and to provide. The clouds are dark, mysterious providences. His strength is in them to regulate, to work by, and cause them to work out his own purpose. His holy places are his covenant; his Son; his church; his kingdom. In these places, he is just, merciful, gracious, full of pity, ready to forgive; able to save. But out of these places God is terrible. No pardon, but upon covenant grounds, through Jesus' blood, flowing down to the church of God. Oh, how terrible is death; how dreadful is judgment; how awful the never-ending ocean of eternity to an unquicken, unwashed, unpardoned sinner! Hast thou found God in these holy places? Then he will give thee inward strength; and thou shalt say, 'Blessed be God!' See the end of the 68th Psalm. My friend, how doth this blessed Scripture suit thy soul?

Tomorrow is Lord's-day. I have to preach three times if spared, and if well enough. But I have no text; no sermon; no preparation whatever. I am now called to see some friends who wish to speak to me. I will then endeavour to seek the Lord; and if it please him to lay on my heart any blessed portion of his word, I will lay it before you, in hope it may do you good.

In my silent waiting upon, or in looking up to the Lord, these words came to my mind—'BUT THOU ART THE SAME: and thy years shall not fail,' Heb. i. 12. In these days of death and distress—of poverty and sickness—of disappointment and woes, I see most solemnly the perishable nature of all created things. To one whose only hope, and whose only happiness, therefore, is stayed upon God, whose expectation is alone from him; how solidly sweet appear those words—'But thou art the same; thy

years shall not fail!' These words arise out of, and stand connected with the following most profound mystery—

THE BRINGING IN OF THE SON OF GOD.

'When he bringeth in the First-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him.' Sometimes it is said, 'God sent his Son, in the fulness of time God sent forth his Son.' In another place it is said, 'He gave him up for us all.' It is stronger still, 'He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up.' These words express, or give utterance to two very strong ideas; first, that God put no such shield around Christ as should prevent either divine justice, or incensed wrath from inflicting their heaviest strokes upon him: men, devils, law, and justice, all fell upon the blessed Son of God with dreadful force; ALL the waves and billows passed over him. Secondly, 'he delivered him up.' Emptied his hands of him. Put him away. Oh, read that 16th of Leviticus, 21st and 22nd verses. Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live goat; and confess over him ALL THE iniquities of the children of Israel; and ALL THEIR transgressions in all their sins (how particular the act! how remarkable the expression!) 'putting them upon the head of the goat.' What then? Oh, wondrous type of Jehovah's dealing with his Son! 'AND SHALL SEND HIM AWAY by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness.' Thus Jehovah's faithfulness to his purpose, and his faithfulness to his people is declared. Nothing should make him flinch from, or alter his purpose, or fail to save his people; though it be the giving up of his darling Son. But now, in this chapter of the Hebrews God's faithfulness to his beloved Son is declared. Again, when he bringeth in the First-begotten into the world, he saith, 'And let all the angels of God worship him.' Here all the angels in heaven are summoned to attend upon him; to minister unto him; and to wait upon him. 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; lest at any time, thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Jehovah is THE SAME in the divine guardianship of his Son, and of all that concerns, or is connected with him. How powerfully do these words declare the divinity and eternal God-head of our Lord! If he was not God, to worship him would be idolatry. Here, too, is the safety and certainty of the Redeemer's kingdom. All the angels in heaven are commissioned to surround, to defend, to minister to him and to his. Even poor believing sinners are afflicted, tempted, cast down, and often deeply distressed in their souls: but he bringeth them out of all their distresses—he unlocks their prisons; he conveys them safely home to glory. Hallelujah. Amen.

My mind was subsequently led to consider our Lord as being THE SAME in his Person; in his promises; in his power; and in his perfections; but I found the subject too deep for my shallow mind.

C. W. B.

The Baptism of the Hon. Baptist W. Noel :

AND AN OPEN AVOWAL OF HIS FAITH IN THE ORDINANCE OF BELIEVERS' BAPTISM.

LOOK which way we will, amid the ranks of the *professing* bodies of Christians, there are events transpiring, which plainly declare that the times in which we live are not only ominous—but positively leading fast on to changes and commotions that will shake our long Established Churches to their very centre.

The public baptism of the Hon. Baptist Noel, and the simple,—evidently sincere,—and truly Scriptural statement which he made previous to his descent into the water, are events which we cannot pass over in silence. We therefore subjoin a brief account of the ceremony itself, and a faithful abstract of the address which Mr. N. delivered.

The Hon. B. W. Noel was baptised on Thursday evening, August 9th, in Mr. Evans's chapel, John-street, Bedford-row. As might be expected, the chapel was crowded long before the ceremony commenced.

After a hymn had been sung Mr. Shepherd, (Mr. Evans's co-pastor,) read the latter part of the 8th chapter of the Acts, beginning at the 25th verse.

Prayer was then offered by Mr. Morris.

Mr. Shepherd delivered an introductory address; and another hymn having been sung,

Mr. Noel entered the pulpit and said—Having been asked, my brethren, to address a few words to you on this occasion, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of speaking a few words on this particular point: 'why a person, who is unbaptised, should be baptised, after having made a profession of faith in Jesus Christ in other ways, and perhaps for many years.' I have not come to the resolution to obey, what I believe to be Christ's command, without having fully weighed the grounds upon which that step is to be taken. Without having read anything whatever in favour of the exclusive right of believers to Christian baptism, I have read all the strongest arguments I could meet with upon the other side. I believe I have weighed well every considerable argument that has ever been adduced in the maintenance of infant baptism; and I have come distinctly to these two conclusions, which appear to me to be certain. I will not speak of the convictions of others, but I speak of the conviction of my own mind, after very much examination. It appears to me to be distinctly proved, first, that baptism, as ordained by Christ, is an immersion in water, *a being buried in the water*; and, secondly, that immersion is meant to be a *profession of faith in Christ*. If these two conclusions are correct (and I believe they will completely prevail with the Christian world eventually), then it follows that a person, who like myself, has only been sprinkled in infancy, is unbaptised; because such

a person has neither been immersed, nor has he made a baptismal profession of faith; and these two things constitute Christian baptism. So that, if these conclusions are correct, then I, and others, who have been only sprinkled in infancy, are in neither sense baptised. Should we, then, after having professed our faith in Christ at the Lord's table, at many times, come to this, which is the initiatory rite of Christianity, and begin again a profession of faith in him? There are these reasons which have led me to conclude so for myself, and which have led, I believe, some of my brethren and sisters, who are about to be baptised, to the same conclusion. In the first place, there is no instance in the New Testament of any person unbaptised, after the institution of Christian baptism by our Lord, coming to the Lord's table; and therefore, if we should continue to attend the Lord's table without being baptised, knowing that Pædobaptism is not the baptism appointed by Christ, we should be doing contrary to all the precedents of the New Testament. In the next place, Christ has required a baptismal profession of faith. It does not appear to me to be sufficient to say that we have confessed Christ in other ways. That may be true; but there is no reason why one confession of Christ, appointed by him, should be taken as the substitute of another confession, appointed likewise by him; and, therefore, as he has said to us, as well as to others, 'Repent and be baptised for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost;' 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved;' therefore, he requires from us a baptismal profession of faith, as well as a profession of faith in other ways. This has been so clearly seen by the churches of Christ in general, that it is not only those which are called Baptist Churches, but all the churches, who refuse to admit to the Lord's Supper, or into church membership, any whom they consider to be unbaptised. If a man—for instance, one of the Society of Friends—has been a consistent Christian for years, has followed the Lord diligently and zealously, has done good by his pen and by his preaching, and is welcomed by all persons who rejoice in seeing the work of the Spirit, as a thorough Christian,—if that person should come to recognise that the sacraments are still obligatory, and that he should come to the table of the Lord, there is no church that would receive him unbaptised. Neither the Roman Catholic, nor the Anglican, nor the Presbyterian, nor the Independent churches would receive such an one, unbaptised. And, therefore, the fact of his having made a profession of faith in other ways has not appeared to any of the churches of Christ as a reason why an un-

baptised person should not, at any point in his heavenward course, be baptised, when he comes to recognise his error. Our blessed Saviour has set us an example in this matter. At the age of thirty, when he was known, by all who knew him, to be devoted to God—when his whole life was a profession of devotedness, not in the least requiring baptism as an expression either of repentance or of faith—when John was baptising converts, because the kingdom of heaven was at hand—then it was that Jesus, not certainly needing to be baptised unto faith in himself, and needing no repentance, was yet at that age baptised. This he did, because he would honour the ordinance of God, not needing it himself, but with a view to the welfare of others and the honour of God. He was therefore baptised. Is there not much analogy between the baptism of Christ in the Jordan, and the baptism of any disciple, if his soul, after some years of faith, perceives that he has been ignorant in this matter, and has not understood the doctrine of Christian baptism? When we add to this the reason which Christ assigned why he was baptised, we see that his authority directly recommends, sanctions, and commands, that those who find out that they are unbaptised, because only sprinkled in infancy, should, like Jesus, be afterwards baptised. He said, when John remonstrated with him as his inferior, and therefore not needing to be baptised by him, 'Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.' He did not mean that there was anything especially righteous, especially great, especially devoted in being baptised; but that it was comparatively a trivial thing, as it seems to me, that it was a light duty compared with many, as compared with faith and devotedness. It was but the external profession. Nevertheless, he says, 'It becometh us to fulfil the least command as well as the greatest!' When, therefore, our Lord assigned this as a reason, why he, not needing it, should yet be baptised, he said in effect to all his followers: 'You may think that having made a profession in other ways, you need it not,—that you have confessed Christ at the table of the Lord, or in your intercourse with the world; nevertheless, it becomes us to fulfil all righteousness, to keep all the commands of Christ, to honour every ordinance that God has given; and if you need it not for yourselves, at least in respect to his authority be baptised, that you may express your willingness to be obedient to him in all things.'

Mr. Noel having thus boldly put on a public profession of Christ by baptism—(a fact that cannot fail deeply to interest the churches of Christ at large)—a very important question now arises; and it is this:

IS THERE ANY EVIDENCE THAT MR. NOEL HAS BEEN LED EXPERIMENTALLY INTO THE TRUTH?

In answer to this enquiry, we can only say, that in what may be called 'HIS CONFESSION OF FAITH,' which he read

previous to being baptised, there certainly are many things which bespeak the life of God in his soul; but there are other things which manifestly declare that his future position in the professing church will be that of AN OPEN COMMUNION GENERAL BAPTIST, unless the blessed Spirit of our God shall lead him more deeply and more decidedly into Truth, than is yet the case. We have hinted that Mr. Noel (previous to baptism,) read a paper '*expressive of his feelings*;'—from this paper we here give all that is worth quoting. It was written in the form of a prayer; and commenced as follows:—

"O, Lord God Almighty, I accept with humble gratitude—as a sinner who has deserved eternal death, and who cannot cease to deserve it—the rich, free, and eternal salvation which thou in thy goodness hast provided for me. I look to thee, O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, to save me from the punishment of sin and its power; from the curse which thy law has justly pronounced upon me; from my own faults; from all temptations: and to bring me to a life of holy bliss in heaven, because thou hast promised all this to those who come to thee, as I now do, through Christ. In dependence on the merit of thy Son Jesus Christ, upon the aid of thy Spirit, and on thy truth, I look to thee for the eternal salvation of my body and of my soul; and I humbly accept thee as my chief guide to all eternity. O God, the Son, my Redeemer, who didst expiate my sins by thy death, thou wast made sin for me, that I might be made the righteousness of God in thee; thou hast redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me, and having rescued me from eternal death by thy death, thou dost now live to bring me to eternal life. Believing in thy power and love, I trust to thy merit and intercession to secure for me the favour of God, to impart to me thy Holy Spirit, to enrich me with all the blessings of the new covenant, and to prepare me for heaven; and thus I accept thee as my only and all-sufficient Saviour. Through Christ I likewise thankfully receive thee, O God the Spirit to be my sanctifier. For his sake thou dost dwell with those who believe in him; and believing on him, I look to thee to teach me all needful truth, to incline my heart to what is just and right, to keep my affections on God and on spiritual things, to direct and control my will, to form my character, and sanctify me wholly, to preserve me through all temptations, and to bring me into the presence of my Redeemer in glory. Thus I heartily accept thee, O God, the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, as my shield and my exceeding great reward; and I humbly trust, according to thy promises, to be made happy by thee for both worlds. On the other hand, being so blessed and favoured, I, as a redeemed and pardoned transgressor, desire to make a public profession of faith in thee, and publicly to dedicate myself to thy service, according to Christ's appointment, by immersion. By my sins I have

displeas'd and dishonour'd thee; they have check'd my efforts, they have hindered me from doing good, they have injur'd my peace and usefulness, they have been my disgrace, and but for thy mercy, they have been my ruin. I have been unreasonable, corrupt, and ungrateful in disobeying thee, and am brought by nature and by practice to such a condition, that nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ could blot out my guilt. As Christ died for my sins, and was buried in the grave, so shall I be buried in the water, in token that I die with him to the sins which caused his death, that I may never again serve sin. As Christ my Redeemer is in heaven, I will set my affections there; as he is holy, just, and good there, I will endeavour to be so here; as he glorifies thee there, I will seek to glorify thee here; as he loves believers, I will love them; and as he is head over all things to the Church, I will live to serve the church; and thus, by thy help, I will rise with Christ to a new life. Further, as I am about to be baptis'd unto the name of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit—that is, to profess, by immersion, that I am thy worshipper and servant, I now consecrate myself to thy service for ever. I give myself unreservedly to thee, O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Relying on thy mercy to accept me through Christ, and on the aid of thy Spirit to enable me to adhere to my resolution, thy will, O God, shall be mine! I desire to please thee in all things: I count thy enemies my enemies, thy friends my friends. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Only make me to know thy will, and by thy help I will do it; thou art my owner, and to please and serve thee shall be my highest end. I give myself also unreservedly to thee, my gracious and loving Saviour, who art one in nature, design, and feeling with thy Father. As thou hast lived and died for me, I wish to live for thee; as thou wilt give me glory in heaven, I desire to give thee glory on earth. Before long I hope to see thee in thy kingdom: meanwhile, may I love, serve, trust, and delight in thee, as my ever present Redeemer. To obey thy commands, to copy thy example, to promote thy cause, to help thy servants, to honour thee, in the use of all my faculties, possessions, and time; all this is my fixed intention by the aid of thy Spirit. Thou hast bought me by thy blood. I am thine. Further, I give myself unto thee, O Holy Spirit of God. It is my desire and purpose to be led by thy teaching and to be conform'd to thy will. May thy holy influence surround me wherever I may be! May I never grieve thee by neglect or sin, by hardness or unbelief, but may I be immersed in a flood of light and love, as the three disciples were immersed in the bright cloud on the Mount of Transfiguration. May I be baptis'd in thee! Pervade all my faculties; consecrate my whole being to thyself. Since I have thus been enabled to believe, O Lord God, and am about to profess my faith by immersion unto thy name,

I look to thee to fulfil the promises which thou hast made to me in thy Word. Jesus, when on earth, said, he that believeth and is baptis'd, shall be saved;—receive me, therefore, now, and own me at the last day, as one of thy pardon'd and accepted children. My righteousness must ever continue like filthy rags, and each day I must need thy forgiveness. Now, therefore, I desire, by being baptis'd in the name of Christ, to express my dependence on his merit and mediation, to assume by faith the robe of his righteousness, and to be one of those of whom the Apostle Paul has said, 'As many of you as have been baptis'd into Christ, have put on Christ.' Look on me as one who depends on him alone; let his righteousness be imputed to me; let it hide from thee all my guilt. Finally, as I am about to be received into the communion of saints, as a member of a christian church, assist me to live answerably to this privilege. Make me to love my brethren, and to be loved by them in return. Never may I sow discord among those whom divine grace has united, but on the contrary, be a peace-maker among those whom human infirmity separates. Finally, may the memory of this solemn baptism refresh me during all my future course. If ever I am tempted to backslide, may these solemn vows occasion deep contrition, and recall me to fidelity. Now unto thee, who art able to keep me from falling, and so present me faultless before the presence of thy glory with exceeding joy; to thee, the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

After singing, and prayer over the pool, Mr. Noel, and thirteen others, six of them females, were baptis'd in the usual manner by the Rev. Mr. Shepherd.

Past Experience.

WHEN I my youthful days survey,
I think had I been call'd away,
Where should I now have been?
Where hope nor mercy cannot come,
With devils there would be my home,
There where no light is seen.

Madly I ran (well satisfied.)
The road to death, nor ever tried
Myself to extricate.
Well pleas'd, I sported with my sin,
Deceiving, and deceiv'd within,
Nor fear'd my future state.

Until God, with his spirit came,
Reveal'd to me that dreadful flame;
And said, "it is thy due."

It seem'd as by a thread I hung,
Over the burning pit I swung;
And knew not what to do.

Distress'd with fear, and fill'd with grief,
"Till Jesus came to my relief;
And spoke sweet words of peace.
Applied his blood, my wounds to heal;
He made me peace and pardon feel;
And bid my troubles cease.

O matchless, undeserv'd grace!
That caus'd my soul to seek his face,
That gave me hopes of heav'n,
O wondrous love! O pow'r divine!
To change this carnal heart of mine,
To say, "thou art forgiven."—CATHERINE.

The Grand Corner Stone of the Gospel.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—About three years ago at a public meeting, I was called upon to address an assembly of persons on the subject of "Christian Responsibility." Some of my friends wished to see it in print. I have sent it for you either to take on board or to throw it over as you may judge fit.

ON CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

In giving you my views on the subject named, I shall for the sake of brevity, enter at once into a definition of the word Responsibility in general, and of the term Christian Responsibility in particular, by which time, I think it will be tolerably clear to all that by Christian Responsibility, whatever legal stuff men may attach to it, it legitimately means just this and nothing else. It means the suretyship engagement of Christ, and necessarily includes the happiness of the saints now, and the confidence of Heaven for ever. In defining the term, I shall first tell you what I mean by it, and then give you a scripture illustration of that meaning, that we may feel our ground as we proceed. The word responsibility is not a scripture word; we must therefore seek its meaning in popular or general usage; then we must see if we can find in the Bible any circumstance equal or parallel to this meaning; if we can find this, then in all similar cases we are justified in the use of the word, and we cannot hold it with too tenacious a grasp; if not, the sooner we drop the favourite term the better; but I am quite sensible we shall have no occasion to drop the term Christian Responsibility; for, the more it is contemplated, the more it shines, and the more tenacious we shall be to keep it in its proper place; but to remove it from the place where God has put it, is in effect to deny it, to reverse the order of God is to endanger the whole Christian system—to place the church in jeopardy, and to rob JEHOVAH JESUS of his glory. The meaning of the word *Responsibility*, according to general usage, (if I understand the use of it aright,) is just this—It is invariably used in reference to the *ability* of the individual who is viewed and held as responsible; on the other hand, obligation (which is often confounded with responsibility) has a more especial reference to the *generosity* of a friend. Thus a gift lays its recipient under obligation, a creditor holds his debtor under responsibility. In common life, men feel this difference, and they know what responsibility means. They will not make a man responsible for £20 who they know is not worth a farthing; no, no, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." On the other hand, a friend lays me under an obligation by helping me when I cannot help myself. We have an illustration of this view of the case in the parable of the good Samaritan, Luke x. 30—37. Now observe, the first act of this Samaritan was an act of pure gene-

rosity—the second an act of commercial responsibility. "What thou spendest more when I come again I will repay thee:" the host viewed his ability and accepted the terms.

But some may say, as they have said, "I can see no difference between responsibility and obligation, for if you owe me £20, I hold you as responsible, and you are under an obligation to pay me;" very well, I can see a difference if you cannot, for even as a commercial man, a man of business, I hold that you are a very short-sighted man to talk as you do, you should have added, or have finished your threat thus, "I hold you responsible, and you are under an obligation to pay me, you or your surety, if you can find one that I will accept." Now you talk like a man that understands business, you see here, that my bondsman has taken the responsibility upon his own shoulders, but he has laid me under an obligation to himself for his kindness. There is another point the objector will fly too here, it is this, he will say, you have shifted the place, but not the fact. The fact—the fact, no, no my hearers, the fact we would not shift for all the world. The fact in the great plan of redemption, is the sheet anchor of our souls, the hope of our minds and the joy of our hearts, we only want things in their proper places. Remember in the salvation of the Gospel, God has a place for every thing, and he has every thing in its place, and to shift the place is to deny the legislative authority of Jesus—to throw the whole plan into disorder, to confuse the mind, and to trouble the hearts of the Lord's people. In the Bible, we have a four-fold view of this subject. First, creature-responsibility, (Gen. ix. 6.) Second, civil-responsibility, (Gen. xliii. 9.) Third, commercial-responsibility, (Philemon 18 and 19th verses.) Fourth, Christian responsibility. (Heb. vii. 22.) In all these different positions, responsibilities is used in one sense. It has invariably an eye on the ability of him who is held responsible.

Thus, I think by this time we can see what responsibility is, and where it rests in the Christian scheme. The blessed Redeemer entered the covenant, and from that glorious and eventful period, the church was laid under an obligation to the God man—to Jehovah Jesus—to the Christ of God, which obligation she will be always paying, but through the endless ages of eternity she will never, no never, be able to discharge. Obligation does not look at ability to discharge; she fixes her eye on the generosity of her friend; and she exclaims with emotions of soul better to be experienced than spoken—better felt than told :—

All hail the power of Jeau's name,

Let angels prostrate fall!

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all.—

Crown him! crown him Lord of all. Martyrs, saints and angels, crown him Lord of all!

And why all this crowning? He is the Eliakim of Isaiah xxii. 20—24. He is the branch of Zechariah vi. 12, 13. Thus responsibility and glory fitly meet together in Jesus! hang the responsibility of the Christian; the poor, the tried, the tempted, the bankrupt, the insolvent and the helpless soul hang the responsibility of every individual christian on Isaiah's nail, or on Zechariah's branch, this, this shall be all our boast, our joy, our crown and our glory, here we'll hang the glory of redemption's mighty plan for ever and for ever.

If I am right in my views on Christian responsibility—free will—duty faith and conditional comforts must go to the dogs, they are dog's meat, not children's food; for grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ. Jesus has the care of the election of grace, and he is well able to take care of them, to keep them from falling, and to present them faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, Jude xxiv. With him rests the fulfilment of the promises of mercy, for they are all yea and amen, (not in the creature for his doings—his deeds or his desires, no, no, my hearers) they are all yea and amen in Christ for the certain comfort of the saints, the glory of God and the lifting of Jesus on high.

We have said it is the confidence of heaven, for the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed them, he shall lead them to fountains of living waters and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. He shall do it—he is well able to do it—he is held responsible for its accomplishment, the church triumphant has confidence in him that he will do it, let this responsibility be placed any where else, oh! I shudder to think how men play with words—let it be placed any where else but on the Lamb in the midst of the throne, confidence would be destroyed—happiness would be ended, the saints would be lost, and the enemy of souls would triumph—this must be the end of free will, duty faith and conditional comforts. But let all responsibility rest on the Lamb in the midst of the throne, and the confidence of Heaven is maintained and its happiness perpetuated for ever and ever.

J. CRAMPIN, *Stretham.*

AN EPISTLE

To the Living Family of Jehovah,

Who from time to time read the *Vessel*, and are seeking therein for some evidence of the purchase, Jer xxxii. 14; some of the old store, Lev. xxvi. 10; and a little of that water which has not been fouled by the feet of legal strivings, Ez. xxiv. 18. Grace unto you and peace.

BELoved in and of the Lord, it is a mercy for us in the midst of all our tribulation pathway, that Jehovah is of 'one mind;—'without variableness, or the shadow of a turning,' James i. 17; 'JESUS the same YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, and FOR EVER,' Heb. xiii. 8; an 'ETERNAL God,' and, an 'EVER-

LASTING Father,' Isa. ix. 6. The God of the christian's salvation is an *unchanging* God, therefore is he not consumed,' Mal. iii. 6. True, the poor soul is, at times, scarcely out of one trial ere he is into another; scarcely has he come out of this furnace, ere another appears heated with a sevenfold heat; yet his poor soul has not been burnt up nor destroyed therein, although his fears have run high, and his hopes have sunk low; his enemies have prophesied his downfall, and his faith has been so weak and his unbelief so strong, that he hath, even himself, come to the conclusion, that 'all these things are against me,' yet he holds on, is supported under, and at length brought blessedly through, to the glory of God, the praise of his grace, and the honour of his great name; and all because the child of God has to do with an unchanging God of faithfulness and truth, of grace and of mercy. Let us, therefore, beloved, turn aside with one of old, and see this great sign why the bush is not burnt, Exodus iii. 3. It is, my brother or sister, because, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms," Deut. xxxiii. 27. This is an immutable basis for our hopes, and a strong foundation for our confidence. He ever has been what he is now, and ever will be what now he is. 'If we believe not he *abideth* faithful who has promised,—he cannot deny himself,' Heb. xi. 11. God is faithful, loving, compassionate;—full of pity, power, grace, mercy, truth, love and righteousness. Well, then, he is and was. God is no more a God of love, pity, grace and mercy *now* than he was *then*, or *then* more than he is *now*. God was holy then, just then, righteous then; in a word, the same God then as now, and now as then, or else he could not be eternal: yet we read, 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God,' Psa. xc. 2. And here we take our stand in reference unto God's decrees, ancient settlements, and covenant purposes. 'Known unto God are his works from the beginning,' Acts xv. 18. God's foreknowledge of things is based upon his eternity. All things are naked and open to him with whom we have to do. There is not a circumstance which is now transacted on the stage of time but was known by God in all eternity. All things with God is one vast now. All is as though it had been, Eccles. iii. 15. The characters who should live; the station they should occupy; all events which should transpire; the fate of devils, men, and angels was all fixed, and God hath bounded it all by his eternal and irrevocable purpose, Job vii. 1; Psa. cxxxv. 6. There can be no fresh light, or knowledge, or emotions springing up in the Lord. He is of one mind; eternal in his perfections and attributes. A trinity in unity, 1 John v. 7. Jehovah, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, seeing and foreordaining all things after the

council of his *own* will, Eph. i. 11; those he now loves he ever loved, those he now hates never had any share in his favour, Rom. ix. 11 to the end. And 'shall not the Judge of all the earth do right, who doeth according to *his will* in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth?' Dan iv. 35. Nebuchadnezzar was taught this solemn lesson of the eternal God, by terrible things in righteousness. And both in providence and grace God is only doing all things according to a pre-determined plan and purpose: and every revelation made by the revolving wheel of time, is only so much a breaking in and opening up to our view, of the vast, profound, and secret settlements of eternity, Rom. i. 20. All who were to be in glory with Christ, were chosen in him and their standing secured by him ere they fell in Adam the first: and all grace blessings which were provided in, and the providential dealings of God to them ward, and all the grand solemn, and important things which would result from it, was all ordained, ordered and made sure to them in an everlasting covenant between the Father and the Son, as witnesseth the Holy and ever blessed Spirit of truth, under whose inspirations holy men of God spake and wrote, 2 Sam. xxiii. 5; Ps. lxxxix. 3.

God's eternal purpose and grace is the ground of our salvation by Jesus Christ, and our calling by the Holy Ghost, 2 Tim. i. 9. The first is 'made manifest by the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel:' the second is manifest, when, 'not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.' Titus iii. 5.

'I AM,' saith he, 'THAT I AM,' Ex. iii. 14. This was his great name by which he made himself known unto the Israelites in their deepest straits and in an iron furnace: and it still holds good. He is self-existent. He asks no one's leave to be. He gives life to all, yet needs help from none. In the great matter of salvation he laid help upon one that was mighty, Ps. lxxxix. 19; and thus exalted the man of his right hand whom he had made strong for himself. He lives to execute his own purpose, and to bring to pass his own designs. He inhabits eternity, fills immensity, and is the eternal God who giveth power to the faint: wisdom to the fool; knowledge unto the babe; and understanding unto the simple: and thus confounds the wise, overturns the prudent, baffles their skill, and stamps confusion on their works and ways; while the *lame* takes the prey, the spoil is divided among the *poor*, and the whole is crowned with, 'It is not of him that *willeth* nor of him that *runneth* but of God which sheweth mercy.' Rom. ix. 16;

'Not by *might* nor by *power*, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts.' Zech. iv. 5.

Blessed be the eternal God, beloved, he lives to fulfil *every* promise; *every* covenant engagement; (and to make good in the experience of the soul *all* his word. And however at sixes and sevens things may be at times in thine own feelings, he knows the way thou takest; and when he has tried thee, purged thee, and purified thee, he will bring thee forth as gold to reflect his praise. Thou wilt prove there is no random working—no uncertainty in Jehovah. Infinite wisdom and boundless love sat in and presided over the councils of peace when that covenant was made 'ordered in all things and sure' for all thy salvation, and not a jot or tittle of it will ever possibly fail. They are *sure* mercies, though oftentimes they are *cross-hand* blessings. Neither will the flight of time sink the force of the promises: 'For the Lord is not slack concerning his promise.' True, they seem to us to be so long delayed, and our pathway is so rough and rugged; and withal, our poor minds at times are so bewildered, confused and dark; and the dispensations of providence and grace are so confounding to sense, and so mysterious and perplexing to our reason and judgment that we cannot understand it nor make it out, either by going backwards or forwards, towards the right hand or the left. He maketh the *clouds* his chariot, yet remaineth *for ever the same*: for "having loved his own which were in the world, he loveth them *unto the end*;" and, when we connect that with, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," you see poor soul however greatly tried thou mayest be, he loves thee *through* all, will enable thee to bear up *under* all, and will bring thee forth at length more more than a conqueror *over* all, through him who hath loved thee.

Dear child of God, thy standing is good at court. He casts out *none* who come to him for mercy, and saves to the *utmost*! for he *ever lives* to make intercession. Yea, Christ is the *ever-living* High Priest; the *ever-loving* Friend; and the *ever-abiding* Advocate and Day's-man with the Father. Cheer up then poor soul; he is the same now as when it was declared of him 'A *bruised* reed will he not break, and the *smoking* flax will he not quench, until he bring forth judgment unto victory. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's word will never fall to the ground: all *must* and *shall* be fulfilled. Say ye to the righteous it *shall* be well with him, say ye to the wicked it *shall* be ill with him. That arm which gathers and supports the saints in this their wilderness pathway, will dash the sinner in pieces as a potter's vessel. Beloved, the Lord seal home truth upon your souls for his name's sake. Amen.

JOSEPH F. RUDMAN.

June 19th, 1849.

A Sinner Saved by Grace.

(Concluded from page 183)

In resuming the narrative of my dear departed father, I rejoice to know, it is written—"He abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself: God's covenant and purpose remain unshaken and unmoved still." It pleased our God to raise up my dear parent again, and to add to his days nine years: is it not a blessed truth, that our changes make no change in the Rock of our salvation? or lost he must have been—notwithstanding all he had previously felt and enjoyed—for he frequently had cause to mourn over the weakness of human nature, and the desperate wickedness of the heart—but grace reigned over all.

When I was a young man, (said he) and young also in the divine life, I knew what it was (for a time) to run without weariness and to walk without fainting: but satan was permitted to hinder; his heels were tripped up—he wandered from the good way, and did that which to the day of his death frequently chastened him sore—yet, having the fear of God in his heart, he afterwards made what reparation he could, by entering into matrimonial bonds. The remembrance caused him to smart; God shortly removed his partner from him by death, and he was left to reflect upon the by-gone scene; the fruit of which, in after years, was a constant source of trouble, and often he was heard adopting the mournful language of David as his own; (2 Sam. xix. 4,) and at other times, when grace was in exercise, he rejoiced in the Lord's gracious promise, Psalm lxxix. 33, 34. But who will dare to make light of sin? The chastening rod, or sword, was never to depart from David's house; so in a measure was it with my father; consequently he loved to hear those sermons, and to read that which more particularly spoke of hope in Israel concerning the backslider. But situated in the dark village of Carshalton, where vital truth is but little known, he was in a barren heath; often walking mournfully alone; much in darkness; but seldom could he lay hold upon the promises; his language constantly was, 'I desire to love him more—I hope in his mercy.' Well surely this is a safe position to be brought unto; for

"Gospel hope bears up the soul,
Till an eternal calm shall shine."

When staying a short time with me in London, he was privileged to hear the late David Denham, and rejoiced in the blessed truths delivered by that dear servant of Christ. I hasten to the last scene, when grace shone refulgent, and the work of God was apparent to all.

Nov. 13th, 1847—I was informed he was upon a bed of affliction, and not likely to survive long. I went to see him; the day following I found his mind blessedly stay-

ed upon God. Christ was all to him; and it was truly astonishing to see how the Lord had called his thoughts entirely away from the world: he had been of close business habits through life; but now, upon being referred to in a business dispute between two neighbours, he replied, 'Let the potsherd of the earth strive with the potsherd of the earth; but I desire my mind may be engaged with better things.' Some short time after (feeling his poor tabernacle sinking and weak,) he rejoiced in the prospect before him, and broke out in the truly sublime and sweet language of the 63rd Psalm, 'O God, thou art my God, &c.' here, my dear brother, was both assurance and appropriation:—yes, said he,

"I hear, I read, I praise, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace:
I joy to know this is the way,
To see my Saviour's face."

After two days spent with him, I left him in the enjoyment of that peace which none but God can give, and his affections placed upon Christ. One day after this, he had a visit of love from his Saviour; and the dear saint was rejoicing aloud, and praising his blessed Redeemer—a worldling was in the room: 'poor creature,' (said he) 'how light-headed he is;' truly he was both light-headed, and light-hearted also; for when God speaks peace to a sinner, it makes him light: but how true is it, a stranger intermeddeth not with the joys of the Christian! God has ever put a difference between the true Israel and the world; and his secret is with the righteous only. Upon another occasion he appeared to have had some comfortable sleep; and upon one saying you have had a sweet sleep; he replied, 'no, I have had a sweet meditation—I have had velvet and satin thoughts upon Christ and his righteousness.' He had a deep sense of his sinfulness and unworthiness in the sight of God, as evinced by the following:—Upon the son (before alluded to) coming to see him, he said, 'are you glad to see me? My conduct has been very bad to you;' he replied, 'never name that subject again, my son; I, am the vilest of the vile; yet God has graciously forgiven me; how can I have any other feeling but love towards you?' On Lord's-day, December the 5th, I saw him again; and in the evening he called the family that were there around him, and taking each other by the hand, poured forth the desires of his soul for each; and implored the divine blessing upon them: he appeared fired with heavenly love. In the night he suffered much from bodily pain, upon one saying to him, do you know me? He replied, 'O yes.' She said, 'does the light shine (meaning spiritual light)?' He replied, 'O blessed be his name, yes; he will never leave me nor forsake me.' On the 7th, I saw him again; and left in the evening after commending him to God in earnest prayer, fully persuaded in my own mind, I should see him no more till we meet above. He was very low; but blessedly

stayed upon Christ; and I heard him in the language of the poet, praying,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

I said, one of our poets says,

"Then in a nobler sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save."

Yes said he, 'Cowper.' I replied, you will soon join him in that 'nobler, sweeter song.' Yes, said he, I can sing,

"A sinner saved by grace."

On the 9th, the day of his departure was come: quite the morning he appeared lost to time things: in the afternoon, he passed through a severe conflict; satan thrust sore at him, knowing he was about to loose him for ever, he struggled hard; but grace was victorious: the dear saint fought with spiritual, powerful weapons; and was heard repeatedly to exclaim (as if in answer to satan's accusations—) 'The everlasting covenant, and blood of Jesus Christ! The everlasting covenant, and blood of Jesus Christ.' A blessed receipt truly, in full of all demands. The Lord be pleased to give us the same when in the like circumstances, and we shall want no more. At length he came out of the trial a victor, and looking around with holy triumph, said with a sweet smile, 'Christ has finished the work for me.' In about another hour, he cried out, 'Blessed Saviour! O bless you!' and I have no doubt saw him whom his soul loved, for the promise was now fulfilled; (John xiv. 2, 3;) his Redeemer was come. His youngest son seeing he was about to depart, quoted Deut. iii. 25. A heavenly gale wafted his soul in peace to that happy land, 'where the mourners cease to weep.'

"'Twas thro' the strength of Israel's king,

He proved a conqueror when he fell;

'Tis to the praise of grace we sing,
Though of a dying saint we tell.

"Fearless, he entered Jordan's flood;

At peace with him he closed his eyes;

His only trust was Jesu's blood,
In sure and certain hope to rise."

May the same support, the same grace, be granted to you, dear brother, to unworthy me, and to all the Lord's dear saints prays Your's in gospel bonds, W. BRADLEY.

Lines

On the Death of Richard Parkinson, a much esteemed member of the Baptist Church, Burgh, Lincolnshire.

He has gone to his Father's land,
He has gone to the Spirit's home;
He has gone where the white-rob'd armies stand
Before the eternal throne.

He has gone where the sons of light,
In radiant beauty fair,
Chant, midst a choir of angels bright,
Redemption's anthem there.

He has gone where the martyrs dwell;
He has gone where the saints of old
Of Calvary's mysteries sweetly tell,
And strike their harps of gold.

He has gone where redeemed souls
Can ne'er again be sad;
Where the river of life unceasing rolls,
Which makes that city glad.

He has gone, and his simple prayers
Are lost in songs of praise;
Hush'd are his mortal fears,
High his immortal lays.

He has gone—he has gone to fairer bowers—
He could not here remain:
Another of Jesu's chosen flowers
Is gather'd from earth again.

May that sweet hope which cheer'd our friend
In 'Jordan's chilling flood,'
Be ours when time with us shall end,
And we pass home to God.

SUSANNA.

Burgh, June, 1849.

Passing through the Water.

I look'd on the pool, and the water was clear,
Untroubld it lay near my feet;
Sense said, 'It's all form,' but faith shouted, 'Draw
near,
In the water thy Saviour thou'lt meet.

'Remember, thy Saviour was buried in grief,
The billows of trouble did roll;
He was deluged in sorrow to give thee relief,
To purchase true joys for thy soul.

'If the Lord, in his mercy, has soften'd thy heart,
And led thee to value his love;
Then follow his footsteps, and ne'er from him part,
'Till you join him in regions above.'

I felt, I obey'd, I descended the steps,
And I stood in the watery grave:
My God gave me faith to obey his behest,
For I felt he was present to save.

I came up from the pool; oh, what joy then was mine,
I could feel, but I cannot make known!
I felt that for ever I'd like to recline
On his bosom, and call him my own.

For the strength of that love he did graciously shew,
That led him to suffer for me;
It burn'd in my heart, and my bosom did glow;
As I felt that his grace was so free.

Worldlings, ye may boast of your perishing joys,
Ye know not what true happiness means;
God enable you soon to get rid of such toys,
And for comfort on Jesus to lean.

For such are the pleasures obedience does give,
If drawn to obedience by love,
By faith we are lifted from earth, and we live
With our Jesus in regions above.

Then let us, who by grace have been wash'd in his
blood,
And on covenant blessings depend;
Let us follow his footsteps thro' field and thro' flood,
And to all his instructions attend.

Let us, while on earth here, his praises still tell,
And that glory to him is but due;
We live but to praise him, he sav'd us from hell,
He has bought us, and paid for us too.

J. B., Boro'.

Opening the New Baptist Chapel,

At High Wycombe, Bucks.

TUESDAY the 31st of July, was a high-day with the friends of divine truth at High Wycombe; it being the day appointed for the Opening of the New Baptist Meeting-house, which has this year been erected at New Land. Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, preached an able discourse in the morning from Isaiah li. 16, 'And I have put my words in thy mouth, and I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand, that I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth, and say unto Zion, Thou art my people.'

In the afternoon the venerable John Andrew Jones, of Jireh Meeting, Brick Lane, was peculiarly favoured with the power and presence of his Lord and Master while preaching from the last clause of the last chapter of Ezekiel's prophecy, 'The name of the city from that day shall be, THE LORD IS THERE.' The closing sermon in the evening was by Mr. John Foreman, of Mount Zion; he preached, (says a correspondent), 'with much life, power, and holy unction, from Isaiah li. 9. The house was crowded; and such were the blessed effects of the three discourses that they will not soon be forgotten. Truly, it may be said, High Wycombe was favoured to have three of the greatest gospel preachers England now possesses; and we hope heavenly blessings and lasting benefits will result therefrom. The services of the day began at seven in the morning, by a prayer-meeting, when our brother Jones was present with us; in the afternoon there were upwards of two-hundred persons sat down to tea in the meeting-house; and he who is the Head of the whole election of grace gave special proof that he was with us; for after the expences for tea and ministers was paid, the collections towards the debt amounted to £34 6 7; the brethren present during the day were Allnut, of Sydenham, Oxfordshire; Mason, of Knowl Hill, Berkshire; Pearce, of Prestwood, Bucks; Miller, of Penn Bucks.

Your's in the faith of Christ,

J. EVANS, *Pastor of the Church.*

Died, August 6th, 1849, Eliza Evans, daughter of J. Evans, pastor of the New Baptist Meeting-house, High Wycombe, after an illness of painful suffering, aged twenty-one years.

A FEW WORDS RESPECTING

The Sudden Death of Thomas Guy,

By Cholera.

THOMAS GUY was so great a monument of the sovereign mercy of God; and of the power of Christ to save even the vilest of the

sons of men that I dare not let his death pass unnoticed. Among the many thousands that have been swept off the stage of time (within the last few months,) by Cholera, was this devoted man of God. A brief description of his death may be taken as a sample of the sudden manner in which a multitude of souls have been taken out of time into eternity in these most solemn days. On Tuesday evening, August the 14th, he was in the house of God, hearing Mr. Rudman; expressed himself greatly profited by the discourse, and went home. The next morning (Wednesday,) as he was crossing London Bridge, the Lord was pleased to manifest himself unto our departed brother in so blessed a manner, that he cried out, '*Come Cholera, come death, or what may, I am prepared.*' He called in upon one friend, and said, '*I believe my time is come.*' At the house of another friend he was seized with cramps and pains, and was immediately conveyed home in a cab. Mr. Tupper asked him if death was any terror to him. He answered, No; he was not afraid to die. His only anxiety was about his wife. '*If I die,*' (said he) '*ask Mr. Banks to speak over my grave; and tell him, 'I AM A MONUMENT OF MERCY.'*' He laid apparently absorbed in the things of God until the next morning when he calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

The following is the introductory preface to '*A Narrative of his Life, Conversion, Christian Experience,*' &c. &c. which is in the press, and will be shortly published. It will give the reader some idea of the character of the man—

"Dear Reader.—Thomas Guy was one unto whom it pleased the Lord to make my ministry a very especial blessing; and I can truly say, I loved him as a brother in the Lord; and never in any one did I see the grace of God more blessedly manifest than I did in him. In almost every particular he was like that poor mad Gadarene, whose history is recorded in the fifth chapter of Luke's gospel; but I had no personal acquaintance with him until after he had found Jesus; and was clothed; in his right mind, and sitting at the Redeemer's feet.

"About twelve months ago he was led to write out the following account of himself. I knew nothing of it until it was done; he then brought it to me, and told me I might do what I pleased with it. Strange to say, I never read it; it got thrown aside amid a bundle of papers, and was as much forgotten by me as though I had never had it. I have no doubt but he often thought it unkind that I never noticed it, but so it was. I believe the Lord led him to write it. I believe the Lord led me to lay it aside until after his death; and I believe that the Lord stirred up my mind to think of it—to look after it—and enabled me to find it just a few hours before I went to preach poor Tom's funeral sermon. I also believe that the Lord constrained my brother Richard Channen to urge me to print and to publish this narrative; and furthermore, although the Lord has taken our dear brother to himself so quickly, instead of leaving him to grow up into much usefulness here, (as I sometimes hoped would have been the case,) still I have a sacred persuasion that the circulation of this little work will be a blessing unto many souls."

A RETROSPECT OF
Five Years' Labour in the Gospel Ministry
 AT CHELTENHAM.

[Cheltenham! Ah, we cannot think of Cheltenham without serious thoughts as to the *reality* and *vitality* of some men's *standing* in the gospel ministry. There *have* been those in *that place*—and there are those there now—who have contended for the doctrines of grace in the boldest and most unqualified terms; but who have subsequently fallen into an apparent mixture of works and grace, and an unscriptural violation of gospel order. The following letter, (written to a friend at Maidenhead,) is from the pen of a Cheltenham minister, whom we hope will be faithful even unto death.—ED.]

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Through the goodness and mercy of a covenant God, I have now been labouring at Cheltenham five years; and during that period what solemn exercises of mind I have passed through! Sometimes fearing, (notwithstanding the large increase of congregation and the many additions of the church) that I have laboured in vain and spent my strength for nought—that I never knew the truth in its power and life in my soul; yet there are times when I seem to have experienced real fellowship with the 'deep things of God,—when my doubts and fears for a few moments are taken away by the sweet revelations of eternal mercy by the Holy Ghost. Then I can say the Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I desire to feel grateful and glad. But during the five years what cause for lamentation and mournings,—what awful backslidings of heart,—what base ingratitude for the innumerable mercies vouchsafed to me! What solemn searchings of heart I have felt! I have said, 'What, can it be that I am loved with an everlasting love—redeemed with the precious blood of the Lamb—regenerated by the Spirit of burning, wisdom, power and holiness—called to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to others—and yet feel such oozing up of every evil in my soul? How true it is, the spirit lusteth against the flesh, and the flesh against the Spirit; and that when we would do good evil is present with us!

Well, my dear friend, though you are not experimentally acquainted with many of the solemn exercises of mind the minister passes through—yet you know something of the changes, the tribulations, and the buffetings the christian experiences—you know what it is to have weeping for a night, and what it is to have spiritual joy in the morning! At times you have gone about mourning, without the sun—at another time the Sun of righteousness has graciously arisen on your mind with healing in his wings. The psalmist experi-

enced his changes—he had his times of rejoicing and of weeping—of bondage and of liberty—of the hidings of Jehovah's face—and of real fellowship with God. Those taught of God the Holy Ghost in all ages of the world, have been tried, tempest tossed and afflicted; and what are we, or our father's house, that we should expect to escape these severe trials? The end of these trials is to keep us humble and dependent upon the rock of our salvation. Notwithstanding all our darkness, bondage, and fears, view the deliverance experienced, the mercies realised, the exceeding great and precious promises made to us in Christ, and our cry will surely be, 'How is it, Lord, that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us?' 'Surely, goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life.' 'O, sing unto the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever.' When the dear Lord in his rich and great mercy is pleased to reveal himself through the lattice unto us, our souls are gladdened, love is made more intense, hope is brightened, and confidence in the God of all our mercies is increased and in such prosperity, we are ready to say 'We shall never be moved.' But oh, how soon are we moved in our frames and feelings! how soon we are troubled on account of the hidings of Jehovah's countenance, and the holding back of the face of his gracious throne or mercy seat! and in 1 Kings vi. 8, it is declared, 'And they went up with *winding stairs* into the *middle chamber*.' God be merciful to us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us, is the prayer of your unworthy pastor,

JOHN E. BLOOMFIELD.

5, Northfield Terrace, Cheltenham.

TIDINGS FROM
A Good Soldier of Jesus Christ.

I FIND faith's highway to heaven's sure kingdom to be thorny, strait, and narrow; plenty of thorns; but what are thorns under shoes of brass, made out of the mountains of brass? I find these shoes contain an invisible spring in them; they answer two purposes; by them I tread on thorns without injury, and leap over a wall of unbelief; and as to their perseverance and swiftness, I have many a time, (blessed be the kind and loving bestower of them) run through a troop of doubts, fears, and difficulties; even when the devil has been their general, and unbelief his armour-bearer. I sing with the poet

"What from Christ my soul shall sever—
 Bound in everlasting bands?
 Once in him—in him for ever;
 Thus the eternal union stands;
 None shall pluck thee
 From the strength of Israel's hands!"

One glimpse of Christ, and I am all tip-toe. The lattice may be small, through

which I see the vision, but with another poet I breathe—

“One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!

Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires!”

I am tempest tossed; the waves run high; satan seems to put his back right under the vessel to make it reel; and unbelief says I shall surely founder, while darkness clouds the troubled waters, and only reminds me of the dismal deep, the rising rock, and the distant quicksand. Like some of old, I go down on my knees, in order to awake Christ by prayer; for he says, ‘For all things will I be enquired of;’ and again, ‘Call on me in the day of thy trouble, I WILL hear thee, and deliver thee; and thou SHALT glorify me.’ Immediately Jesus appears on the deck, (the waters being in the hollow of his hand, and the winds in his fist,) with a look of sovereignty (at which both the heaven and earth must bow,) he raises his arm of salvation, and his harmonious voice of ‘PEACE, BE STILL,’ silences every rising wave; my soul says, it is the voice of my beloved! The morning breaks; the sun rises; the mist recedes; the gloom is scattered; the tempest ceases; the rocks and quicksands are no longer feared; the distant harbour rises to my longing eyes. Again I sing,

“Yes; I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

What a mercy salvation is of grace! I thought much last night on what Paul says, ‘By the grace of God, I am what I am;’ not what I was, an enemy to God, by wicked works; but what I AM—a poor, wretched, helpless sinner, resting entirely on the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ for a full and free salvation.

“Oh could I know and love him more;
And his vast riches still explore!”

But alas! how often like the sparrow—alone! Yours’s in hope,

THOS. EDWARDS.

Tunbridge Wells.

THE

Real Christian's Pursuit and Desire.

I AM afraid, that here, in London, there is a great deal of the itching ear; I am afraid there is a great deal of running from church to church, from chapel to chapel, with itching ears to hear something fresh; but, remember, the true worshipper, whether he worship in the church of England or among godly and orthodox dissenters, seeks TRUTH rather than novelty. God's people, after the new birth has been effected, are humbled, and nothing will satisfy such, but the honest, pure, and plain-

spoken gospel of Christ. The church is compared in Scripture in the Song of Solomon, to a ‘Dove;’ and there is a peculiar power and emphasis in that simile. We know that the dove is a clean feeder—the dove will not feed on musty corn—neither will the dove drink muddy water. And so it is with the church; she will not have Romanism, she will not hear Arminianism, or mere professing, spurious evangelism; but she must have the bread of life. And hence she will only hear and follow those ministers that can say as the Apostle Paul did to the church at Corinth, ‘We are not as many, which corrupt the word of God; but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God, speak we in Christ, O let unfaithful ministers, if they have any tenderness at all in their consciences, read such a verse as that in the Bible, and tremble—‘In the sight of God speak we in (or of) Christ.’ And the people of God will only hear such; they will have the TRUTH and nothing else. The mercy of God is only needed, and can be cried for only by those who feel that they are guilty, that they are deserving of God's vengeance: but they do not despair, for they have been led to distinguish between the law and the gospel; and though condemned by the law, by the gospel they are, in Christ, justified and sanctified. You that are in this condition, what can you want more? Do you want anything else? Do you want to meddle with the work which has been completely performed? With all your sins, and sorrows, and distresses, you may go to God, and find peace and pardon. Salvation is accomplished—the work is done; and therefore the great purposes of God in eternity were fully accomplished when our blessed Saviour died upon the cross. ‘Him hath God exalted with his right hand, a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins.’ You cannot repent then of yourselves! On the authority of that scripture, you see repentance is the gift of God; you have no power to repent, but what is the preaching of the day! ‘If you repent, if you pray, if you believe, God will accept you.’ But this is not the doctrine of the Bible. It is not there; there is no authority for it. ‘Tis Arminianism, and Popery, and heresy, as rank as the devil can make it, or wish it. The declaration of the Bible is, that Christ is exalted at the right hand of God, ‘for to give repentance to Israel,’ (that is, to his people) ‘and forgiveness of sins.’ You and I can never come to Christ till he commands us. As Dr. Hawker used to say, ‘God's commandings are enablings;’ and when Christ said ‘come,’ the poor lunatic was then compelled to obey; he came, and and was healed immediately. Sinners may seek in vain to find relief or a cure, from another source, till Christ's power is exerted they will remain the same. Men may try to be more merciful than God—they may have mercy for the world, but God has none! To the world he will one

day say, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' Nothing can misinterpret that! O no! and I believe a 'universal charity,' a 'universal redemption,' is the heresy of 1849. There is no such thing in the Bible. 'Forsake not the works of thine own hands.' This is the constant prayer of the true church of God! The real christian believer does not and cannot lay his hands idly before him and say, 'I am saved!' 'I am elect!' 'I will do nothing!' but he continually urges the prayer, 'Forsake not the works of thine own hands.' The church lives in prayer.

A dear deceased christian friend of mine, a Dissenter, who lived in Sussex, used to remark—'Prayer is the breath of God in a quickened sinner's soul.' O there is music in a groan when it comes from a broken heart. Prayer is a sign of life. That christian is in a dreadful state when he does not, and cannot pray, for he can only pray as God gives him the power, and when God puts prayer into his heart, then he can pray and find holy delight in so doing. I believe that some of the best and most heaven-penetrating prayers have been prayed when the tongue has been quite still. The publican's was not a long prayer, but a real one, and it entered into the Master's ears and brought down a blessing from above, in answer to it.

[These few sentences are extracted from a Sermon preached by Mr. West, rector of Winchelsea; and is published by James Paul.]

Lines on the Death of Mrs. T. Stringer,*

ADDRESSED TO MY BEREAVED UNCLE.

DEAR servant of the living God,
 Ordain'd in covenant plan,
 To preach the everlasting word
 To lost and ruin'd man.
 Thy God, who can do nothing wrong,
 Who works all for the best,
 Has sent to fetch thy partner home,
 With Him she's ever blest.
 Lov'd with Jehovah's boundless love
 Ere time began its race;
 Redeem'd with Jesu's precious blood,
 Through free and sovereign grace.
 Quickened by God the Holy Ghost,
 According to his word,
 To see herself in Adam lost,
 Estranged from the Lord.
 Then led by faith to Jesus Christ,
 And saw salvation there;
 She long'd, and groan'd, and cried, and
 sigh'd,
 To see her interest clear.

* Mrs. Stringer was suddenly taken home by Cholera, in August, 1849.

She had no great enjoyments here,
 So gentle was the flame;
 Yet like the Lord's dear hidden ones,
 She thought upon his name.

She lov'd his people, and his ways,
 She lov'd his house of prayer;
 Yet through the troubles of the way,
 She seldom could be there.

At length her time on earth expir'd;
 The appointed hour arrives;
 That she must leave this world, and
 mount
 To dwell beyond the skies.

"Yes, you must leave your husband dear;
 Though hard to flesh and blood;
 Your children leave to my wise care,
 I am the faithful God!

No longer must your seat be void,
 Your harp no longer still;
 Come, wear your crown, and join the song,
 For 'tis your Father's will."

Death gently let his arrow fly,
 To take the body down;
 Her happy spirit took its flight
 Without a sigh or groan.

Ah, what a happy change was that,
 To drop her clod of clay!
 To leave this world of sin, to dwell
 In everlasting day.

We'll leave her there before the throne;
 Her joys we cannot tell;
 But when the Lord our summons sends,
 The song we hope to swell.

Dear Sir, may he who lent her thee,
 And took her when he pleas'd,
 Give you submission to his will,
 And own his great decrees.

Go on to spread his name and fame;
 Go on to preach his word;
 Proclaim aloud to sinful man,
 The virtue of his blood.

Tell of your Saviour's wondrous death;
 Tell of his rising power;
 Tell how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.

That he may keep you near his feet,
 And teach you wonders there;
 And cause your lips to speak the same
 Is my most earnest prayer.

He that sent thee to preach his word,
 Has crown'd thy labours too;
 Myself, with many more, can prove
 This statement to be true.

May he still keep you with the church
 Committed to your care;
 And when we've done his will on earth,
 May each in heaven appear.

Oh, what a meeting that will be,
 When all the blood-wash'd throng,
 Shall join to sing his endless praise,
 In one eternal song!

WILLIAM STRINGER.

A HASTY GLANCE

At Some Parts of our British Zion.

No III.

To my very much beloved brother Robert Young Banks, of the city of Canterbury, this comes, with secret breathings to God that that which I write may be a blessing to you, and to many souls. When I call to remembrance your patient endurance with me, and christian affection and faithfulness towards me during that doleful period when I lay as on the brink of perdition; I feel it a debt I owe to you, frequently to inform you of the state of my soul, and of my employment in the gospel vineyard. After spending a most solemn day yesterday with our dear friends at Crosby Row, (where I was helped to preach twice, hold a special meeting for prayer in the afternoon; and administered the Lord's Supper as the closing service of the evening;) I left home this morning with a rather heavy heart; for deaths by Cholera have been so awfully sudden and numerous all around us, that I could not but feel that it was unusually uncertain as to whether I might ever see those alive again which I have left behind; but my prayer is unto the God of my life; believing that

"None can pass the gates of death,
'Till Christ the warrant sign."

Into his hands, therefore would I desire to leave myself, my family, my all. Before I entered the Railway Station, I just called in upon my friend Ellis, for I found I was come out without a Bible in my pocket, and I wanted to borrow one. 'I have been very anxious about you,' said friend Ellis, 'for a gentleman called in this morning, and said, both *you and your wife WERE DEAD.*' I felt a little turn; but said, 'No; blessed be God, the disease has not attacked us yet, although I know not how soon it may; I suppose this report arose out of the lamented death of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, of the Surrey Tabernacle, who, on Tuesday last were both suddenly taken away. But, my beloved brother, I had desired to give you a brief outline of a sermon I was led to preach yesterday morning from the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the fifth chapter of Isaiah. The words begin thus—'Therefore hell hath enlarged herself; and opened her mouth without measure,' &c., &c. From these words I was led to notice the heavy and extensive judgments of God which have been round about us: the deep humiliation of all classes; the mean man has indeed been brought down; and the mighty man has been humbled. Then I looked at the manifestation of grace and mercy in the midst of all—'The Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God

that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness.' Oh, how it rejoices my poor heart, that living, as we now do, in the very midst of the pestilence which is rapidly sweeping off husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, children and servants, friends and foes, JESUS IS THE FRIEND OF SINNERS still! And more than ever have I desired to live close to, and entirely upon him. I cannot, however, enlarge; but come to give you a condensed account of some few things that I have seen and heard of late in our professing Zion.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7.—Praises to the name of my Lord, I was conducted safely to Spalding yesterday; arrived there in time to have a cup of tea, before going to chapel. I found that Mr. Nicholas had left Spalding, and had accepted a twelvemonth's call to preach to a people at Rushden. The cause at Love-lane, Spalding, is in a miserably low condition. The General Baptists, the Independents, and Methodists are all alive here; but truth is fallen down; and unless the Lord is pleased to send a man of energy and ability, I fear that truth will be driven out of the place altogether. The people at Spalding want a man *decided* in principle—*deep* in experience—*independent* in circumstances—*exemplary* in character—and *industrious* in working out every part of his mission. Where such a man is to be found I cannot tell. But for a God-fearing servant of Jesus Christ of this description, Spalding presents an open field of usefulness and labour. I preached to about forty or fifty people, and felt as much liberty as though there had been a thousand. I believe the message was *suitable*; but the people are so far fallen that I almost despair of its doing much good. My venerable friend Wood gave me a bed; the Lord gave me a good night's rest; and after a wholesome breakfast this morning, looking up to God for journeying mercies, I left Spalding, came to Boston, gazed a bit at her ancient steeple-house, and am now passing through yellow corn-fields, green meadows, country villages, and over rivers, hoping presently to arrive in New Holland, and from thence, by a steamer, to pass over to Hull. My soul feels happy in the Lord, and truly I can say, there is nothing but his gracious presence, and his holy service that I desire on earth; the more I am in the work, the more I love and delight in it; although a more barren and unfruitful creature than me (as in myself considered) cannot be found. Never did I pass through a more quiet rural district than this is. I have rode many miles this morning, passing through woods, and parks, and fields; but all is calm and serene.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8.—The steamer from New Holland (through God's goodness) conveyed me safely over the river Humber. On the landing place I was met

by brother Wilson and brother Rigg; and a very kind reception they gave me; preached in the evening in brother Wilson's place; never was happier in my life in the work; and most heartily could I pray that my brother Wilson's labour in this big, bustling town may be abundantly blessed to the souls of poor sinners. The venerable Samuel Lane is still blowing the trumpet here; sterling truth finds but few real friends in Hull. With gratitude for the kindness of Hull friends, and with some prayer in my soul for protection and prosperity, I am now on my way to Doncaster. The train is running along by the side of the Humber to the right, and a delightful agricultural district to the left. How wonderful and glorious are the works of our God even in creation! Having been permitted to reach Burton-Sammon in safety, we were here overtaken by a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and pouring torrents of rain. The lightning and thunder were very awful; the lightning struck the wires of the electric telegraph, and I felt it not unlikely that it might strike me; I endeavoured silently to look up to that God who reigns on high; and am yet preserved, desiring I think, more than ever to live to his glory.

GOSPEL TRUTH IN DONCASTER.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10. — Left Doncaster this morning soon after six o'clock; and am now pursuing my way to Derby, and from thence to Leicester, where I hope once more to recommend the name and salvation of Jesus to seeking souls. Arrived at the Doncaster station on Wednesday afternoon, and asked the buss conductor to set me down at Mr. Phillips', Young-street, where I was so heartily welcomed and kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Phillips', that I soon lost my anxieties, and found myself quite at home. The thunder and lightning were very terrific; and the rain came down again in floods, but at the appointed time, we went to the chapel, and was enabled to pass through the services of the evening somewhat comfortably. As far as we know, there has never been a Baptist cause in Doncaster before. It is a good-sized, clean, quiet, respectable looking town: its population is about 12,000; out of whom it cannot be ascertained that much above 4,000 stately worship God at all: this does not say much in favour of the inhabitants as a religious community, but it leaves plenty of room for the poor despised Calvinistic Baptists to endeavour to press in with the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel, especially as there are already, some downright decided lovers of pure unadulterated truth, whose number, I trust, will be considerably augmented. Doncaster has got its 'Old Church,' and 'New Church;' it also has a noble 'Wesleyan,' and a plain, substantial 'Independent Chapel.' Some

years ago, there was a division among the Independents, and another chapel was built for the minister and people who left them: this pretty little chapel which is called 'Providence Meeting-house, in Spring-garden,' is now fallen into the hands of a few who have been led to form themselves into a 'Particular Baptist Interest;' and although there is a party trying to take it from them, yet I do believe the words which came to me the first time I entered the pulpit there, will be realised in their experience; the words were these—'GOD IS IN THE MIDST OF HER; she shall not be moved; God shall help her; and that right early.' Nothing short of God dwelling in the midst of her, and helping her too, can enable the little church at Doncaster to hold up, and hold on. But just to shew my readers that they are in good earnest, I may mention two facts, both of which (in their place) speak well for the healthy state of their souls. The first is the establishment of a Sunday School. They have gathered up about one hundred children, most of whom before went to no place; and Mr. Phillips's daughters are indefatigable in their attention to the poor children. This looks well. A surly bull-dog of a fellow said—'What! the Calvinists have a Sunday School?' Yes, to be sure; if there are any persons on earth who are qualified for the proper training and instructing of youth, it is those who experimentally know the way of salvation for themselves; and I hope the Calvinist Baptists will be alive to the usefulness of Sunday Schools more than they have been. Another thing which shews the firmness of the Doncaster folks is the fact that they assured two gentlemen that they would never be invited to preach in that pulpit again; these gentlemen having advanced positive errors, positive orders were given to them never to come again. Here then, in Doncaster, is another opening for a zealous, able, and devoted servant of Christ. And this state of things convinces me more than ever, not only of the propriety but of the absolute necessity of encouraging the Society for Assisting Destitute Churches. The voice—the spirit—the condition—and the language of these destitute churches is exactly the same as was the voice of the man of Macedonia, who cried out, 'Come over and help us.' While every other denomination are doing their utmost to promulgate their own views, and to support their various churches, shall we be silent, careless, covetous, and devoid of sympathy? No; I trust not. The Lord sparing me, I feel resolved to labour diligently to spread abroad that glorious gospel which (in the hands of the Spirit) has been of such infinite value to me. What would have been my condition without the gospel? Awful indeed! O, then, that I may live and labour to preach and proclaim it in sin-

cerity, and with much success. I feel a mighty interest in the cause of truth at Doncaster, and hope to write more respecting it next month.

SATURDAY - MORNING, AUGUST 11. — Reached Leicester yesterday, through preserving mercy; and preached in friend Gardner's pulpit to a goodly number. Many of our readers will be glad to hear that the 'Watchman on the Walls' is better in health; his ministry has, of late, been greatly blessed; and a measure of holy peace and real prosperity are enjoyed by the friends at York-street Chapel.

Thus, my beloved brother, I have given you a faint outline of one of my journies this month. Your's as ever, C. W. BANKS.

Bury-St-Edmunds.—"I am happy to say the Lord is increasingly blessing his poor and despised people in this town, under my poor ministry. This place abounds with professors of religion—but very little vital godliness. For eight years this little church had hard work to keep the doors open; but during the past two years, the Lord has appeared for them; they are in peace among themselves; the congregation is greatly increased; sinners have been gathered in out of the ruins of the fall; and many poor backsliders have been restored; and many, also, who were in bondage under legal preaching, have been brought into the liberty of the gospel."—J. B. [In the midst of all the death-like formality; presumptuous popularity, and vain janglings of the present day, how comfortable are such sweet and simple tidings as these!]

Our brother Baldwin in another letter says—I baptised four persons on the 1st Lord's-day in July, who were called to the knowledge of the truth under my ministry—two males, and two females, one female is my wife's mother, in her 76th year, and walks with two sticks: she stated that she lived without hope and without God in the world. I had the pleasure of proposing three more last evening, one male, and two females for baptism—all called under my ministry. And I am happy to say, as a church, we are in as perfect peace, as we expect we ever shall be this side eternity." J. BALDWIN.

Surrey and Hampshire.—The few lines which follow, come from an honest-hearted and faithful servant of Christ, who (among some of the little churches) is raised up to proclaim salvation through the blood of the Lamb. It is cheering indeed to find a little holy gospel liberty enjoyed by some, even in these days of dismal distress:—"Oh, my brother, how sweet matters go when the Lord speaks homely to the soul saying, 'Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee, though at other times, when all is dark and gloomy within, we have the same unchanging

God to do with; the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and this affords me strong consolation in my most trying circumstances; ah, they have been trying ones indeed; for, its through fire and through water; and what follows?—Why, out into a wealthy place! Well do I recollect the spot where my covenant God in Christ, my Beloved, set my feet manifestly on the Rock, bringing my soul experimentally from hard bondage, or the galling yoke of Moses, into the glorious liberty of the sons of the living God; and what little is heard from me in the pulpit, I learnt from the two terrible mountains, Sinai and Zion—this is the college where I received my ministry from; and I think I can join with Cushi in bearing tidings, 2 Sam. viii. 22. I saw the mystery finished on Calvary's cross, and the great atonement made in my conscience, by the blood of the everlasting covenant—and this I know to be my own; and I am coming through the wilderness with tidings of the same. You will say, 'You come very steady.' Yes, brother; I am often outrun by them that come over the plain; but still I move steady on with the every day's conflict, often feeling as though I had preached my last time, and that I shall never be able to keep on; but, by the help of God, I have continued to this day, through thick and thin—the more scoffing I have had from professor and profane, the more close it hath been the means of driving me to the Lord, whom I have found a very present help in every time of need. Oh, bless his name, my friend! I trust you know what it is to creep into the bosom of Christ, there to commune with the eternal God without a veil between, with a feeling sense that we that were once afar off by wicked works, are now brought nigh by the blood and righteousness of Christ unto that union that for ever existed betwixt God and the church, treasured up in Christ, the glorious High Priest, who was fore-ordained by God the Father to walk before his anointed for ever. It is nothing short of the Almighty power of God that hath brought us into the liberty of the gospel; and I have no doubt he will keep the field for us, maintaining our cause against our greatest foes, whether within or without; as one saith of old, 'what time I am afraid I will trust in the Lord, and I am sure it is safe standing to trust in the Lord, knowing, with a feeling sense, that the soul that hath, and still does put his trust in him, shall never be confounded. I was at Winchester to speak to a few, just separated from Silver Hill Chapel, for truth; but they still, I am afraid, are under a cloud; though we cannot despise the day of small things. The little spot at Haslemere shines the brightest of any around here, though it is young days with them. P. JOY."

A small Baptist Church—holding the essential doctrines of the Gospel, and abiding by

New Testament ordinances—sprung up in Alton, under the ministry of brother Powell, (now of Brenchley,) some few years since: it is a part and parcel of the church at Ropley, where brother Hunt now ministers the word of life. The little cause at Alton is not so prosperous as we could wish: their meeting place is a small upper room; we preached in it on Tuesday evening, August the 14th, when a Tea Meeting was held; and a very comfortable assembly of christian friends were then gathered together: but a division of feeling exists among them: they have no stated ministry; nor is there much prospect of one at present. At Haslemere (in Surrey,) also, a strict Baptist Church has recently been formed; and they have a very comfortable Chapel. Brother Joy (of Alton,) sometime preaches to them: and occasionally Reuben Harding stands up in the name of the Lord. The *origin* of this cause is most singular; we should like some day to give a short account of it. We preached in Haslemere Chapel, on Wednesday, August 15th twice; and many precious souls we found; **THE LORD WAS THERE:** and we should rejoice to know that the work of God was prospering among them.

Crudwell, Wilts—The Lord is giving testimony to the word of his grace at Crudwell, and blessing the ministry of our brother Hart to the souls of the people; seven were baptised and received into the church, Lord's-day August 19th. We met at the water-side at half-past ten; commenced the service by singing—

“Jesus and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?”

After the hymn brother Hart read and engaged in earnest prayer; then friend Lamb gave out an hymn; after which Mr. Hart delivered a discourse from Acts xiii. 38, 39, 40, 41, before a congregation of nearly a thousand people; and then baptised four men and three women; all was quiet; a solemn awe seemed to pervade the minds of most, and many of the children of God found it good to be there. We met again in the chapel at three o'clock when brother Hart gave the right hand of fellowship with a very sweet address to each of the newly baptised, and administered the Lord's Supper to a goodly number. The prayer of my heart is that the little one may become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. Your's in truth,
GEORGE HOLLIDAY.

Cheltenham—The fifth Anniversary of J. E. Bloomfield's labours in Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham was held on the last Lord's-day of July. During the past five years the congregation has largely, though gradually increased. Many have come before the church to tell of the solemn exercises of their minds, under a work of invincible and

sovereign grace, and have been received into fellowship with the church in a scriptural manner. When we see the prosperity and peace enjoyed by the church of God here, contrasting its state now with its previous unpleasant history—when we observe the steady and firm attachment of the people to the distinguishing truths of the gospel of Christ experimentally preached—we can but rejoice and say—‘What hath God wrought?’ ‘The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.’

Hounslow.—Thursday, August 23rd, was the opening day of the newly established Baptist Interest in this place. A very comfortable meeting-house has been fitted up, called Zoar Chapel; a little church has been formed; and the good hand of God appears to be with them. On the above occasion, two sermons were preached; and a large concourse of christian friends assembled. That there may be much heavenly dew on this little hill is the desire of our souls.

Guildford—The Holy Spirit of God is evidently prospering the labours of our brother Spencer here in the New Chapel. Lord's-day, August the 12th, was a solemn day. He preached morning and afternoon from Jeremiah iii. 14, ‘Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you: and I will take you one of a city, and two of a family; and I will bring you to Zion.’ In the evening he spoke again from those great words—‘He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved, and he that believeth not, shall be damned:’ after which he administered the ordinance of baptism by immersion to three individuals. The chapel is filled with hearers; sinners are being gathered in; the saints are edified; and gratitude and thankfulness become us.

Shrewsbury.—On Lord's-day, July 29th, 1849, Mr. Arnsby baptised five persons, two male, and three females; and on the following Lord's-day they were received into the church. This little Cause, (the second Baptist Church,) has had to go through many deep waters, and has experienced many trials; but I hope the time is come, the set time to favour Zion. Ah, when the Lord works, who can hinder? When he blesses, who can curse? His cause shall prosper. When he undertakes, who—who—can stay his hand? Our beloved pastor's address at the table of the Lord was most impressive and solemn—may it never be forgotten! We hope this will only be as the few drops before a shower. For this token of his mercy we would say, ‘Bless the Lord, O, our souls, and all that is within us, bless his holy name. We will praise him because he hath dealt bountifully with us.’
W. P.

Portsea.—Henry Langham has accepted a twelve-month's call to preach the Word here: he is labouring on with much apparent success.

Zion's Three-fold Position :

AN ANSWER TO "H. S. B.'S" ENQUIRY, EXHIBITED ON PAGE 201 OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL" FOR SEPTEMBER, VIZ.,

"WHERE IS ZION? WHERE ARE HER GUIDES—HER INTERPRETERS—AND HER WATCHMEN?"

"WHERE IS ZION?" She is to be seen now in a three-fold position: her fourth, or final position, will never be properly and openly seen, until time shall be absorbed in eternity. Her first position is in the Person of Christ, where Deity is concentrated; here she is said to be chosen before the foundation of the world, Eph. i. 4. She was not left to make choice of this dwelling place herself; but God, the Eternal Father, made choice of it for her. Noah did not choose the ark himself, for his own and family's safety; no, he would not have been safe enough for God, had he done so; and therefore God chose it for him, and shut him up in it; constituting him perfectly secure. So with Zion, in the adorable person of our exalted Immanuel, (God with us.) Consequently she is represented as beautiful for situation, (Ps. xlviii. 2,) the Eternal God is her refuge, (Deut. xxxiii. 27.) Her second position is a fallen one, by virtue of union to her federal head, Adam the first: this is certainly a deplorable condition in which by nature she is beheld; it is a boundless mercy that ample provision was made for her recovery by the ETERNAL THREE from everlasting; and every wise arrangement made and settled how it should be accomplished: here infinite wisdom is richly displayed in this her fallen plight. She is all sin, sinful, and always sinning; in an horrible pit; afar off from God; dead in sin; in the service of satan; in love with the world; and at enmity with God; having no hope, and without God in the world. Miserable position indeed! But, behold her third position! I mean her quickened, called, and *converted position*. Here she is solemnly coninced of her state by the Eternal Spirit, consequently seriously concerned about it; she is raised up from the dark and dreadful grave; she is made alive, in order to die; and dies in order to live: she feels, sees, and knows things now, which heretofore she was ignorant of: the law frightens her; the gospel feeds her. Now she thirsts for God; she longs for his salvation; she cries to, begs of, and wrestles with, her

God. She hates herself, her sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil: and frequently wonders whether the work be genuine; whether God really loves her; or whether she has any (of the right kind) to him. She prays to love, to believe, and to rejoice in him. She pants (like the hart) for communion with him, confidence in him, and enjoyment of him: he is the only object of her pursuit, her peace, her pleasure, her property, and her own personal possession for time and eternity. This, then, is WHERE SHE IS, so far. True it is, also, that now, in her grace-state, she is (collectively considered) greatly delapidated; very cold, sluggish, and slothful; careless and comfortless; in reference to social communion, valuing her privileges—attendance on the means and adherence to the various precepts of the inspired volume—she certainly is (serious to relate!) clothed with much indifference! And what shall we say to these things? He that has the residue of the Spirit, (and as a Sovereign on his throne,) sees fit to suspend his gracious influence—for reasons best known to himself. He, and he alone, can revive his work in the midst of the years: and sure I am, that for this much needed revival, Zion is waiting; nor shall she wait in vain. "God is faithful!"

"WHERE ARE HER GUIDES?" &c. Answer. Those that are her "guides," &c., whom God alone has educated, qualified, and sent into the vineyard to work, are just where they were appointed to be; and are just as useful as they (by the Lord) were intended to be: as for all others, be they who they may, whether great or small, learned or unlearned, talented or untalented, proud or humble, rich or poor, are by no means, her guides, interpreters, or watchmen. No; they are dumb dogs that cannot bark; and allow me to say, that although Zion is infested with these foxes of the desert to an alarming extent, still, she is blest with a number of honest, upright, faithful, plain, and sterling men of God, who indefatigably, unflinchingly, and fearlessly declare the whole counsel of

God; fearing none or nothing, leaving the result with the Lord alone; some of which I am personally acquainted with, and strongly attached unto. Let us, then, ever keep up a distinction between a dead and a living ministry: the one is satan's; the other is God's. To blend them all together, is unscriptural, unwise, and inconsistent: and as to begotten gods, mortal mediators, or pre-existing souls, together with the popish pantheon of absurdities, I can only say, 'My soul, come not thou into their secret; to their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united in these things.' Still, with all these gross inconsistencies, and unscriptural opinions, (for they are opinions only,) many good and gracious men of God have imbibed, and held some very erroneous things, till God alone has solemnly purged and purified them; and no other power can effectually do it. Still, I say, with all this, I receive them as grace-taught, and God-sent ministers; in the vitals of truth, and in the soul of the gospel, *we are one*: the covenant and conduct of a triune Jehovah; his persons and essence; his grace and goodness; his work and worthiness; his name and nature; his love and loveliness; his truth and his triumphs; his power and pleasure; his blood and righteousness; his sovereignty and salvation; his holiness and honour; his war and his victory, as proclaimed by them; sweetly unite me to them. I reject their trumpety, and receive the truth, and them in it. What is their's, as mortal, fallible men, is one thing; and what is God's, in them, as men of God, is another. Paul was obliged to reprove Peter (Gal. ii. 11) for inconsistency. Magazines, Standards, and Trumpets I trouble myself but little about, or with; only would just observe that if these things are rendered serviceable in, and instructive to, the living family of God, they answer the end for which they are designed; let the motive be what it may; that lies between God and conscience—'Who art thou that judgest another?' And as for the *Trumpet*, edited by my esteemed brother John Nicholls, I can safely say, it answers one good end, in the hands of the Lord; that is, in bringing in a vast sum, (collected chiefly in farthings,) to the revenue of the *Poor Pilgrims*. (See its wrapper.) The Lord increase it, for the pilgrims' encouragement, and grant that

Earthen Vessels, Trumpets, Standards and Magazines may be issued with a single eye to his glory, and the real good of immortal souls; and whatever may be the cause of deadness, distance and dissimulation, both among ministers and saints in general, I know that none but the Lord himself can remove it: so I believe it will remain until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, (Isaiah xxxii. 15.) then the effects will be vastly different. God help us to pray for this; for this only can turn the wilderness into a fruitful field, and bring about union and communion in the church of the Most High. Let it not be attributed to ministers—poor helpless things!—they cannot (of themselves) *think* anything, much more *perform* anything; Paul may plant, and Apollos may water; but neither of them are anything: God must give the increase, (1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.) They went forth, and preached everywhere; the Lord working with them, (Mark xvi. 20.) Mighty signs and wonders attended Paul's ministry, but it was by the power of the Spirit of God, (Rom. xv. 19); he sends his ministers into every city and place whither he himself will come, (Luke x. 1,) or nothing can effectually be done. Ministers are only the instrumental cause of doing any good; the efficient cause is God alone: they are only Jehovah's whistle, with which he calls his sheep together, in order to feed them: therefore, let no man glory in, nor vilify men. I verily believe there are many ministers of God now in Zion—and some of them stars of no ordinary magnitude—who boldly lift up their voice, like a trumpet, in the exposure of idols, and the defence of the gospel, being set for that purpose: inveighing heavily and solemnly against all traditional mockeries, which are exalted above the Word of God: and to this number I trust (through grace) I belong: but let others judge of this matter: to say there is *not one*; *no, not one*, who thus acts the part of a faithful steward and true watchman, is what I dare not do: neither do I credit the statement. God's ministers are not without their failings and faults—but in this department I believe many are faultless. I could name some, if required, who I am sometimes favoured to hear, who, in their public testimony, cut up, cut at, and cut down, everything in point of tradition, formality, or immorality; and

leave the sinner with nothing but a precious Jesus, as what he is made of God unto his people. (See 1 Cor. i. 30.) These are the men I love, with all their trinkets—I am after their jewels: these speak the truth in love; waging perpetual war with hell, and sin; strongly opposed—but more strongly encouraged. Go on!—go on! ye faithful heralds; till the command shall be given—‘Call the labourers and give them their hire!’

“With them numbered may I be;
Now, and thro’ eternity!”

T. STRINGER.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

The late Watts Wilkinson.

THE venerable Watts Wilkinson, A. B., was the son of Mr. Robert Wilkinson, and was born in London, Nov. 14th, 1755. His father was a protestant Dissenter of the old school, strictly orthodox in doctrinal sentiments. Watts Wilkinson was under the influence of religious feelings at an early age; but when at school his serious impressions seemed to have worn off. A friend, greatly attached to the ministry of the late Rev. Henry Foster, prevailed upon him, with much difficulty, to attend one of his Friday Evening Lectures at St. Antholin's church. But, so strong were his prejudices at that time against the Establishment, that, as he often observed, he felt as if afraid lest the steeple should fall upon him when he passed under it. To that evening, Sept 11th, 1772, he frequently alluded as one never to be forgotten by him; and has pointed out the spot in the aisle, where he stood during the sermon, which was delivered from 2 Cor. ii. 11. From that time he attended the ministry of Mr. Foster, whenever his circumstances would permit.

Having had some experience of the power of the gospel speaking peace to his conscience, and being filled with love to his Redeemer; he felt an earnest desire to consecrate himself to the work of the ministry; and entered as a commoner, at Worcester college, Oxford. He concluded his residence at Oxford by taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts; he was ordained a Deacon in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in Feb. 1779. He commenced his public ministry in the afternoon of the same day, at the church of St. Anne, Blackfriars. The subject of his sermon was the conversion of Manasseh.

In the year 1798, he became a candidate for the Wednesday Evening Lectureship, in the church of St. Antholin, Watling Street, which he resigned soon after he obtained the Tuesday Morning Lectureship of St. Bartholomew, by the Royal Exchange. This has been long called the

‘Golden Lecture,’ from the very large endowment attached to it. This lecture Mr. Wilkinson retained the long period of upwards of thirty-seven years. The contrast, on a Tuesday morning, between the scene *within* and *without* the church, was peculiarly striking. *Outside*, a dense multitude of persons, apparently in eager pursuit of temporal things; amidst the noise and bustle of carriages innumerable, passing to and fro in every direction: *within* its walls, a crowded congregation, engaged in the solemn worship of God; pursuing those things which are unseen and eternal; listening with devout attention to the words of eternal life, even the glorious gospel of the blessed God. In the month of February, 1840, Mr. Wilkinson was seized with a violent cold and severe cough, which shook his tender frame in no small degree. He was enabled shortly to resume his lectures, but his little remaining strength was but labour and sorrow. He preached for the last time at St. Bartholomew, April 28th, 1840, after which that church was doomed to destruction. The parish of St. Bartholomew being united to that of St. Margaret, Lothbury, Mr. Wilkinson continued to deliver his lecture in this church, until Sept. 1, 1840, when he preached from Jer. xvii. 17, ‘Thou art my hope in the day of evil.’ On the following Lord's-day afternoon, he preached at St. Mary's, Aldermary, from Eph. ii. 19, ‘Ye are no more strangers and foreigners,’ &c. His cough being distressing, he was constrained to finish sooner than usual. This was the close of his public ministry. On his return home, he expressed his conviction that, *he should never preach again*. His apprehension proved true. His appointed work was done: it was the will of God that he should now rest from his labours. It pleased God, however, to spare him fourteen weeks longer in the body; and his dying days (as they may be called,) confirmed and sealed the witness to the truth of his public ministry. He frequently observed to one and another, ‘Glory be to his name, I am fixed upon the rock; a firm foundation is beneath me.’ ‘I find it very delightful to look back upon all the way by which the Lord has been leading me these twice forty years in the wilderness. Under mysterious dispensations of providence, I have often derived great consolation from that text, ‘What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.’ Never did I expect on earth to have the ‘need be’ for every trial so clearly revealed to me, as I have of late. I feel and know that I have not only been led by a RIGHT way to a city of habitation, but by THE ONLY RIGHT WAY that could have led me there.’

The retrospect which he took of his ministry, now that he believed it to be finally closed, was one which filled him with holy awe, as he reflected on the responsibility of his office. ‘When (said he) I recollect how many thousands in the course of my LONG ministry, I have had to speak to, I

am quite overpowered. I TRUST I HAVE LED THEM RIGHT; one thing I am quite certain of, that, in *sincerity of mind*, I have preached unto them what I considered to be THE TRUTH. Nor do I recollect that in any one sermon during my whole life, I have ever disguised my sentiments to meet the prejudices of any one. In looking back upon my ministry, *this is the only point on which I can fix with any satisfaction!* On one occasion he observed with some degree of emotion, 'I have been trying to read a little in my Bible, but I cannot do that now without fatigue: that blessed book!—(and he cast his eyes upon it)—has been my constant study for ABOVE SIXTY YEARS; I can still feed upon it; it seems as fresh in my memory as ever; I believe I could quote any part of it as well as ever. O! the mercy and loving-kindness of the Lord to me is unbounded! Cleave closely to Jesus; cleave closely to Jesus! The truths I have been preaching all my life, are my support and comfort now.' On another occasion, when alluding to the doctrines maintained by him in his ministry, he said, 'I wish to leave this as my dying testimony, that these alone were the doctrines which supported ME when I was first convinced of sin, without which I never could have found peace; and, with this experience of their preciousness in my own soul, how could I withhold them from others? They have been my support and comfort ALL MY LIFE, and now in the near approach of AN OPENING ETERNITY, I still find them sufficient to bear me up, as a firm foundation beneath my feet.' He was peculiarly favoured in his last moments. On the night but one before his decease, he was overheard to say, 'Christ is worth more than ten thousand worlds. I DO DESIRE TO DEPART; I DO DESIRE TO DEPART.'

"O let me catch one glimpse of Thee!

Then drop into eternity!"

After this he continued to sleep two or three hours, more or less; but, life was now ebbing fast away. One word more was heard from him, which he repeated three times feebly, 'NAME! NAME! NAME!' What name could *that* be, but the name of JESUS? A gentle slumber followed; an affectionate daughter stood watching beside him; she *thought* the breath had ceased; she listened intently—it was even so! 'He was absent from the body, and present with the Lord!' This great, and to *him* glorious change, took place on Monday, December 14th, 1840.

[This interesting record we have abridged from "Bunhill Memorials;" No. 14; edited by J. A. JONES; published by James Paul.]

"Patience is a completing and perfecting grace, as God speaks to Abraham, Gen. xvii. 1. Walk before me and be thou perfect, that is, not only sincere, as it is in the margin, but patient; wait yet a little while longer till I give thee seed by Sarah, perfect thy hitherto waiting, by waiting to the end."

Salvation is Free.

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. vii. 25.

ABLE and willing, determin'd to save—
His life to stern justice, on Calv'ry he gave;
He suffer'd, he bled, he died on the tree,
Rejoice, ye black sinners, salvation is free.

The claims of the law he was able to meet,
The law, with its curses, fell down at his feet;

The debt of his spouse he was able to pay,
Rejoice, ye black sinners, he is able to save.

A priest, ever-living, most holy, and kind
Is Christ, in our nature, eternal—divine;
Into the holiest he enters, and there he's accepted,

Rejoice, ye black sinners, ye can't be rejected.
The atonement he's made is sufficient for all

The sheep, the elect, who for mercy do call:
By his life of obedience, he is able to save
The blackest backslider from sin and the grave.

For sinners the vilest, he makes intercession,
Tho' satan and sin have their hearts in possession;
For these, my dear children, my Father I pray,

Come, come Holy Spirit, bring them in the way.
I've redeem'd them, and wash'd them; from sin they are free,

The law (that is holy,) and Justice agree,
That sinners the greatest from satan be brought

To cry for salvation, and be divinely taught.
O, keep them! he pleads, uphold and take care,

The children whose sins on my back I did demand it for them, their salvation's completed,

Rejoice, ye black sinners, all hell is defeated!
I will that the feeble, the helpless, and poor,
The sinful and foolish that wait at my door,

Shall see and behold my glory above—
Rejoice, ye black sinners, and sing of his love!

To save to the uttermost Christ has engaged,
From sin and from sorrow, and satan, who raged;

To save to the uttermost! speaks forth his glory—
Rejoice, ye black sinners, you'll tell the same story!

He has power, and blood, and merit to save,
His life, on the cross, for the helpless he gave;

He is greater than sin, or satan, or hell,
Then go, ye sent servants, declare it, and tell.

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

Hadlow, Kent.

Confidence in the Christ,

THE REST OF A LIVING SOUL.

CONFIDENCE is an act beyond faith; a soul confiding walks in a higher region of grace than a soul only believing; there may be believing, where there is not this confiding. As patience is hope lengthened—so confidence is hope strengthened. Assurance is the highest degree of faith, and confidence is the highest degree of assurance. It carries with it, first, cheerfulness—opposite to sorrow; secondly, courage—opposite to fear and despondency of spirit; thirdly, boldness and adventurousness—opposite to cowardice. Confidence having a good cause and a good call, will take a bear by the tooth, or a lion by the beard! Fourthly, it notes boasting, or a kind of spiritual woe bragging, opposite to sinful modesty or concealment of what God hath done for us. Or take it thus, confidence is the noblest exercise of faith, which looking steadily upon God in himself, and in Christ, through the promises, raises the soul above all fears and discouragements, above all doubts and disquietments, either about the removing of evil, or the obtaining of good. Hence confidence is well called the rest of the soul; therefore, such as attain to confidence are said to be in peace—in perfect peace. 'Him wilt thou establish in perfect peace, whose heart doth trust upon thee.' And this act of confidence or trust is proper and peculiar to God, no creature must share in it. This is worship commanded in the first precept, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' Whatsoever we confide in, unless it be in subordination unto God, we make it our god. And it is one of the highest acts of the soul, not only as we respect the taking in, our own comforts, but also the giving out, glory unto God. This confidence is well coupled with holy fear, the more we fear God so, the more we trust him; such fear is the mother and nurse of confidence: but confidence is directly contrary, yea, contradictory to carnal fear; he that trusts God indeed, leaves both soul and body, temporal and eternal state with him, without ever sending a fearful thought, or jealous look after either.

HAPPY DEATH OF

A Daughter of the late Mr. G. Combe.

At the close of a Funeral Sermon, preached by Mr. Gwinnell, for Mrs. Simon Fisher, (late of Greenwich,) the preacher made the following reference to the death of one of the daughters of the late respected George Combe.

"Allow me to make a remark or two in reference to another departed saint, who, if she had been a hearer of mine, I should have preached a funeral sermon for; a daughter of Mr. G. Combe, who used to preach at Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, and whom the providence of God brought me

acquainted with, through a dear friend who is here. Precious visits I have had with that dying saint! And though she acknowledged to me that she had never known what Christ and his salvation were until her affliction came on, yet she could say that her

'Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
Was life everlasting,
And heaven below.'

When I was there and prayed with her, it was like a little heaven. My petitions seemed to soar aloft and not to return back. God has been there. It has been a heaven to be there to behold the dying saint filled with tranquillity and peace, ready to depart and be with Christ.

"Last Wednesday, when on my way to Camberwell to preach, I called to see her for the last time. I never saw a poor, distressed, pained, and afflicted soul brought so low, and yet to live; and how she existed it was almost a miracle to say, she did exist; and what was more astonishing than all, in that dreadful state of body there was nothing but joy, heavenly peace, and heaven-born tranquillity resting upon her soul. I simply said to the one who attended upon her, (for I did not want her to talk, she was so far gone,) 'I wonder what it is our dying friend desires the most at this time.' She replied, 'Why, you can easily guess what I desire most.' 'And what is it,' I asked. She answered, 'Why to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.'

"I thought she could not exist long, so I took my last farewell and parted, bidding her God-speed in the valley. I parted never to see her again until we meet on the other side of the river."

MR. JAMES

Osborn's Safe Arrival in Baltimore.

We give the following brief communication exactly as it came to hand:—

Dear Mr. Editor:—Grace and peace be with thee. In the gracious providence of God, I arrived in the city of New York on the 26th inst., and in Baltimore on the 29th, and found my Jane, and all my children and grand children in most excellent health and spirits; my own health also is good, and was so while crossing the ocean. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.' The friends here want me to preach and break bread to them next Sunday. Do you think I had better do so or not? You will hear from me again after awhile. God bless you all. Amen. JAMES OSBOURN.

Baltimore, Aug. 31, 1849.

[Thus brother Osborn's confidence as regarded a safe voyage—his friends' earnest desires—and God's faithfulness—have all been realised.—The Lord be praised!]

A Dissertation upon the Nature and Work of the Law.

MR. EDITOR—your correspondent, Martha, asks for a Scriptural interpretation of the 12th verse of the 2nd chapter of the epistle to the Romans, which readeth thus, "For as many as have sinned without law, shall also perish without law; and as many as have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law." Truly, it is a solemn subject, even destruction for ever from the presence of the Lord, which destruction continueth for ever yea, for ever. The Apostle, in this language appears to divide sinners into two classes: first, those who sin against God without law; second, those who sin against God, having had the law given unto them. We should consider then, the law which was given to some. The whole of the Old Testament is called the law; at other times, the Jewish ceremonies are styled the law; but the Jewish commandments are more emphatically called the law; and I believe, the Apostle here, means the commandments which were given on Sinai; for in the 21st and 22nd verses, he raises certain questions having reference unto that law, from which he enquires concerning how actions accord with words which men could utter. The Lord was pleased to make this law, and give it to the seed of Abraham after the flesh, he gave it them, and to no other nation upon the whole earth, God separated them to be a peculiar people, and if the nature of the law be examined, it would appear, that if mankind had stood just in the place where Adam placed them by the fall, they might have fulfilled that law; for this moral law requires only an attendance upon certain prohibitions of things of an outward kind, and concludes with a commandment to abstain from covetousness, which sin always makes a man a misery to himself. In no one place does the law tell a man to love God, it commands no man to pray to the Lord, it gives no promise but that of an earthly nature. When Moses tells of God's character, he speaks of mercy and love to God, but Moses had not this to reveal to the Jews, for the revelation of mercy and love is only made to those, who under the new covenant, have the law of truth written upon their hearts, so that they love it; engraven upon their minds, and so cannot forget it; with the mighty God of Israel standing to defend, and saying, "I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." It is true, the Apostle declares the law is holy, just, and good; it is holy, for it was the command of the Holy One; it is just, for a Holy God has a right to command his creatures; it was good, for it was the revelation of God's mind concerning actual transgression. The Apostle again declares in the 14th verse of this chapter, that "The law is spiritual;" it is so, for

it proceeded from God: we must not confound things that differ; and because the Apostle says "the law is spiritual," thereby judge, that the giving of the law on Sinai, was the Spirit's work in his covenant character, leading to and testifying of Jesus. No; it was spiritual, for it was not the produce of a carnal mind, or cursed earth: the Jews then, had this law given to them; and thus they are said to be in the law; their being so, shews fully that God has a right to command; they, by lip, acknowledge God's right by boasting of Moses, and when Jesus charged the Jews with certain sins, and they boasted God was their Father, he said unto them, "Think not that I will accuse you to the Father, there is one that accuseth you, even Moses, in whom ye trust: for had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me. These, then, who had this law—acknowledged God's right, by boasting of Moses; and by being under his guidance, shewed that they were indebted to the Lord, had they kept the ten commandments whole and entire, they would not have sinned in many other matters; but by breaking these, they broke God's conditional covenant. The Apostle says, "They shall be judged by the law: the curse of God has gone out against them." Deuteronomy 4. Jeremiah xi. 3. Oh! who can tell what the curse of God is? None, none on earth. One has not risen from the regions of the damned, to explain it unto men; the Lord Jesus was the only one that knew what God's curse was upon the earth; those of the sons of men, on whom it comes, feel in eternity, tribulation and anguish upon their immortal souls. There are those, also, who sin against God, who never had this law given unto them; and the destruction of them sets forth God's holiness, for it proves that there was no necessity laid upon Jehovah, of making a further revelation of his mind to fallen man, to constitute Him just in their eternal punishment. They will not be judged by the law of Moses, for breaking the commands of God, for this belonged not to them; but though they have not this law of Sinai, yet they have the law of nature, which is the law of God; this tells them what is morally right, though they break this law. I speak not here as to the different notions of morality as existing in varied society, but to the one great rule, of doing to others what we would have them do to us. How men break this law of nature (not fallen corrupt nature) judge ye: this law of nature calls forth from men an acknowledgement of the being of the Eternal. Romans i. 20. The works which God hath wrought, proclaim his eternal power and Godhead, and thus leave men without excuse, so that they shall not be able, in the judgment day, to say

they had no intimation of the being of a God ; for themselves, in their wondrous form, possessing as they do, that incomprehensible natural life, together with the heavens, declare his glory, and shew forth his handy-work ; they exist so long as God allows, on the earth, upon the bounties of his providence, but are not thankful. Thus, they do evil, and that continually ; and without holiness no man can see the Lord ; thus they perish, being without God or hope in the world ; and the solemn sentence will be, "DEPART !" And though the commandments have not been broken, which were given to the Jews ; yet the Eternal has been denied ; the Creator has not been worshipped ; the Provider has not been thanked ; God has not been praised : and thus, these sinners must perish eternally, for there is no repentance in the grave, nor pardon spoken to the dead.

I said it was a solemn subject : is it not ? How painful the thought to a feeling sensitive mind of a fellow creature perishing of hunger, of thirst, in prison, under oppression : all this is awfully realized by the damned soul, and his agony of perishing is eternal, for he never ceaseth to exist : how hard is the heart of man, he cannot feel these things—how blind ; he cannot see them—how careless ; he heeds them not.

Like brutes they live,
Like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, till God's breath,
Blasts them in everlasting death.

But your correspondent trusts, the people of God will be edified ; I cannot think that those made alive by the Spirit of God, and thus proved to be dear to the Lord, will be much edified with a dry dissertation on God's sovereignty, holiness, and justice, as seen in the destruction of sinners, and this verse, taken in its isolated position, only speaks of condemnation ; but if we go back a little way we shall find the Apostle has been speaking of such things as the people of God want to know ; even the Gospel of the grace of God, which the carnal eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, nor yet the heart of man conceived ; but which God revealeth by his Spirit. I may here return to the assertion before made, for it might probably be a stumbling block to some, who think that the curse of God has come upon them, or must, before they can be saved ; so that their sin may be destroyed. But no ; this is not God's way of destroying the sin of his people.

God laid it on his Son,
Who bore it all away.

How blessedly does Isaiah speak of that which was then to come. The Evangelists relate the circumstances connected with the sufferings of Christ ; the Apostles open up the glorious truths, and shew forth the mind and will of God as made known in the work

of Jesus. Some poor, tried, and tempted soul, may ask what meaneth this sorrow, this anguish, this misery, this dread of death, this fear of entering upon an untried eternity ? Is it not already the mark of God's curse upon me ? These things make me go in bondage—and I feel in the very arms of satan, at the gates of hell : surely, an eternal state of suspense like this, would be as much hell as I could endure. Well, poor soul, if these have been your feelings, has there not also been hatred to sin, and a trying to flee from sin ? Have you not proved your own weakness, so that when you would do good, evil was present with you ? Have not these things been the means of making you cry to the Lord, if peradventure, he would be gracious unto you ? In your darkest moments, has not the feeling of hope been fighting with the enemy, despair ; which seemed to come on in mighty strength to overwhelm your soul ? and so, in this unsought for, and peculiar frame of mind, you have been taught your own sinnership, and to acknowledge God's righteousness in all his claims, and then felt an abiding sorrow for sin ? Is it not so ? If so, it is the fruit of Christ's exaltation, (Acts v. 31.) which clearly shews, it is not the curse of God ; but, that it is God the Holy Ghost doing his covenant work of leading unto Jesus. Why, so soon as God's curse comes upon a man, it crushes him for ever. But, perhaps, some may say, I have seen God's requirements, and heard his denunciation against sin, and how can I escape ? Why, the law is in the hands of the Holy Ghost, to instruct by bringing to Jesus—it is spoken of as a schoolmaster. Do you ask, why does not the Holy Ghost reveal himself to me, and let me know it is his work ; for, if I knew that it was the Lord thus dealing with me, I could bear it ? For this reason, the Spirit of Truth speaks not of himself ; but when the soul is brought to Jesus, to see him as his Lord and his God ; his all that he can need ; his all that he can wish ; he then knows the Holy Ghost hath taught him. Now, for the soul to be saved, it must be brought to Jesus, and there is none other power but the Holy Ghost can make it meet to come to the Lord Jesus Christ. Dost thou ask, is there a fitness needed, to come to the Lord ? Yes ; he said he came to call sinners, not to save the righteous. His word of direction, to come to him, was not to the proud and strong, but to the weary and heavy laden : and so there are certain marks and features, which fit the soul to come to the Lord, which may be summed up in the language of the poet,

"All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

Beloved, all these solemn lessons have been the finger of God writing his law of truth

upon your soul; and, therefore, though you may not yet have had joy and peace in believing, yet your soul is safe for all eternity; for the work that wisdom begins, mercy forsakes not; the Spirit's work is perfect, and though such sorrowing soul may refuse to be comforted, "God is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever;" and the trembling, living soul will refuse to take comfort until God implants it in the soul; this is done when the Holy Spirit bears witness with the soul that it is born of God; then the soul sees its union to the Lord, feels God's love—is led to have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, and becomes more humbled under the revelation of the gospel than he was under the law, and thus becomes conformable to Christ's death. The soul is then led to see that Christ bore the curse of God, and is led to understand how that it could please the Father to bruise his Son. And thus the soul has to rejoice in what God did in eternity, which doing became the source of grace; the source of what Christ did in time, and what the Holy Ghost doeth in the soul. Thus led, the soul understands the doctrine of the Trinity, and feels rejoicing in his heart, that his salvation is of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. He has proved the oneness of Deity in his own salvation, and his desire is to glory in the Lord. That these few lines may prove a blessing to some, is the prayer of your's in Jesus,

P. W. WILLIAMSON.

Notting Hill.

Unhappy Divisions at Peterborough.

It is indeed a matter of grief to us to be called upon to notice circumstances like the following; but while such a spirit of division is being fostered and carried out by those who are considered our leading men, to the discouragement and injury of long settled pastors, and old established churches, we cannot, we dare not be silent. The hard-working pastors, who are settled over small churches in different parts of our land, have enough to endure in their own immediate circles, without being wounded, afflicted, and almost trodden down in the dust by the self-exalting, church-dividing spirit of some, who are evidently reckless of the feelings of God's poor ministers, if they can but inculcate and promulgate their own peculiar views. That the Lord may arise, and have mercy upon Zion, is our fervent prayer. We give the following in the hope that by exposing and witnessing against such unholy proceedings, we may be instrumental ultimately of doing good. For the depression of schism, and for the promotion of Gospel peace and concord, we are resolved to labour, if God permit.

"My dear Sir—You will, no doubt be surprised to hear that Messrs. Tiptaft, Philpot, and others have been preaching

in this city at the very chapel built for Mr. Tryon; and the few people who have heard Mr. Tryon (part of whom have made a division—some going with Mr. Tryon, and others not; the latter hold the chapel,) although they were the parties who introduced Mr. T., and no others were allowed to preach in the same pulpit, yet they have now turned round, discarded Mr. T. and introduced Mr. Philpot and others, against whom they were opposed. How inconsistent is such conduct! and how to account for it, I am at a loss. The question, now is, whether the people or the new preachers, are to blame in this matter? The people first caused a division at our Zion, and now they are divided among themselves. Is it not lamentable to find a little number, (as the people are at Peterboro') divided, and subdivided? And then to find good men assisting the children of God so to act? The conduct of these brethren, who have come over to help on and to keep up the division, reflects very little credit upon them, who appear to have taken the course adopted, only in the spirit of opposition; and will the conduct of such men, and their preaching be beneficial to the children of God, and household of faith? 'I trow not.' In less than two months Mr. Tryon leaves the people, and a small part of the same immediately invite those preachers who were condemned by him as not being partakers of grace; and, strange to say, these men immediately come, and seem to enjoy the thought of displacing Mr. Tryon. The doors of Zion Chapel were always open to these men; and in it they have often preached—both Mr. Tiptaft and Mr. Philpot. Why then, do they foster contention and division, if they are desirous of peace among the brethren, they would not thus act.

AN ADVOCATE FOR GOSPEL UNION
AMONG THE SAINTS OF GOD.

"Peterboro', Sept. 15th, 1849."

We also give the following from Mr. Tryon, exactly as it came to hand; and trust our Peterborough correspondent will not allow any unjustifiable charge to be laid upon Mr. Tryon, unexplained.

"London, September 11, 1848—Sir, a paragraph in a late number of your magazine was pointed out to me as referring to myself. As your Peterboro' correspondent's error was notorious, I expected it would be corrected, but as I do not hear that it is, it may be well to inform you that his remarks about 'shaving' and 'milk' do not apply to me.—FREDK. TRYON."

[We will say as doth Caryl—these are his words—
"That we have our ears open to receive the complaints, and our hearts ready to grieve for the miseries of our brethren, is a burden which the law of Christ has laid upon us." That the Lord's people at Peterboro' have had much just cause for complaint, is evident. If they have been misled in any part of their statement, they must explain, as Mr. Tryon's friends are assailing us with indignant letters; we have received three, charging us with publishing falsehood—Let us have the truth! Ed.]

The Bright Light which is in the Clouds.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them." Job xxxvii. 21.

DEAR BROTHER:—In my last private letter to you I said that no person or government was more promising to form a tyrannic headship over the church of Christ than that of the Czar of Russia. Since then the brave Hungarians have submitted themselves to the cruel double sceptre of despotism; so that the power of the enemy is both enlarged and confirmed thereby. And as we are in almost midnight darkness, and the wise virgins are slumbering with the foolish, most surely it behoves you and me, as watchmen, not to slumber as do others, but to watch and be sober. You, by a large measure of observation, know the state of the churches, and the unwillingness of even good men to see and know the worst of matters as they now stand: but this so far from stopping our mouth should make us cry so much the more, 'Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.'

Many are the dark shades among which we move; but there are some bright rays to cheer our poor hearts in the midst of the gloom. Let us just point to a shade or two, and then look at the rays.

1. And in the first place you know it is written, 'In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired,' Isaiah vii. 20. The day here spoken of is that when all manner of evil spirits, prefigured by FLIES and BEES, shall rest on desolate churches, vacant hearts, and on thorny and bushy professors; and is not that the day in which we live? Do not religious devils, with their various doctrines, infest every town and village in which TRUTH was or is? Is not this undeniable on all hands; so that the friends of truth are driven out and led to take shelter in any little and poor place, where else they would not? Say then *this* is the day—the day of the Lord, forenamed by all his holy prophets. Well, where is the 'hired razor?' The razor, we know, is the tongue of a Doeg or of a Diotrefes working deceitfully; and its greatest force is *when* and *where* held by the hand of political power;* the secular arm of Lucifer holding it steady to its purpose. Now if you look at the pope you see the *nominal* head of Christendom, or the visible *kingship* of the church. This head, just like wicked Ahaz the king of Judah (2 Kings xvi. 10—20) has literally hired the Czar of Russia by the gift of Poland, to help him in the maintenance of his falling dignity. But this indeed 'has distressed, but strengthened him not,' 2 Chron. xxviii. 20. Then presently breaks out afresh the republican struggle in 1848, and Hungary is thought to be infected. Papal Austria tries to subdue, but is foiled!

* See 1 Sam. xxii. 9—19.

The *second* time the Czar is hired: and the razor has now shaved off the protesting hairs of that brave nation! Remember you, my brother, that the Cossacks are literally the Gog and Magog of Gen. x. 2; and Ezek. xxxviii: and that these are absorbing the papacy, as a large fabric absorbs a heap of cement.

2. The WORD and the SPIRIT say that the enemy shall be as fishers of men with a large dragnet, (Habb. i. 14—17,) by which as creeping things without ruler, people, and tongues will be drowned together in one great confederacy against the Lamb. And when I see the state of Britain 'the chief of the nations,' and behold its PEACE SOCIETY doing business in infidel France, and hear, as the other day I did, in the woods of Swallowfield, the three mystic frogs croaking about a HOLY NATIONAL ALLIANCE, of which France is to be the first member; I surely feel that the Lord's doves should be awakened, and prepared to flee to the mountains that there they may be safe, though each mourning for his own iniquity, and sighing because of surrounding abominations. And let all the doves who gather pulse from your 'Vessel,' pray that the good Lord would wash their eyes with the milk of holy truth that they may clearly see, for then only can they behold the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not.

And now for a ray or two. I am no alarmist; but my testimony is one of sober reflection of many years' standing: but as I find my brethren very prone to hide from view the real evils of the day, I would say, 'Oh, do not so; because no REAL comfort can come that way to the church; and that which is false, however sweet, can only paralyze, and help the cause of the enemy.' And besides, God has provided much food and clothing—much oil and honey—much milk and wine 'in lines parallel with dark shades,' and these like Daniel's pulse and water will make the face and flesh of Zion's sons much fairer and fatter than all the slops of half-hearted nurses. In my last I said that peculiar times require peculiar faith: and such faith must stand in a scriptural understanding of the signs of the times.

1. I can clearly see that while the land of Judah was swept of its cities and armies, flocks, and herds, there were stragglers left behind. Those who were thus left of the general swoop were emphatically 'the remnant,' the gleanings of the valley of Rephaim. And this remnant (each person) was as the golden wedge of Ophir; and for these, rich and dainty provisions are held in reserve; so that it is said, 'In that day a man shall nourish a young cow and two sheep; and for the abundance of milk they

shall give they shall eat butter ; for butter and honey shall every one eat that is LEFT in the land.' Now this is our Father's word of promise, which cannot fall to the ground, and therefore our privilege in the present evil day is, to eat butter, yea butter and honey, that we may know thereby to choose the good and refuse the evil. The covenant of grace, well understood, gives us to milk out by faith, and be delighted with the abundance of Zion's future glory. While the Word and the Spirit of our God supplies us with solid and wholesome food.

At this moment I find myself in the midst of a population of more than 20,000 souls ; but the strength of the land is gone—the falling away to Nebuchadnezzar is a vast captivity ! I am trying to collect the olive berries that are left, the remnant, that so they may be nourished and comforted with milk and honey.

2. Not only is there an abundance of rich provisions for those that are left, but we have a Goshen, where the light shineth, which the darkness comprehendeth not. Darkness is covering the earth, and gross darkness the people ; but here the Lord shall arise upon Zion ; and his glory shall be seen upon her ; and in his light shall her sons see light ; and this light makes them see eye to eye. And here, as the Lord severs betwixt us and the Egyptians, we sing while others weep ; we eat while others starve ; we drink while others faint ; and we rejoice while others are ashamed. Isa. lv. 13, 14.

And now, my brother, go on digging away, with your mattock, on your own little hill, as I saw you dig the other night ; and briars and thorns shall fall before you ; while the ox and the ass shall be sent forth and lesser cattle shall feed in pastures green. I am,

W. C. POWELL.

Reading, Sept. 9, 1849.

A Watchman's Declaration

RESPECTING MUCH THAT HE HAS SEEN
AMONG PROFESSING ISRAEL.

DEAR BROTHER—I have often thought that I should like to write a few lines to the editor of the *Earthen Vessel*, and as I have a spare hour to-day, I make the attempt.

I seem to make such a snail's progress in the knowledge of divine things ; and looking at you as a six foot man in our day (that is in gospel knowledge,) makes me almost afraid to come out of my shell ; for I think if you, or any of the Lord's people were to touch my horns, I am such a coward I should never venture out of my shell again. Nevertheless, 'there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,' whether little or great. And as I have faith to believe that all the creeping things in Noah's ark, were as much saved from the flood as the flying fowl—so have I faith to believe that all such creeping things as I am, (even a babe in Christ !)

is as safe for eternity as the strong man in Christ ; and I found it a great mercy to be a creeping thing in this view of the matter ; for a creeping thing must have life before it creeps ; and, bless the Lord, I believe I have got life, and that I know what it is to creep a little, though it be slow ; and I think I know what it is to creep out of death into life, and out of darkness into light ; yes, and out of bondage into liberty, and out of self into Christ, sometimes. But sometimes, my good and gracious Lord is pleased to lead me round to the back side of the desert, or into the devil's forest (as I call it) where I have had some solemn views of man's state by nature ; and I can say that these views have been soul-humbling views to my soul, and have often made me say with Ruth—'Why have I found grace in thy sight, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me?' Or, with the poet—

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,

And enter while there's room ;

While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

And in my travels throughout this desert, or forest, I have been obliged to notice the care that satan takes in looking after the trees of his forest, and in keeping up the fence in good order around his premises, and the number of labourers he keeps in full employment on his premises all the year round. What I mean, chiefly, by his labourers, is—those preachers of his in our day, those that preach human ability in the place of Christ,—those that preach against the power and sovereignty of Jehovah,—those that preach against the doctrines of free and undeserved grace—those hedgers and ditchers of his, for that is there employment, to keep the banks of the forest in order, and if there is a little crack, or hole in any part of the banks, they will soon try and stop it, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ should shine through them, and sometimes they are able to do this, to stop up the cracks ; that is, when there is a little impression made on the minds of men, they will try to stop it up with their old plaster—'you are not worse than your neighbour ;' 'the Lord is gracious and merciful ; don't be alarmed ; sleep on a little longer ;' and thus they heal up the wound slightly, saying, 'Peace, peace ; where there is no peace ;' and this is done that their old master might not be disturbed. But if the Lord is pleased to wound, they may try as long as they like to heal, but they cannot do it ; their plaster is too dry, it will not stick ; neither can the religious tailors of our day darn it up. No ; he that wounds must heal. But notwithstanding these labours of his the Lord has chosen hundreds of precious souls ; yet, under their cultivation, and notwithstanding these industrious servants of his, they shall be made willing to bow the knee to King Jesus in the day of the Lord's power ; and he that caused the walls of Jericho to fall down flat will make a way into this forest of satan's, that he may

pick out the objects of his everlasting love, in spite of all the powers of darkness. Thanks to his dear and precious name for liberating our souls, my brother, from the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped; and if the Lord had not done this for us, we should have been banked in till this very moment, and never knew what life, light, and liberty meant; but grace shall have the praise for the change wrought. But you must allow me to notice, also, that these servants of his have their various offices, and that some of them are very clever in the offices they hold. Some are clever in training these trees of the forest, and they will train them in whatever shape the devil likes. Some are trained so as to form an open parlour for him to sit in at his pleasure; and any one passing by this with their eyes open, can plainly see the devil there; I mean the great professors and loose livers of our day—these men form satan's parlour, find them where you will; and if he is not there himself, some of his family are always at home, to do business for him. But to be short, others of his servants are clever in making dead dolls; and others in painting them; and others in dressing these dead and wooden things up in their pharisaical pride; and others in nursing and feeding those wooden things upon the thin pap of morality from one week's end to another; and truly we may say to this my brother,—

Pap well warm'd and sugar'd this;
But let the nurses know,
Although they make it e'er so nice,
There's death in all they do!

And I tell you, my brother, that my aim is to set fire to all this wooden ware, go where I will. I have been down to Reading near two months, trying to destroy some of their rubbish, and I believe—not in vain. If spared till next month, I shall be at Chesham, Bucks, for three months, if the Lord will; and, I trust, I shall go there, with the same intention; not to put on Adam's fig leaf dress as under clothes, and the righteousness of Christ as an outside garment—but to take away filthy rags, and point the sinner to a change of raiment. But to go back to our old story:—

Notwithstanding all the fanciful religion of our day, there are a few real lovers of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Yes, and as the Lord is pleased to move these plants out of the world, and to plant them in the paradise above—so he will be pleased, also, to take out of nature's forest other plants for his glory. But this transplanting time often proves a stripping time to the soul—a withering time; that is, a time when the plant loses all its former beauty and leaves; as the prophet saith, 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it.' And when the Lord takes a plant out of the forest, he don't take up

a great ball of earth with it; but generally when he takes a plant in hand, he digs very close to the roots, and cuts assunder some of the fibres of nature; yes, and beats off much of old nature's soil, such as enmity, ignorance, pride and self-righteousness, and so forth; and brings the poor thing naked and drooping, into his own premises, and plants them in the soil of love and favour; and here they grow in grace—not out of grace, but in it; and in a knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Christ is made known to them in the characters, and offices, and relations he bears to his church; and some of these plants of the Lord's planting, thrive and grow so fast, that they soon get as tall as the church when she said, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am his.' When the Lord calls some of his children out of the forest of nature, he plants them in the south border of his garden, where the Sun of Righteousness beams upon them, and warms their hearts, and cheers their souls, and elevates their affections. But we must notice, that at this stage of divine life, the plant becomes drawn up very slender; that is, they know more about Christ than about themselves, or more about the doctrines of grace than the experience of them. But the Lord sometimes shifts his plants about in his garden—but, thanks to his name, he will never shift them out of it; but he will shift us, while here, out of one place into another, and out of one pot into another, that we should not get pot-bound; yes, and ere long he will shift us out of his garden here to that which is above, and there will be no more changes, but the pot will be large enough for us to appear before our redeeming God in the full perfections of heaven, our home. But while here shifted about we shall be! In and out is the old trodden path; but it is a great mercy to be placed the sunny side of the garden wall, and some of the Lord's children are thus favoured in their outstart in divine life; and they hardly know what darkness of mind is, nor what barrenness of feelings mean. But if they search the Word, the sun shines there; if they go to the public ordinances the sun shines there; and in conversation the sun shines there; and at the throne of grace the sun shines there. But we must remember the promise, 'Summer and winter, cold and heat, day and night shall not cease.' Now the Lord will be pleased to shift presently, these south border plants, and put them more in the open garden, where the winds can get at them; they are only placed in that warm situation till they get a little rooted and grounded in the things of eternity; and when those tall and slender plants are shifted more into the open garden; and the frost nips their leaves, and touches their tender tops, they will not grow quite so fast, according to outward appearance. But if they get well nipped at the top, they will soon get nice little bushy plants; they will not be so weak and slender, but will soon have a

nice thick bottom; what I mean, is a good bushy experience; and a nice bushy plant in a garden looks much better than a tall thin one does. Now when the plant of the Lord's right hand planting is placed in the open garden, and twisted about a little it will know something about that sweet portion in the Songs,—Awake O north wind, come south, and blow upon my garden that the spices may flow. But there is one comfort for the poor soul that is blown about. And that is this—'the winds and the waves obey HIM;' neither can they blow till he gives leave. So he calls for the wind in the Songs; and these north winds are very cold and nipping—I should look at them as the winds of temptation, persecution, tribulation, and so forth, such as our Lord spoke of in Matthew, where the winds blew, (winds of temptation,) and the floods came, (floods of persecution); but neither the winds nor the floods beat the man's house down who built on the rock—neither can the winds blow us down if rooted and built up in him. They were not designed to blow the plants up by the roots, but that the spices might flow out.

Now let us see how these winds blew upon Job, and we shall find they were strong enough to blow all Job's friends away, and blew all his cattle away, and blew all his children away—yea, it stripped Job of all he had, but it did not blow Job's Lord away—no, nor it did not blow Job's fear away—no, nor his love to his Lord! Then, my brother, the north winds may blow our enjoyments away for awhile, but thanks to his dear name, it cannot blow us away, if plants of his planting; but it may blow away a little of the mildew and blight which we are subjected to yet—yea, it might squeeze out a little of the spice, as it did out of Job, when he said, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

My dear brother we never cry so well as we do when the devil pinches us. It was, (and so it is now) in their trouble, 'then they cried unto the Lord.' But may be some will say, 'I don't know much about these winds; can I be one of his plants?' Well, I should like to state things a little further as touching this garden of the Lord; but paper won't allow. This one thing I will say—Our father has got a green-house in his garden, where he keeps his tender plants from the frost, and winds, and fogs; and these green-house plants have a little air given them at a time. I should like to say a little about this house, and the plants in it, but I cannot now; it is a good house; the foundation will never give way, nor the frame work rot; no, nor neither can any of the storms break the glass.

I don't know, my brother, whether you will be able to make this out, for I am a poor writer; and please pardon my liberty in this attempt.

I remain a sincere lover and well-wisher of your's for Christ's sake,

J. PARSONS.

An Enigma Solved.

How is it professors appear

So happy, contented and gay,
Not burden'd with sorrow nor care,
But cheerfully move on their way—
While God's living people are so
Perplex'd, and tried, and dismayed,
And have, while in this world of woe,
Through floods of deep waters to wade?

How is it professors can hear

At all times, with joy and delight;
And not have a doubt or a fear,
But think their religion is right—
While Christians so often complain
Of deadness, when hearing the Word,
And sometimes they think 'tis in vain
To go to the house of the Lord?

How is it professors can pray,

And always are ready to ask,
Are ne'er at a loss what to say,
Ne'er find it a load or a task—
While Christians are often so shy,
And timid, and feeble, and weak,
Unless they are help'd from on high,
They scarcely seem able to speak?

How is it professors can read,

And have so much light in the Word,
And on the bare letter can feed,
And always call Jesus their Lord—
While Christians oft find, to their grief,
Until, by the Spirit reveal'd,
They read, but can find no relief,
The Bible appears to be seal'd?

How is it professors can talk

Of Jesus, his work, and his blood,
And how, with delight always walk
In all the commandments of God;
No murmuring, nor groaning, nor sighs,
No bondage, no darkness, nor pain,
All frames and all feelings despise,
And call them delusive and vain?

How is it? The reason is plain,

Where the Spirit has open'd the eyes,
That sure they were ne'er born again,
Nor unto salvation made wise;
For do not the Scriptures say true,
That all for whom Christ shed his blood,
Must much tribulation go through,
To enter the kingdom of God.

Mere form and mere notions won't do

For him that is taught from on high;
'Tis power, and unction, and dew,
And nothing less can satisfy.
To talk of religion, alas!
Without any feeling or frame,
It is but a cymbal of brass,
And only a noise and a name.

In reading, and hearing, and prayer,

The soul that has life, wants to feel
That Jesus, his Saviour, is near
In mercy himself to reveal.
The doctrines—what are they, unless
The Holy Ghost does them apply?
They neither bring comfort nor rest,
But leave the soul barren and dry!

A POOR THING.

The True Experience of J. Eskholme,

OF DONCASTER, YORKSHIRE.

OUR dear brother states that the Lord in the wise arrangements of his providence, blessed him with a child; and a few days after its birth it was taken ill. He being from home, was sent for, and was deeply impressed with the thought that it was through him that his dear child was thus afflicted; he was led through that to attend the Wesleyan Chapel; but the Lord having taught him the gospel truths, he could not sit under the ministry of that Association, as the following conversation will shew. After hearing a discourse respecting the falling away of God's people, he went to the minister, and told him that his Bible said that every one of God's people, when called by grace, were saved with an everlasting salvation, being kept, by the power of God, through faith unto salvation. 'What?' says the minister, 'is that your belief and views?' 'Yes!' exclaimed the good man. Then, taking his pen, crossed the name of the poor believer out of the church book; at the same time telling him that it was crossed out of the Book of Life. Did not this language come from the dear man himself, we could not believe such a sentence could have been uttered by the mouth of one who professed to be a teacher in Israel; but so it was.

After a time, the Lord, in his providence, caused him to reside at Melton, where he attended the independent chapel. From thence he was removed to Preston, in Lancashire. During his stay at this place, he was led to feed upon the Word; and the following passages were often refreshing to his soul, viz., 'I am the bread of life;' 'Without holiness no man can see the Lord.' 'These passages were unto my soul,' says the good man, 'as springs of water, refreshing me while travelling through the wilderness.' After this time he was led to spend his days at Doncaster, in Yorkshire, where he now resides; and Jehovah has, in a peculiar way and manner, revealed himself to his soul, as his covenant God and Saviour. On his coming to this place, he sat under the ministry of Mr. Mc'All. After he had been a member of his church for some time, he was called to relinquish his labours among that people, and was succeeded by Mr. Johnson; not long after then, circumstances of a painful nature occurred which ended in a division amongst that people; and he, with several others, worshipped in a small place, where the members took it in turns to explain the Scriptures; and some of them continue to do so up to the present day. A few words upon church discipline here would not be out of place, as at the church meeting, held at the old independent chapel, this dear man of God was the subject of painful feeling and regret. He states these meetings were more like meetings of a political character, rather than

meetings where they met for the promotion of God's cause; where the 'knocking down' of speeches, and the cries of 'hear! hear!' from the minister, were painful in the extreme to the humble followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Viewing the contrast between the meek and humble spirit of those who left, he was constrained to say, 'I will go with you; for I perceive the spirit of the divine Master is manifested in your proceedings in connection with this church at Hall Gate Chapel.

After worshipping with this people some time, the Lord saw fit to lay upon him his afflicting hand. 'This sickness,' says he, 'did not come upon me by chance; but there was a divine hand in it.' About three weeks after he was afflicted, he says, 'I retired to rest, and after I had been in bed some time, I felt, as it were, a chariot come over my body, at the same time a person left the chariot, and I asked him whether he was a guardian angel; and what I must do to be saved?' And a voice distinctly answered, 'I will tell you what you must do to be saved. The chariot came over me again; and I uttered the same words, 'what must I do to be saved?' The voice exclaimed, 'Go to Spring Garden Chapel, and there it shall be told you what you must do to be saved.' This voice I could not but hear, for it so affected me; and led me to examine myself to know what spirit I was of. I felt happy, and convinced that Jehovah had spoken to me in a vision; and told me those things which would be a blessing to my soul; being fully convinced that I was the Lord's. I felt much of the divine presence, while on that bed of affliction, bearing me up, and comforting me, and often awoke from my slumbers singing, and praising God. I felt assured that the Lord would raise me up to go to this place mentioned, not having the slightest idea of it before, I made enquiries respecting who it was that preached there, and the people connected with this house of prayer? And, to my joy, they visited me. Having made known the dealings of the Lord with my soul, after I was restored in a measure to my wonted health, I found the place of prayer spoken of in the vision; and am a living witness to the truth of the words spoken; for there has it been told me what I must do to be saved. The preaching of the Word in that house of God has been to my soul as bread and water to the weary pilgrim in the desert; being sometimes like a giant refreshed with new wine, and fed with the bread of life.

May Jehovah bless his Word delivered, to his saints, in that and in every other house of the Lord; and this, the experience of his humble servant; and may this, the wonderful manifestation of his presence to my poor soul be blessed to his dear saints, is the prayer of one who feels the love and mercy of the Redeemer shed abroad in his heart.

Doncaster.

J. ESKHOLME.

A Little Bundle of Mercies ;
WITH A FEW BITTER HERBS .

TO MR. JOHN CORBITT.

MY DEAR AND MUCH-ESTEEMED PASTOR AND SPOUSE :—I received your kind letter yesterday, and was exceeding glad to hear of both of your well-being, and health of body and soul. You know we are all as pilgrims in the path of tribulation. Our path way is beset with difficulties, dangers, troubles, trials, and perplexities as we travel onward to that blissful country into which Jesus, our forerunner, has entered—where the great Captain of our salvation has triumphantly taken his seat on the right hand of the Majesty on high, made perfect through sufferings, there to appear for us. Now, my dear brother and sister, may mercy unto you, and peace and love be multiplied. The supplies we have had, in your absence, have been very precious; and I believe have been sweetly heard—at least, they have been so to my soul. Their sermons were well calculated under God the Holy Ghost to encourage and to strengthen, enlighten, and comfort, and cheer sorrowful souls, and to soften hard hearts, and to stir up drowsy minds, and to collect scattered thoughts, and to arrest the attention of careless sinners, and to honour the Lord of life and glory. And of such speakers or ministers, we may well say, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are their feet!' I say, my dear brother and sister, it is beautiful when we hear the gospel of the grace of God preached to dying men. And it is most evident, from Scripture, that the true sheep and lambs of Christ's fold cannot be really benefitted and refreshed but with such green pastures, and by such soul-refreshing streams as the true gospel, preached by spiritually instructed God-fearing men; since it is at those streams, and in those sweet pastures that our souls thrive, and grow, and become quite vigorous; and then, and not till then, is preaching Christ crucified precious and delightful; as the sound gospel in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost, is sure to bring poor sinners both to feel and know the truth of all I have said. I will not hesitate to tell you that we are becoming stronger and stronger, like unto a tower, or fortress, which is built up with lively stones, and well cemented together. Therefore, I trust, we are all now lively stones, cemented together with the love of our dear Lord Jesus. This is, I think, our situation at present; and I hope and trust that the dear Lord is on our side, and will long keep us so.

The other day I was reading the Scriptures; the 8th chapter of Proverbs came in view, especially verses 22nd and 23rd. Here I had a faith's view of the ancient settlements respecting Christ the first elected one, as mentioned in Isaiah xlii. 1. Here I first saw the saints' eternal happiness, Jesus the foundation stone in the decree of election—God the Father blessing us (or his church) in him, pardoning us in

him, sealing us in him, building us up in him, and completing us in him, (2 Tim. i. 9.) Here I beheld Christ himself under a divine ordination before the world began, (1 Pet. i. 20,) election and grace being the ground, foundation and cause—salvation the building and work—and glory, or full enjoyment the product, issue, and ultimate end. But oh, my dear brother, to fathom this is impossible! But how should the contemplation of this everlasting love draw forth the powers of our love, and make the flame thereof ascend with vigour towards God again. This is also above the light of reason too; we must captivate reason to revelation; and whatever effect the faith of divine revelation hath upon our own souls in our own experience. Another thing I many times wonder at when I get leave to think upon it; and it is this—in Isaiah ix. 6, 'For unto us a child is born; unto us a Son is given.' The ALMIGHTY GOD is a child born—and that to us. O, my dear brother, how can we but wonder at the high relationship that we stand in to Christ! A creation relation is near—a covenant relation is nearer—adoption relation is nearer yet—but, our relation to the human nature of Christ, and our union by faith with HIM who is equal with the Father, and that in our very nature, is nearest of all! My dear brother, this is a glorious and sweet mystery indeed—the believer's great glory and infinite advantage, and the only foundation of the church's salvation and comfort—the great contrivance, the grace and condescension of the undertaking—the love and power of both in the effectual application of all to his poor tried church and people. O what a great mercy it is that the love of God is not like that of his creatures—to-day warm, to-morrow cold as ice; to-day strong as death, to-morrow weak as water; to-day seem enough to pluck out the eye, and give to those whom we profess to love, to-morrow seeking to pull out the eyes of our friends in order to fill our own with the light of others. But, dear brother, the love of God is not so; the love of God is an ocean never to be exhausted, a river ever running, a fountain ever open, a spring never ceasing. It originates with the Father, centres in Jesus, and is shed abroad in the hearts of his children, by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us. This love pardons sins—justifies the sinner—and effectually hides all defects, and constrains us to love God, and it influences us to love one another. 1 John iv. 11.

May these things be seriously impressed on each of our hearts and minds, and practised in each of our lives, is the prayer of your unworthy friend and well-wisher,

JOHN G., Senr.

32, Bridgewater Street, Manchester,
August 25, 1849.

[We have only put the initial of our worthy brother's name, because we could not clearly decipher what was the correct spelling of the name.]

SOME ACCOUNT OF

John Corbitt's late Preaching TourIN BEDFORDSHIRE, LONDON, CAMBRIDGE,
&c. &c.

TO MY BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS — composing the gospel church at Oldham-street, Manchester; and to all my beloved friends that I have visited during my late journey; and every one who loves my blessed Lord and Saviour. I have thought it might not be unprofitable to you, if I gave you a concise account of my journey, the Lord's dealings with me; the state of the churches; and the things I observed in my tour, through the medium of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

July the 30th, we left Manchester at half-past seven o'clock, passing through deep cuttings, high embankments, and then through dark tunnels; this put me in mind of the christian's journey heavenward: sometimes hemmed in by high mountains, so that we cannot see only upwards; and sometimes passing through dark and dismal tunnels of bitter experience, with the bands of the earth about his head; then again he bursts forth on to that high embankment, thrown up by the eternal council of God, and drawn in lines of blood, that high-way, that the way-faring man shall not err therein, though a fool in every other sense. Thus I passed on, meditating upon the abundant bounties of Divine Providence, and the eternal fulness treasured up in him, in whom it hath pleased the Father all fulness should dwell, until we arrived at Luton, in Bedfordshire; and there met a branch of my family, in good health and spirits, for which I thank my Lord. Here I soon found myself in a wilderness, (having no affectionate christian to speak to) and my dear companion seized with a serious attack of Diarrhœa, but by the use of means, and my Lord's good hand, she recovered in about thirteen hours. There was a little cause, professing gospel truth at Luton, but whether the light is gone out or not, I am not able to tell; or whether the lukewarm plague has taken them, I do not know; I neither heard their voice, or saw their light. Dear Lord, if thy work is began at Luton, put forth thy hand with a live coal from off the altar, and set the large wheel of thy covenant love in motion there, if it is thy sovereign pleasure.

Friday August the 3rd, my much esteemed friend, Wm. Seymour, of Arlesey, fetched us from Luton to his house; as we passed along we saw the lusty harvest man thrusting his sickle into the luxuriant crops of wheat, severing the wheat from the stubble; this put me in mind of the end of the world, when the angels will, by God's order, sever the righteous from the wicked. O, that you and me, reader, may be found amongst the

former, bound up as sheaves in the bundle of life, having gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, may we by the grace of God, come again rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us, saying, behold, here am I, and the children the Lord has given me.

Sunday morning the 5th, my friend Seymour procured me a horse and gig to convey us to Potton; we had to pass through Biggleswade, the late scene of my ministerial labours; having been previously denied the pulpit at Biggleswade, it became generally known that I was to preach at Potton that day; the road was strewed with carts, gigs, donkey carts, and people on foot, to meet with me: the manner of expression and tears of some, who stopped me on the road, I shall never forget: true affection spoke to my soul from the look, the fear, and the shake of the hand. I was most kindly received by the friends of Potton; the place was crowded in the morning, and in the afternoon many was obliged to stand outside. We had a good day, I really believe the Lord was there, and blessed his word to many. These people, under the ministry of my old friend, Mr. Tite, are truly alive to the things of God; the Lord bless him, and them, and continue him to preach amongst them the unsearchable riches of his grace.

In the evening my long highly esteemed and constant friend Mr. T. P. of Biggleswade, took us to Biggleswade, to his house, where we was accepted by his kind though sorely afflicted partner, with much kindness; the Lord return them one hundred fold in their bosoms here; and give them eternal life hereafter.

On Wednesday the 8th, our hostess, Mrs. Hyde, of Stotfold, sent for us, that we might share in her liberality and kindness; we spent a day and night at her house, in christian conversation and kindness; the Lord reward her and bless her with the lively influence of his grace in her own soul, and pour out his saving grace on the family, if it is his pleasure.

On Thursday the 9th, we were taken to Ashwell, in Hertfordshire, to visit our long esteemed friends Mr. and Mrs. Kirbyshire, and I preached to a very attentive few in their little room in the evening; the Lord bless them all; and as I received benefits of body by my visits, so may they receive benefits of soul.

On Friday the 10th, I walked through the corn fields from Ashwell to Biggleswade again, having on the previous Monday been solicited by Mr. Sears to preach in my old Chapel on Friday night. I did so, with some degree of pleasure; and I can say to the honour of my Lord; though I had been denied the pulpit on the Sunday before, I did enter it without the least jealousy, prejudice, or retaliation; and spoke to the people in

the name of the Lord in liberty, affection, and the fear of the Lord. The Lord bless the word spoken to the hearts of them that heard it; and for his dear Son's sake, and his people's sake, (in that quarter of the world,) continue the full, free, and unfashionable gospel lamp to burn; so that they may see their way clearly, and be comforted and built up in the Lord, and increased with men and women like a flock.

On Saturday, the 11th, I travelled to London by the rail from Bedford, arrived at my esteemed friend's, J. A. Jones, about five o'clock, and was kindly received by his family.

Sunday morning the 12th, found my way to Jireh meeting, Brick Lane, by the assistance of little Anna, Mr Jones' granddaughter, (a child about seven years old, I suppose;) she found plenty of things to shew me and talk to me about, but the Lord was laying the subjects I had to preach from too heavily on my mind for me to take much notice of my little guide's prattle. The friends met me with much kindness, but owing to it not being advertised properly we was not so full as afterwards; I felt myself much at home with the people; the congregation increased, and the Lord increased the manifestations of his kindness to me. The evening of the 19th, when I took my leave of them we were crowded to suffocation; we prayed, preached, sang, and rejoiced together, indeed, in the name of the Lord. The Lord bless my old friend and brother J. A. Jones, and cause his face to shine upon him and his friends; and grant that this exchange may be for lasting good to both places. I visited many of my good old friends in London, with whom I enjoyed comfortable seasons; and I met with some new associates, Mr Joseph Rudman, of Trowbridge, is one; I felt a union of soul to him as soon as I got into his company; he does not take hold of your hand as if he was afraid of catching the leprosy, neither do his words slip out of his mouth like butter: neither are his sentences put together as if he was afraid you should understand his intention; the Lord bless him, and hold him up in the ardent work he has engaged him in.

On Monday the 20th, I left London at six o'clock in the morning, by the Shore-ditch Station for Waterbeach, Cambridge-shire, where I again met my companion; she had been stopping in the country during my visit in London—here we stopped until Friday, visiting my wife's relations; this is the place of her nativity. There is a little Baptist cause here, and a few living souls, but it is at a low ebb; the leaders appear to be attempting to steer that intricate course between Calvinism and Baxterianism; the Lord stir up some few in this place, to faithfulness in the things of God; and make

their face like a flint, to renounce all fleshly cupulency, and take up their stand with Paul, with a determination to know nothing amongst men but Christ and him crucified, and they will prosper.

On Friday, I went to Cottenham, the place where I spent the first thirty years of my life; I found my sister in the flesh well, and was met at her house by brother Crampton, of Stretham, and brother Sutton, the minister of the new meeting, Cottenham; we settled it that I should preach morning and evening; and Mr Sutton in the afternoon; there are four places of worship in this favoured village; the church of England, the Fullerite baptist, and the Methodist, besides the place I preached at. Surely, this might be accommodation enough for them who like flesh better than spirit; and put more virtue in the creature's doing, than on Christ's perfect redemption, without wanting to disturb the last days of my highly esteemed brother in the gospel, by soiling the clean waters of election purposes by their polluted feet. Lord, here maintain thy name and fame, and grant these people a double portion of thy Spirit to stand forth; and having done all, to stand with their loins girded about with truth, having their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and the helmet of salvation, and breast-plate of righteousness, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

I had a delightful day with my dear brothers and sisters at Cottenham. My esteemed friend J. E. Murfit, brought me to Okington Station on Monday morning, and my long esteemed friend and brother in the gospel, Mr. Barker, met me at St. Ives, and conducted me to Fenstanton, and I preached again in his chapel to an attentive people on Monday evening the 27th. The Lord, bless this people, and pull up every root of bitterness, and plant many of the trees of his right hand planting, that thou mayest be glorified. On Tuesday morning, brother Barker conveyed me to B——, to my daughters, found them all well. Wednesday the 29th, assisted at wheat cart. Thursday the 30th, spent the day at Woodhurst with a brother. Friday 31st, returned to Manchester by Chatteris, March, Whittlesea, Peterborough, Spalding, Boston, Lincoln, to Sheffield; and arrived home at half-past eight, found all well, and well satisfied with the supplies; increasing in congregation, and a three-fold addition to the church, on September the 2nd. The Lord still continue his kindness to me, and all Zion; and give us grateful hearts for all his kindness, and crown the efforts of all his servants with success, and then with glory. Amen.

JOHN CORBITT.

Manchester, September 4, 1849.

What has the Cholera done in London, in 1849!

A Few Words of Warning for the Wicked Man, and of Consolation for the Righteous Man. To which is added, the Substance of a Funeral Sermon for the late JOHN SAMUEL GORBELL.
London: Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row.

SUCH is the title of a small pamphlet just issued from the press. "The design of this tract (says the preface) is two-fold. First, to warn the careless sinner, and to encourage the afflicted saint. Secondly, to endeavour to raise a small sum towards supporting a bereaved widow, and three (or four,) fatherless babes, during a season of the deepest distress." We make a few extracts from it; they will fully enough declare the nature of the work.

"The days in which we live, are awfully solemn; the heavy judgments of God are abroad in the land; but more especially in the midst of our metropolises, our cities, our hamlets, and towns. Go where you will, you see mournful processions—mournful countenances—and mournful houses. The Cholera in thousands of instances, has been shewing us how frail, how uncertain human life is; and how brittle and easily broken is every earthly tie. The Cholera has been taking thousands of our fellow-creatures from us. It has flew like so many poisoned arrows in all directions. The skilful doctor—the busy tradesman—the industrious servant—the beloved wife—the invaluable husband—the rich man—the poor man—the good man—and the bad man—all classes, all characters, all constitutions, have been suddenly taken from a busy world, from scenes of usefulness, from family connections; and the place that knew them, knoweth them no more for ever.

"WHAT HAS THE CHOLERA DONE? In some cases it has taken father, mother, and children; in others, it has removed father and mother, and left the children orphans; then again, it has snatched away the husband, and left the wife to struggle with all the sorrows and difficulties of a young family. Oh, what a dispensation—what a heavy judgment—what a loud voice is this! Who sent this terrible messenger? The answer is given—'The Lord hath done it.' And is it asked, 'Why has the Lord thus visited us?' I would be careful how I dare explain the designs of the Great and Mighty God; who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind; but when I think of the dreadful abounding of wickedness on every hand; when I look at the pride, presumption, arrogance, and cloaked wickedness of the great majority of our priests, our pastors, and our preachers; when I survey the coldness, and carelessness of the churches professing godliness; when, above all, I discover the ingratitude, villainess, and inconstancy of my own heart, I wonder no longer at these judgments. The LORD JEHOVAH is come forth to visit the nation for its wickedness; the professing churches for their idolatry; and to arouse

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his own people to a diligence and a carefulness as regards the state of their souls. Oh, that thousands may hear this voice, and turn unto the Lord with full purpose of heart!

"But again, I ask—WHAT HAS THE CHOLERA DONE? It has proved the uselessness of man's skill and power in attempting to resist the irresistible arrow of death. The Cholera (as a stern messenger from the Great Majesty of heaven)—has said—'Let no man trust in man—nor in any of the means devised by man; for, before their help can be called in, my fatal arrow is deeply lodged in the heart of him whom I come to remove.'

"Means are not to be despised—cleanliness, carefulness, cautions, and every lawful, every possible, and every probable means is to be resorted unto; but, an abstract reliance upon these things—(without faith in God, and fervent prayer to him for his blessing to accompany them)—is like a drowning man catching at a straw. So terrible have been the inroads which Cholera has made on the lives of the strongest of men, that even skilful doctors have been compelled to cry out to their patients, and say—'My good people, you must look to a higher power than us; for WE CANNOT SAVE YOU.'

"WHAT HAS CHOLERA DONE? It has proved the faithfulness of a Covenant God towards his people. One good man in the article of death, (after agonies and pains had been endured,) cried out, 'Glory! Glory! Glory to God!' and then he left this scene of woe. One aged saint who had long followed the Lord Jesus, was seized with the Cholera while hearing Christ's Gospel in the house of prayer, she went home, pains and cramps soon brought her to the brink of Jordan, but there she found her precious Saviour waiting to receive her; and although but little that she said could be understood by those who stood around her, yet it was evident her soul was enjoying the sweetest communion with her loving Lord—'PRECIOUS JESUS!' she exclaimed; and, as though heedless of all below, absorbed in heavenly bliss, without even one farewell to mortals here, she flew into his arms. 'Blessed, indeed are the dead that DIE IN THE LORD.' A timid, weak, and fearful child, of two-score years or more, was summoned home by this (to us) dread messenger: the struggle between death and life with her was of longer duration; but as she approached her end, the promise was fulfilled—'As thy day thy strength shall be.' Underneath she found the everlasting arms; and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

"How loudly do these things declare the value, the blessedness, the safety and the

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certainly of a *living faith* in the CHRIST of God. What would you say to the man who should venture out to sea in a dark night, and in a boisterous storm, without a pilot, without a cable, without an anchor, without a friend to help him through the storm? You would say the man is mad! But ten thousand times more reckless, more daring, more presumptuous, and more unwise is he who goeth forth in the midst of the storm that now secretly beats around him, without fervent prayers, and a humble faith in the great Captain of our salvation.

"Awful as these things appear to be; yet, reader, the candlestick of the Gospel is not yet removed from us. The Lord Jesus Christ is the Friend of seeking, sorrowing, praying sinners still. The fountain of his precious blood is open still. And although, (I grieve to say) the POWER and PRESENCE of the Holy Ghost amongst us seems to be small, and but little known, but little acknowledged,—by many but little desired; still—he is with his ministers—he is with his people—and the great argument employed by Christ himself, in Luke's Gospel (chapter xi. 11, 12), is as good and as valid as ever. Reader—hear what he says—'Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or, if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? or, if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? (CERTAINLY NOT!) If ye then, *being evil*, know how to give good gifts to your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give THE HOLY SPIRIT to them that ASK HIM.'

"Art thou a child of God? Is God thy Father? Is Jesus Christ thy Redeemer? Are the saints of God thy companions? Of Zion canst thou say,

'Here my best friends my kindred dwell,
Here God my Saviour reigns?'

If this be thy character—if this be thy condition—however dark, however fearful, however black in thyself, however barren in thy soul, and bewildered in thy mind, it is thine to ASK—to KNOCK—to SEEK—and thus found at the feet of Mercy's Throne, thou art safe; and there may sing,

'Tho' deaths and plagues around me fly,
Until he bids I cannot die.'

In this spirit the tract goes on to shew something of what the Cholera has done; and what it has not done.

The following is from the Funeral Sermon which is published in connection with the address from whence the above quotations are made.

I was walking down the Grange Road—This scripture came into my mind—"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness—but the righteous hath hope in his death." Prov. xiv. 32.—Instantly, I thought of two characters—the first was O'Connor, the

man who was shot just by here.—In the midst of a sinful career—without any warning—without any preparation—death in a cruel, dreadful form, drove him from this wicked world into the presence of His Maker—and from thence, I fear, into the dark regions of despair and death. He was driven away in his wickedness. Oh, how awfully dangerous is a course of sin! How loudly such an event seems to speak to open and secret transgressors! A course of sin exposes us to the revenge of wicked sinners: in a moment, they may lift up their hands against us, take our life from us; and send us into hell! A course of sin exposes us to the craft and subtlety of the Devil! Let us serve him ever so fully—yet when he hath done with us, he will drag us down to his own dark abode; for nothing so gratifies him, as to bring poor sinners there. A course of sin exposes us to the iron arm, and dreadful degradation of our national laws: for a course of sin—however secretly it may be followed at first, is almost certain to break out in the violation of civil laws—theft, murder, or the like—and then, not unfrequently, we see men driven thereby from off the face of the earth. But, above all, a course, of sin exposes us to the wrath of Heaven. How often has that scripture seemed to strike terror into my soul—"but God shall wound the head of his enemies; and the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his trespasses." A grey, hoary-headed sinner, who has become hardened in sin—is an awful sight indeed. But turn the picture. Such an event, as the one I have referred to, calls loudly for gratitude and praise on the part of those who are made partakers of the grace of God. The grace of God subdues our base and wicked passions: it puts us into the clefts of that Rock where sin cannot reign; where Satan cannot destroy; where the law will not condemn; God will not reject.

'Oh to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be.'

Thus, in the case I have referred to, I saw how oft the wicked are driven away in their wickedness.

"The second character, was our departed brother Gorbell. His death was sudden: it was solemn: it was unexpected: he was in the prime of life: he was in good health; he was in the midst of a struggling business; he was the husband of a most affectionate partner; he was the father of three little babes; he was the main-stay of the family. They did not know how to part with him; all their earthly hopes were bound up in him; but death came—it came rapidly—it came preternaturally—it would take no denial; in this case, kind nursing was of no use; medical skill was of no use; a good constitution and a regular life were of no use; may I add another thing? Ah solemn indeed—in this case, fervent cries, and earnest prayers were of no use. His time was come, He must die. He did die. But, how did he die? Well; after the

struggles and groans and pains of a few hours, he told his dear wife, he should not be with her long. He implored heaven's blessing to rest upon her; he declared his faith in Jesus was strong: the name of Jesus was precious; he seemed to forget the world with all its cares; his dear family with all their ties; and, absorbed in the love and presence of Christ, he said—'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' And so he fell asleep in the Saviour's arms. He had hope in his death."

SOME OF THE CAUSES OF

National Visitation and Humiliation

POINTED OUT.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I hope the Lord has enriched and blessed your soul at Jersey under the rich anointings of his own word. For, as he says, 'Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.' There is no cleansing for our sin-stricken souls, but from his own word of grace. All moral efforts come short! Nothing less than his own royal word will command off our leprosy; his word heals our dryness, barrenness and deadness of soul. It makes us lively, vigorous and fruitful in the ways of the Lord. A state of ease in Zion is abhorrent to God; a lukewarm state he will spew out of his mouth. Ah, how little fighting against sin or satan is there! Our hearts have rocked us into a sleepy state with the foolish virgins. Is it any credit to us, as soldiers and prayer-seeking christians to be sleeping in danger?

"O beware of trust ill-grounded,
 'Tis but fancied faith at most—
 To be cured and not be wounded,
 To be sav'd before you're lost!"

My dear sister, I write thus that you may see, examine, and search your own ways; and turn to the Lord; that we may seek to be made spiritually profitable, and alive in our souls before God and before the world.

Death and destruction is wasting at noon-day; but Jesus reigns; he sitteth King in every flood. Yesterday was a day of 'general prayer' in London for the removal of his hand; and different localities, during this week are to observe 'a day of humiliation before God.' But, alas! the acknowledgment does not proceed from genuine sorrow, manifested by breaking off their iniquities, and turning to him that smites them; or as in the case of the Ninevites, who 'believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them.' Faith in God, and a belief of his Word must take the lead; before such days can be observed on right principles or be accepted of him.

On Sunday last Mr. Tryon was on this national subject both parts of the day. In the morning, Amos iii. 3; in the evening, Prov. xv. 8, 9. Mr. T. is one that does not preach general abstract principles; his aim and prayer is, so far as I can see, to have a

right knowledge of the times; and to shew ministerially what the Lord makes known. I noticed four things he was led to speak upon as being causes of the present heavy judgment upon the land and city; and which he, (as do some others) consider will fall still more heavily.

1. There was a disposition in the people to reject the laws; a strong effort had been made to have a Jew to represent the city in parliament; the avowed enemies of Christ. 2. He had observed on the Saturday a vessel going to France, advertised as the *gayest* capital in Europe, to spend the day there which was for supplication to God here. The 'gayest' capital arrested him. Shewing the inclination of the people to general infidel principles and forgetfulness of God. 3. The judgment which had been given respecting the doctrine of baptismal regeneration; and the evangelical clergy still remaining in that apostate church. 4. The wide spread of Roman Catholic principles.

The two last remarks I think every one must acknowledge. The fearful visitation of God will most certainly follow such high effrontery and blasphemy! Such 'will drink of the wrath of God,' who are in fellowship with principles, (whether nations or individuals) that himself declares so awfully and plainly against! The late Watts Wilkinson, so many years the Lord's mouth in the city, who was in that Church which made all Christians by baptising them in their infancy, had frequently used to say, 'They call this a Christian nation; but I call it a nation of baptised infidels!'

HENRY WATMUFF.

A Solemn Day at High Wycombe.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—The cholera which has solemnly visited our cities, towns and villages; has carried off considerable numbers in Wycombe and its vicinity; and has most assuredly made many of the stout-hearted to tremble. I trust it will be made a blessing to some, at least.

Through the medium of the *Vessel*, I should like to inform the living in Jerusalem, and those whose righteous souls mourn from day to day for the filthy conversation of the wicked, that Thursday last, 6th inst., by mutual consent of all denominations, was set apart for humiliation and prayer to Almighty God, that if it was his pleasure, he would say to the cholera, '*It is enough*,' and it would obey him. It was also a day of thanksgiving for his distinguishing mercy, in sending such a plentiful harvest, and favourable weather for housing the same. And also, while Europe, in many parts, has been deluged with blood, England has been in peace. It was also a day of confession of our sins as a nation, as churches, as families, as individuals. And may it be long remembered, and blessings from heaven descend upon us as a nation.

Now, I will tell you in what way the day

was observed at Cave Adullam, which will be a tolerable good specimen for the other places of worship, (not the church excepted) for I believe the rector, Mr. Padden, was the first to move on the occasion; and when he found it was not lawful to pray in the church without a book, held a prayer-meeting in the chancel, in the morning of the day. At Cave Adullam, a prayer-meeting in the morning, at half-past seven o'clock, was well attended; sermon at half-past ten, when our pastor, Mr. Evans, preached a very appropriate sermon for the occasion; in the afternoon it was mutually agreed that there should be an united prayer-meeting in the Town Hall for all denominations, at half-past two o'clock; but it was soon found that the Town Hall would not contain half the people that flocked thither; therefore, it was agreed that the meeting should be held in the Hall for all that could get in, and the remainder adjourned to the parish Church, where the Rector, after reading a part of the Church service, gave an address to the multitude, for I understand the church was nearly full. Then in the evening of the day, at Cave Adullam, another sermon was preached.

All the places of worship throughout the town were well attended that day.

The shops, all of them in the town, (but one) were closed throughout the day; and I never saw a day in Wycombe observed with more order and apparent devotion since I have been in it—now fifty-four years.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you will find a corner of the *Vessel* for these lines you will very much oblige

Your old unbleached friend,

WM. STEERS.

P.S. It is a fact that now, the seventh day since the above, there has not been a fatal case of cholera in Wycombe. Let God be praised, who hears and answers prayer, although the sceptic may scoff!

A LITTLE REMNANT IN

The Priest-ridden City of Winchester.

MY DEAR SIR:—In your *Vessel* of last month there is reference made by Mr. Joy, of Alton, to a separation that occurred in the Baptist connection, Winchester, stating that he had preached to the separating friends, but 'he fears there is a cloud upon them,' &c. Permit me to ask brother Joy if it is the cloud Elijah's servant saw upon the watch tower from Carmel's lofty summit?—so that having heard the sound and rustling produced by the Divine influence, he now fears, or trembles, for the anticipated result—an abundance of heavenly rain! Or, is it to be understood—that as the chosen disciples of our most glorious Christ feared, when they entered the cloud of Tabor's glory, and while under this principle, would have made tabernacles for their transfigured Lord, for Moses, and for

Elias? Or would our brother Joy infer that our Winton brethren desire a mixture of Moses and Christ—an amalgamation of law and the gospel?

There is the symbolic cloud of the Divine presence in guiding, upholding, protecting and directing the church in the wilderness—for upon all the glory shall be a defence! And there is Sinai's awful cloud, that concealed the terrible Majesty of the Great Eternal within its certain fold of blackness—the secret oblivion of his throne! And the condescension of the Infinite, in his mysterious dealings with his church, are in clouds and darkness! for what pilgrim is there that travels in this desert road, that has not experienced sometimes cloud as well as sunshine? Now a threatening storm—a dark, and trackless path! and then the clearer road that leads onward and upward, where the bright Sun of Righteousness, (with beams of grace) scatters every mist, and shines with unclouded glory, as the everlasting light of his ransomed church!

Brother Joy may have been favoured with more discrimination than others; but I must confess that if any other cloud than that with which our churches are now enveloped, is upon our Winchester brethren, namely the witnesses of the love and faithfulness of God, on the one hand—and the crowding professor, that darkens the pilgrim's path, on the other, with his *ignis fatuus*; I am at a loss to discover what it is our brother would infer by his figurative suggestion. I am sure, my brother, that you will rejoice with me to know that in this priest-ridden city of Winchester, there is now to be found a band of about sixteen baptised helivers in Christ, who, I trust, through the light of truth, and the power of the gospel, feel it to be their favoured lot to meet agreeable to the Lord's command, separating themselves from those that walk disorderly. May our covenant Lord direct them! and as he looked unto the host of Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, that they said, 'Let us flee from the face of Israel; the Lord fighteth for them!' So may the Lord alone direct them, and scatter the enemies of his church; deliver Zion out of all her oppressions; until her light and her salvation go forth as a lamp that burneth.

I beg to say, that as I am frequently engaged in preaching at Winton, and as many of our friends read your excellent periodical, I hope brother Joy will give us his friendly advice, and tell us what cloud he saw that now excites his fear, that we may pray the Lord concerning it; and I trust the time will come when you, my dear sir, will feel it to be a pleasure, when visiting Hampshire, to drop in and cheer us with the sound of your Master's footsteps.

I am, dear brother, your's most sincerely,

JOSIAH PUNTIS.

Apsley House, Northam, Southampton,
September 20th, 1849.

Recognition of Mr. Thos. Edwards,

AS PASTOR OVER THE BAPTIST CHURCH,
Mount Zion Chapel, Tanbridge Wells.

ON Wednesday, September 19, 1849, Mr. Thomas Edwards was publicly recognised as pastor over the above church. In the morning, Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure preached from the words in Ephesians v. 27, 'A GLORIOUS CHURCH:' and then called upon one of the elders to state what had led them to choose Mr. Edwards as their pastor, which Mr. Garrick did in much simplicity and faithfulness. Mr. Edwards, then, in answer to questions put to him by Mr. M'Cure, gave an interesting account 1. Of the preserving hand of God towards him while in a state of nature. 2. Of the power of God towards him in spiritually quickening, and effectually calling him out of darkness into an acquaintance with himself as a sinner, and with the Lord Jesus Christ as his Redeemer. 3. Of the many interesting and striking circumstances which eventually brought him into the public ministry of the Word. And lastly, of his faith in the distinguishing doctrines of divine grace. We trust the substance of this will some day appear in the *Earthen Vessel*.

In the afternoon C. W. Banks read the second chapter of Paul's second epistle to Timothy, and offered up prayer on behalf of the pastor and the people; and Mr. Whittaker then delivered a most comprehensive, solemn, and truly scriptural charge to our brother Edwards, from the words in 2 Timothy iv. 2, 'PREACH THE WORD.' C. W. Banks, in the evening, in speaking to the citizens of Zion, endeavoured to shew, 1. That it belonged to them to enjoy the privileges of that city—friendship with the Father; redemption and forgiveness by the Son; and consolation through the Eternal Spirit. 2. That it belonged unto them to support the institutions of Zion's city, such as the ministry of the Word, public prayer, baptism, and the Lord's Supper. 3. That it behoved them diligently and carefully to maintain the honour of Zion, by a christian and consistent conversation and conduct both in the church and in the world: and, lastly, that they were bound to seek the interests of Zion by labouring to keep out those who could not testify to a work of grace upon their hearts, and also of kindly and affectionately encouraging all who were really and truly asking the way to Zion. We think, upon the whole, it was a sober, solemn, profitable day; and we sincerely trust that the blessing of heaven may follow the things then and there attended to.

Heavenly Arguments for Seeking Souls.

MY DEAR SISTER:—You tell me that you have a great trial to contend with—and, doubtless, great good will come of it. This world is full of trouble, emptiness, and deadness to the truly spiritual mind. This

world is like the stormy and tempestuous ocean—and you, with many of the redeemed, are like a vessel tossed thereon! But, 'FEAR NOT!' for thou shalt not be ashamed, neither be thou confounded, for thou shalt not be put to shame. The Lord who hath hitherto been your helper, refuge, and friend, will not leave, nor forsake you. He saith, in his most precious Word, 'O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me.' May the Lord enable you to trust in him at all times; to cast your burdens upon him; to acknowledge him in all your ways; and he will help, strengthen, sustain, and deliver you. Christ, the great Bridegroom, saith to his chosen, redeemed, and regenerated spouse, 'O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs.' 'Let me see thy countenance—let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.' I preached from these words twice last Lord's-day; and found great sweetness in the evening, when speaking from these words, 'Let me hear thy voice.' Ofttimes it is a voice of groaning—a voice of crying—a voice of supplication—but, at times, a voice of singing.

It occurred to me that it might not be useless, in behalf of my dear Lord, to say to you, 'Let me hear thy voice.' You may say, 'But 'tis a sad deep-toned, mourning voice, the voice of a bitter spirit—a sad soul. Never mind. Jesus says, 'Let me hear thy voice.' You are too prone, (as if the Lord said) to seek help elsewhere; too prone to trust to broken reeds. Now let me hear thy voice; let me hear thee ask; what shall I give thee? I know when to help, when to try you, and when, and how, to deliver. What cannot my potent arm do? Is my arm shortened, that it cannot save—or have I no power to deliver?' Behold, at my rebuke, I dry up the sea!' 'Let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance comely. The countenance is an index to the mind. The desire of thy mind is holy and righteous; and the desire of the righteous shall be granted; the righteous shall come out of trouble.

May the Lord be with you in the power of his Spirit; in the fulness of his mercy; and in the comfort of his truth.

JOHN EDGAR BLOOMFIELD.

Dec. 11, 1848.

[This letter was written to one of the members of the church over which J. E. Bloomfield is pastor, while she was living in Bath.]

The little Baptist Cause at Mayford (near Woking) is struggling again for a consistent maintenance of gospel truth, and apostolic practice. William Cæsar is now steadily labouring there; but under rather discouraging circumstances: the fact is, if pure gospel truth is to be proclaimed in many of our country villages, the real friends to that truth which has made their own souls free, must come forth, and communicate of that with which God has blessed them, to the support of those humble, faithful ministers who are in circumstances of positive need.—ED.

The Root of the Matter.

"But ye should say why persecute we him, seeing the root of the matter, is found in me?"—Jon xix. 28.

THESE words form part of Job's reply to the aspersions cast upon him by his friends, who, less versed in the dealings of God with his people, and the mystery of his providence, were led to conclude, and even to state, that he was an hypocrite, on account of the afflictions with which the Lord had been pleased to visit him. To refute their charges, he, in the preceding verses, gives a concise statement of his creed, and tells them, that having, in substance, brought it before them in his preceding arguments; the conclusion to which they ought to have come had they have judged righteously, would have been that contained in the text I have selected, as the basis of a few observations, and which we will proceed to notice in the following order:—

1.—We shall consider the matter and the root of the matter.

2.—Show the necessity of the root of the matter.

3.—The life retaining quality of the root.

4.—Shew the folly and sin of judging rashly of a person's state from outward circumstances.

We have first to consider the matter and the root of the matter.

By the *matter*, may be understood the out-works of christianity, the system of divine truth as revealed by God to man; and the knowledge of these things as received into the common understanding.

By the *root* of the matter, may be understood the grace of God in the heart, which is as important to the matter of personal godliness as the root of a tree is to a tree. A root, implies a planter; and a soil in which it is planted. The soil is a sinner's heart; the planter is the Lord himself: and the planting, that "time of love" when the Lord passes by and says to the sinner "live!" A root is buried deep in the soil, so is grace in the sinner's heart. A root, when planted in time, shews itself; so the root of God is sure, sooner or later, to shew itself in the life and conversation of those whose hearts are possessed of it. A root will always produce fruit according to its own nature; so the life of God in the soul will always produce those things which are in accordance with its own nature. This truth was taught by Solomon, "The root of the righteous beareth fruit." Now, the root of the *righteous* must be a *righteous* root, and the fruit must, consequently, be of the same nature. Nor is Solomon alone in this matter, for the Saviour taught the same truth, "ye shall know them by their fruits, do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs, of thistles; even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit." Matt.

vii. 16, 17, 18. And the Apostle says, "But now being made free from sin, and become the servants of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Rom. vi. 22. Yes.

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

Nor is the *fruitfulness* of this root, all, for it is said to be *immoveable*. Prov. xii. 3. "The root of the righteous shall not be moved." This is the same root which Job declares, was found in him; and, which, being immoveable, all his afflictions could not root it up or destroy it, or the fruit connected with it: while, of hypocrites, it is said they are trees, whose fruit withereth without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots. Jude xii. Some roots are of a very spreading nature; and this is true of the root of which we are now speaking; as we read, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is, for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that *spreadeth* out her roots by the rivers." Jer. xvii. 7, 8. And the Lord says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel, he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." And hence, the Apostle, in reference to his brethren, prayed that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depths, and heights, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Eph. iii. 7. And again, "being *rooted* and built up in him, and established in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving. Col. ii. 7.

This, then, is the nature of the root which Job speaks of as being possessed by himself, and nothing could be more comfortable to the mind of Job in the midst of all his afflictions both in body and mind than the happy confidence he enjoyed, that it was *certainly* in his heart, and that, by God's planting; and nothing can be more plainly seen than this root by the discerning christian's eye; and wherever this root is possessed, God will, sooner or later, honour the work of his own hands.

Secondly—The necessity of this root.

The necessity of this root is so great, that there can be no true religion without it. A profession without the root of the matter is nothing but a delusion; and will rather lead from God than to God. This appears very plainly from the parable of the sower; (Matt. xiii.) where our Saviour, speaking of the preaching of the gospel, under the figure of sowing seed, says, "that some fell on stony places where they had not much depth of earth, and, forthwith, they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was up, they were scorched, and because they had no root they withered

away." These words are further opened by the Saviour, in the explanation which he gives of the parable to his disciples in the 20th and 21st verses ; " that he that receives the seed into stoney places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it, yet hath he *not root in himself*, but endureth for awhile ; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by-and-by he is offended." Now, there are three points of character in these stony-ground hearers, which we do well to consider. First, they *heard* the word. Second, they *received* the word. Third, they received the word *with joy*. Should we not be ready to think, in the present day, that a person, in whom these things are seen, must be truly a converted man ? But, it appears, that after all this pleasing appearance, it was only like a tree set *without a root* ; for it follows, " Yet hath he *no root in himself*, but dureth for awhile ; for when tribulation and persecution ariseth because of the word, by-and-by he is offended." Thus we see, that a mere profession is that which will only bear the summer suns of prosperity ; and is so tender a plant, that the winter frost of persecution and piercing wind of tribulation bring it to nothing and wither it to death ; while on the other hand, the work of divine grace, like a deep-set root in the earth, is that, which being under ground, braves the storm, and lives through summer and winter alike. In illustration of the subject in hand ; I remember once seeing a booth, that was erected for a public dinner, on a beautiful green lawn, near the sea side, in Lincolnshire ; I took an opportunity of walking round the booth, and while so doing, observed some very beautiful and majestic flowers planted in different parts, and in various forms in the ground—and at first sight, I could have thought they had grown there ; upon examination, however, I found that these flowers whose beautiful appearance had excited my admiration, had been cut off from their roots, and brought and placed in this position, merely for the day ; consequently, although they looked so beautiful and life-like, yet, having *no root*, they *speedily withered away* ; and when they had answered the purpose intended, they were cast away. My mind, while looking upon these flowers, was naturally carried to the stony-ground hearers already mentioned ; and the awful destiny awaiting all those, who, in spite of all their professions and apparent fruitfulness, die *without the root of the matter* in them. Similar thoughts too, were also awakened in my mind, by observing in my garden some seeds falling from a tree, rested upon a little dust, which had been brought together by the wind and rain ; here they sprung up and looked very green, during the cooler days of spring ; but, in the more

scorching days of July they withered away, because they had no depth of earth or *root*. From these circumstances I desired to learn a lesson, and prayed that my religion might be more than that of the stony-ground hearers, and that I might possess the root of the matter in my heart.

(To be certainly concluded in our next.)

THE ECHO ANSWERED :

Where is Zion ? Where—where ?

Where you find the harp on willows hung
And Israel's battle-bow unstrung,
And the faint swordsman's hanger slung,
There, there is Zion !

Where proud Lucifer his turrets raise,
And confusion chimes her syren lays,
And the ' golden cup ' inspires her praise,
There, there is Zion !

Where the desert snake, and serpent's hiss,
And the dragon red doth find his bliss,
And Ishmael's darts through grace doth miss,
There, there is Zion !

Where a fair and ' fairy land ' is form'd,
And every plain's enchanted ground,
Though most like to Salem's sacred mound,
There, there is Zion !

Where the cup of slumber moves about,
And delirium sweet removes all doubt,
And the life of light is ebbing out,
There, there is Zion !

Where princes royal in dungeons pine,
And rich kings and queens on sorrow dine,
And esteem their silver fetters fine,
There, there is Zion !

Where the cov'nant plan and blood are not,
Where the robe so white, and Lamb's forgot,
And the face of truth receives a blot,
There, there is Zion !

Where, too, are men who most holy seem,
And themselves the only prophets deem,
And yet from their fount bad waters stream,
There, there is Zion !

Where the crib is clean, and oxen low,
Saints so sad, their necks to labour bow,
And their seed in sorrow ploughmen sow,
There, there is Zion !

Where the prophets two in sackcloth stand,
While their words are like the drifting sand,
And their arm lifts up a withering hand,
There, there is Zion !

Where Rephaim's gleaners scan the fields,
And but berries three the olive yields,
Too few to anoint the holy shields,
There, there is Zion !

Where the pitcher's breaking at the founts,
Silver cords are loosing on the mounts,
And Philistine's king on vict'ry counts,
There, there is Zion !

And where wide you see a fam'ly grave,
Many gasping infants none can save,
Hear their mother shriek, and rampant rave,
There, there is Zion !

Where you find the hermit's lonely cot,
And the weeping fair one's bitter lot,
And the widow'd mother in death's grot,
There, there is Zion !

W. C. POWELL.

Zion's Lodge, Reading, Sept. 4, 1849.

Notices of New Works.

"The Word of God. A Sermon by the Rev. J. W. GOWRING." Published by James Paul, Chapter House Court.

MR. GOWRING is one of those faithful shepherds which the Holy Ghost, in these latter days, hath called to feed a part of the church of Christ with pure Gospel truth; and this sermon of his proves not only his ability for, but his faithfulness in the work.

"The Bible-defender, and Zion's Comforter." Published by Palmer and Son, 18, Paternoster Row.

THIS is No. 1, of "Edmund Greenfield's New Series of Penny Tracts." Everybody knows that Edmund Greenfield is a bold warrior in the professing church; and in this tract he undertakes to prove that "infant baptism was, and is from heaven;" there certainly are some new things here; as for instance, our author tells us that Adam and Eve were sprinkled when only ten days old; he also speaks of Jehovah's "seven and eight lengths of eternity;" and he says, he has "scripturally proved that infant baptism was, and is, a new covenant ordinance;" but we have looked diligently for the proof, and looked in vain. If Edmund Greenfield could be persuaded to spend his few remaining days in endeavouring to build up the church of Christ in pure gospel truth, in a loving, faithful, christian spirit, he might be instrumental of doing good; but presumptuous papers of this description, only tend to bring him into contempt.

"Jehovah, the Strength, Song, and Salvation of his People. A Sermon by the Rev. D. A. DOUDNEY." Published by James Paul.

THIS is a discourse by the principal editor of the *Gospel Magazine*. It is an interesting, soul-comforting address to the living family of God. We make one short extract from the discourse, believing it well adapted to administer wholesome advice and spiritual consolation. The preacher says,—

"Time was, dear friends, when the church bore their ministers upon their hearts before God; and when they, rising early on the Sabbath morning, were comforted by the reflection, that there were many souls wrestling with God in the closet for them—that there were many in the depths of soul-exercise, not so much on their own account, as on behalf of those who were to appear before them and minister God's Word! Oh could you know the feelings of which they are oftentimes the subject, before they appear in the pulpit to speak of the great and glorious things recorded in this blessed book, the Bible; and by which they seek to administer comfort to God's people, when there are none that need comfort more than they do personally.

I say, if this truth were more deeply impressed upon the minds of God's children, methinks we should soon see an alteration for the better. It is recorded of the late Mr. Tanner, of Exeter, that a friend of his was once in great trial; he had been seized by a press-gang, and was about to be torn away from his wife and children; the church deeply wrestled with God on his behalf, and when, at length tidings were brought to Mr. Tanner that his friend had been released, he replied, 'Ah I could have told you that at three o'clock this morning;' and why? Tanner had been wrestling with his God and Father on behalf of the poor distressed man, and before the day had broke, he had had a secret assurance that this troubled servant should be delivered. Do you know anything of these exercises—of that sympathy with the children of God, which moves your whole soul on their behalf, so that all their sorrows and trials become yours also? I trust that there are some here to-night, who do understand what these soul-exercises are, and who have the sympathy of which I have spoken, for in seeking a blessing for others you shall assuredly be blessed yourselves."

"The Church and the World—their Distinction." By C. WEBB. London: Published by Houlston and Stoneman.

A SERIES of penny tracts, evidently the result of much calm reasoning, deep thinking, and close investigation. We like some things; others we dislike; and some we cannot understand.

"Funeral Sermon on the lamented death of the late Mrs. Simon Fisher. Preached by J. GWINNELL." Sold by J. Topley, Trafalgar Road, Greenwich.

THE eternity and sovereignty of Jehovah's love; and the effects of that love as manifested in the experiences of his dying saints, is contended for in this discourse, in a very scriptural and consistent manner. At the close of the sermon, the preacher referred to the death of a daughter of the late Mr. George Coombe, which is noticed on page 225.

"The Happy Death of a Believer in Jesus; as shewn by David Osborn. A Sermon by J. FARRAWAY, Clapham, Surrey." London: Houlston and Stoneman.

WE hope to notice this discourse and narrative more at length, in an early number.

"Town and Village Gospel Tracts." London: J. Palmer, 117, Goswell Street.

THESE tracts are evidently intended for gratuitous distribution. They are written in a rather attracting style; and direct our attention to the very best of subjects. We would notice their titles, and make an extract or two, but this month we have not room.

WHY ARE WE SPARED?

AN APPEAL FOUNDED UPON A SYNOPSIS OF DR. CUMMING'S GREAT SERMON ON THE CHOLERA.

THE question forced itself upon my mind, as I read it—"WHY ARE WE SPARED?"—(not because of our virtues.)—BUT TO AID THEM THAT HAVE SUFFERED!

It is a fact, christian reader, that above THIRTEEN THOUSAND persons have been mown down by cholera in the midst of our metropolitan population during the last few months. This fact alone is solemn and striking: but the painful effects of this terrible visitation are now coming upon us. Hundreds and thousands of women and children are left in destitution, misery, and want. Subscriptions have been made, it is true; and a little temporary aid has been afforded; but in nine cases out of ten this little assistance has but just enabled us to "bury our dead." it is now our painful task to witness the wreck which death hath left behind. Bereaved and afflicted mothers and orphans are next door to starvation. I know one striking case, where (since the terrible plague has, in measure, passed away) four fine children were seized, and after lingering in pining sickness, went down to the grave. One more of the same family is going, if it is not gone, the same way. "To what cause (said I) is the sickness and death of these children to be attributed?" The answer was plain—"an actual want of the common necessaries of life." I tell thee, my reader, if the sparing mercy of God towards us who are left behind, is not so sanctified as to induce and bring forth a most benevolent, liberal, and charitable distribution of those things which the Lord has blessed you with, if the urgent wants of the needy, the destitute, and the starving, are not looked after, and administered unto; I hesitate not to say that before the forthcoming winter has half been seen, many thousands of children and widows will perish for lack of food and clothing. Now, indeed, is the time for the wealthy and middling classes of the people to arise, and to consider deeply the inquiry of the beloved disciple, "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

My mind has been stirred up thus to address you, by the perusal of two powerful discourses, preached by Dr. Cumming, of the Scottish National Church, on the late visitation of the cholera. They are published in London by Arthur Hall and Co., and, as descriptive of the fearful judgments of God, on the one hand, and of the christian man's duty on the other, they are valuable beyond compare.

The following extracts will be sufficient to justify both our appeal on behalf of the needy, and our commendation of the discourses referred to.

VOL. V.—PART LVIII.—November.

The morning's discourse was on "DIVINE DEALING:" the text being, "*He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.*"

The doctor commences by shewing how nations have sinned, and the judgments of God have sooner or later, overtaken them; which matter he brings to bear upon ourselves; and says:—

"Our nation is guilty—the sword was brandished in our land for a day, but was immediately restored to its scabbard, where it has slept ever since. The famine swept Ireland, the richest soil of the three realms, and not only did thousands perish there under its pressure, but our own pecuniary, fiscal, and commercial affairs were so completely deranged, that many a gallant ship that set sail with streaming pennant and bright promise, was engulfed in the rush of the mighty waters, or cast up, high and dry, a wreck upon the sands.

"At length these Divine judgments not having been sanctified, owing to our hardness of heart, God has let loose another of his sore plagues—a pestilence, like the great earthquake of the seventh vial under which it occurs, as even without a parallel since the great plague of two centuries ago. It has crept along every street, and ascended to every dwelling, and found access to every city, town, and village, from Megavisey to this metropolis; it has touched the ermine, and smitten its wearer without ceremony; struck down the minister in his pulpit, who was buried silently at the dead of night; it smote the lawyer, pleading for his client, and closed his lips; and it has drawn down to that grave from which he endeavoured to retrieve his patient, many a medical man in the midst of his arduous and harassing toils."

"What may be our national sin that has specially provoked this present national judgment I know not. It would be presumption to guess; it would be uncharitable, probably to pronounce. It is better to be silent. But this we do know—that some sin or sins that cleave to our land, have conducted this disease from the outskirts of Asia towards the shores of Britain at this time; it came not without a commission—and the dire havoc it has made in the heart of our country—the thousands it has mowed down—the orphans and widows it has created in its awful career, tell us that we have sinned, while the hundreds of thousands that are spared, and we among them, equally proclaim God 'hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.'"

In the course of some heavy charges which the Doctor levels against all classes of persons from the Queen to the beggar—who have grievously sinned—we find the following:—

"Our medical men, our physicians, our surgeons, have sinned also. A few months ago they were boasting of their science, their recipes, their

hygienic powers. They used to tell me: 'We understand this epidemic better; there is no fear that it will commit again the ravages of '32.' What an answer to their boasting is the case of Aston Key, the most accomplished surgeon in the land. He is unexpectedly smitten by it. See him laid prostrate upon his bed,—genius and experience at his service, thirty medical men standing round him,—driven to confess, from the utter uselessness of all they do, that this is the finger of God. Magnanimously, as I have said before, these medical men have acted. In some parts of America they fled; in other countries they have shrunk; in our country they have shewn partly a constitutional heroism, which we should not deny, but mainly a christian courage, which we are thankful for, that has made them face all, and brave all, and stand soldiers, though without epaulettes, where death was striking down his victims on every side. Many of them, and among them one friend whom I valued, have fallen victims to their efforts to arrest the disease, and mitigate its ravages."

In some dashing and powerful sentences, the Doctor gives you some idea of the fearful ravages cholera has made amongst us; while, after all, it is but light compared with what it might have been—yea, with what it has been in other countries, no more guilty than ourselves.

"I believe in one Newspaper office alone (the *Times*) ten persons have fallen victims to this plague. * * * In Lambeth, we are told, five fine young men in one shop alone perished before the pestilence."

"When I recollect that in America the populations of whole cities have fled to escape the pestilence, and that in one city fourteen out of sixteen medical men were cut down, while the remaining two fled in terror—when I recollect what its ravages now are in Germany, in Belgium, in France, of which I have heard the records, all indicating the vial poured into the air or the universality of the shock;—when I think that these nations have little light, while we have great light, and that therefore, our sins are greater and more inexcusable than theirs—when I compare what we have suffered with what we deserve—and what other countries have undergone and are now groaning under—plague, pestilence, famine, and battle and murder,—with the light visitation that has been upon us, I am constrained to exclaim, what I trust is the expression of your grateful emotions: 'God hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.' Once in Egypt there was a great cry in every house in which there was one dead; once, from the first-born on the throne to the first-born in the hut, all were smitten;—and the 13,000 of us, terrible as that number is, who have fallen by this pestilence, in our capital, might have been 130,000. But if we see our sins individual, national, social, and domestic, as we ought to see them, in the light of God's countenance, we shall find in the records of this plague that are given in every day's paper only more abundant reason for saying, and singing while we say: 'God hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.'"

After most eloquently calling upon his auditory to come forward and assist the

poor—the Doctor gives his opinion as regards England's future destiny. He says:—

"I would observe, in conclusion, that I am one of those who believe—and I say it not to discourage, depress, or damp you—but because it appears to me to be indicated on the prophetic page—that while the second woe is passing away, the third woe cometh. There are suspended on the skirts of the world, and on the horizon of our country, judgments yet more terrible than any we have passed through. Such facts as these, 'nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom;' and 'there shall be famines and pestilences and wars and earthquakes in divers places,' are but 'the beginning of sorrows,' premonitory warnings of what will be. The day is rapidly drawing to its close when we may seek our comfort in the world's springs, or our support on the world's foundations. These are all exploding into fragments. God's judgments will thicken and darken about us just that we may lift up our head, and look up, and discover this to be our sustaining joy—that our redemption draweth nigh. Our country, this great country, is at this moment on its last trial before God. I have trembled for our country as often as I have thought of it—whether she should stand up as a witness for God, an illustrious monument of his glory—'the land of harpers on the glassy sea'—unscathed by God's judgments while they walk the main, and sweep the earth, and desolate the nations—the asylum of the sufferer—the refuge of the outcast—the outer temple of the sanctuary of God—the great Levite of Christendom, whose light, with scarcely a twilight between, shall mingle in millennial brightness, or whose twilight between, like a silver clasp, shall bind the day that now is with the better and brighter day that soon will be; or on the other hand whether she shall join the Apostacy—copy continental Sabbath—plunge into dissipation—our merchants become more avaricious, our rulers more ungodly, our statesmen yet greater expediency-mongers and less religious men, our policy more temporizing, and so go down, like a limpet that cleaves to the rock that is cast into the depths of the mighty ocean, and plunge into a more terrific ruin in proportion to the lofty height of privilege from which she has fallen—rests on her use or abuse of her present judgment. Which of these twain is to be the issue, God only knows. This only is plain: Britain is on her trial."

What the purpose of God—concerning us as a nation may be—we do not venture to predict: but we cannot behold the almost silent and deliberate springing up of gospel churches, and daily increasing abundance of God-fearing men, whose hearts burn with willingness and desires to preach the gospel, without feeling secret persuasions that our Redeeming Lord has yet many thousands upon thousands of blood-bought souls to gather into his fold. *Zion's* cords will yet be lengthened, and *her* stakes made manifestly stronger; but as regards how the Lord will deal with the masses of hypocrites and open transgressors, which swarm in every part of this land, let the day alone declare.

But—"WHY ARE WE SPARED?" God

Almighty grant that it may be more than ever to *live* in solemn soul-sanctifying communion with him—and, as monuments of his mercy, and messengers of his grace, may we be instrumental in proclaiming and extolling the name of Him who is exalted as a Prince and a Saviour—to give repentance unto Israel, and the forgiveness of sins: at the same time ministering to the absolute necessities of our fellow creatures, according to the ability which God hath given.—ED.

Death of Mr. Thomas Reed,

Late Minister of the Gospel, Cole Street Chapel, Dover Road.

It was, we believe, a *fact*, noticed by many, that while the cholera was sweeping away thousands upon thousands of our fellow mortals, of every age and of every grade, the ministers of Christ's gospel were spared. 'Suppose (said an old friend) the cholera had been sent as fatally into our churches, as it was into the world; yea, further, suppose it had gone as solemnly into our pulpits, as it has into our pews—what would now have been the condition of our Zion? Why, we should have been almost without praying members, we should have been nearly stripped of preachers and pastors!' Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, this has not been the case. In the midst of judgment he has manifested mercy. He has remembered Zion. He has watched over Jerusalem. He has taken care of his church. He has (to a very great extent) spared his people; and, with but few exceptions (as yet) he has preserved his ministers in their different spheres of action. These things should not be forgotten by christian churches. The tender hand of our covenant God should be acknowledged in this matter; and as we have very properly had our days of humiliation, so now doth it become us to assemble together unitedly to praise and bless the Sovereign Ruler of all events for his merciful care towards us.

Among the faithful ministers of sterling gospel truth in London, THOMAS REED was the *first*—and, for aught we know, he was the only one, that fell by cholera, during its last most fatal visitations.

Mr. Joseph Irons is at this moment laying very ill; and some of his friends fear his time of labour in the vineyard is nearly come to an end; but we entertain a hope that the Lord may yet raise him again; and spare his valuable life unto the church and people in the midst of whom he has for so many years exalted the NAME and SALVATION of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. The removal of so bold and able a servant of God in these days would be a painful dispensation. We do not like Joseph Irons's violent opposition to baptism by immersion; but we do like the Master he serves—the gospel he preaches—the truth

he has maintained—and the devoted life he has lived—and therefore, most heartily would we pray the Lord of the harvest still to lengthen out his days.

But THOMAS REED HAS FALLEN! Yes! the church and congregation at Cole Street have lost their pastor—their minister—their friend. We do not know any minister of Jesus Christ that was more universally respected and beloved than was Thomas Reed. In all parts of England we have heard his name mentioned, and his ministry spoken of—invariably with affection and esteem. He was not, of late years, what we should call a popular preacher: he was not a noisy, extravagant, exciting man in the pulpit; but he was *sound*, he was *humble*, and, for many years, (more or less,) he was useful. He was blessedly kept in the faith of the gospel—in the fear of the Lord—and in the affections of the saints. So he lived; and so he died; and we know that while for him to live was CHRIST—so for him to depart, is his eternal gain.

His death occurred on Monday-morning, October 1, 1849; his age was 59. Of his funeral, a friend writes as follows,

THE FUNERAL OF MR. THOMAS REED.

My Dear Brother:—I was present at the interment of Thomas Reed. It took place at Nunhead Cemetery, in the vault of Mr. Pope. There was a good sprinkle of the Lord's family from different churches. Mr. James Wells and Mr. Poynder officiated.

Mr. Wells spake with admiration of the personal character of Thomas Reed; he had known him twenty-two years. Mr. W. said it was his privilege to hear Mr. Reed preach the gospel before he was a minister of it himself; and ever since when they met together it was the same subject. If he, Mr. W. began to converse upon his troubles, Mr. Reed would bring forward the gospel; and thus they always parted the better for seeing each other.

As touching the ministry of Mr. Reed, it savoured much of Christ, of the Holy Spirit, and eternal covenant blessedness. The gospel, in which the glory of the triune God shines forth, was his familiar theme; suffice it to say, he trod very much in the steps of Dr. Hawker. One great point I admired in Mr. Reed, was the *loving and sociable spirit* he manifested; and in one I differed from him, and that was *this church order*. I have no wish to enlarge on this—but 'what saith the Scriptures?' H. W.

THE FUNERAL SERMONS.

Tuesday, October the 9th was a day set apart by the church at Cole Street for the improvement of the death of their lamented pastor; on which occasion three sermons were preached; and collections made for the payment of chapel rent then due. Mr. Silver preached in the morning; Mr. Poynder, of Newick, in the afternoon; and Mr. James Wells in the evening. In the evening the chapel was crowded to excess, inasmuch as that many were unable to ob-

tain admission. There were also (considering that it was a week day) very good congregations morning and afternoon. In each of the three sermons was given some little account of Mr. Reed.

In the morning Mr. Silver preached from John xiv. 19, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Want of room prevents us from giving so much as we had desired. In introducing the subject Mr. Silver said :

"Before entering further on the consideration of our subject, I would say a few words relative to the bereaving providence you have been called to experience, and under which you now labour. From my own personal knowledge of our departed brother, I may say that I knew him from his birth, and I knew his father, and lived very near to him. He received religious impressions very early, I believe, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Braithwaite, who preached in a chapel near his father's house.

"He was called to the ministry in 1819, and many of you well remember that he preached in a chapel near the Elephant and Castle ; at that place his ministry was exceedingly blessed ; and the congregation was overflowing ; in consequence thereof, he was induced to remove from that place to a large chapel in the city, but there he was not so successful. God would have his ministers remember, they are to minister where he places them, and there they should remain until they have his authority for their removal. Our brother Reed had a large family—at one time fourteen or fifteen children were dependant upon him for support ; this brought him into difficulty, which induced him to go to America. When he did this, many evil things were said of him—many evil reports to his disadvantage were circulated—right or wrong I cannot say, for I do not know anything about them ; and if I did, it would not become me to say anything to his disadvantage. We are exhorted to wash the disciples' feet, therefore we should not throw dirt upon them. Success attended our brother in America, and he was enabled to transmit sums of money to England to pay the debt which he had left, I believe undischarged, which is an evident proof of his integrity, from the grace of God in his heart.

"When he returned to England he could not be happy and contented without being employed in the ministering of the word. He suffered many trials in various ways ; nevertheless he was made a blessing to many, for the Lord accompanied the word of his grace with power. He is now gone to the church triumphant."

In the afternoon Mr. Poynder preached from Colossians iii. 4 ; "When Christ who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." The preacher considered the text under three particulars. First, the certainty of Christ's appearing ; secondly, the authority it gives us to conclude that all his family will appear with

him ; and thirdly, the state of that appearing—"in glory."

Concerning the departed minister, Mr. Poynder said—

"It is not needful after what has been said by our brother who, in the morning, addressed you from a long and personal acquaintance with our departed friend, that I should detain you with any lengthened statement ; yet it is most gratifying to me that amongst his papers have been found some most valuable documents, which proves that Thomas Reed's was not a mere profession of things ; he appears to have been much at court with his dear Lord ; and lived in constant communion with him.

"We present you first with what were his views and feelings when publicly set apart to the work of that ministry unto which God had called him ; and which appears to have been no less than thirty years since ; extracted from a diary kept by our departed brother.

"On Thursday evening last, April 22, 1819, I was publicly ordained to the work of the ministry at Bartholomew Chapel. [*This Chapel was burnt down some years since.*] The service was conducted in the following manner. Mr. Edwards commenced by reading, and prayer, and asking the questions. I then was enabled to give in my poor account of the Lord's gracious dealings with my soul, as also my call to the ministry. Mr. Latchford prayed the ordination prayer, with the imposition of hands by himself, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Wright, Mr. Cash, and Mr. Russell ; after which Mr. Latchford gave the charge from the words of Paul concerning Epaphroditus, 'My brother and companion in labour, and fellowsoldier.' Phil. ii. 25. Mr. Wright concluded in prayer. May the precious Spirit Jehovah send me forth from this day under his own Almighty unction. May he be pleased to make use of me for his praise and to the comfort and edification of his church, amen."

Mr. Poynder then read extracts from a letter written by Thomas Reed only nine days before his death. It is dated, Sep. 22, 1849, a time when he was in the enjoyment of perfect health.

"Beloved brother in Christ :—I feel every disposition to write to you ; yet the thought anew crosses my mind, which has done many times in my poor preaching and writing ; 'We are not, (I am sure I am not) sufficient to think anything as of ourselves ; but (*the relief is here*) our sufficiency is of God.' Well, then, dear brother, to him I will look and on him call, that while much of my poor letter may be light as air, I may drop at least one or two expressions that, when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, may prove substantial and blessed. I do often ask our sweet and ever-loving Lord to breathe an odorous perfume on my poor communications. I want him much to refresh my own soul, and then go forth and bless what he may give me to write to your rich enjoyment. Surely, in this request you will join me, and our united prayer be, that the heavenly, beloved,

ever fragrant breezes of the Spirit—from the ancient mountains and lasting hills may blow softly, even to the making our wilderness hearts like Eden, and our desert minds as the garden of the Lord, that joy and gladness may be found therein—thanksgiving and the voice of melody.*

* * * I know 'he worketh all things after his own will,' and you and I through grace know also that *will* is love. Yes; entirely and altogether—*love*; and as honest John Latchford used to say, 'when we have better *light* and better *sight*, we shall see it — acknowledge it—and rejoice in it.' May the Lord help us so to *do now*, and we shall not only see we are in every state *secure*, but in every state *blessed*. Oh! how may we congratulate ourselves—yea, bless ourselves in the God of truth, that amongst the raging pestilence, it has pleased our gracious Father to send on the earth, we are housed in the secret of his presence as in a pavilion; and that whether we live, we are the Lord's; and that whether we die we are the Lord's. We have the Holy Ghost's authority that nothing shall harm us if we are followers of that which is good. There is none good but one, that is God; and we have followed him in the regeneration, and are just following him unto glory. We love his appearing *now*; we shall dwell and reign with him *then*. We shall soon 'walk the land, and meet no Canaanite therein,' get rid of the pestilence within, as well as that without, and be for ever, YES, FOR EVER, with the Lord."

This was the last letter he ever wrote.

In the evening Mr. Wells preached from Luke ii. 29, 30. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

In closing up the sermon, Mr. Wells read the following paper, containing a few of the gracious sentences which fell from the lips of Thomas Reed while on his death bed, as related by those in attendance upon him.

"Upon being asked by one, if he had anything on his mind, he replied, 'All is well! Precious Jesus!' At another time it was said to him, 'You are going home, and it will be blessed—but it will be our loss.' He said, 'No; he will make it all up.' When one expressed a wish that the Lord would be pleased to lay his arms of everlasting love beneath him, with great emphasis he said—'He has; he has,' and it was very evident he was enjoying the same. At another time he cheerfully exclaimed, 'I am not afraid to die—mine has not been a *profession* without a *possession*.' He had the full enjoyment of it in reality, and knew in whom he believed. At another time, after sleeping a few moments, he awoke and said, 'My dear, I thought I should have been gone before this;' and ejaculated, 'Lord, fetch me home, I long to be gone. Sweet Jesus! Sweet Jesus!'

"On Lord's-day, September 30th, there was every indication that the silver cords were loosening, and he repeated two lines of a very favourite hymn—

'Oh, would he more of heaven bestow;
And let the vessel break!'

Many times in the course of the day his

desire was unto the Lord that he would take him; and his soul seemed much engaged in silent prayer unto God, breaking out at times and saying—'I am ready—*my God—my God*.' One remarked to him that the Lord would not lay more upon him than he would enable him to bear. He said—'Oh no! oh, no! he sweetly supports me; 'tis sweet to lie passive in his hands—

'And know no will but his.'

He said again to Mrs. Reed, 'Precious Jesus!

He has all my sins forgiv'n;
Jesus will come and take me home!

Precious—precious Jesus! In the evening, as the tide of life was fast flowing out he was heard to say, '*Sweet Jesus, let me die*;' which were the last words he was heard to utter; and after laying some hours calm and quiet, the tenant left its mortal tabernacle, and being absent from the body, was present with the Lord. Thus, Thomas Reed, after serving his day and generation, feel asleep."

What our friend Cornelius Slim says, in his *Farewell Sermon*, (just published,) might justly be said for the late Thomas Reed, with reference to the now vacant pulpit at Cole Street. Mr. Slim's words were these: "It may be very easy to fill this pulpit with a more *excellent, able, and successful* minister, but it shall not be so easy to find one *more honest, more faithful*, or one who can bring you a *better gospel*, or preach a *more glorious Christ* than I have done!"

[The above extracts from the Sermons are taken from the Penny Pulpit, published by James Paul, Chapter House Court, Paternoster Row.]

Our Father's Will.

HARD as the lot, and void of hope,
Yet should the christian never mope;
Ought not this truth to be confess'd—
That "All thy Father's will is best!"

Heavy, the trial, though it be,
Jehovah's arms are under thee;
And, still up-borne, be it express'd—
That "All thy Father's will is best!"

How to be freed may not be seen,
Because the clouds so intervene;
Yet ever be of this possess'd—
That "All thy Father's will is best!"

"The creatures prosper;" so they may;
Yet have they but a given day;
And through the trials you may test—
That "All thy Father's will is best!"

It may seem strange thy will is cross'd;
And what if all thy will is lost?
May you not yet in this be blest—
That "All thy Father's will is best!"

Question if it can be denied,
But what 'tis better to be tried;
Then have an everlasting Rest—
For "All thy Father's will is best!"

THE VESSELS OF

Wrath and the Vessels of Mercy.

"What if God, willing to shew his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction; and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory!"

THIS is a grand, a deep, a solemn part of God's word. Paul speaks fervently of the affection he had for his countrymen—and of the position and privileges which they once possessed.

They were Israelites—God's peculiar people. To them pertained the *Adoption*—that is, an outward and visible, or *national* one.

They had the glory of the Ark, the Shechinah, Mercy Seat, Covenants—had Abraham to their father—many temporal promises and so on.

Paul then meets an objection. He supposes they might be ready to say—Why, then, God's word hath fallen to the ground. For now we are cast out—and God hath changed his mind, and forsaken his people. No: says Paul. Not as though the word of God hath taken none effect. They are not all Israel which are of Israel. He then brings in these things:—The doctrines of eternal election—divine sovereignty, and the arguments which human reason might bring against them; in the midst of these stands the text. This text is, I say again, a deep and solemn one.

In the first place, it divides the family of Adam into two eternally distinct parts—describing the one part, as being *Vessels of Wrath*, and the other part *Vessels of Mercy*.

Secondly—the text tells us the *Vessels of Wrath* are *fitted to destruction*—and the *Vessels of Mercy* are prepared unto glory.

Lastly—we are told the ends God had in view in the permission and formation of these characters—namely, He was willing to shew His wrath, and to make His power known, on the one hand, and to make known the riches of his glory on the other hand.

First—The *division* and the *distinction*—Vessel of *Wrath*. Men are compared to Vessels; creatures capable of receiving, and of dispensing what they receive. Sinners in general, are Vessels of *Wrath*. *Wrath* means inveterate anger, determined malice, furious envy. And all this comes from Satan, the secret source and seat of malice, wrath, and hatred. He was cast out of heaven—he is cast into hell; and he is full of indignation and malice against Christ, and against His kingdom. Hence, he is compared to a *roaring lion*—a roaring lion is one that has lost its prey, and is roaring after more. Such is Satan—he is

full of malice and revenge, going about seeking whom he may devour. He is also called a *great red dragon*; not only a dragon, (that is, a fiery flying serpent,) but a *great dragon*—a *great red dragon*; descriptive of his power, his swiftness, his eagerness, and his blood-thirsty propensity. This wrathful spirit, this furious, awful disposition he pours into mankind; so that Cain murders Abel; Pharaoh pursues the Israelites; Saul seeks to slay David; Judas goes about to murder Christ; and the wicked Jews, in Paul's time, lay in wait to take his life. What is the present disposition of fallen man? Anger, wrath, malice, pride, envy, covetousness, and so on. What is it that makes our world such a scene of woe? What is it that scatters and divides our churches? It is a spirit of wrath existing among the sons of men. But there are vessels of mercy. They are so called because,

1. Mercy is laid up for them.
2. Mercy is manifested toward them
3. Mercy is realised in them.
4. Mercy preserves them.
5. Mercy cleanses and pardons them.
6. Mercy clothes and adorns them.
7. Mercy at last presents them without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

It is only upon this one ground that you can account for things recorded in the Scriptures. As for instance, how was it one thief was made to have faith in Christ; and to cry to Christ? because mercy was laid up for him. He was chosen to life; interested in all that Christ did and suffered. Why he was permitted to go so long in a course of sin, I cannot say: but mercy being laid up for him, he must be called, pardoned, saved, and Christ's holy soul, and his, went into Paradise together on one and the self-same day.

2. Mercy is manifested towards them. Mercy fetches David out of the sheep-fold; out of the wilderness; and out of the horrible pit and miry clay into which he fell. And although sin, in a child of God, will bring punishment and sorrow; yet Mercy will follow him; and Mercy will bring him back, and bless him; wild and wicked as he may have been.

3. Mercy is realised in them. Jonah rebels, and is cast over-board; but mercy provides a lodging for him in the deep; Mercy directs his eye to God's Temple; Mercy puts a cry in his soul; and Mercy brings him up on dry land, where he cries out—"Salvation is of the Lord!"

4. Mercy preserves them. Peter falls into the devil's sieve; and then falls to cursing and denying Christ. Why we should turn such a fellow out of our society. But Mercy knows him; Mercy holds him; Mercy humbles him; Mercy restores him; Mercy pardons him.

5. Mercy cleanses and pardons them. Saul of Tarsus was a dreadful enemy to Christ and his saints: 'Who was before a blasphemer, a persecutor, and so on; but he obtained mercy; and when Mercy took him in hand, she washed him clean in Calvary's blood; pardoned all his sins; set him on the walls of Zion, to declare that it is not by works of righteousness which we have done, but of his mercy he hath saved us.

6. Mercy clothes and adorns them. We read of poor Joshua; brought to stand before the angel of the Lord, clothed with filthy garments. Ah, he represents a poor child of God in deep disgrace; and satan is trying to get permission to drag him down to the gates of deep despair and eternal death. But Mercy says—he is a brand plucked out of the fire. Mercy says—his name is in the Book of Life. Mercy says—take away his filthy garments from him, and clothe him with change of raiment—and set a fair mitre on his head, and it is done.

Lastly.—Mercy presents them without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. For he will say to the objects of his mercy—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you:" and then he will take them, and present them perfect in glory for ever.

II. The Vessels of Wrath are fitted to destruction. They live in such awful transgression against God; in such enmity against the truth; such despisers of God's Christ and his Gospel, as render them fit subjects for God to pour out his wrath upon them. But the Vessels of Mercy were afore prepared unto glory.

Prepared before—Before what? Before time; before the fall; before the law; before death. How prepared? Chosen, pardoned, redeemed in and by Christ. The Holy Ghost's work, is but a manifestation of this—eternal preparation.

Learn a few lessons from this subject.

1st. All will not be saved. It is a fearful delusion: I do not say you avow it, but you practically say, you believe—that there will be no hell. There are many of you that like to hear of *Hades*, and hope that it will turn out yet to be but a shadow. Brethren, there is a hell. It was God's plan that there should be vessels of wrath as well as vessels of mercy. O, do not dream! There are vessels of wrath as well as vessels of mercy. The net has good and bad fishes. Some will be taken in the vessel, and some will be cast away.

Every one will be to the glory of God. You will be made to glorify him in one way or another. You will either do it willingly or unwillingly. You must form a step to his throne. Ah, brethren! each of you will yet be a beacon, or a monument of mercy. "He hath made all things for himself: even the wicked for the day of evil." Yes, wick-

ed man, you would rob God of his glory if you could, but you cannot. If you come to Christ, you will shew forth his glory in saving you: but, if you do not, God will shew forth his power in destroying a vessel of his wrath.

There is a third lesson we may learn: it is the chief end of God in the world to manifest his glory. Many think, especially infidel men, that God's chief end is the happiness of his creatures: but, from deep study of the word of God for years I see it is not so. If that were his chief end, all would be happy. His chief end is diverse: it is self-manifestation. Had it not been for this, God would have remained alone in deep solitude. I would desire to speak with deep reverence on such a subject. This seems to be the reason why there are vessels of wrath as well as vessels of mercy: that they might be mirrors to reflect his attributes. And I believe, brethren, when creation is done, and when redemption is done, that there will then be a complete manifestation of the glory of God.

Another lesson we may learn is, God is long-suffering to the vessels of wrath. I remember a person once argued with me that she must needs be a child of God on account of his goodness to her. She enumerated many blessings she had received: how God had protected her in a foreign country, how many trials she had been delivered out of, and how many domestic comforts she had enjoyed. My only answer to her was; "The goodness of God leadeth to repentance. It is no proof that you are a child of God, because God has borne long with you." There would be many children of God here, if this were the case.

Last of all, the destruction of the vessels of wrath will be no grief to the vessels of mercy. The redeemed will have no tears to shed; and here is the reason: the very destruction of the wicked makes known the riches of divine grace. That day is hastening on; that day, when no more rivers of waters run down our eyes because they keep not God's law. But, O, brethren! till that day come let us weep on; for, although God will be glorified in the destruction of the vessels of his wrath, he will be much more glorified in saving the vessels of mercy.

C. W. B.

Deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The word *Sheol* is taken for all that is deep or low, sometimes it is put in special for the grave, here for the place of the damned. As we can do little in the height of heaven, so we know little of the lowest hell. Some of the upper part of the earth is to us yet (*terra incognita*) an unknown land; but all of the lowest part of hell is to us an unknown land: many thousands have travelled thither, but none have returned thence to make reports or write books of their travels. That piece of geography is very imperfect. *It is deeper than hell, what canst thou know?* Heaven and hell are the greatest opposites or remotest extremes!—*Caryll*.

What Saith the Scriptures

ABOUT CHRISTIAN COMMUNION IN OUR CHURCHES?

MR. EDITOR—Allow me to thank you for your kind attention to the last; and hoping that the appearance of *this* in your *Earthen Vessel* might not be useless, I should feel obliged if you can spare room. It was sent to me when in Bath, in answer to the question—"Was not the *Strict Communion* a stumbling block in the children's way?"

FROM MR. J. E. BLOOMFIELD.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD, — Communion with the Lord is a very precious subject; it is founded upon an eternal, honourable, gracious, and vitalising union with Christ. There is, in this all-important theme, a fullness of grace, power, and divine clemency. What infinite compassion, my dear sister, hath God *shown us*, in choosing us in Christ, before the foundation of the world; in redeeming us by the precious blood of the Lamb; and in his own time, calling us by his grace, out of an ungodly world. Surely, having a hope of deep spiritual interest in these things, constrain us to appreciate fellowship with God. Where these truths and vital realities are revealed to the soul, under the telling power of the Holy Ghost, it makes the soul to flourish in the inner courts of communion with God. The highest privilege of a believer on earth, I conceive to be fellowship with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Israel's triune God. Having fellowship with these ourselves, the cry of our hearts will be—"Have fellowship with us, for truly, our fellowship is with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ." Next to fellowship with God, comes the communion of saints. But, how are we to have communion? by what laws? God could have no communion with man, but through a Mediator: this was, according to his nature and will, a holy, sin-hating God.

The scriptures (I think) are very plain in giving us a direction to form communion with others. The question with me would not be, which way would be the most sociable, the most respectable, or most successful in filling our churches? But what saith the Scriptures? What saith my Lord? In our Lord's days, baptism was first—and then breaking of bread. The question may be asked, is baptism important? I say it is important; solemnly so. It is the ordinance of him who cannot err. Any and every law of his, is binding and important. Important for salvation? No! But Christ thought it so important, that he submitted to it himself.

It sets forth the overwhelming sufferings of the Son of God—it seems as a public avowal of our supreme regard to Jesus—

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to confess his name.

And Christ said—"Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. x. 32; Luke xii. 8. Some people are so foolish and ignorant, they say the circumstances are altered—things are different—the country and customs are not the same. Supposing circumstances are altered—is that a reason the laws of heaven should be disregarded? There is no liberty given in Scripture to alter the ordinances of the Lord's house, because circumstances alter.

Look at this by way of illustration. Here is a man who really has plenty of this world's good, but his affairs take a different turn; he fails—is in poverty

—he wants bread—he knows there is plenty—and though (contrary to human laws, the law of the land) he steals—for this act he is tried. Now, notice his ignorant plea, when asked if he had anything to say. He holdly, confidently and truthfully states, circumstances are altered. He would soon be stopped in this silly statement; and if he did escape punishment it would be on the ground of insanity. *This reasoning is quite as good*, as a child of God, reasoning that baptism was nothing worth, nor at all important; because circumstances are altered. Then, again—it is not respectable. Well, suppose it is not? What does Jesus say? "He that doth not take up his cross and follow me is not worthy of me."

But I contend that it is respectable. Was not Jesus respectable? the disciples—men taught and honoured of God, not respectable! But I must close, or I shall get quite into a polemical spirit. I hope you will be kept in love with the Scriptures, desiring fellowship with the Son in God's own way. We are going on very well at Bethel, I hope, under the blessing of heaven. Members increase—prayer meetings well attended; and I rejoice to say, that we have a few praying men amongst us. Pray with them, my sister, that the dear Lord may stand by me, and strengthen me; and that much good may be done in the name of the Holy Child Jesus.

The school is much the same as when you were with us. Love and unity dwell among us; and for the blessings, we would not be unmindful. The Lord hath indeed done great things among us and for us, whereof we are glad. J. E. BLOOMFIELD.

We had a high day at Bethel on the day set apart for Supplication and Thanksgiving. Mr. B. did not preach; he, with others, thought Prayer and Praise more suitable. We had a good meeting at Seven o'clock; at eleven, a better one; at Seven in the evening, the chapel was crowded. The whole of the day was a solemn, melting time; many, very many, found it good to be there. I did hope and pray, that it might only be the beginning of better days in the church; that the Lord would revive us again; that the Holy Ghost's influence and power might not only be felt and known at Bethel, but through the church of God. Written in haste. M. GEORGE.

Cheltenham, October 14, 1849.

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT POOR ZION.

MR. EDITOR:—I observe in the fore front of your *Vessel* for this month there is a long piece of something which the owner calls a reply to a scrap which was 'exhibited' in your last *Vessel*, but surely the good man never made so great mistake before! How so, say you? I answer, because he has given no reply at all. What then? Why he has only made it manifest, by what he has advanced, that he neither comprehended the meaning, drift, nor the subject matter of the thing 'exhibited;' and so, like 'the Irishman,' he has merely fired at a 'likely bush!' And I say yet again, that the fogs of tradition and prejudice must be dispelled by the light of eternal truth before the subject 'exhibited' in the scrap of last month can be at all understood. I remain, Mr. Editor, yours faithfully, H. S. B.

Ston House, Brighton, Oct. 2, 1849.

The Extraordinary Life and Glorious Death of John Gardener,

OF CHARD, SOMERSET.

I WAS born in 1763, of poor parents—had a cruel father but a kind mother; was put out to labour at spinning hemp at six years of age, at three-pence per week. My mother soon died with the small pox, leaving six of us as orphans, for my father started away from us with a wicked woman, leaving us to the care of the world. One day I went out on Chard Common, trying to get some water cresses; there two gentlemen met me, and compassionating my case, took pity on me, and afterwards put me apprentice to a shoe maker, though only nine years old, and I had an exceeding good place, and they brought me up in the fear of the Lord, and made me very humble to poor people, to take off my hat and bow to them, and give them the wall, and was brought up to be very obedient to their will. When I was about fourteen years of age my sister entered a situation with a lady and gentleman going to London; afterwards she left them, and got in a situation with the royal family; and I never heard from her by letter but once for forty years; although I had done all I possibly could to start her off comfortably. Many times have I walked in the church yard, and wondered whether my brothers and sisters were dead or living, and have oftentimes there wept over them, thinking if dead, whether gone to heaven and were happy, or to hell and were miserable. Was always thinking of God through the lowness of my spirits, but the name of Christ always did me good. The Lord gave me a tender conscience on account of sin, and when I transgressed I used to make a resolution never never to offend again, but within a month was in the same ground as before, and the devil used to tell me he was sure I should never go to heaven; and therefore I thought I would have my belly full of sin; and I thought I would go on in a worse course than ever: but the Lord would not suffer me to do it; then I used to be happy perhaps for a week, whilst the Lord preserved me from doing so; then again, my comrades would get me out on Sunday evenings to the public house to have supper and join their company, which brought abundance of trouble upon my mind. In the following week I used to wander in all the bye-lanes I could find, weeping and wailing, fearing God would send me to hell, and I sometimes feared the earth would open to swallow me up, and from thence into hell, and when the bush used to shake, I was afraid that the devil was coming to take me away; I was afraid to lie down in bed for fear I might die, and the devil carry me away. During this time the Lord afflicted me very much—inflammation seized my thumb, through running a piece of glass in it, which soon spread all over my body soon after I was seized; I had nearly an hundred pounds to receive amongst the

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gentlemen I worked for, and I was afraid I should not be able to go and gather it, to pay my various bills with, fearing I was going to have a long illness, this gave me great trouble, and I took the Bible and read in Psalms and Job, hoping some passage or other would comfort me; I prayed to the Lord that he would tell me whether I was to have a violent sickness or was to recover quick; I went to bed full of pain, and in the middle of the night I waked, and I heard a voice as clear as ever uttered upon the earth, 'Thou shalt have a dreadful sickness, and after that it shall be over.' I then put out my hand to feel if there was not some one in the bed, though I knew not how it could be, not having any one in the house beside myself. Well, I thought to myself, what shall I do? I got up, went down stairs bad as I could be, and there was a man come to bespeak some work. I soon could not walk, and he carried me up to bed, where I laid flat on my back for more than half a year, without being able to put my arm under the clothes the whole time, or able to turn. I laid a month all but three days, without having anything in my mouth to eat or drink, through the agony I was in, and then mortification seized me in my limbs—left leg, left arm, and left hand; I was obliged to have the skin of them cut at proper distances, to let the mortified flesh out; I used then to drink a tea-cup full of balm and water every three hours for near two months, to keep it from my lungs. After this the doctor intended to cut both my leg and arm off, as he said nothing could keep me alive, and he might as well try what he could do. But the Lord laid his hand upon him, and would not suffer him to do it, for he was laid up of the gout, so that he could not come near me for a month. When he came, he said, 'O, Gardener, I have thought upon you hundreds of times, thinking what a state you were in.' I said, 'I had reason to think of him a thousand times.' He asked me, 'What for?' I said, 'I will tell you, if you will be faithful to the question I ask.' He said, 'What is it then?' I said again, 'Will you be faithful to tell me?' He then answered he would tell me. I then asked him, 'Whether he did not intend to take my leg and arm off?' He said, 'Who told you that?' I made answer, 'I don't know but God is my witness you could not do it.'

After this, I remained another month in my awful state: my flesh was cut off, and I used to lift up the skin of my leg and see the bone as naked as could be, from half way down my leg to my instep. I then said, 'I will apply to some one or the other, to see what can be done with it.' I then prayed to the Lord, that if I should live, he would impress upon my mind, what I should do to have it cured. In the night it

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came with power to my mind the history of Lazarus and the rich man, and particularly that portion, 'Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores.' I took this as a message from God for my leg. The next day farmer Larrence came up with a little spaniel; I asked him to let the dog lick my leg. He said, 'It would hurt him,' I said, 'It could not, as there was no blood or matter, nothing but the naked hole.' He said, 'Well, then the dog may lick your leg.' I put a little cream near the hole, and the dog licked the wound. The first time he licked it I never felt any thing so good in my life. Next morning the dog came and licked it again, and it felt better; and so he continued for three weeks, so that the flesh grew upon the skin, till it came to the bone; and afterwards it grew upwards on the bone, and the wound healed up: and I have never had a blemish from that wound since, though it was near forty years ago. Afterwards I saw the doctor, and I said, 'The Lord has made the dogs in the street wiser than you.' He said, 'What did I mean by that?' I said, 'He hath made the dog the instrument of that which you could not do.'

About twelve months after I was cured, I went to see a person I well knew living in a genteel family in Bath; the ladies of the house seeing me there, asked the servant who I was? She told them I came from the same place as she did; and they told her to treat me very kindly, having a favorable opinion of me, I suppose, from my dress and the simplicity of my manner. They then gave orders to the servant to go and seek comfortable lodgings for me—fearing I might fall in with bad company; they invited me to come on the following Sabbath to spend the day, and to go to the Abbey Church, which I did. And afterwards went to their house where they behaved very kindly to me, and supplied me for my after journey. I worked for a short time in Bath at my trade, shoe making. Shortly after, I went to Bristol, and there I met a poor old woman, who cautioned me not to go down a certain place, called Tower-lane, which was filled with bad people, or I should certainly be robbed of all I had, but directed me another way. Here God was merciful to me again. Bristol not agreeing with my health, I soon had to remove and come to Bridgewater, and it happened to be the fair next day; I stayed there one night. A man there knew me, who desired me to stay and do some work for him; during this time I was very much tried, I felt like a pelican in the wilderness, and had no friend or relation to speak to or do anything for me. I came home with this man to Chard, and worked with him for six years; after which I set up again for myself by the persuasion of the people, and succeeded well for some years, when I had an accident, falling off a wall on a heap of stones, cut my leg, and brought on inflammation, which the doctors said must cause the leg to be cut off; but I did not agree with it, and by the blessing of the Lord, after

twelve months' affliction I recovered, but was soon taken down again by the black bile on the liver. I begged all the people to pray for me, that the Lord would either relieve me or take me home, when I heard a voice saying unto me, 'Be still and know that I am God.' Then I did not know that there was such a passage in the Bible, and I never felt any pain from that moment, although my death was expected every day. About a fortnight after this promise I had a vision of this world, with all its empires and grandeur; after which I had a blessed view of the kingdom of Christ; and after that was withdrawn, the most glorious view of heaven, which it is impossible to describe; but I saw in the midst of glory unspeakable, thousands and millions of the redeemed enjoying the fulness of the presence of their Lord—yea, millions and millions were all having a full view of Christ! the place was so glorious, and so high I could not see the top! Oh, how mean—how unworthy of compare were the kingdoms of this world, I thought, which I had just seen, to this beautiful happy place! Here I lost my senses for a time, and truly might say, with Paul, 'I was caught up to the third heavens!' When I recovered I was full of trouble; the view of this place was gone; and I began to fear I should never get there; it was so great—so glorious—so wonderful! Oh! I shall never forget the sight of heaven—above the world! It did look little indeed, and nothing. And then my wonder was, that the God of heaven should thus glorify such worms of the earth! But I have seen greater things than these. Christ has shewn me his love and care for my poor soul and body. O what delight sometimes I have in Christ! Sometimes I feel I can see him in heaven—and can speak with him as a friend—and the tears roll down my cheeks whilst I am conversing with him.

Some short time ago I felt in great soul-trouble. After I had prayed to the Lord, I went to bed; and there had a great wrestling with the Lord. I poured out my soul before him, and confessed before him every sin I could remember, and enumerated them up before him; I told him he had created me, and I had lived a wicked life, and he could do with me as he thought fit—he could spare me or punish me. I was in a flood of tears; and I said to the Lord, I could not say any more; and I should leave it in his hands. But withal, I had a little faith in him even at this time; and these words came to me as plain to me as ever any man spake in the world, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' This produced such joy in my soul, I felt as if I could fly away; and I felt greatly relieved; and I prayed the Lord that I might hear from him continually; for I cannot rest long without I hear from him, or have some love-token.

Thus far are his own words, taken down in writing from his lips, which would have

been lengthened and furnished in rather a remarkable manner, but various hindrances delayed it from one time to another, till at last it was too late—he was too far gone to relate more of his experience to be taken down in writing.

This aged servant of Christ I have frequently visited in Harvey's Charity, (alms-houses) in which he had lived for thirty-one years. He was a dear lover of Christ, of his people, and of the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel; they were the food of his soul—the eternal covenant and love-purposes of Jehovah were his wonder and admiration continually—free grace was his song from first to last. He many times complained of his sins, vileness, and pollution; and nothing but the sovereign grace of a triune Jehovah was his delight and support. This, many that came to see him (of different sentiments) can testify; for he soon convinced them he was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. Sometimes he was sorely tried by the enemy, but I never heard once his hope and confidence, as to his security in Christ, was shaken, though, at times, he would have to cry out, 'Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation.' He felt the crucified flesh hard struggling at times—but he felt also the power of prayer. I have heard him declare, that when in trouble, he has fallen upon his face in earnest wrestling, as a child with its parent, for some token of good; and told the Lord he could not get up again without it; and the Lord has indulged him in it; and if it has been for providentials the Lord has soon sent it; and sometimes from a distance to him. He used seldom to eat his meals, or break his bread without meditating on the bruised body of his Lord. He was universally respected; consequently had numerous visitors continually calling in; many partaking of his little pittance, without any remuneration, often eating that which he wanted the next day. He had also some of the rich to see him, but that is all I can say of them; so that many times he has been without necessaries, till one of his feeling friends have relieved him. He frequently never broke his fast till the middle of the day—and his frequent resort was to the Lord, and the Lord was sure to answer and send him in provision for the day. He grew more and more tired of the world, and longed for his change.

His last illness was dropsy; and latterly his end has been expected. On the day before he died he said, 'I shall only be here to-day and tomorrow. He then passed a restless night; complained how Satan plagued him; prayed the Lord would release him; saying, 'Come Jesus, come—how long am I to remain here?'

On the morning before his departure, a friend said to him, 'How is your mind?' He then said twice over, 'I am not afraid to die. Christ is my all in all.' But he

felt evidently after Satan had not finally left him, which he spoke of; and one said to him, 'You must look up. Remember the promises. He hath said, 'He will never leave you, nor forsake.' After about five minutes he replied, 'He'll never leave nor forsake.' At about twenty minutes to five o'clock in the afternoon, after a momentary struggle with the flesh, but without a groan, the disembodied spirit was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom on Lord's-day, September 30, 1849, after having tabernacled here for more than eighty-six years.

R. G. EDWARDS.

THE EXPERIENCE AND
Dying Testimony of Mary Ann Caton,
Of Dunmow, Essex.
 AGED SEVENTEEN YEARS.

WHEN about nine years old, she sat under the ministry of Mr. Garrard, who was then pastor of the Baptist church at Dunmow, now of Leicester; and while hearing him preach from Matt. xxiii. 11, 'Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on the wedding garment?' which made but little impression upon her mind at the time; but about two years since, when prevailed upon to join as teacher in the Baptist Sunday School, she told her mother she felt the need of first being taught from above, when the above words were again brought to her mind, and she felt herself to be destitute of the wedding garment—and that dying in that state, 'where Christ was, she could never come.' This caused her great uneasiness of mind for some time. She now read her bible daily; but it only condemned her; and when she attempted to pray in secret she felt herself utterly unworthy of one of the least of God's mercies, yet she could not live without it; and esteemed family prayer a great privilege, and hoped the Lord would answer the prayers of her father on her behalf. The house of God and the Sabbath school she took great delight in; and always endeavoured to be with the children as early as she could on the Sabbath morning, before prayer began, that she might be privileged to hear and join in singing praises to God.

This was in the month of January, 1848, when her health began to decline, and her friends wished her to give up singing, as they were fearful it would be too much for her strength. 'Not sing,' she replied, 'I must sing as long as I have strength—which I think will not be long. Her health from that time began to decline.

In February she was again privileged to attend the chapel. She heard with great solemnity and delight from Col. iii. 11, 'Christ is all.' She told her mother she felt as she had never done before. Her burden was gone, and Christ was indeed precious to her soul. She felt herself a great sinner—but she had to rejoice that Jesus Christ came into the world to save

sinners, of whom she was chief. The *Earthen Vessel* being then in the house, she read the 'God-glorifying Death of Anna Catherine Marks' with many tears and contrition of soul; and felt herself to be as great a sinner as her; for there is no little sins, she said, with the Lord. We must both be saved in the same way, and washed in the same, even the precious blood of Christ; and although Catherine died an ignominious death, and she should be preserved from such an end, yet she had nothing thereof to boast, but Christ and him crucified. His finished salvation was all her hope. She was shortly after painfully afflicted and confined to her room for many weeks; during which time she appeared to enjoy much communion and intercourse with her Saviour by prayer and reading of the bible; and often requested she might be left alone; as they were often sweet and precious seasons to her soul. She often requested an interest in her father's prayers that the Lord would fully manifest himself to her soul, and that satan might not be permitted to worry her, 'although,' she said, 'I know he cannot devour me—yet he distresses me much.' Her father, after conversing with her, said, 'I think the Lord is about to take you to himself.' She paused a little, and then said, 'I feel it a solemn thing to die, and appear before a righteous God; but humbly hoped her sins were pardoned for Christ's sake; and that she was saved entirely by free and sovereign grace, without any merits of her own, and that if this sickness was unto death, she should go to heaven. She then requested an interest in the prayers of her friends, and that the Lord would bless her with much of his presence, for that, she said, will make death easy; and then exclaimed—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly!"

A rapid consumption was now evident upon her, and no hope could be entertained of her recovery. She gradually became weaker in body, but increasingly happy in mind.

About a fortnight before her death, her speech failed her for a short time and her friends thought her dying, but in a few minutes she revived. Her minister and many christian friends came in; but she was too weak to converse with them. The next day she related to her mother what glorious things the Lord had shewn her, while she lay speechless. A beautiful clear river was presented to her view, and across that river she saw a beautiful green pasture, and in that pasture Christ seated on a throne, surrounded by millions of happy spirits; and to one she said, 'Let me sit at the feet of Christ!' being (she said) perfectly sensible at the time; and this passage of Scripture immediately followed—'This sickness is not unto death; but for the glory of God;' and then another passage close upon the heel of that, 'Thou

shalt not die but live;' when she exclaimed, 'This body certainly must die—but my soul will live with Christ for ever, and God shall have all the glory.' From this time all fear of death was removed from her.

A few days previous to her death her minister came to see her; and though, to all appearance, dying, she spoke freely to him of the love of Christ to her soul. She asked him to pray for her, which he did; and when he had taken his leave of her, a christian friend said to her, 'Where shall we meet next?' She replied, 'Not here, I hope—but in heaven!' Another friend said, 'I hope the Lord has made you sensible where you are going.' 'O yes!' she replied, 'I am going to a happy, —happy home, where I shall soon be singing—

"Where is thy vict'ry, boasted grave—
And where's the monster's sting?"

She then lay quite composed for two hours, and awoke with that sweet hymn by Kent,

"They sung a song for ever new,
And none could learn the same,
But ransom'd slaves, and sinners who
From tribulation came."

And then exclaimed, 'Come, Lord Jesus—come quickly!' Her brother said 'Do you think you shall get better?' She answered, 'No.' He again asked her, what she thought about dying? She answered, 'I would not be deceived, as to my hope, for a thousand worlds!—Jesus shed his blood for poor lost sinners. Ah, (she said,) I am a poor wretched sinner!' Being then quite overpowered through extreme weakness, she lay composed for a few minutes. On her recovering a little her brother read a portion of God and prayed with her. She then appeared quite cheerful; and when he took his leave of her, she said, 'If we never meet again on earth, I hope we shall meet in heaven. Her brother said, 'Should you like to get well again, and remain with us as usual?' She replied, 'No; never no more.'

In a few days her mother came to see her again. On asking her, 'the state of her mind, she answered, 'Jesus was precious to her soul; and again exclaimed, 'Precious Jesus; precious Jesus; precious Jesus!' After conversing with her some short time, her brother said, 'You are going to possess a crown of glory!' 'Yes; (she said) and not a corruptible crown; but an incorruptible one, and an eternal weight of glory.' She then bid him 'good bye.' He answered, 'I am not going yet;' but she said, 'I am;' and appeared as though the very hand of death had seized upon her. In a short time she revived again, and wished to see her youngest brother. She spoke very affectionately to him; and said, 'though young in years, he was a sinner; and must be saved through Christ alone;' and hoped it might be sanctified to his soul, what she was enabled to speak unto

him in her dying moments. She then sung—

“ Ah, I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away,
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day.

“ The day when I shall enter
Upon a world unknown,
My helpless soul I vantage
On Jesus Christ alone !”

Her mother said, ‘ Well, dear, then you still retain your confidence; ’ ‘ O, yes; (she said) I long to be gone.’ The cold hand of death being now upon her, her father asked if she had any fear as to her eternal welfare? ‘ Oh, no; (she replied) I am very happy; and again exclaimed, ‘ Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.’ He then commended her to the Lord in prayer; after which she took her leave of him and all her friends in a very affecting manner; then lay quite still for some time, and again revived for the last time, when she took hold of her mother’s hand and embraced her. She then again asked her if she was happy. She whispered in a low tone (for speech had almost failed) and said, ‘ Happy, happy—Jesus come quickly!’—breathed once more—and departed this life January 13th, 1848, in the seventeenth year of her age.

The Death of John M'Kenzie,

Late Minister of the Gospel, Liverpool.

KNOWING that our readers generally are anxious to read something of the last days of that esteemed man of God, John M'Kenzie, and, believing that many of them do not see the *Gospel Standard*, we have copied therefrom the following interesting account:—

He left Darley Dale, Derbyshire, on Wednesday, the 25th of July, and arrived at Preston the same evening, having travelled about seventy miles. He stood his journey remarkably well, and conversed freely during the evening, expressing thankfulness that he had safely arrived at Preston, his friends remarking to him how well and hearty he was looking, far beyond their expectations. He took leave of his friends and retired to bed a little after ten o'clock, he or they little expecting that the next time he came down stairs would be for interment.

O how true it is that ‘ in the midst of life we are in death!’ We know not what a day may bring forth. What a loud and solemn call to us, (if sanctified by the Spirit of God,) ‘ Be ye also ready, for at a time ye think not the Son of Man cometh.’

He had been in bed little more than a quarter of an hour when he began to cough, followed by the spitting of blood, the colour of which gave us every reason to dread that the same or another vessel of the

lungs had given way, Medical aid was immediately procured, and the Lord suffered the means made use of to cause the blood to cease flowing for a time.

From this time a sudden and great change in the state of his mind became very visible to all about him; a solemn composure and sweet resignation now rested upon his countenance, and when he was able to speak, his words fully bore testimony to its being a true indication of his soul’s feeling. Not being able to speak with an audible voice, he lifted up his eyes and whispered, ‘ I know that all has been done for me that human aid can do; I now fall into the hands of my Lord, to do with me as may be good and right in his sight, so that it may be for his own honour and glory. Nothing short of a miracle can raise me up, though there is nothing too hard for the Lord. I feel as helpless as an infant, both in body and soul, yet in a quiet, peaceable, and patient waiting to see what his mind and will is concerning me.’

For a few days there now appeared a decided improvement in the state of his health, but he could not bear the least excitement. He requested that no friends should see him, not being able to bear it, as the least excitement had a tendency to bring on the bleeding. He now appeared much absorbed in thought, and at length said, ‘ What an unutterably glorious place heaven must be! What amazing objects there! The throne of God and the Lamb! that dear Jesus, once crowned with thorns, but now crowned with glory and honour, seated thereon, being the bright and ineffable glory of the place! What glorious mansions must those be that are of the Lord’s own providing and preparing! ‘ A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,’ for his own blood-bought family! We read of music also the most precious. Harps of gold in the hands of all the redeemed, which is to intimate to our finite understanding the richness and incomprehensible sweetness of the sound of the music. All will be fully occupied: there will be none too weak or too lazy to play, shout, and sing the victories of the Lamb.’

These were said in broken sentences, he not being able to say many words without being obliged to stop a short time. To us who were present the words came with a solemn power and weight, every sentence bearing a peculiar evidence that it came from a solemn and sanctified heart. After a pause he continued, ‘ They (meaning the redeemed) shall also have glorified bodies. At the transfiguration Elijah appeared with his body; Moses in some way, whether with his body or without is of little moment to us; but they did appear with the Lord glorious.’ Pausing a short time, he then said, ‘ How impossible to know or understand the things of which I have been speaking as they really are, while we remain in this fleshly tabernacle, which is of the earth earthy! To flesh and blood

there is a sweetness in life. Hezekiah felt the sweetness of life. Job, though he had much of the bitterness, still felt the sweetness of life.' And having dwelt a little on the ignorance and darkness of our poor finite understandings, he ceased speaking through apparent exhaustion.

The next time he spoke on the things connected with the kingdom of God was on the ministry. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'I never saw with half the light or felt with half the power I now do the important work of the ministry. Three things are especially and essentially necessary, solemnity, faithfulness, and affection. On looking at the Lord's ministry, what solemnity marked it in setting forth eternal realities, what faithfulness in warning the sinner, and what affection in all he had to declare to his own dear people!'

Most of the aforesaid expressions dropped from his lips from the time of his attack, on the evening he arrived here, to Thursday the 2nd of August.

He now appeared so far recovered that the physician thought he might venture to sit up a short time in an easy chair wrapped in blankets. He accordingly was got up, but soon became fatigued, saying he must go to bed again, and sit up an hour in the evening. He did so, observing, 'It is with great difficulty I can bear up.' On going to bed he said, 'I fear the bleeding is coming on;' and before the doctors arrived he had expectorated half a pint. The surgeon administered the remedy considered best, and the blood ceased coming up. They then left the house, expecting there would be no more of it that night. However, in about a quarter of an hour the cough came on, the bleeding began with double force, and both medical men were immediately present to witness (without being able to render any assistance) one of the most alarming and agonizing sights I ever saw; a hollow sounding cough, and the blood gushing from his mouth like a fountain, in the midst of which he said to a friend who was holding his head, 'Oh! this is hard work; pray for me;' his own soul being solemnly engaged, which was visible by the lifting up of his eyes and hands, and the words that escaped, such as 'God! Dear Jesus! Blessed Spirit!' &c. All in the room, with the doctors, thought that the blood would choke him, as he seemed not to have strength to get it up, and that in a few minutes he would have terminated this mortal life. But his time was not yet come; the Lord heard prayer and answered, for, to our utter astonishment, he turned up his ghastly face, and fixing his eyes upon the physician, exclaimed, with an audible voice, '*It is here we want a God!* If I had not the Lord to rest upon now, I should be of all men the most miserable. That Jesus whom my soul has at times delighted to preach is now my help and support. I believe the truths I have preached, for I now experience that nothing short of the blood and righteousness

of Christ can support in a trying hour. I thank you, gentlemen: I am satisfied you have done your best; but Christ is my only hope and strength.' More blood now coming up, he made motions for a little water, when on raising his head he saw his wife and friends in tears; he said, 'Do not weep; this blood is nothing but corrupt, depraved, sinful blood; but the blood that flowed from Jesus was holy, precious, and pure blood. O how I am privileged above that dear, precious Christ! When his blood gushed forth, they mocked his agonies and sufferings, and when he asked for drink, they gave him vinegar and gall; but I have relations and friends about me, sympathising with me, and ready to give whatever I want.' On taking the water he said, 'O how good! thank the Lord for it.' And every little thing he took he expressed his thankfulness for, viewing it as coming down from the Lord.

He now called all in the room to come near, and said, 'I am desirous of giving you an affectionate warning. There is nothing you may possess in this world will be of any use to you when you come here; therefore live as becometh the gospel you profess. You will have need for all when you come here; for if I am dying you must soon follow. Although I do not feel anything particular with which I am upbraided, I feel myself a vile, hell-deserving sinner; yet my faith is firm, and my hope is anchored in the love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

During the night he called a friend to him, and said, 'The Lord has not given me any intimation whether I must die soon or remain longer, but I feel a patient, quiet, and calm resignation to wait his own time, and see what his will is concerning me.' His friend asked, 'Do you feel the joys of salvation in any measure?' He said, 'Not as I could wish; but the Lord is a sovereign; still I feel my faith and hope resting on the Lord. If it were his blessed will I should like to feel more the enjoyment; but not my will, but his be done.' 'If it be the Lord's will,' he said, 'I desire not to die during the bleeding, for the pain and suffocating feeling I felt for half an hour cannot be expressed; but if it be his will, and more for his honour and glory, his will be done.'

Friday, August the 10th, he said, 'The Lord knoweth our frame; he knows I could not now bear temptation; therefore, during this relapse of my complaint, he has not suffered satan to come to me with one single suggestion or temptation. Though I do not feel the sweet joys of his presence, I have a humble and firm confidence that when I die I shall enjoy his presence in heaven, if not before.'

In the evening he called his wife, and said, 'I have no doubt, after I die, many will wish to know the state of my mind; you may tell them I have not that enjoyment I could wish, but I am neither troubled nor tempted by satan, for I have not

been accused of one sin since I was taken ill this time, and I have a firm confidence that when I die I shall land safe in heaven, and that through the love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ: this is my present experience.' He could not speak much after this, but he was often seen in prayer to the Lord.

He now spit a little scarlet blood, a sure indication of a giving way of the vessel again, which made us begin to fear that another bursting forth was not far distant. On the Saturday he had a tolerable day and rested better during the night, until about forty minutes past three o'clock. At about four o'clock the vessel of the lungs again gave way. He had just time to ask for what he wanted when the blood again came up, and continued until his strength was completely exhausted. All that he was able to say at this time was, 'God—' which continued long upon his tongue. After a few sighs he quietly breathed his last, and fell into the bosom of everlasting love, at forty minutes past four o'clock, Lord's-day morning, August 12th, 1849, never more to sigh or desire the enjoyment of the Lord's presence, but where there is fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

During the time of this illness he dictated what he wished to be on his gravestone, which is as follows: 'Having no confidence in the flesh, all his hope and all his desire was in the love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

Your's in the truth,

Preston, Aug. 1849.

T. WALSH.

P.S. Our dear brother stated during his illness, that after his death we should find his experience, on reading which, if we thought it would be of any use to the church of God, it might be published; if not, to do with it as we thought well. He also said of the work he had in hand, 'That work has cost me much labour. I think you will not be able to make it out, on account of the interlining and confusion that appear in the latter part of it, although much of the former part is re-written; but this I leave with you to do also as you may deem fit.'

Some good Things from South Wales.

DEAR SIR,—The gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ being the revelation of Jehovah's everlasting love, and thoughts of peace from eternity to the election of grace, the dissemination thereof, whether by preaching or writing, is emphatically, news of peace and glad tidings of great joy to all interested therein, and I feel compelled to inform you that a few numbers of your "Earthen Vessel" sent me, by a relative in London, have been read with great pleasure. Many of the pieces therein finding an echo in my conscience, and bringing forcibly to my mind happy days long since passed away, where the preached truth was the delight of my soul, and the

ordinances of God's house more precious than the most fine gold. In perusing the contributions of some of God's people contained in the Vessel, I have felt love spring up in my heart towards the people and ways of God, the path of my feet has been made plain, and I have been enabled in my very soul to rejoice in "Jesus Christ," the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and in admiration of his matchless love and condescension in thus watching over poor worms, have been enabled to exclaim,

"This God is my God, for ever and ever, and will be my guide even unto death."

Another powerful reason for my writing to you is the obituary of Mrs. Mary Male, of Cottenham, Cambridgeshire, an individual personally known to me, she and her sisters being intimate acquaintances, in the days where my gracious Lord first manifested himself to my conscience, as "The chief amongst ten thousand and altogether lovely;" and reading of her triumphant departure from this "Vale of tears," has given me heartfelt joy, and enabled me to prostrate myself in adoring gratitude before our gracious Lord, for his kindness in preserving such "bruised reeds" from destruction, and forming by his Spirit, monuments of such materials, to the praise of the glory of his grace. In Eden Chapel, the truth has been to many a savour of life unto life, many were awakened under the same ministry as Mrs. Male. Some like her have been called higher, others remain to this day, and can testify, amid changes of abode, and fluctuations of worldly circumstances that the "God of Israel changes not," with him "is no variableness nor the least shadow of turning," amongst the number is the writer of this, and should you esteem it worth a place in your pages, the certainty of Christian union and affection remaining (after a total cessation of all other intercourse,) will, I am sure, remind old friends of many gracious seasons and divine manifestations in the days of espousal, and first manifest union to the "Church of God." For seven long years I have been an inhabitant of South Wales, and during that time have been deprived of a Gospel ministry. I do not mean to say that truth has no abiding place in this part of Wales, but I am sure it is scarce in the English language:—of the Welch, I am an incompetent judge. In addition to this privation, the Lord in his providence has led me through severe trials and heavy pecuniary loss, and has made me feel the pangs of bereavement, by removing a lovely child. All these things have been hard to bear attended by an evil heart of unbelief, and temptations from the devil, who never fails to seize every opportunity to plague and torment all who hold the "name of Jesus above every name." And in addition to all this, almost every letter received from Christian friends in distant places have teemed with unpleasant records of inconsistency and disunion, so that I have been

ready to conclude that the church of the "living God" had become the theatre of party strife, one being for Paul, another for Apollos, and all striving together for doing away with the unity of the Gospel; and envy and strife dwelling where peace and long-suffering ought to reign. These things have often weighed down my spirit, and in my wanderings on the mountains have been the cause of "great searchings of heart," and earnest entreaties to the dear Lord to guide me by his counsel, lead me in his providence where he pleases, and bless me with a firm and constant reliance upon himself to the exclusion of all earthly trust. Zion has, I am sure, been too long divided, hence many have fallen a prey.

In looking over your pages, I have felt hope of a change, by finding so many of the "Valiant in Israel" contributors to, and readers of, the *Work*. In conclusion, I pray the great Head of the Church to make the "Earthen Vessel" a channel for the communication of heavenly treasure, a depot of divine truth, in doctrine, experience, and practice, Jesus Christ being evidently Lord of all. I am, &c.

C. J. WONFOR.

Reynoldstone, Gower, near Swansea, Oct. 7th.

MATERIALS FOR

An Ordination Charge.

At the public recognition of Mr. Tanner, as pastor over the Baptist Church at Farnborough, the minister who gave what is called 'THE CHARGE,' dwelt principally upon the words in 2 Sam. xxiii. 3, '*He that ruleth over men must be just; ruling in the fear of God;*' and shewed that although these words pointed principally to the Glorious Ruler, the Lord Jesus Christ—still, they are truly applicable to, and descriptive of every faithful servant of the living God.

Two things are to be deeply considered.

1. *What it is to rule over men.* 2. *In what sense must he be just.*

1. To rule over men, in a scriptural sense, is so to go before them as to throw a light upon the way wherein they should walk. It is to go before them in secret and public prayers: in deep private meditations on, and public proclamations of, God's eternal truth; and in such labours of love and holy practice, as to be an ensample unto the flock.

Such an one must be just. '*Strict justice,*' says the old divine, '*is to give unto every one his proper right and due.*' He that ruleth over men must be just, then, 1st, to God the Father, in an acknowledgment of his Divine Sovereignty.

2. To God the Son, in a constant exhibition of his Person and his work.

3. To God the Holy Ghost in testifying to the essential nature of his work; and the office he sustains.

4. He that ruleth over men must be just to his own conscience. Ah, parsons—it is

well for us, and well in us, when conscience is right with us, and we right with conscience.

5. He must be just to the saints of God's household; 'keeping back *nothing* that is *profitable* for them;' advancing nothing that is likely to injure them.

6. He must be just to loose, careless, lifeless, presumptuous professors. Tell them plainly and solemnly (in words of God's providing) what the end of an unholy profession must be.

Lastly, just to sinners who make no profession of, or pretensions to, the religion of Christ.

Oh, what a holy, happy, useful ministry ours would be, if we all stood in this position! I do desire that this faint outline might be filled up; put into every pastor's hand; and, by the blessed Spirit, into every preacher's heart. What a good day for the church of Christ that would be!

POOR ISSACHAR.

A Word of Consolation

ADDRESSED TO MR. ALLINGHAM.

If friends should frown, and vex me too,
When thou art laid beneath the sod,
I have one Friend that's kind and true—
That Friend is God.

If all the world should darkly frown;
All worlds are at Jehovah's nod;
One raiseth up and pulleth down,
That one is God.

He hath declar'd he will uphold
In life's deep cave, in death's cold flood;
He's now as in the days of old—
A Faithful God.

He hath not fail'd my trembling soul,
Since first he wash'd it in his blood;
Then let me trust him with my all,
For he's my God.

If I am poor and in distress,
Tho' grief roll o'er me like a flood,
I have one robe of righteousness—
The gift of God.

If food be dear, and money scant,
Thousands the same rough path have trod;
There's one above won't let me want—
That one is God.

If all the road be pav'd with thorns,
My Saviour first upon them trod,
Whose feet to blunt their points were torn--
The feet of God.

Their keenest edge is beaten down,
They're softer still being steep'd in blood;
For this His sacred brow was torn!
Thy brow, O God!

I know he'll keep me to the last,
All troubles vanish at His nod;
His bounds e'en satan cannot pass,
For he is God!

Then let not grief thy grey hairs bring
Down, and still downward 'neath the sod;
We'll trust in heaven's Immortal King--
We'll trust in God!

Since, dearest Lord, thou'rt with me still,
And all the way is pav'd with blood;
Give me submission to thy will--
The will of God.

HELEN MARIA ALLINGHAM.

The Grace of God in Manifestation

AT MALMESBURY.

MY DEAR BROTHER—It rejoices my heart to inform you that the Great Head of the Church is still bringing into his fold poor sinners in these parts; and, I trust, they are such as shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.

On Lord's-day, October 7th, that aged servant of the Lord, Mr. Martin, baptized nine persons. In the morning he preached to a chapel full of people, from Acts viii. 12; and then went down to the river, where they sung that hymn which begins—

“Go teach the nations, and baptize,
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries;
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.”

And after a short but solemn prayer, he baptized seven females and two males, in the presence of twelve or fourteen hundred people. All was quiet and good order maintained. In the evening, the chapel, galleries, vestries, and aisles, were full; when the dear man preached from those words, “Who when he was come, and had seen the grace of God, was glad; and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.” Acts xi. 23. First, he spoke of the grace of God; secondly, wherein the grace is to be seen; thirdly, of the exhortation, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord; and, lastly, of the blessedness of those that are partakers of the grace of God; in which, I believe, he felt sweet liberty; a refreshing time it was to many of the Lord's people; for myself, I could say, “Lord, it is good to be here.”

I would say a word or two about friend Martin's manner of preaching. He is past seventy years of age; has been pastor over the baptist church in this town upwards of thirty-eight years; the Lord hath made his ministry a blessing to many precious souls in turning them from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and satan unto God; and in building up the saints in the faith of the gospel. And I can say of the ministry of my dear aged brother Martin, that his delightful theme is “Jesus Christ and him crucified;” and I always find under his preaching the gospel table furnished with bread and salt; here is living bread for living souls; covenant love for a covenant seed; covenant blood for a covenant people; covenant righteousness for covenant children; covenant promises for covenant heirs; and a covenant rod for covenant sons: so that the trumpet gives a clear and certain sound; and, I am happy to add, this dear aged servant and his flock are walking together in love and peace; their hearts seem knit together as the heart of one man.

My prayer is that the Lord may keep this hill of Zion as a well watered garden, that shall bring forth fruit in due season to the praise and glory of his grace.

AN OLD DISCIPLE.

Malmesbury, Oct. 10, 1849.

Keeping the Lord's-day.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR—As you have received and published in the *Vessel*, some communications from Peterborough, of which I have nothing to say by way

of complaint or objection; nor should I have taken any particular notice of them, only as many persons (here and elsewhere) suspect me to be the author of them, I wish publicly to state — *I am not*. Nay, I do not know, nor have I endeavoured to ascertain, who the writer was. I am too old for controversy; and not in the least inclined to enter into polemical discussion: I am for peace and not for war; and nothing grieves me more than to hear that these hostile parties are among those who profess truth and godliness. It staggers many of the weaklings of God's family and wounds the minds of many an aged saint.

But, sir, to come to the subject—the point at issue—I was rather surprised that Mr. Tryon, in his very laconic note to the Editor of the *Vessel*, should say that his non-shaving, and the non-milk taking of a Sunday, did not apply to him; and that you should be charged by others of his admirers with publishing falsehoods; when, sir, it is a fact that can be proved, and that by persons of unquestionable veracity, that Mr. Tryon did preach two sermons at Deeping, on one Lord's-day, wherein those two things, with others, were principally dwelt upon; and when he came to Peterborough, on a Sunday evening, he appeared to condense those two sermons in one, and non-shaving and non-milk taking on a Sunday, was the principal theme. This is a fact, which I think, Mr. Tryon nor his friends will attempt to deny. Perhaps your correspondent was wrong, if he meant to convey the idea that Mr. Tryon had made it (what the schools call) a *sine qua non*, as to the admission of members: however, happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing that he alloweth. For my own part, I see nothing censurable in advocating a strict observance of the Lord's-day, as far as possible; though many ministers, and good men differ, conscientiously regarding it.

I would humbly refer and advise those who have any scruples about the matter, to read the fourteenth chapter of Romans, and ponder over the tenth verse in particular. Yes, let the sincere and serious christian read, study, weigh, digest, believe, and may the Holy Ghost apply what is laid down in that chapter, and then, I trust, he will be enabled to put away the bickerings and opinions of men. I should not now have taken up my pen to address you upon the subject; only as I was fearful that the words, “Unhappy divisions at Peterborough,” would lead people at a distance to conclude that we were in sad confusion at Zion Chapel; which, I am thankful to say, is not the case: but quite the reverse; we were never more at peace, and in harmony amongst ourselves. And I trust you will hear from us next month, respecting the Lord's appearance and interference for and among us, that will gladden your heart, and cause joy among all the liberal baptist churches. “He will keep them in perfect peace whose minds are stayed upon him, because they trusted in him.” There, sir, has been my trust and stay for many years, nor has it been in vain.

In conclusion, I say to you and your readers—“Brethren, pray for us—pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee; peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces; for my brethren and companions sakes, I would now say, peace be within thee.

JOHN CARTER.

Peterborough, Oct. 1849.

The Solemn Times in which we Live.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Grace, mercy, and peace from Israel's triune God be with you and the whole mystic body of Christ throughout the world. I received your last with much pleasure; and ever esteem it a great privilege to have communications concerning the Lord's dealings from any of his tried people. I was truly glad for your sake, that you could not hear the *flesh-pleasing—man-exalting—reason-idolizing*—and *Holy-Ghost dishonouring* preaching of men—who are, it is to be feared, strangers to the plague of the human heart—strangers to the solemn operations of the Holy Spirit, Zion's teacher—leader—remembrancer and comforter, and are strangers to the covenants of promise. The times in which we are living, are solemn, fearful, and eventful: times when the churches, holding the truth in righteousness, are in a distressing state—it is truly lamentable, that good and gracious men should be guilty of bickering—of back-biting and of fanning the flames of that fire which is separating the godly from each other: the devil—the old dragon, seems already to be rising out of the sea for a sharp death-struggle with the cause of God and truth on the earth. Thanks be unto God for ever: Satan cannot deceive the elect of Jehovah; he cannot remove the righteous from the rock of Eternal Salvation—he cannot make the most fine gold to perish—he cannot destroy the seed raised up to serve Christ in this wicked-ensnaring, and godless world; but he can, and is sowing the seed of discord among the brethren. Beloved of the Lord, he is ever working on the corruption of the human heart—he is dimming the most fine gold; he is murdering the peace and comfort of Zion, and many of God's regenerate people are cast down; but, blessed be the God and Father of all their mercies, that they are not destroyed. What grieves me so, with many others, is to find many gracious men, who principally dwell in their ministry on the great, distinguishing and holy doctrines of God's precious—precious book,—carping with gracious men, in whose ministry the experience of the christian is chiefly insisted on, and *vice versa*. This bitterness of feeling—this envying and strife—this evil speaking; does it tend in any way for the glory of God? Does the wrath of men work the righteousness of God? Is this walking as dear children, and loving as brethren? Is this the fruit of the influence, *power, teaching, and leading* of the Holy Ghost—*who, when he descended upon Christ, took the form of the peaceful dove?* Is this the tendency produced by a deep experimental acquaintance with the deep things of God? I trow not: rather let us use the Apostle Paul's words about this state of things in the churches—“Ye are carnal—for, whereas there is among you envying and strife and division: are ye not carnal and walk as men?”—Cor. iii. 3.

What cause for lamentation and mourning, that *men loving the truth—preaching the truth, and in a measure living the truth, should be spending their talents and their precious time for that which is anything but bread.*

What cause for inward grief is this base contentedness, this striving for leadership in any of us who profess to be the ministers of God and of truth. The Lord keep us *humble, teachable, spiritual, and feelingly dependent.* The Lord give us

grace to be striving for the furtherance of the gospel of Christ—to be preaching under the solemn anointing of the Holy Ghost, the glad tidings of salvation, full, free, finished, and eternal. To be endeavouring to keep the unity of *the Spirit* in the bond of peace—to be *ministerially instructing, feeding, encouraging, and building up* the churches of God in their most Holy Faith. When we look around, where is the esteeming of others better than ourselves? Where is the spirit of humility and prayer? Where is the bearing of each others burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ, the King of Zion? My very soul grieves on the account of the division of God's people. I must use the touching words of the Prophet to give utterance to my bosom feelings—“For these things I weep—mine eye runneth down with water,” because “the children are desolate, and the enemy hath prevailed:” the enemies of Zion clap their hands at her—they hiss and wag their heads at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, “Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty—the joy of the whole earth?”

The Lord grant his dear people the true spirit of prayer, to pour out their souls in humble supplication before him for a better state of things amongst the churches of truth! The Lord give us that true charity which “suffereth long and is kind;” for, “Charity envieth not: Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up—doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own—is not easily provoked—thinketh no evil—rejoiceth not in iniquity—but rejoiceth in the truth.” That the Lord would bring his Zion into a more *prosperous, spiritual and peaceful* state, is the earnest and continuous prayer of your friend,

J. E. BLOOMFIELD.

5, Northfield Terrace, Cheltenham.

A FEW REMARKS UPON THE QUESTION,

The Baptism of John,

WAS IT FROM HEAVEN, OR OF MEN?

THIS truly important enquiry followed, as you are aware, upon the chief priests and elders of the people questioning Christ, relative to his authority for doing those things which he did when upon earth. And we shall do well to consider for a moment or two, what these words imply in the strict sense of their meaning. It is evidently this—*John's baptism is either of heaven, and should be regarded as an institution of God, or it is of men, and hence, the slightest possible importance is to be attached thereto.* But, then, to say it is of men, would be to charge home folly upon Jesus for attendance upon it; and to say it is of God, is to set the ordinance in its *right place*; but how is it then, that, by many of the Lord's people it is disregarded? Let conscience decide.

I just glance at the following things in reference to the question before us, as evidently proving it to be of an heavenly origin:—

1.—John was sent by God to baptize with water. John i. 33. If God sends a man to do a thing, there is an importance attached to what he does; for God does nothing in vain: to suppose otherwise, would be to insult his wisdom.

2.—Not only was John in possession of an *heavenly commission, but his motive* also, was far from being an *earthly* one. That which springs

From the earth, has to do with the earth. John, under the guidance of the Spirit, struck at far higher things than pandering to the whims and fancies of mortal men. He was looking at Christ, and his manifestation unto Israel, "therefore," saith he, "am I come, baptizing with water." John i. 31.

3.—If we consider his *object* as well as his *motive*, we shall see plainly that it had nothing to do with the creature. He came preaching repentance, and the baptism of repentance; and pointing to the Lamb of God; and declaring that he must *decrease* while Jesus should *increase*. He was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and his greatest joy was in the extension of the dear Redeemer's kingdom. Matt. iii.—John iii. 29.

4.—But have we not an unanswerable argument for its being from heaven, by the submission of Christ unto it? This would of itself be sufficient to stamp the greatest possible weight upon the statement, *that it came from heaven*. It became him to fulfil *all* righteousness; and hence, he was baptized *here*, only to point to the far greater baptism of sufferings, afflictions, and sorrows, which he had yet to go through and be plunged under.

5.—John's baptism was characterized by those things which places it far from a carnal institution. "They were baptized of him in Jordan, *confessing their sins*." We have characters here attending to it, who knew what repentance was. Is this according to man? This leads me to remark,

6.—That *infant sprinkling* is inconsistent with this view of the subject: see Luke iii. Infant sprinkling must be a *carnal and worldly system*: Why? *Because there is no sanction for it in the word of God, nor can any precedent be found for its observance from the practice of John, or of Christ's disciples*. Now, when children can believe; *confess their sins; repent; and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and hear the word gladly*, THEN, we may observe that form.

7.—As to baptism itself, it is evidently a dipping, a plunging beneath, a complete burial, which thing it signifies. Rom. vi. 3, 4.

An observation or two more and I close.

1.—The ordinance of baptism as administered by John, and subsequently by Jesus's disciples, had nothing to do with the old covenant, for it came in under a new dispensation: to wit, "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; as it is written in the prophets. Behold, I send my messenger (John) before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee." Mark i. 1, 2.

2.—That its observance was enjoined on, and has been continued in the church, under the special command of God the Son our Saviour and Redeemer. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. This was followed by the disciples in the way laid down by their Lord. TEACHING them, BAPTIZING them, then they were *received* into the church: Acts ii. 41; and others.

3.—In a word: the weighty and solemn things which it sets forth, more especially, Christ's dolorous sufferings, bitter death, solemn burial and triumphant resurrection, together with our death to sin, and resurrection to life, stamp it as being of God; and I therefore close with, not, we cannot tell whence it comes; but, I am solemnly persuaded it is from heaven, and consequently, is binding as an act of obedience upon every disciple of Jesus Christ. JOSEPH RUDMAN.

Troubridge, Oct., 1849.

Charity; or the Golden Rule.

I ENVY not nor man, nor saint,
Who cannot love another;
But pity much, his sad complaint,
And hold him still a brother.

'Tis sad to see a want of love,
When one would greet another;
And when the burden to remove,
We treat him as a brother.

'Tis sadder still, when christians rail,
And stab, and wound each other:
There perfect love does not prevail,
In such a christian brother.

I would not scorn to be despised,
But scorn to hate another!
These passions must be crucified,
In every christian brother.

I tremble for the man, who dares
To trample on another!
The saints of God are fellow-heirs,
In Christ, their elder brother.

One body is the church of God,
And members of each other:
The purchase of Immanuel's blood,
Their loving elder brother.

He sympathises with the saints;
Tells them to love each other:
He bore our sorrows and complaints,
And is a faithful brother.

Love is the weapon to be used,
In conquering each other;
This holy oil will heal the bruised,
And win a faulty brother.

'Tis love, first drew our hearts to him,
And then unto each other:
The love of Jesus is the same,
In every christian brother.

He who does not this rule approve,
Of loving one another;
How can he ask another love,
Or call himself a brother!

I love to dwell upon the theme,
Of loving one another;
Christ loves us into love with him,
And then we love our brother.

If we love not one whom we see,
How can we love another?
The great Supreme Eternal Three,
Belov'd in Christ, our brother.

WM. GIBBONS.

Manchester, October 15th, 1849.

AN INQUIRY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I saw in your *Vessel* for October "a solemn day at High Wycombe;" will you, or some of your correspondents, shew us how far scripturally right it is, for the church of the living God to unite in their prayer meetings with Arminians, Arians, and Socinians, when the Holy Ghost says, by the mouth of Paul, "Come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing?" Will one, or more of the Watchmen upon the Walls of Zion tell us what they see coming, that we may know what position we are to occupy in the day of battle?

AN INQUIRER FOR THE RIGHT WAY.

SOME OF THE
Lord's Dealings with John Epps,

OF BRADBOURNE, KENT.

(Continued from a former number.)

I USED to go to the barber's, occasionally, of an evening, and was there tempted that if I sprang up from my seat suddenly as if sadly frightened, the person would thereby cut my throat, and that my death would be considered an accident. And another way, to steal something from a certain shop, which I actually did watch an opportunity for, by so doing, I should suffer the penalties of the law, and that this would be more honourable than any of the executions of the former temptations. Such was the distress of my mind at this time, that I felt quite disposed to make it known, and to give myself up to be taken care of, feeling that I was altogether insufficient to preserve myself; after awhile these distressing exercises did, in a measure, subside. I left my situation, where I passed through all this condemnation in May 1821; and the Lord, in his providence, very shortly removed me to Biddenden, in Kent; and, although I have declared, that I do consider my spiritual birth was in May 29, 1820; yet, now was I more than ever concerned to have it fully decided that I was born again. Visited the minister; and, although I then thought I was as ignorant as I could be relative to the point in hand; yet his entire ignorance caused me to see and feel that I was not totally void and destitute of the meaning and feeling thereof. I did not remain at this place above four months; yet here, blessed be the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I lost my burden of sin; and then was I fully persuaded that the Lord had done great things for me; that I was an elect vessel of God, chosen before the foundation of the world; one for whom Christ shed his most precious blood; and this was brought about thus: in the night season, I dreamed I saw an exceeding large piece of water, of length, breadth, and depth, and that my way was over it; but there was no way to cross it, only stones large enough to stand one foot on, and they at such a distance apart, that it appeared impossible to step from one to another. However, I was desirous to make the attempt, but was greatly opposed or hindered; still, I thought I went, and that from stone to stone with the greatest pleasure imaginable; and that towards the end I began to faint and sink, but I saw two angels clothed in white. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Heb. i. 14. And one spread its arms to embrace me in them, and thus I arrived perfectly safe; when I thought I was thus arrived I awoke, and truly it might be said of me—"In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." Job xxxiii. 15, 16. And, although this may appear a simple deliverance, yet, blessed be the Lord, it was an effectual one; for instead of distress, fears, and doubts, I had peace, quietness, and assurance, and trust that this was the time that I was converted, and experimentally made acquainted, that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. Although so short my stay in this place, yet I could see it was the Lord's appointment; for here was this marvellous and mysterious event; and circumstance

to take place; after this, returned to my home at Smeeth, there continued until February 4, 1823, when I was removed to Eythorn, in Kent—had been there only six weeks when I heard of the weighty news of the great bereavement of a dear, kind, and indulgent father, who died on the 9th of March. Much shocked at the news thereof, for a short time, I exclaimed, Lord, what must I do? When the words, "Look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God," (Heb. xii. 2.) were applied to my soul in a most astonishing way, so as to be quite passive to this event; which I always dreaded, fearing it would be more than I could endure. This was a word in season indeed; I was still as a stone, and with a mind of sweet composure exclaimed, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Job i. 21. I attended the Baptist chapel there; and after giving a testimony of my conversion, as a reason of the hope that was within me, with meekness and fear, was baptised July 6th, 1823, and received into the church, July 20th, and partook of the Lord's Supper. And for what, I trust the Lord had wrought within me; and my thus openly declaring my attachment to the Saviour, by this solemn and public profession, I endured a long, trying, and severe persecution, which is only known to the Lord and my poor soul; but in this I forbear. Indeed, it might be justly said of me, "God setteth the solitary in families." Psalm lxxviii. 6. I remained in that church until the 10th of December, 1826; when I was excommunicated for concealing a note of hand that was put into my hands. About Christmas, of the same year, I was sadly and suddenly caught in a snare; disgraced my profession—and awfully wounded my soul. It was a circumstance I always had the greatest aversion to; and yet, alas! I fell into it. That very evening was I wounded to the very quick—thought I had been distressed before, but not equal to this; because I had not known the Lord, but I now knew him; or rather was known of him. But I was departed from him. Thus I went on for six months lamenting my sad condition, always exceeding unhappy; when I read the word it seemed all against me; and when I attempted to pray, there was often some passage on my mind to distress me. I can truly declare, I saw and felt myself the unhappiest sinner out of hell: considering that everlasting destruction, misery and woe, must be my awful doom; having no hope as it were, and as I then thought, without God in the world. Notwithstanding my great distress and trouble, was never so much concerned for others, nor yet so anxious to speak unto them the way of salvation.

One, who is now in heaven, to whom (blessed be the name of the Lord) I was made, through mercy, a blessing: said, "surely, as you have so much to say of the freeness of Christ's salvation, that you must have a hope in him?" I replied, "none for me, but a blessed one for such as you." I went far and near to hear in those days, but could receive no abiding comfort or consolation, until about the month of June; I was very desirous to converse with an individual about Jesus and his free-grace salvation; when, after stating the fall, and attempting to shew we all justly deserved eternal damnation, he replied, "God would be unjust to damn him." I answered,

"he would be just to damn me to all eternity for the best day I ever spent." To use his own words, he said, "you put me in mind of what is written in the Bible about the Pharisee and the Publican; you are the publican and I the pharisee." which words, the Holy Ghost applied with Almighty power to my soul; and delivered me, in a moment, out of my trouble. He seeing me shake from head to foot, said, "What is the matter?" I replied, "I would to God, you was altogether the same." Thus God wrought in this mysterious way, and that I afterwards saw—"That he may withdraw man from from his purpose, and hide pride from man." Then could I experimentally exclaim, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation." Isa. xii. 2. Thus was I able to go on my way rejoicing.

In the autumn of the year 1829, the Lord laid his hand of affliction very heavily upon me; (namely, spasms in the head,) I was brought down exceedingly weak and low in body, not able to speak or be spoken to scarcely, day by day: yet, as happy in Christ Jesus as I could possibly wish to be; living, by grace divine, a life of faith on him. And twice did I conclude, I was in the very act of dying; begged of the dear Lord, if it was his will and pleasure, to afford unto me another token for good; and if not, I was satisfied. Almost immediately these words were given, with most blessed satisfaction indeed—"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." 2 Tim. i. 12. With which I could have died triumphantly in Christ Jesus my Saviour. Another time, quite as ill as before, these words were a sweet solace, and as great a support to my soul.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Happy Knowl Hill.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER IN OUR HEAD—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, from a Three One God. Amen.

We must say the Lord has done great things for us, and made our hearts glad. About five years ago, a gentleman, then living at Henley, called to see me; and after that, attended some few times at Knowl Hill; the Lord was pleased to bless his word to him, so as to give him a deeper concern about soul matters. He had been a hearer of Mr. Huntington, Richard Burnham, &c.; he is now eighty years of age; he well understood the doctrines of the gospel for years; and, in a measure, saw sin to be sinful; but not so as to forsake it. The Lord has been pleased, of late years, to open up the depravity of his nature to him; and, also, to reveal himself to him as his Saviour; and to crumble him down at his feet so as to constrain him to love him in return. He left Henley about two years ago. I received a letter from him some time past, to say, the Lord had impressed on his mind the ordinance of Believer's Baptism, and that now he must follow Jesus; after waiting some few times, I called on him, at Egham; had some satisfactory conversation with him on the subject; found his wife desirous also to follow Jesus, because he had done such great things for her soul. I shall not forget with what pleasure I and my dear wife were received by

them both. John said, "we know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." They said, their wish was to be baptised at Knowl Hill, and cast in their lot amongst us, as there was a union of soul to us, and the spot was dear to them.

The appointed time for the solemn ordinance was Monday, September the 17th, 1849; the dear old pilgrim, with his spouse, arrived soon after eleven o'clock; when they related a little of what the Lord had done for their souls; which was in a plain and satisfactory manner, it rejoiced our hearts to hear how the Lord is pleased to work. After he had related these things, we went to the pool; brother Webb gave out a hymn,

"Jesus, mighty King in Zion," &c.

Gave a very suitable exhortation on the occasion, and prayed; a poor thing gave out another hymn,

"Dear Lord, and will thy pardoning love, &c."

A few words more, and a prayer; a solemn and a feeling time it was. I then took our sister by the hand, and we went both down into the water, and I baptised her in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; then handed our aged brother down also; and in like manner, baptised him; although very feeble, we went through the ordinance with much comfort and composure. We then refreshed our bodies with the good things prepared for us. Afterwards we attended the ordinance of the supper; I had the privilege to give our brother and sister the right hand of fellowship, and received them into the church; and, I do believe, the Lord was with us there also, so that we could still rejoice, and say, the Lord is in this place. Our friends said, it was the best day they ever had; our friends left us, to return home, and left us something to help us to pay our interest; so that it was, indeed, a good day, and we look at it as a token for good; and we are constrained to say, "the Lord has done great things for us," and our poor hearts are made glad, and we are willing to give him all the praise.

B. MASON.

September 24, 1849.

Confirmation.

IN Watford town,
Of some renown,
On market day,
As fine as May,
Took place a confirma-
tion,
Alas! Alas!
'Twas all a farce,
Though not a mass,
But still, alas,
Of Romish ordination.
The ladies there
They look'd so fair,
With fine curl'd hair
Their caps did wear,
The sight was quite in-
posing.
The bishop big,
With fine crop'd wig,
In Popish dress
Did all address;
Not one of them were
dosing.

Without much aid,
His hands he laid
On modest maids
And silly lads,
And solemn words did
mention;
Though some seem'd
pleas'd,
And duty eas'd,
His magic touch,
Was not felt much,
For all is man's invention
'Tis all a puff,
And empty stuff,
It will not do,
God's word says so,*
The devil did contrive it,
Let every one
Such folly shun,
Reject it all,
The great, the small,
Let Protestants despise
it.

DR. J. TEODOR.

* Col. ii. 20--23.

The Root of the Matter.

"But ye should say, why persecute we him seeing the root of the matter is in me?"—JOB xix. 28.

Concluded from page 243.

Thirdly—The life-retaining quality of the root.

It is a well-known fact, that the root contains the life of the tree, and the stem and branches receive all their verdure and fruit from thence; as the Apostle says, on another occasion, "But if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee." Nor is it true, only, that the root *contains* the life of the tree; but it *retains* it also, so much so, that the felling of the tree does not divest the root of its life or virtue; but, that it retains all its former qualities, and appears again the first opportunity. This is true of the root which Job felt himself to be possessed of; as in another place, he declares, "There is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will grow again; and the tender branches thereof will not cease, though the root thereof was old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet, through the scent of water, it will live and bring forth boughs like a plant." It is granted that Job is not here, speaking of the root of divine grace in the heart, but of man's mortality: yet, nothing can be more apt to shew the life-retaining quality of that heavenly root, which the Lord, the planter, sets deeply in the prepared soil of the hearts of his chosen. It is often the case, that the professional character of God's people, are cut down, and levelled to the ground; yet, the divine root, and vital sap of that root remains, in a manner, unmoved! How many axes are raised against the character of the christian man! The axe of sin, and the axe of affliction, are both in their turn, lifted high, and often succeed in levelling all above ground: but the pick-axe of satan himself, shall never succeed in removing that root which "the wicked one touches not." 1 John v. 18. How did the felling axe of sin come against the character of David, as a christian, in the case of Bathsheba; the strokes of which he so severely felt, and penitentially confessed in the 51st Psalm! The battle-sword had not more deeply pierced Uriah's heart, than the sin of David, in putting Uriah in front of the battle, had blasted David's character, and laid him low for a time. "Thou hast caused the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme," said Nathan to him, and he felt it severely. Who could but have thought that David, at this time, and under these circumstances, was a hypocrite; and conclude, that hell would be his portion, especially when it is said, "that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him?" John iii. 15. And this

would have been the case, *but the root of the matter was in him, which still retaineth the vital sap of divine life.*

We have another instance of this in the history of Peter, who fell by the same axe of sin before the damsel in the High Priest's hall:—stroke after stroke fell heavier and heavier as hour after hour advanced. "I know not what thou sayest," said Peter: and again, he denied *with an oath*, "I do not know the man." And it follows, then began he to *curse and swear*, "I know not the man." Could we have been present and beheld the scene, our conclusions would have been very unfavourable of Peter's state. We should have been classing him with Judas, who had just before fallen to rise no more. The circumstances of whose fall was now, no doubt, fresh upon the mind of Peter, and the rest of the people. We should have said, "Ah Peter, thy friend Judas has just now disclosed his hypocrisy, and proved himself to be a vile apostate, a wretched cast-away for ever, for betraying his Lord and Master. And now, Peter, thou art following in the same steps, in denying the same gracious Master, which will lead you, doubtless, to the same end!" Such might have been our expressed opinions, and not altogether without ground either; but the *root of the matter* was found in him, which these axes had never been able to reach. There was a mystery in those words of Jesus to Peter, "But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not;" the truth of which, Peter, now, most blessedly proved. Some trees are the *better for felling*—only one stem is cut down; but many young ones sprout from the same root, so it was with Peter; no thanks to sin, though he was a better man after his felling than before. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Yes, those bitter tears which Peter wept when looked upon by Christ, soaked down to the deepest fibre of this root; by the scent of which (says Job) he brought forth boughs like a plant. Repentance, faith, and humility, like so many boughs now sprang from this *bruised* but not destroyed root, which rendered Peter now more useful than before. O the value of this root of divine life, which nothing can destroy! It is said, that vegetable life is all but imperishable; an instance of which, is given in the travels of Lord Linsey, in Egypt, who found a dahlia in the hand of a mummy, which proved to be two-thousand years old, and which, when planted in a sunny soil grew, and bore a most beautiful flower. Here we have a singular instance of the life-retaining quality of a vegetable root, which excites our wonder; but how much more wonderful is it, that the root of divine life, in the soul of Peter, should still have retained its power under such circumstances. Truly we must say, with John,

that being incorruptible seed, the believer's root liveth and abideth for ever.

Fourthly.—The folly and sin of judging rashly of the state of a person from outward circumstances.

It is indeed folly thus to judge, and by so doing we are led into a thousand errors; we shall bless the wicked because of their prosperity—and curse the righteous because of their adversity. Good Asaph, and others of God's servants, fell into this error, in different ages, by which they have been led to take a wrong view of their own state and character before God; and also, a wrong view of his dealings with them. Job's friends had evidently judged of his state and character upon this principle: hence their bitter invectives; their tantalising reproaches, and rash and false conclusions. But folly is not the only thing growing out of the error of this judging; there is a *sin* connected with it also. Surely, it is a wounding of those whom God would not have wounded, and comes under that reproof, "judge not, lest ye be judged;" and again, "who art thou that judgeth another man's servant—to his own Master he standeth or falleth?" As also, indulging in such a spirit, we slight our Saviour's admonitions: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven: and whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea." Matt xviii. 10; Mark ix. 48.

The sin of thus judging God's people will not go unpunished by him. It was a part of the sin of the Jewish nation that they misjudged the character of Christ, for they "did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted;" and the punishment which follows is too plain to need any comment.

There was also a severe censure brought by the prophet Amos against those at ease in Zion, because they were not "grieved for the afflictions of Joseph." Amos vi. 6. And a heavy threat, by the prophet Zechariah, against the heathens; for the Lord says, "I was but a little displeased with my people, and ye have helped on the afflictions."

There is no doubt but Job had an eye to this doctrine of retribution in his reply to his friends, for in the next verse to the text, he says, "Be ye afraid, for wrath bringeth the punishment of the sword, that ye may know there is a judgment." And the end of the Lord, with Job, shews that this censure was not unfounded; for the Lord was pleased to justify the character of Job, and condemn that of his friends; and would only be pacified towards Eliphaz, through the medium of a sacrifice by Job. Job xlii. 7,

8. And it was so, that after the Lord had spoken these words unto Job, the Lord said to Eliphaz, the Temanite, "my wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends, for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right as my servant Job hath; therefore, take unto you now, seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job and offer up for yourselves a burnt-offering, and my servant Job shall pray for you, for him I will accept, lest I deal with you after your folly; in that, ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right, like my servant Job."

NATHAN, (*Burgh.*)

Edward Joy's Explanation

RESPECTING THE WINCHESTER CLOUDS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I find in the *Vessel* an enquiry, by Josiah Pontis, after a description of the cloud which I referred to in the September number of the *Vessel*, as hanging over the little cause at Winchester.

He goes on to enquire whether I meant such a cloud as the prophet's servant saw from the top of Carmel's mount? I can truly say to brother Pontis that this would not produce any grief of mind to me. For having been taught of God the liberty of the gospel, my desire is to see others brought into possession of the same.

The next enquiry he makes, is to know whether I meant 'the cloud of witness' that overshadowed the saints when on the mount of transfiguration? No; I say; this would be no grief to me. But I wonder whether our brother knows what it is to be overshadowed in the self-same manner? to feel the witness within that God hath accepted him in his dear Son? I say, this makes the poor soul forget all his poverty; at least, it does my heart good when the Holy Ghost leads me within the veil, and there to commune with God in Christ, without a veil between, with an holy witness springing up within, that what justice demanded at my hands, Christ, being an High Priest, raised up by God the Father, hath stepped in in my stead, and paid off the bill, and the Holy Ghost hath given me the receipt in my conscience by blood; and this is my holy mountain of transfiguration; namely, that he hath taken my sins and imputed to me his righteousness! And I hope, brother, that you are not a stranger to this mountain of transfiguration, in your experience; if I thought you were, I should say to you that you had no right to be in the ministry; but I hope better things. Could you suppose, in your mind, whilst writing to the *Vessel*, that this was the cause of fear in my mind, to think that you being under the sweet witnessing of the Spirit of adoption, that this was the cloud that I was in fear about? I am persuaded not. But to proceed:—

The next enquiry is, whether it was an amalgamation of law and gospel? Some people so dress up the law, by gospelling,

it is a hard matter to know the face of Moses in some ministers, though it will be discovered by the fruits it produces. My persuasion was, and is still, that the leading part of your cause is much more free from Moses in doctrine, than they are in experience. Now, this is the cloud which I feared hung over them. Whilst they, in sentiment, are rich—yet, in experience, are very poor! You must not judge things by an outward appearance; or else we should have thought that Simon the pharisee had been in love with Christ when he invited him to his house; but we find that Mary Magdalene ran away with the salvation, whilst poor Simon was left in the dark! We find in all things that God is a Sovereign, and that he works according to his will in all things. I am sure (without prejudice I write—for this I know) that whatever a man may get in a bare sentimental form, must leave him either in life or death; it must be truth which is trod out experimentally to bear a man up through the silent shade of death, when all human help must fail.

When I was at Winchester I heard all I could, as my manner is, and I was truly afraid that there was a great deal that only laid in notion, which was got by reading other men's writings, and had not been got by experimental travail of soul. I think when a man is brought out of Egypt into gospel rest experimentally, he can give us a description of that Mount Sinai which he must pass under in his travail to rest; and he will tell also how most exceedingly he was made to fear and quake whilst passing underneath it, by the voice that he heard from the top of that mountain, the dreadful Majesty of the Lord of Hosts; he will tell us also how he found a Law-fulfiller—Justice and mercy meeting together, righteousness and peace embracing one another in the Person of Christ; and he will also testify that as he hath heard a voice from Mount Sinai, with all the curses of God's holy law against him, being a sinner; that he hath also heard a voice from Mount Sion, God speaking to him out of a covenant of grace, saying 'Fear not; for I have redeemed thee; thou art mine.' Now the soul in experience can testify what salvation is, and you will find him contending for power; and this is what I was in search for at Winchester. My humble hope is, that you can prove that instead of the leading part being in a sentimental form, that it is in possession of power and much assurance.

Now I have given you some account of the cloud that I was in fear of hanging over the little cause, I should just notice the other word, 'We must not despise the day of small things.' No; I feel my heart is truly glad to find the high-way of God set up in that notorious dark place, Winchester, which is overspread with the doctrines of men; and it appears to me that God is inclining the hearts of his children there, to make an holy stand for truth; and though the foremost part of the little

camp seems gloomy, yet there is some sterling metal in the camp; and if the Lord should fulfil this promise in their midst, in making the first last, and the last first, we shall find some of the right sort in their right place; and when God counts up his jewels these praying souls shall be found there; and I would say to them that groan and cry, 'Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Your's in gospel bonds, E. JOY.
Neather Street, Alton, Hants, Oct. 13, 1849.

Persecution for Righteousness Sake IN WILTSHIRE.

"BLESSED are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. v. 10. Wednesday last, October 17th, I was walking from B— to W—, and, looking towards it, thought much of the persecution there endured by the Lord's poor people, surrounded, as they are, with a persecuting lord of the manor on the one hand, and a dead opposing clergyman on the other. Many of the dear saints of God have had notice given them by the steward to leave off going to chapel, and to come to church, or turn out of their houses at Christmas next—honest, industrious people, against whom they can bring no charge of any evil, but only because they cleave unto the truth. As I was walking and thinking on these things, those words came into my heart with power, "Brethren pray for us;" and I took it as a call from the Lord unto the church of Christ throughout the land, that shall hear thereof, to be earnest in their prayers at the throne, that the Lord may give grace and strength to those dear people to endure, or bear up under this fiery trial; and that he will bring this crafty counsel of the heathen to nought; and that they may see the dear promises of their God made good on their behalf, for whose truth's sake they are called upon to suffer those things; that "no weapon formed against them shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise up against them, he will condemn;" and that, for his own sake, and his truth's sake, he will defend those poor sheep of his pasture, and suffer no man to have power to turn them, with their wives and children, into the streets. Now, my dear brother, I pray you, for the Lord's sake and his people's sake, which I believe you have got at heart, that you will make room in your *Vessel*, that this account, or, as I consider it *call* from the Lord unto his churches, might go forth wheresoever the *Vessel* goes. And I pray that the Eternal Spirit that indited and inclined the hearts of his people to wrestle with him on behalf of his servant Peter, will cause his churches to do likewise on behalf of this little persecuted band; and that that prayer might be made without ceasing, by the church, unto God, for them. So prays, your's in the gospel,
GEORGE HOLLIDAY.

Malmesbury, October 22, 1849.

The Nature and Advantage of Diligently Observing the Works of the Lord.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

A GOSPEL Minister in Wiltshire, in the course of an interesting letter, with reference to the Thanksgiving Day—says, the following sketch is the substance of a discourse delivered on that day, from these words—

"Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."—Psalm ciii. 43.

1st. The things to be observed.

2nd. The wisdom and the will.

3rd. The advantage of a wise and careful observance of the Lord's doings.

First.—The things to be observed, are, God's various ways of dealing with men, especially with his own people, as set forth in this Psalm. God proves their folly and sin, and his own wisdom and grace. We bring ourselves into trouble, which is the fruit of our own doings; then we cry to God in our distress, he hears and delivers us, and we are humbled and God is glorified. Our first parents sinned, and brought their posterity, as well as themselves, into trouble and death: but every one who is truly humbled under a feeling sense of their wretchedness, and who cry to God for mercy, are heard and forgiven for the sake of Jesus the dear Redeemer. God thus takes the advantage of our miseries, to reveal and exercise his mercy. We have four cases in this Psalm—1st, the Jews in captivity, are represented as poor weary travellers, ready to die in a dry and barren wilderness, where they could not find any city or any succour, 'hungry and thirsty their souls fainted in them;' 'they cry to the Lord, he hears and delivers them.' Secondly. They are compared to prisoners bound in chains. Thirdly. They are set forth as a people suffering under some dreadful malady, brought upon themselves by their own folly. And fourthly. To mariners in a storm, and at their wit's end; yet, God worked all for his people's good, and he is still the same: 'the righteous shall see this and rejoice, and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.' *We* had sinned, by despising that useful root, the potatoe, when we had every prospect of abundant crops, some said 'they will be of no value;' and some said, 'we shall be obliged to fill the ditches with them.' But, behold! how God at once smote the potatoe with disease, so that the ditches and dunghills and fields stank with their loathsome stench. And then, the corn farmer took the advantage, and made us give double for our bread. We cried to the Lord, and he delivered us; we were humbled, and God was glorified.

But how has he smitten us with cholera! tens of thousands have fallen under this awful scourge, and have not our sins called aloud for this scourge?

The faculty had been running to parliament almost every session, to get their authority and privileges enlarged; they boasted of their skill, and almost defied the cholera to have its influence in England; but they too must be humbled, and all the wisdom and prudence of man must be baffled. Also, our trifling with religion, and our opposition to the truth, with our pride and contentment, both in civil and in religious things, are sins, which have called aloud for God's judgments,

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and he has sent them. We have cried to our God in this trouble, and he has heard and delivered us;—and to acknowledge this, we meet this day to unite in our thankofferings and praises to him for sparing us, and, in a great measure, removing disease from us.

Secondly.—The wisdom and the will: Men generally do not observe the hand of God in the government of the world, but act as though every thing came by chance: some are very wise concerning the things of this world, yet they know not God. The wisdom in our text, is founded in the 'fear of the Lord,' and by which, we have right views of ourselves, and of God; we experience God's goodness, so that we must love him, and delight in pleasing him. *The will is the bent of the mind, the desire of the heart;* they that are wise delight to know the will of God and obey it.

'Teach me thy will O God, lead me in the way everlasting!' 'His testimonies are sure, more to be desired than fine gold.' The wise search God's word, seek his Spirit, and watch his hand.

Thirdly.—The advantage of a wise and careful observance of the Lord's doings: They shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord. First, They shall see that he permits sin to produce its own evils. If sin did not wound itself with its own weapons, it would be a conquering giant indeed. If angels could have sinned without falling, and man without dying; if we, who have found mercy, could sin without piercing ourselves through with many sorrows—if man could cast off God, and despise heaven without sinking into death and hell, how could God's honour be maintained, or how could man be kept back from the paths of death, or how could heaven itself be a pure and desirable place? But, God's lovingkindness does appear in causing sin to be its own tormentor, by feeding death with its ownself. When we, who are God's own people, sin, it breaks our bones, wounds our spirits, and makes some of us go groaning to our graves. Oh, my dear brethren, how often do we make a rod for our own backs, and pierce ourselves with sorrows. Secondly.—The lovingkindness of the Lord, makes us feel the bitter evil of sin, giving us repentance and godly sorrow for the same. These festering wounds are painful, and God sometimes arrays himself in his terrors, till we cry out of the deep, 'let not the pit shut its mouth upon me.' Thirdly. His lovingkindness appears in healing our diseases and forgiving our sins, our hearts are melted under a sense of his dying love, our sins are brought in sight of the cross, where we nail them, and feel all our powers brought into obedience with Christ: we hate sin with a perfect hatred, and long and pant for holiness. And now we gird up our loins, to be more watchful, more prayerful, and humble, and useful; our hearts burn with zeal for the glory of our God, and the good of his cause. We confess that to us, belong 'shame and confusion of face, but unto the Lord belongeth mercies and forgiveness.' We are, in our own eyes contemptible, whilst God is highly exalted in our esteem; and we delight in all things to honour and glorify his name.

North Bradley,

D. WILKINS.

2 K

Forgiveness; or the Two Debtors.

MATT. XVIII. 22—35.

WHEN the Lord Jesus Christ had laid down his clear and comprehensive instructions for the treatment of an offending brother (Matt. xviii. 15—17,) the ardent mind of Peter sought in vain to find the boundary within which these instructions were limited; and his inquiry, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" drew from the lips of the Holy One, the instructive parable of the two debtors, or "the king who would take account of his servants;" in which he touchingly depicted the case of a poor sinner under an arrest of conscience for the mighty demands of God's holy law, and made to feel himself utterly lost in soul and body, possessions and circumstances. The affrighted debtor sees no hope in any thing short of full payment, he sensibly feels his need of the Lord's patience, and fully acknowledges the justice of the demand. Thus far his views were in accordance with the Scriptures of truth, and with the perfections of Deity; the Lord graciously accepts the acknowledgment, and passes by the vain promise "I will pay thee all," until the time appointed to convince him of his folly and insufficiency. Nor was this event long delayed; for after having been brought into the glorious liberty of the gospel, "the same servant went out," and in so doing he turned his back upon the rules and regulations of his Lord's household, had recourse to the law from which he had been freed, and attempted to enforce its vigorous demands upon a poor fellow servant who was under an obligation to him. In vain did his fellow-servant make the same promise to him which his accuser had previously made to his Lord; submission and entreaties were alike disregarded, the penalty of the law was enforced, and the poor delinquent was deprived of his liberty. Then, and not until then, did his fellow-servants see the uncharitableness with which he had been treated; and finding by experience that "a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and (that) their contentions are like the bars of a castle," they referred the case to Him who by his Almighty strength hath "broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron assunder." Deeply grieved and wounded in spirit they yet found access to the throne of grace, "and came and told unto their Lord all that was done." Blessed privilege! Sweet relief! sure token and earnest of deliverance! But woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! He may have been called by grace, yet shall his transgressions be visited with the rod, and his iniquity with stripes. The unforgiving servant found it so, for his Lord "after that he had called him," expressed his severe displeasure at the part he had acted, condescended to reason with him upon the inconsistency and impropriety of his conduct, after which, by an irreversible

decree, he "delivered him to the tormentors till he should pay all that was due unto him."

Who can depict the number and variety of the tormentors which beset a child of God in his fleshly mind? The Psalmist had experienced their diversified attacks when he exclaimed "All nations compassed me about—they compassed me about like bees;" Ps. cxviii. 10—13, but the moment faith was in exercise to call upon the name of the Lord, they were "extinct as the fire of thorns." One of these "horns of the wicked" "thrust sore at him that he might fall;" but this only made him to seek more earnestly for "the help of the Lord against the mighty," and in the end he was enabled to declare "The Lord is my strength and song; and is become my salvation."—By a similar process, the unforgiving debtor was taught to "pay all that was due" unto his Lord: whenever faith triumphed, he could comply with the exhortation, "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name;" at such seasons he found himself to be still a partaker of the glorious liberty of the children of God; nor would he by any other means seek to be delivered from his tormenting persecutors. The "divine sentence" which had passed the lips of his king, was dearer to him than all that the flesh could desire. So David never could ask that the sword might depart from his house, yet when he saw the destroying angel "having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem," he fell upon his face and entreated the Lord, "Let thine hand I pray thee, O Lord my God, be on me and on my father's house; but not on thy people that they should be plagued." 1 Chron. xxi. 16, 17.

The severity of God makes manifest his goodness; and the error of an offending brother when the case is committed to the hand of the Wonderful Counsellor, is so over-ruled as to make the very evil itself to work for the good of the individual, the benefit of the brotherhood, and the glory of his own great name. The more sin is made manifest to be sin, the more the Lord Jesus is exalted; and according to the unalterable decree of Jehovah, "sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." Psalm cx. 1. Matt. xxii. 44. Mark xii. 36. Luke xx. 43. Acts ii. 34. Heb. i. 13. So long as the conduct of the relentless pursuer wore the appearance of justice, it excited no alarm in the members of the household, but as soon as his merciless proceedings appeared to them in their true light, they "sorrowed after a godly sort," and this godly sorrow was a sweet prelude to the Lord's salvation. The ferment of contending feelings,—"indignation, fear, desire, zeal, revenge,"—like the concussion of explosive elements, cleared and prepared the way of the Lord, that Jesus might reign without a rival; and that they who had been made to feel so deeply their own inability, might have a clear demonstration, that Christ is able to save to the uttermost.

This parable sets forth in a most impressive manner, the strictness of God's moral government over his chosen people, and his determinate purpose, that Christ shall be honoured in his human, as well as in his divine nature. The beloved Son of God, who condescended to suffer, not only all that his people *do suffer*, but all they *deserved to suffer*, left us an example how to act under every state of trial; and he, in the person of Wisdom, declares, "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment;" therefore, every time a child of God turns aside from following Christ, whether "he turn to the right hand, or turn to the left," judgment is before him; and if he take not warning, if he attend not to the voice behind him, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it"—he may fall into "a great deep," (Psalm xxxvi. 6,) "unsearchable," (Rom. xi. 33,) to the utmost keenest penetration of man. Yet even there, though he seems to have made his bed in hell, and though his spirit be overwhelmed within him, the right hand of the Lord shall hold him;—for the way of escape is "plain to HIM that understandeth," and the delinquent himself shall acknowledge it to be "right," as soon as he perceives the Lord's purpose towards him, and finds that his compassionate Redeemer comes to the very place where he is, in order to bring him up out of the horrible pit, to set his feet upon the Rock, and to establish his goings. Thus judgment performs its part, and then yields the palm to mercy; for "mercy rejoiceth (or glorieth) against judgment."

Forgiveness, as the fruit of the Spirit, comprises love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; and where this blessed fruit is formed, the law of condemnation has no place. It is "an ointment compound after the art of the apothecary," a "holy anointing oil" which must be put upon every son of Aaron, upon every vessel of the sanctuary, and upon all that belongs to the service of God on earth; but may, by no means, be poured upon the fleshly productions of man; neither can it be applied to a stranger, nor be produced by creature effort, for "whosoever compoundeth any like it, or whosoever putteth any of it upon a stranger, shall even be cut off, from his people." Christ Jesus is the fountain head and only source of forgiveness; and the streams flowing from him, are regulated by the spring from whence they proceed; "even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." The fearful denunciation, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses," when rightly understood by the believer, sets forth the great and glorious work by which forgiveness is made sure to him; and shews the blessed operation of the Spirit in applying that forgiveness to his heart; and in sending forth the streams of mercy, whereby he is enabled to "love his enemies, to bless them that curse him,

to do good to them that hate him, and to pray for them which despitefully use him, and persecute him." On the other hand, if the "unction from the Holy One" be withheld, and the disciple is left to follow the seemingly-just dictates of an unfor-giving temper,—sooner or later his own guilt will stare him in the face, and the appalling sentence "Thou art the man!" will fall upon him like a thunder-bolt, not to destroy his soul, but to lay open to his view the hidden evils of his heart; to slay the lurking enemy within, and to bring him with weeping and with supplications, once more, to the feet of Jesus; there to find, that his precious blood has blotted out all that was against him, and taken it out of the way, nailing it to his cross. When this soul-comforting assurance of forgiveness is sealed upon the heart by the Holy Spirit of promise, the pardoned sinner can sing with delight—

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend."

Brighton, September, 1849.

E. S.

Remarks on "Keseph's" Letter

To the Hon. Baptist Noel.

A FEW WORDS TO A CATABAPTIST.

ABOUT four years ago, a small pamphlet was published under the signature of 'Aquila,' entitled, 'Baptism without water.' Last year one somewhat larger, made its appearance, headed 'Christian Baptism,' by 'Obadiah.' Now we have a third production, called, 'A Letter on Christian Baptism,' and addressed to 'The Hon. Baptist W. Noel,' by 'Keseph.' It is presumed that these famous treatises, though under different signatures, are the production of one person, even that of Mr. Frederick Silver. Indeed, the second is advertised on the wrapper of the third, as *his by name*.

There are two or three ministers in the metropolis who are, what I call, of the Bradfordin school, as adopting the unscriptural hypothesis of the late Mr. John Bradford, who preached and published a sermon, entitled, 'One Baptism,' in which the conduct of the apostles are impeached! Mr. Silver quotes largely from Bradford's sermon, saying, 'That eminent divine confirms, by the following extracts, the truths I have set forth.' In the extracts are the following, 'The disciples often did wrong; for they did *that* which they had no right to do.' 'We are to follow the apostles as they followed Christ, and no further.' 'The apostles did what they had no right to do, as Paul did: and he afterwards was convinced of his *mistake*, and confessed it. He tells us, in so many words, that God did *not* send him to baptise; yet, at first, he *thought* he was to do as others did.' 'That Peter did baptise them [i. e. Cornelius, &c., Acts x. 47.] must be allowed; but that Peter

did *right* is to be proved. For, if Christ did not send Paul to baptise with water, so neither did he send Peter."

The above, and much more, Mr. Silver has extracted from Bradford's sermon, and has affixed his imprimatur thereto; but, though my hand trembles in transcribing it, still I must add a little more from this said sermon. Bradford says therein, "I believe that *all* the apostles did it [i. e. baptised] at first; *one* did it, because *another* did it; they had been used to it; it is an hard matter to break through long and deep rooted prejudices." 'I cannot see that the example, even of the apostles, can be any rule to us for baptising with water.' "The example of Jesus can be no authority for any one to baptise with water; for, though Christ was baptised with water, yet, he himself did not baptise. It may be said, 'though Jesus himself did not baptise with water, yet, his disciples did; (John iv. 2.) that *may be*, for the disciples often did wrong, and they did *that* which *they had no right to do!!!*"

And, Mr. Silversays, "The dissimulation of the apostles recorded in the Acts, and in the epistle to the Galatians, shews us that, notwithstanding the sanctity of their character and office, they were *not* infallible; but were, as they themselves testified, 'men of like passions' with ourselves; and therefore we have great cause to be thankful that the epistles to the saints, were dictated by, and under the plenary inspiration of God the Holy Ghost." [Letter on Christian Baptism, p. 9.] Well, this is awfully speaking out, with a witness! The Deist tells us, that, the Scriptures are no rule for our *faith*; and Mr. Silver would have us conclude, that they are no rule for our worship and practice. He turns himself away from that portion of sacred writ contained in the Acts of the Apostles, as no rule to guide him: and sees great cause for thankfulness that the 'EPISTLES' were written; as these were dictated under divine inspiration: so that he thereby virtually renounces the other, i. e. the Acts of the Apostles. Alas! what is man? O let *me* turn to my Bible; that sacred treasury of God's word, that Holy volume of Divine inspiration, in which I have ruminated for thousands of retired hours;—and, I find therein recorded, in the second verse of the first chapter of the Acts, that Jesus, through the Holy Ghost, gave commandments to the apostles, whom he had chosen; and that, after that, he was taken up. But, I am now told, that I must place no reliance on the apostles; that they are not to be depended upon; that 'they often did wrong!'" O my great Master, Jesus! thou that art Zion's King and Lawgiver! and didst thou, in thy sovereignty, choose and select thine own servants; and tell them that the Holy Ghost should 'guide them into ALL truth; that *He* should 'dwell in them, and be in them;' and were they *indeed* on the day of Pentecost 'All filled with the Holy Ghost;' so

that they could speak with tongues, work miracles, heal diseases, and raise the dead? (Acts ix. 40): and are we to be told, that these 'servants of the Most High God,' that these men, 'filled with the Spirit,' and sent forth by their Lord and Master to preach *His Gospel*, and administer *his own instituted ordinances*—did *WRONG* in obeying their Master's orders; and that they acted with *dissimulation* therein? O, the very *thought* is almost petrifying; and I am lost in astonishment at the awful temerity of an erring mortal, in substance so to write. Well, we must turn from men, and abide by 'the law and the testimony' (Isa. viii. 20.) bearing always in mind, that those who 'speak not according to this word,' it is because 'there is no light in them.'

If we have not the sacred oracles to guide us, then *who* shall decide when *modern* Doctors disagree? I have named Mr. Silver, a *Catabaptist*, that is, as our respective lexicographers define the word, "one who is *against*, or *abuses* the ordinance of baptism." I use not the epithet unkindly; I respect Mr. Silver, and believe him to be a good man; but I would have every sentiment to bear its own proper name, that so there may be no mistake. Mr. Silver is an *anti-baptist*, he is *against* baptism, he is an abuser of our Lord's own instituted ordinance. Now Mr. Silver tells us that, 'a due consideration of these truths, [*i. e.* which *he* has written *against* the ordinance of baptism] would have prevented the unprofitable and sharp unchristian-like controversy between the *Pædo* and *Anti-pædo*-baptists,' p. 27, *Letter*, &c. Let them controvert, Mr. Silver; they both hold with *water* baptism; their disagreement is respecting *mode* and *subject*. You cannot take either side; you are in opposition to *both* parties; and depend upon it *they* will not agree to choose *you* as the umpire between them. Look you at that noted passage in Prov. xxvi. 17, and *beware!* Let Mr. Irons compare the poor *Ana*-baptists, (as he terms them) to worse than sea monsters, and to the cruel ostrich in the wilderness; let him *insinuate*, and welcome, that, 'the tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst' of water baptism. Let him denounce "Ana-baptist churches as where the standing ministry of God the Holy Ghost is virtually disowned; where genuine spirituality cannot thrive, nor can conversion work be expected to go on." (*Vide* 'Jazer Vindicated,' p. 13 and 25.) Let him declare all this and more; it affects us not; we only pity the poor man. Also, let another scribbler, in a penny tract, say to Mr. Baptist Noel, "But you, the apostate Baptist Noel, have united yourself to the most anti-bible, Antichristian, rebellious opinionists under heaven." I say, let such persons rave and welcome; it is a matter which concerns not Mr. Silver: he holds not at all with water baptism, much or little; or as applicable to either *infant* or *adult*. And, as the Apostolic Acts are not to be depended

upon, therefore, in that case, Mr Silver, in order to act consistently, should cut out the Acts of the Apostles from his Bible.

Mr. Editor, the above is intended merely as introductory to some further notice of 'A Letter on Christian Baptism, by Keshoph,' which, if the Lord spares, shall be sent you for insertion in your next *Vessel*.

Let us remember that 'all things in God's worship must have a warrant out of God's Word; must be commanded. We must be all willing worshippers, but not WILL worshippers. In matters of worship, God stands upon things which may SEEM to be very small and little to us; yet God stands much upon them in the matter of holy worship. There is not a *minim* in the worship of God, but God stands mightily upon it.' STRICTUS.

London, Nov. 20th, 1849.

Letter from James Osbourn

In America,

TO THOMAS TAYLOR, IN WILTSHIRE.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Eternal peace be with thee and thine.

The remembrance of you is still fresh in my mind, and hence I now, with the best of feelings, write to you from *over the hills and far away*, and my wish is, that my letter may find you in good health of body and soul: the soul, however, is the principal concernment, for that is immortal, and is susceptible of both exquisite pleasure, and pain the most acute; and to one of these important points it must ultimately come, even your's and mine, and I trust it will be to the desirable point of *eternal pleasure*. The royal Psalmist tells us that *at God's right hand are pleasures for evermore*; and O, that our little souls may pant for these divine and incessant pleasures *as the hart panteth after the water-brooks*. A panting heart after the pure water of life is a heart made alive by the grace and Spirit of God; and the panting after the streams of mercy is a demonstration of the happy fact; and you, and I, my dear brother, know somewhat of this panting grace, and we have panted after those streams of mercy which freely flow from the fountain of life, and which is a new covenant gift, or heaven's special grant to the heirs of promise. In a believer this panting grace on some occasions runs high; so high and strong that it seems as though nothing could or would satisfy him but the fount of God; and hence, in the holy fervour of his soul, we hear him cry out and say, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Here we have the real sterling saint, or rather a thorough-going primitive believer, in a vehement thirst for draughts of divine love and mercy to refresh and comfort his soul while on his journey to Jerusalem above. But still, there are times and seasons when we see and hear little or nothing of this panting grace; but in the lieu thereof, perhaps we discover a spirit of slumber invading the soul by stealth, and doing

much mischief in a very clandestine way as it progresses along from stage to stage. Here, old Apollyon seeks and strives hard to ruin the honest child of God by sheer deception, and to take him captive by surprise, and perhaps by the hands of one that possesses a large stock of satanic craft under a cloak of virtue, mildness, and courtesy, and whom Apollyon makes a tool of to ensnare the quiet and unsuspecting believer. The poor thing is now greatly under the influence of a slumbering spirit, and in a condition where he can easily be beguiled almost by any crafty tool that old Apollyon may deem fit to make use of, to carry out his base designs. We will here venture to say, the believers' situation is now becoming quite perilous, and the more so, as he himself is unconscious of the snare before him. Yes, his present state is alarming, and as much to be dreaded as is a snake in the grass, especially as the trap laid to catch him in, is so vastly congenial to flesh and blood: but, for the present, here the believer is, out of the snare and out of fear; for he is slumbering and sees no snare near him, although there are many laid for him close at hand; and such ones too as are most likely to entangle either strong or weak, old or young children of God; and especially such children that are constitutionally unsuspecting of men, and things.

A snare when it is first presented to a believer, does very often assume an innocent and a harmless complexion; and as he is more than half-way in a slumber, he is not nice about looking at and investigating the matter; and hence, he is caught in the deep-laid trap without apprehending a danger at hand. In order to carry into effect a snare of this character, and with a view of the ruin of the peace and comfort of the believer, Apollyon will often make a tool of one of the human family, to beguile and seduce another; and this often happens among drunkards and gamblers; for Apollyon will be sure, if he can, to get such tools, I say, as know how to work on the mind of a child of God so craftily as to entangle the prey in the snare which was so artfully laid for him by the old seducer of souls. Now, all these things can be, and they are, practised by the common enemy of man much more conveniently when the believer is at ease in Zion, or in a state of slumber, than when he is under the power of a panting grace. I myself, know somewhat of these things by painful experience, for I've more than once been at ease in Zion, and in a fearful slumber, and then has satan prepared a bait for me, which he knew would well suit the temperature of my body, and by which I could easily be caught and completely entangled: and in so fascinating a snare, and in the hands of a human agent so crafty and sly as the one with shameful attire, and who has an impudent face, and is subtle of heart, and says she has prepared, or decked her bed, &c. Prov. vii. I have been ensnared to the great injury of my soul, and to the boast of satan. (Concluded on page 276.)

A Faithful Account of the Sufferings and Sorrows of James Pennington,

WHO WAS DELIVERED FROM AMERICAN SLAVERY AND RAISED UP INTO THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL.

A PRINTED record of more than usual interest—under the title of “THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH,” has been published by C. Gilpin, a most respectable bookseller, of 5, Bishopsgate Without. The perusal of this work has kindled in our breast, feelings of abhorrence against the system of slavery, which we have never before experienced; and as this is a detail of facts brought forth by a devoted servant of Christ, (published to aid him in his labours,) and well adapted to stimulate British Christians in their efforts for the overthrow of that diabolical and brutish system, we shall devote a page or two in giving some short extracts from the work itself.

The narrative consists of seven chapters. In the first he treats of his birth and parentage; and of the treatment of slaves in general, and says:

“In the spring of 1828, my master sold me to a Methodist man, named —, for the sum of seven hundred dollars. It soon proved that he had not work enough to keep me employed as a smith, and he offered me for sale again. On hearing of this, my old master re-purchased me, and proposed to me to undertake the carpentering business. I will now relate the abuses which occasioned me to fly.

“Three or four of our farm hands had their wives and families on other plantations. In such cases, it is the custom in Maryland to allow the men to go on Saturday evening to see their families, stay over the Sabbath, and return on Monday morning, not later than ‘half-an-hour by sun.’ To overstay their time is a grave fault, for which, especially at busy seasons, they are punished.

“On Monday morning, two of these men had not got home at the required time: one of them was an uncle of mine. Besides these, two young men who had no families, and for whom no such provision of time was made, having gone somewhere to spend the Sabbath, were absent. My master was greatly irritated, and had resolved to have, as he said, ‘a general whipping-match among them.’

“Preparatory to this, he had a rope in his pocket, and a cowhide in his hand, walking about the premises, and speaking to every one he met in a very insolent manner, and finding fault with some without just cause. My father, among other numerous and responsible duties, discharged that of shepherd to a large and valuable flock of Merino sheep. This morning he was engaged in the tenderest of shepherd’s duties:—a little lamb, not able to go alone, lost its mother: he was feeding it by hand. He had been keeping it in the house for several days. As he stooped over it in the yard, with a vessel of new milk he had obtained, with which to feed it, my master came along, and without any provocation, began by asking, ‘Bazil, have you fed the flock?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“‘Where you away yesterday?’

“‘No, sir.’

“‘Do you know why these boys have not got home this morning yet?’

“‘No, sir, I have not seen any of them since Saturday night.’

“‘By the Eternal, I’ll make them know their hour. The fact is, I have too many of you; my people are getting to be the most careless, lazy, and worthless in the country.’

“‘Master,’ said my father, ‘I am always at my post; Monday morning never finds me off the plantation.’

“‘Hush, Bazil! I shall have to sell some of you; and then the rest will have enough to do; I have not work enough to keep all tightly employed; I have too many of you.’

“All this was said in an angry, threatening, and exceedingly insulting tone. My father was a high-spirited man, and feeling deeply the insult, replied to the last expression—‘If I am one too many, sir, give me a chance to get a purchaser, and I am willing to be sold when it may suit you.’

“‘Bazil, I told you to hush!’ and suiting the action to the word, he drew forth the cowhide from under his arm, fell upon him with most savage cruelty, and inflicted fifteen or twenty severe stripes with all his strength, over his shoulders and the small of his back. As he raised himself upon his toes, and gave the last stripe, he said, ‘By the * * * I will make you know that I am master of your tongue as well as of your time.’

Being a tradesman, and just at that time, getting my breakfast, I was near enough to hear the insolent words that were spoken to my father, and to hear, see, and even count the savage stripes inflicted upon him. Let me ask any one of Anglo-Saxon blood and spirit, how could you expect a son to feel at such a sight? This act created an open rupture with our family—each member felt the deep insult that had been inflicted upon our head; the spirit of the whole family was roused; we talked of it in our nightly gatherings, and showed it in our daily melancholy aspect. The oppressor saw this, and with the heartlessness that was in perfect keeping with the first insult, commenced a series of tauntings, threatenings, and insinuations, with a view to crush the spirit of the whole family.”

Circumstances of this character wrought a determination in our young author to fly from slavery, let the consequences be what they may; and the following narration of his flight must create sympathy.

“It was the Sabbath. * * * In the month of November, somewhat past the middle of the month. It was a bright day, and all was quiet. Most of the slaves were resting about their quarters: others had leave to visit their friends on other plantations, and were absent. The evening previous I had arranged my little bundle of clothing, and had secreted it at some distance from the house. I had spent most of the forenoon in my workshop, engaged in deep and solemn thought.

“It is impossible for me now to recollect all the perplexing thoughts that passed through my mind during that forenoon; it was a day of heart-aching to me. But I distinctly remember the two great difficulties that stood in the way of my

flight: I had a father and mother whom I dearly loved,—I had also six sisters and four brothers on the plantation. The question was, shall I hide my purpose from them? moreover, how will my flight affect them when I am gone? Will they not be suspected? Will not the whole family be sold off as a disaffected family, as is generally the case when one of its members flies? But a still more trying question was, how can I expect to succeed, I have no knowledge of distance or direction. I know that Pennsylvania is a free state, but I know not where its soil begins, or where that of Maryland ends? Indeed, at this time there was no safety in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, or New York, for a fugitive, except in lurking-places, or under the care of judicious friends, who could be entrusted not only with liberty, but also with life itself.

"Hope, fear, dread, terror, love, sorrow, and deep melancholy were mingled in my mind together; my mental state was one of most painful distraction. When I looked at my numerous family—a beloved father and mother, eleven brothers and sisters, &c.: but when I look at slavery as such; when I look at it in its mildest form, with all its annoyances; and above all, when I remember that one of the chief annoyances of slavery, in the most mild form, is the liability of being at any moment sold in the worst form; it seemed that no consideration, not even that of life itself, could tempt me to give up the thought of flight.

"It was now two o'clock. The only morsel I could see in the shape of food, was a piece of Indian flour bread; this I placed in my pocket, and giving a last look at the house, I sallied forth thoughtfully and melancholy, and after crossing the barn-yard, a few moments' walk brought me to a small cave, near the mouth of which lay a pile of stones, and into which I had deposited my clothes. From this, my course lay through thick and heavy woods and back lands to — town, where my brother lived. This town was six miles distance. It was now near three o'clock, but my object was neither to be seen on the road, or to approach the town by daylight, as I was well-know there, and as any intelligence of my having been seen there would at once put the pursuers on my track.

"I entered the town about dark, resolved not to shew myself to my brother. Having passed through the town without being recognised, I now found myself under cover of night, a solitary wanderer from home and friends; my only guide was the *north star*, by this I knew my general course northward.

"The night was fine for the season, and passed on with little interruption for want of strength, until, about three o'clock in the morning, I began to feel the chilling effects of the dew. At this moment, gloom and melancholy again spread through my whole soul. The prospect of utter destitution which threatened me was more than I could bear, and my heart began to melt. Not a crumb of my crust remained, and I was hungry and began to feel the desperation of distress. As I travelled I felt my strength failing and my spirits wavered; my mind was in a deep and melancholy dream. It was cloudy: I could not see my star, and had serious misgivings about my course. In this way the night passed away, and just at the dawn of day I found a few sour apples, and took my shelter under the arch of a small

bridge that crossed the road. Here I passed the second day in ambush."

In this perilous condition our poor hero travelled on towards Baltimore—hiding himself by day, and pursuing his course by night, until, unexpectedly, he found him on what is called "The National Turnpike." This was dangerous ground; and here the following painful scenes occurred.

[It should be borne in mind that poor Pennington was not yet converted by divine grace.]

"When I had walked a mile on this road, and when it had now gotten to be about nine o'clock, I met a young man with a load of hay. He drew up his horses, and addressed me in a very kind tone, when the following dialogue took place between us.

"Are you travelling any distance, my friend?"

"I am on my way to Philadelphia."

"Are you free?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose, then, you are provided with free papers?"

"No, sir. I have no papers."

"Well, my friend, you should not travel on this road: you will be taken up before you have gone three miles. There are men living on this road who are constantly on the look-out for your people; and it is seldom that one escapes them who attempts to pass by day."

"He then very kindly gave me advice where to turn off the road at a certain point, and how to find my way to a certain house, where I should meet an old gentleman who would further advise me whether I had better remain till night, or go on. I went about a mile, making in all two miles from the spot where I met my young friend, and above five miles from the toll-gate to which I have referred, and I found myself at the twenty-four miles' stone from Baltimore. It was now about ten o'clock in the forenoon; my strength was greatly exhausted by reason of the want of suitable food; but the excitement that was then going on in my mind, left me little time to think of my need of food. Under ordinary circumstances, as a traveller, I should have been glad to see the 'Tavern,' which was near the mile-stone; but as the case stood with me, I deemed it a dangerous place to pass, much less to stop at. I was, therefore, passing it as quietly and as rapidly as possible, when from the lot just opposite the house, or sign-post, I heard a coarse stern voice cry, 'Halloo!'

"Who do you belong to?"

"I am free, sir."

"Have you got papers?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you must stop here."

"By this time he had got astride the fence making his way into the road. I said,

"My business is onward, sir, and I do not wish to stop."

"I will see then if you don't stop, you black rascal."

"He was now in the middle of the road, making after me in a brisk walk.

"I saw that a crisis was at hand; I had no weapons of any kind, not even a pocket-knife; but I asked myself, shall I surrender without a struggle. The instinctive answer was 'No.' What will you do? continue to walk; if he runs after

you, run; get him as far from the house as you can, then turn suddenly and smite him on the knee with a stone; that will render him, at least, unable to pursue you. This was a desperate scheme, but I could think of no other, and my habits as a blacksmith, had given my eye and hand such mechanical skill, that I felt quite sure that if I could only get a stone in my hand, and have time to wield it, I should not miss his kneecap. He began to breathe short. He was evidently vexed because I did not halt, and I felt more and more provoked at the idea of being thus pursued by a man to whom I had not done the least injury. I had just begun to glance my eye about for a stone to grasp, when he made a tiger-like leap at me. This, of course, brought us to running. At this moment he yelled out 'Jake Shouster!' And at the next moment the door of a small house standing to the left was opened, and out jumped a shoemaker girded up in his leather apron, with his knife in hand. He sprang forward and seized me by the collar, while the other seized my arms behind. I was now in the grasp of two men, either of whom were larger bodied than myself, and one of whom was armed with a dangerous weapon. Standing in the door of the shoemaker's shop, was a third man; and in the potatoe lot I had passed, was still a fourth man. Thus, surrounded by superior physical force, the fortune of the day it seemed to me was gone. My heart melted away. I sunk resistlessly into the hands of my captors, who dragged me immediately into the tavern which was near. I ask my reader to go in with me, and see how the case goes."

(To be positively continued in our next.)

LETTER FROM JAMES OSBOURN.

(Concluded from page 273.)

Sometimes, however, the adversary of souls acts more intriguing with a child of God, and especially with one of a certain temperature of body; for to make a booty of this poor thing he will act up to the highest point of his infernal craft and subtlety; and in order to be certain of carrying out his artful snare, he will make a tool of a person deeply skilled in the art of inveigling, and a person too of a different sex to the one intended for a booty; and as this affair is to accomplish much to the interest of the adversary that first set the base project on foot, so every step taken and course pursued must be with special cunning and secrecy; and hence, the tool made use of must nicely suit, and well time everything; the onset, therefore, that is to be made on the prey, is to be done when it is in a state of slumber; and with all, the onset is to put on an aspect of innocence and mildness; and with such an appearance of things, the child of God can apprehend but little, if any, danger near at hand, and the tool, knowing the ignorance he is under, it continues to play pranks of a seducing tendency till the poor thing falls a victim to satanic artifice, and then by Apollyon he is tossed up and down like a ball in a large country, Isa. xxii.

18, and there he wishes he had never been born; for he now sees the snare in which he was artfully caught, and from which he at present suffers much; and suffer he must, and suffer he will till love divine heals the wounds inflicted on his conscience by sin, and the Lord again blesses him with a panting grace.

My brother, the Lord God grant that you and I may be found panting for gospel streams, which freely and richly flow from Christ the fountain head; by them we shall flourish and grow in the courts of the Lord's house, and in the streets of Zion sing his praise with joyful lips, and tell of his wondrous works to the children of men. We have been engaged in this way, and found a pleasure in the exercise, and I wish the same may be true through life; and also that our faith may grow strong and lively, so that we may thereby honour and glorify God, even the God of our salvation in whom we put our trust, and on whom we rely for safety, while passing through this vale of tears. Here we are but sojourners; and although our journey will soon come to an end, yet we need a protector, and a gracious one, and such an one is our God; he hath borne us as on eagle's wings, and been our rock and refuge for many years, and we would now fain confide in him and hope in his mercy, which mercy is ever new, and ever free, and always adapted to our woes and wants.

By the will of God, I this winter intend to print a new work, a volume of letters, written to my English and American friends; and those of England are to yourself,—to Mr. Minifie, of Sherborne,—to Miss Banister, of Trowbridge,—to Mr. Fleeming, of Wolverhampton,—to Mr. Steadman, of Brighton,—to Miss Nicolson, of Guildford,—to Mrs. Norris, of Godalming,—to Mr. Osbourn, of Colchester,—to Mr. Holden, of Cranley,—to Miss Mansell, of Guildford. It is to be a neat volume; good paper; handsome pica type; and well bound and lettered; price two-shillings and six-pence sterling. If I thought and knew that some of my English friends and correspondents would want a few of them, I would send them in a box to C. W. Banks, in March or April next. My love to all friends in Crudwell.

JAMES OSBOURN.

*Martin County, North Carolina,
October, 1849.*

[Reports have been in circulation in London, that Mr. James Osbourn had been thrown down—run over—and killed—in one of the streets of a town or city in America. It has been positively asserted that an intimate friend of his, in Surrey, had received a letter to that effect. We have no positive authority for giving credit to this report—it may be so; but, we sincerely hope it is not true: in fact, we cannot think it to be anything but the false suggestions of an enemy.—ED.]

The Absolute Necessity and Advantage of Ministerial Conflicts and Depressions.

DEAR BROTHER—I send you another spiritual letter on “Frames and Feelings.”

R. DE FRAINE.

Dear Friend:—You ask me, in your letter, What shall one do when one finds one's self always still, quiet, and stupid, except in the pulpit—is made useful there, but cannot get either comfort or sorrow out of it, or but very rarely? You describe a case which my own experience has made very familiar to me: I shall take the occasion to offer you a few miscellaneous thoughts upon a believer's frames; and I send them to you not by post but from the press, because I apprehend the exercise you speak of is not peculiar to you or me, but is, in a greater or less degree, the burden of all who are spiritually minded, and duly attentive to what passes in their own hearts, whether they are in the ministry or not.

As you intimate that you are, in the main, favoured with liberty and usefulness in the pulpit, give me leave to ask you, what you would do if you did not find yourself occasionally poor, insufficient, and as you express it, stupid at other times? Are you aware of what might be the possible, the probable, the almost certain consequences, if you always found your spirit enlarged, and your frames lively and comfortable? Would you not be in great danger of being puffed up with spiritual pride? Would you not be less sensible of your absolute dependence on the power of Christ, and of your continual need of his blood, pardon and intercession? Would you not be quite at a loss to speak suitably and feelingly to the case of many gracious souls, who are groaning under those effects of a depraved nature, from which, upon that supposition, you would be exempted? How could you speak upon the deceitfulness of the heart, if you did not feel the deceitfulness of your own—or adapt yourself to the changing experiences through which your hearers pass, if you yourself were always alike, or nearly so? Or how could you speak pertinently of the inward warfare, the contrary principles of flesh and Spirit fighting one against another, if your own spiritual desires were

always vigorous and successful, and met with little opposition or control.

The apostle Paul, though favoured with a singular eminency in grace, felt that he had no sufficiency in himself, so much as to think a good thought; and he saw there was a danger of his being exalted above measure if the Lord had not wisely and graciously tempered his dispensations to prevent it. By ‘being exalted above measure,’ perhaps there may be a reference not only to his spirit, lest he should think more highly of himself than he ought, but likewise to his preaching, lest not having the same causes of complaint and humiliation in common with others, he should shoot over the heads of his hearers, confine himself chiefly to speak of such comforts and privileges as he himself enjoyed, and have little to say for the refreshment of those who were cast down by continual conflict with indwelling sin. The angel who appeared to Cornelius did not preach the gospel to him, but directed him to send for Peter; for though the glory and grace of the Saviour seems a fitter subject for an angel's powers than for the poor stammering tongues of sinful men, yet an angel could not speak experimentally, nor describe the warfare between grace and sin from his own feelings. And if we could suppose a minister as full of comforts, and as free from failings as an angel, though he would be a good and happy man, I cannot conceive that he would be a good and useful preacher; for he would not know how to sympathise with the weak and afflicted of the flock, or to comfort them under their difficulties with the consolations wherewith he himself, in similar circumstances, had been comforted of God. It belongs to your calling of God, as a minister, that you should have a taste of the various trials which are incident to the Lord's people, that thereby you may possess the ‘tongue of the learned, and know how to speak a word in season to them that are weary;’ and it is likewise needful to keep you perpetually attentive to that important admonition, ‘Without me ye can do nothing.’

Thus much considering you as a minister. But we may extend the subject, so as to make it applicable to believers

in general. I would observe, therefore, that it is a sign of a sad declension, if one who has tasted that the Lord is gracious should be capable of being fully satisfied with anything short of the light of his countenance, which is better than life. A resting in notions of gospel truth, or in the recollection of past comforts, without a continual thirst for fresh communications from the fountain of life, is, I am afraid, the canker which eats away the beauty and fruitfulness of many professors in the present day; and which if it does not prove them to be absolutely dead, is at least a sufficient evidence that they are lamentably sick; but if we are conscious of the desire, if we seek it carefully in the use of all appointed means, if we willingly allow ourselves in nothing which has a known tendency to grieve the Spirit of God, and to damp our sense of divine things; then if the Lord is pleased to keep us short of those comforts which he has taught us to prize, and instead of lively sensations of joy and praise, we feel a languor and deadness of Spirit, provided we do indeed feel it, and are humbled for it, we have no need to give way to despondency or excessive sorrow; still the foundation of our hope, and ground of our abiding joy is the same; and the heart may be as really alive to God, and grace as truly in exercise, when we walk in comparative darkness, and see little light, as when the frame of our spirits is more comfortable; neither the reality nor the measure of grace can be properly estimated by the degree of our sensible comforts. The great question is, 'How are we practically influenced by the Word of God, as the ground of our hope, and as the governing rule of our tempers and conversation?' The apostle exhorts believers to rejoice in the Lord always. He well knew that they were exposed to trials and temptations, and to much trouble from an evil heart of unbelief; and he prevents the objections we might be ready to make, by adding, 'And again I say, rejoice:' as if he had said, I speak upon mature consideration; I call upon you to rejoice, not at some times only, but all times. Not only when upon the mount, but when in the valley; not only when you conquer, but while you are fighting; not only when the Lord shines upon you, but when he seems to hide his face from you. When he enables

you to do all things, you are no better in yourselves than you were before; and when you feel you can do nothing, you are no worse. Your experiences will vary, but his love and promises are unchangeable. Though our desires of comfort and what we call lively frames, cannot be too importunate while they are regulated by a due submission to his will, yet they may be inordinate for want of such submission. Sinful principles may, and too often do, mix with and defile our best desires. I have often detected the two vile abominations, *self-will* and *self-righteousness* insinuating themselves into this concern; like satan, who works by them, they can occasionally assume the appearance of an angel of light. I have felt an impatience in my spirit utterly unsuitable to my state as a sinner and a beggar, and to my profession of yielding myself and all my concerns to the Lord's disposal. He has mercifully convinced me that I labour under a complication of disorders summed up in the word, *sin*; he has graciously revealed himself to me as the infallible Physician, and has enabled me, as such, to commit myself to him, and to expect my cure from his hand alone. Yet how often, instead of thankfully accepting his prescriptions, have I foolishly and presumptuously ventured to prescribe to him, and to point out how I would have him deal with me! How often have I thought something was necessary which he saw best to deny, and that I could have done better without those dispensations which his wisdom appointed to work for my good! He is God and not man, or else he would have been weary of me, and left me to my own management long ago. How inconsistent! to acknowledge that I am blind, to intreat him to lead me, and yet to want to choose my own way in the same breath! I have limited the Holy One of Israel, and not considered that he magnifies his wisdom and grace in working by contraries, and bringing good out of seeming evil. It has cost me something to bring me to confess that he is wiser than I; but I trust, through his blessing, I have not suffered wholly in vain. My sensible comforts have not been great; the proofs I have had of the evil of my evil nature, my incapacity and aversion to good have been neither few nor small; but by these unpromising means I hope he has made his grace and

salvation precious to my soul, and in some measure weaned me from leaning to my own understanding.

Again: self-righteousness has had a considerable hand in dictating many of my desires for an increase of comfort and spiritual strength. I have wanted some stock of my own; I have been wearied of being so perpetually beholden to him, and necessitated to come to him always in the same strain, as a poor miserable sinner. I could liked to have done something for myself in common, and to have depended upon him chiefly upon extraordinary occasions. I have found indeed that I could do nothing without his assistance, nor anything even with it, but what I have reason to be ashamed of. If this had only humbled me and led me to rejoice in his all-sufficiency it would have been well. But it has often had a different effect, to make me sullen, angry, and discontented, as if it was not best and most desirable that he should have all the glory of his own work, and I should have nothing to boast of, but that in the Lord I have righteousness and strength. I am now learning to glory only in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me; to be content to be nothing, that he may be ALL in ALL. But I find this a hard lesson; and when I seem to have made some proficiency, a slight turn in my spirit throws me back, and I have to begin all again.

There is an inseparable connection between causes and effects. There can be no effect without a cause, no active cause without a proportionable effect. Now, indwelling sin is an active cause; and therefore, while it remains in our nature, it will produce effects according to its strength. Why then should I be surprised that if the Lord suspends his influence for a moment, in that moment to find sin discovering itself? Why should I wonder that I can find no lively exercise of grace, no power to raise my heart to God, any farther than he is pleased to work in me mightily, any more than wonder that I do not find fire in the bottom of a well, or that it should not be day when the sun is withdrawn from the earth! Humbled I should be to find I am totally depraved; but not discouraged, since Jesus is appointed unto me of God wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption; and since I find that in the midst of all this dark-

ness and deadness, he keeps alive the principle of grace which he has implanted in my heart.

As to Mr. Rutherford's expression which you mention, that "there is no temptation like being without temptation." I allow it in a qualified sense, that is, it is better of the two to suffer from satan's fiery darts, than to be lulled asleep, and drawn into a careless state of dead security, so as to grow indifferent to the means of grace, and sink into a worldly spirit, or like the church of Laodicea, to imagine ourselves rich and increased in goods, and that we need nothing. But, I am persuaded this is not your case: the deadness you complain of, and which is a burden you groan under is a very different thing. And I advise you to be cautious how you indulge a desire to be exercised with satan's temptations, as supposing they would be conducive to make you more spiritual, or would of course open you a way to greater consolations. If you have such a desire I may say to you in our Lord's words, 'You know not what you ask.' He who knows our weakness and the power of our adversary, has graciously directed us to pray, that we enter not into temptation. Have you considered what the enemy could do if he was permitted to come in like a flood? In one hour he could raise such a storm as would put you to your wit's end. He could bring such a dark cloud over your mind, as would blot out all remembrance of your past comforts, or at least prevent you from deriving any support from them. He could not only fight against your peace, but shake the very foundations of your hope, and bring you to question not only your interest in the promises, but even to doubt of the most important and fundamental truths upon which your hopes have been built. Be thankful, therefore, if the Lord restrains his malice. A young sailor is often impatient of a short calm: but the experienced mariner, who has been often tossed with tempests, and upon the point of perishing, will seldom wish for a storm. In a word, let us patiently wait upon the Lord and be content to follow as he leads, and he will surely do us good. I am sincerely your's. O.

"The people of God are much troubled when the Ark is in danger, because of the mischiefs that come upon the nation when the Ark of God is lost: woe be to that nation when the Ark is gone."—CALAMY.

FELLOWSHIP WITH
The Sufferings of Christ.

MR. EDITOR—I have not observed the subject of church tea meetings noticed in the *Vessel*. We have had them at Jerch Meeting, Old-street, for some years. They have often been seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and much good has resulted from them, and I hope we can say no evil. Our plan is to have them quarterly. Tea at five o'clock, subject for consideration, (not controversy,) at six. Our usual church matters attended to at half-past seven. If nothing particular before us our subject occupies the evening; the time allowed to each speaker is a quarter of an hour; but, the quarter is neither our minimum or maximum.

Our aged and veteran pastor presides, and reads a portion of the Word, and a brother commences with prayer. Our subject for December is "What is Gospel Liberty?" Should the following remarks on our last subject, viz: "Fellowship with the Sufferings of Christ" be deemed worthy a place in the *Vessel*, they are the substance of what was delivered by one of the speakers, and are at your service. A DEACON.

FELLOWSHIP WITH THE SUFFERINGS
OF CHRIST."

The ordinary acceptation of *fellowship* is association, companionship, equality, and intimacy, and here is the fellowship of kindred spirits—David loved Jonathan as his own soul. The fellowship of Christians, the saints—often interrupted here, but hereafter will be *indissoluble*. How many near and close ties have been severed of late; and death, in many cases, separates husband and wife, parent and child, for ever; but, the relentless hand which bursts these ties, only cements and perfects christian fellowship. But we have to do with "fellowship with the sufferings of Christ." Among other things it implies—1st, Knowledge. Hundreds and thousands admit that in accordance with ancient type and prophecy, such a person as our glorious Lord appeared and suffered in the land of Judea, upwards of eighteen hundred years ago, and speak of him as our Saviour, but yet have no fellowship with him in his sufferings: no knowledge of the glorious sufferer, as Immanuel God with us, nor of the infinite merit of his work, which was "the church of God being purchased with his own blood." He not only endured the treachery of Herod, the conspiracy of those who took him to the brow of the hill, the duplicity of Pilate, the mock homage of the soldiers, the purple garment, the thorns, the reed, the vinegar, the salutation, and the bowing of their knees, when leading him away for crucifixion. He also suffered the voluntary deprivation of earthly comfort; "the Son of man had not where to lay his head." His disciples followed him afar off; Peter denied him—"all forsook him and fled." All these he endured, aggravated by their

previous knowledge; if we knew the trials of the morrow, we should sink under those of to-day—"Jesus knew from the beginning all things that would come to pass." But what are these compared with the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary? The reproaches of the wicked broke his heart. His soul was exceeding sorrowful unto death; his countenance was more marred than any man's: it pleased the Father to bruise him. He endured the hell due to our sins, when he exclaimed "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" 2nd, Power.—"To know him—in the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." The believer was a natural man, now a spiritual man: the same Almighty power which created and now supports all worlds, is put forth to effect a new creation. "If any be in Christ he is a new creature;" he is dead unto sin but alive unto God." "He thirsts, but not as once he did." And, although groaning under its rage, is no longer under its reigning power. He knows what *war within is*: its strife and inbred power; with its thousand hankerings and inclinations, making him feel what a *dwarf* he is in the divine life. But he is no longer revelling with the drunkard and the unclean, or dissembling with the hypocrites in Zion. "He is kept by the power of God."

"He is a miracle of grace."

Hungering, groaning, praying, hoping, depending, struggling, "pressing forward." He is "baptized into Christ," *setting forth* his Lord's sufferings, and is favoured to sit at his Lord's table, recollecting those sufferings until he come. O what fellowship have martyred, persecuted, suffering saints had with Christ in fire, in blood, the hope of heaven sustaining their spirits, whilst their bodies were consuming and crumbling to ashes! Believer, knowest thou anything of receiving the word in much affliction in being exceeding joyful in all your tribulations? to you it is given not only to believe, but also to suffer for Christ. 3rd, Affinity or relationship. This is realised and enjoyed. Christ the head, he a member; Christ the vine, he a branch of the living and true vine. All the blessings purchased by his sufferings and blood, the prosperity of the church by *imputation*. All the sins of the church *taken away*, "he bore our sins and carried our sorrows;" not merely as some say in our day, placed us in the state we were in before Adam transgressed; but we are no longer in an insecure state.

"Nor shall our souls from thence be removed,
Until he forgets his first beloved."

We have also fellowship with a *triumphant* suffering Lord; as he knew from the beginning all his sorrows. "So also for the joy that was set before him, he came to accomplish his Father's will."

In the garden, we have fellowship with him, when he agonized upon the cross;

when he was laid in the tomb, in which no man had ever laid; but *he is not here now*—"tho' the Lord is risen indeed!" He is gone up with the shout of a king. And now, in these *low lands*, disconsolate and stricken one, often writing bitter things against thyself; it is thy privilege and mine, to have fellowship with a triumphant suffering Lord.

PHARISAIC

Persecution or Modern Popery.

A Scene in Southwark Chapel Burial Ground.

DISSENTERS in this vast metropolis are honored with the privilege of burying their dead in their own mode and manner, which generally differs from that of the national establishment. This solemn office I have been called to perform at different times and in different places: one of which is the Southwark Chapel Burying Ground, Long Lane, Bermondsey. A few months ago I spoke there over the mortal remains of a young woman (Jane Groves) to whom God had made my ministry (or rather, his own word through me,) signally useful. At the grave I read an account (penned by myself, from her own mouth when dying,) of her deliverance from the trumpery and trammels of Arminianism; which gave great offence to that deceived people, and heated their antipathy against me to a great extent. A short time since, I was requested to officiate at the interment of the venerable father of my esteemed brother Banks; it being known that I was to be the speaker on that solemn occasion, many persons assembled out of respect to Mr. Banks. And here allow me to say that the conduct of the pharisees was disgraceful to the last degree, especially of the man who is (I suppose) the manager of the ground. Persons were denied admittance into the place; the gate being closed against them; a desperate skirmish ensued between the people and the sentinel at the gate, and by which some persons got injured. They were not to be admitted because Stringer was there: so much for universal charity, so highly applauded by the modern papists, the arminians: in fact, they are so very loving, holy, and pious, that they tolerate every sect but that which is everywhere spoken against; I mean the living people of the living God; and all his living ministers in particular. What I was enabled to say on this funeral occasion, heated the furnace of their enmity seven times hotter than usual. I was, and still am, branded by them with the most opprobrious and awful names, for the truth's sake; I am sure that when the grave flashes in a man's face he is in a special sense called upon to speak **THE TRUTH**, and hold not his peace. A short time since, I spoke in the same ground over the grave, at the interment of Mrs. Dyer, one of my hearers; and who had heard to her soul's advantage and comfort. Several of the arminian community were

present, and took great umbrage at my observations, though they were founded on the Bible. I saw they could scarcely stand their ground; and I believe they would triumph could they but see me hanged upon a gallows fifty cubits high; but, blessed be God, satan has not full power yet. It has pleased the Lord also, to take to himself the soul of our sister, Mrs. Deely, (who attended my dear wife in her illness). The bereaved husband, our brother Deely, was desirous of her body being laid near that of my late wife's, in the same ground; the request being made to the manager, or managers, of the ground, by the undertaker, (our brother Mote) this enquiry was made, "*Who is to bury the corpse?*" The reply was, "Mr. Stringer." "No;" was the answer; "he is forbidden to speak in this ground any more;" or words to that effect. We then buried her mortal remains at Collier's Rents. So much for pharisaic persecution, pride, and popery. What think ye, my readers, of arminianism? Let them boast no more of universal charity; to their everlasting disgrace be it spoken, that these holy, mock-humble, pious enemies to the cross of Christ, have shut out a man from their burying ground, simply for speaking the naked truth at the mouth of the grave. I am bold to say, (hating not the deceived people, but their sentiments, from top to bottom, I do solemnly hate with a perfect hatred,) that unless sovereign grace prevents, thousands of them will be shut everlastingly out of God's presence; let them remember, that in the base act of shutting out a servant of Christ, they shut Christ out also; this will prove a ponderous weight upon the consciences of their holy pontiffs, and persecuting parsons, in a dying hour. Lord, have mercy upon them. Let the arminian conference, who have consulted together to shut me out of their burying ground for speaking the truth of God, hear this weighty sentence, "Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels." (Matt. viii. 38.) I am fully persuaded that the greatest enemies to the discriminating, unadulterated truth of God, under the heavens, are the arminians, or modern papists: they were so in our Lord's day: and they are so now: yet they cry, "The temple of the Lord! The temple of the Lord! are these!" Let me say they are deceiving, and being deceived; for where his servant, and his truth are shut out; he never takes up his abode himself. Write upon the doors of your magnificent cathedrals, O ye enemies to God, and to God's truth—"Ichabod; the glory is departed." The glory of the creature, to an awful extent, is seen among them; they glory in a corrupt system, in each others presence; I wish I could transform them; but power belongeth unto God: though they would like to see me sawn asunder, I should be thankful if it were God's will, to see them

saved from that destruction which awaits them. I tremble at their destiny. They are a multitudinous people to a witness; and should popery once more prevail in our beloved country, what shoals of volunteers from the arminian camp will swell the popish ranks!

Lest we just insert an anecdote of the immortal Toplady's. In the last century, an Asiatic Jew, named Sabbatei Sevi, pretended to be the Messiah, and to work miracles. Being brought before the Turkish Emperor, that prince told him he would have him stripped naked, and shot at with arrows; and if he proved invulnerable, he would acknowledge him for the person he pretended to be. The impostor fell on his knees, and begged he might not be put to so violent a test. Arminianism professes itself to be the true system; but, stripped and shot at with the arrows of sound reason, and God's word; it soon appears to be an imposture. O let it be sounded, and spread to the remotest bounds of *terra firma*, that the universal charity camp of inveterate arminians, have shut out from their consecrated burying ground, a plain honest testifier of Jesus, for telling out the truth to a company of dying creatures like himself, at the open grave. O, ye despisers of my God and his truth, wonder; and remember, God is no idle spectator; he takes cognizance of your persecuting conduct; and will one day bring you into judgment, and when arraigned at his awful tribunal you will, to your souls' confusion, solemnly prove that something more is requisite to constitute vital christianity, and acceptance with God, than class meetings, and love feasts, lying confessions, and fleshly conversions, with groans, moans, and amens. These things, without grace, will only hang about your necks like mill stones to sink you into the yawning gulf of everlasting woe. You may sneer and laugh at this statement, but there is no sneering or laughing in hell. Have patience, and ere long you shall (if grace prevent not, which God grant it may,) prove these facts too true.

Ministers of Christ! lift up your voices like trumpets: cry aloud against arminianism, the poisonous bane of our beloved country. Sound, sound fearlessly, and faithfully: sound the alarm in God's holy mountain, (his church).

Ye people of God! (some, doubtless, among them,) come out from among them: that ye be not partakers of their plagues. I defy the whole of them to prove their sentiments to be either scriptural, soul-supporting, or God-glorifying. No; they are unscriptural, soul-distressing, devil-gratifying, flesh-pleasing, and God-dishonouring, to the last degree. "Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies." "Salvation is of the Lord," full, free, and finished.

T. STRINGER.

"What is sooner broken than a glass, or an earthly vessel? Ministers are quickly taken away, and therefore you should be tender of them while you have them."—NAJ308.

SOME OF THE Lord's Dealings with John Epps,

OF BRABOURNE, KENT.

(Concluded from p. 265.)

On the Lord's day, December, 13, 1829, went to Ashford to hear that dear man of God Mr. Thomas Tappenden, it being the fifth sermon I heard him preach: behold now was the time arrived for me to have a furtherance of the riches of the glorious grace of God displayed on my behalf, he spoke from these words "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Heb. x. 14; and the Holy Ghost spake through him into my soul, then was I led to verify that blessed portion "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation, in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy spirit of promise;" Eph. i. 13, and did then and there receive by the blessed tuition power and operation of the Holy Ghost a personal realization of my justification in the person, obedience and blood of Immanuel, as flowing from the eternal good will and pleasure of God the Father, and yet most faithfully declare that Christ was my soul's sole object, he being my net salvation, my mind and soul was taken up with his eternal perfection, so that I was enamoured with his glorious person, he being the justifier, a thousand fold above and beyond my real experience as the justified, the one being the saviour, the other the saved, the one the grand cause, the other the effects thereof, thus was I led into the glorious liberty of the gospel of salvation, then was I brought to receive Christ as my Christ, and to believe the soul-transferring fact that I was a justified character in the sight of a holy God, so as to give credence to the blessed fact that I was "without blame before him in love;" Eph. i. 4, and again "holy unblameable and unreprouvable in his sight." Col. i. 22. And although I have been sorely tried, awfully tempted, and sadly beset, annoyed and overcome with a whole body of sin and death and that most desperately depraved, inasmuch as my besetting sin has ever and anon appeared in all its heinousness, causing me to moan, groan, sigh and cry, and have the painful experience that although notwithstanding all that I have experienced, yet must make the solemn and soul racking declaration, that I have been an unceasing backslider in heart before the Lord, I cannot better explain myself than by the words of an eminent saint who says, "The old man continues unregenerate to the last, no part in him is regenerated, he remains untouched, and is just the same he was, only deprived of power and dominion. The new man is wholly regenerated, there is no unregenerate part in him, there is no sin in him, or done by him." "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." 1 John iii. 9. And by these contraries the old man, and the new, I have learnt by internal experience, is the cause of the unceasing combatting felt in the same individual person. Yet in all these exercises, blessed be the name of a triune Jehovah, I have never, no never doubted the reality of the exercise wrought in me by the power of the Holy Ghost, December 13, 1829, as having then been led into gospel liberty,

and this is my soul's feeling, "In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory." Isa. xlv. 25. I continued to hear the same person with much profit and satisfaction, very frequently having been highly favoured of the Lord, and on July 16th, 1832, we met together to be publicly formed into a Church, and the Rev. Thomas Tappenden to be publicly acknowledged as our pastor, and the Lord's Supper was administered, a truly solemn and blessed day to my soul, and on Aug. 19, following, I was set apart as deacon, a most solemn and affecting season to me never to be forgotten; passing over very many instances of blessed manifestations of love and mercy (for I was most sweetly brought to enjoy the gospel) I come to the period Sept. 13, 1837, when I consider I was scarcely ever more tried in soul and body, providence and grace, so that in entering the chapel that evening in my then peculiar state, I secretly told the Lord, I did verily believe he could not revive such an one; almost distracted when I got in, the text was "For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did; by the which we draw nigh unto God." Heb. vii. 19. I received the words in the love of them by the blessed influence of the Holy Ghost, and was throughout the sermon and all the way home as happy I think as a soul could be out of heaven. I mention this, because never worse, never more blessed. What cannot God do? I continued to hear Mr. Thomas Tappenden, heard him speak from these words, "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." Isa. liv. 13, and "The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." Nahum i. 7. On the Lord's day, June 16, 1839, had some comfortable conversation after the services, and the next day, he exchanged earth for heaven in a moment at noon day, in his 67th year; here was another trial (the greatest loss I ever sustained) after hearing him very profitably for nearly seven years. I now come hastily forward to the period, April 10, 1842, in the evening, I heard Mr. James Jones (then at Brabourne,) preach from these words "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." Song ii. 4. A most glorious time to my immortal soul indeed, an extraordinary time to my soul, and never more needed, as the Lord knew I was on the very eve of passing through the greatest relative affliction and trial I ever had, the great affliction of my mother, and the unceasing trouble I was in for her salvation, it was so keen that I feared it would have driven me to distraction; I have often said it was like tearing the flesh from my bones, and durst not, could not speak a word to her about salvation, I was thinking if the whole family of God then on earth were praying for her salvation, it could not be effected unless the Lord had chosen her, when I was as sadly distressed as I thought I could be, no strength left, but sank under the trouble, the Lord appeared and wrought deliverance in this manner, which I would but cannot express, the words were "what is that to thee? I will see to that." I was immediately melted down, that I was ready to swoon away at the love, mercy, pity, compassion and salvation then extended toward me, I could then pray in real earnest of soul, believe the Lord put a real cry into my soul, heard and answered that cry, enabled me to preach both law and gospel to

her, and blessed be the name of the Lord for ever and ever, gave me the blessed satisfaction that he had pardoned her soul, and caused me to be (wonder, O my soul, for ever at it!) the honoured instrument in his hand of her conversion. Now I could understand why and wherefore I had been so tried, that I should be nothing, and the Lord should be all in this astonishing event, so that I could sit and see her depart this life, my poor mind being both tranquil and serene, sweetly believing all was well. Thus closed this never to be forgotten exercise, April 25, 1842. Notwithstanding this severe trial. I must declare that year was the happiest year to my soul I ever knew, the sweet portions of the word of the Lord opened up and brought with divine power into my soul were very many, nearness of access with humble boldness to a throne of grace, was as frequent as the day; yes, my communion with the Lord was inexpressible, my life of faith on the Lord Jesus Christ was such that I do solemnly protest there were about six weeks that I so loved Christ that I cannot forbear affirming the strong declaration that I never felt the motions of sin, and so great was my happiness, that I said to a dear minister, I considered it was a sin for the Lord's people to say they were in trouble; so that I can testify to the fact that the vitality of godliness leads to a holiness of life. Passing over very many things of great importance between the Lord and my soul, I would mention, Aug. 3, 1845, Lord's day afternoon, heard that highly-favoured man of God Mr. William Skelton (then at Brabourne,) in a most soul ecstatic manner, that I make the solemn declaration, it was one of the most highly favoured seasons to my soul. I have said it and will declare it, that I was as it were overshadowed by the Holy Ghost throughout the sermon, melted down into a nonentity as in and of myself, yet most gloriously exalted in Christ my Covenant head; the words were, "But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead where-in we were held; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter," Rom. vii. 6. Yes, in that discourse I verily believe I enjoyed, experienced and rejoiced in the very quintessence of vital godliness. "Bless the Lord O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Ps. ciii. 1. And now to be as brief as I possibly can, (although I very reluctantly do it,) I must testify to the facts that by the superaboundings of the grace of God through Christ Jesus by the blessed illumination, quickening, and operation of the Spirit I have been very highly favoured in three very conspicuous ways as seemed him good in his sight, namely, hearing the gospel, application of the word of God, which have been very many and blessed, and in secret prayer, and I have often declared, if I have been blest in any thing above another, it has been in this latter exercise. In the autumn of 1846, the Lord laid his hand of affliction upon me, brought very low in body, yet as happy throughout the same as could bear many times, begging the Lord to stay his hand, particularly one afternoon, I told the dear Lord that if he dealt with me after that manner I should cry myself to death. One afternoon, after I got down stairs, I was visited by three brethren, our topic of conversation was the crucifixion of our Lord, and I so entered into it, and the Holy Ghost so blessed me, that I longed to depart in the presence

of them ; a time over to be remembered ; and it might be truly said of me, throughout my affliction, "Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." 1 Peter i. 8. I have not since the autumn above mentioned, heard the gospel but very little either to profit or satisfaction, which I have found to be no small deprivation, yet have had great consolation and satisfaction by the applications of blessed portions of the word ; also much blest in reading, as also in secret devotion, I have had numberless instances that the dear Lord, in infinite mercy, has drawn nigh unto my soul, and I have, as the blessed effects thereof, drawn very nigh unto him, as my soul's covenant God, through Christ Jesus, under the blessed tuition and operative power of the Holy Ghost, the glorifier of a precious Christ ; and now I am compelled to exclaim, "How little do I know of these things !" and often, in hearing or prayer have to cry out, "My leanness ! my leanness !" Had a very highly favoured time in October, 1847, on a visit at Wadhurst, in Sussex ; heard sweetly ; had a soul-melting time at the Lord's Supper ; also blessed communion with the brethren there.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the most astonishing deliverance in providence I ever had. I was very much afflicted ; always in pain day and night ; used the means, but still got nothing bettered, but rather grew worse ; brought very low in mind ; could scarcely attend to the things of this life ; till one Friday morning, the Lord impressed my mind to mention the case in prayer. When I went to prayer I did so ; and addressed Jesus Christ in such a simple, free way and manner as I had never before done ; took a walk in the fields ; felt very happy in mind ; lifted my thoughts to God again, for I had not felt the pain since I was in prayer in the morning, yea, I have not felt it since, that being a twelvemonth ago. Now, this I ascribe wholly to the Lord in putting a desire into my soul to pray, giving me a spirit to pray, and hearing and answering that prayer. What a salvation ! What melting times have I had for this (to me) astonishing deliverance ! And after all that I have experienced, the apostle's declaration is the exercise of my mind, "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death ; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect : but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended ; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. iii. 10-14. Thus have I experienced twenty-eight years of unceasing conflicting and resisting between nature and grace—the old man and the new—light and darkness—carnality and spirituality—things earthly, sensual, and devilish—and things spiritual, heavenly, and divine ! What hardness of heart ! What carelessness of mind ! What unconcernedness of soul ! Yea, a thousand times astonished there could be life, eternal life, notwithstanding so much death,

but "because I live ye shall live also." John xiv. 19.

And now, thou blessed Paraclete of heaven, equal with the Father and the Son, art not the above exercises the things that my soul has experienced, passed through, felt the condemnation on the one hand—and blessedly enjoyed the salvation on the other ? Thou knowest that the writing of this has been attended with trembling, wonder, rejoicing and prayer, and acknowledge that I am the chief of sinners in every sense of the word, yet saved by free, eternal, sovereign grace ! Saved eternally—saved perfectly—saved honourably—saved justly—saved internally ! Hast thou not given unto me "a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it ?" Rev. ii. 17. Wonder O heaven ! and be astonished O earth ! for the Lord, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost hath done it ! And now I desire, this evening, solemnly to commit my spirit, soul, and body into the arms of a triune Jehovah for the small residue of time, and to all eternity. Amen and amen.

JOHN EFFE.

Smeeth, Nov. 25, 1848.

On the Incarnation.

Auspicious day, O glorious birth,
When Jesus came from heav'n to earth,
And cloth'd his Godhead in our clay,
To take our guilt and sin away.

O wondrous love, e'er time began,
A scheme was laid for guilty man
To be redeem'd from death and hell,
Who in the loins of Adam fell.

Stupendous mercy, matchless grace,
That gave my guilty soul a place
Within the records of his love,
Of sovereign grace, I'll sing above.

Almighty power, love divine,
I feel this great salvation mine,
Lord keep, O keep, this roving heart,
Nor let it from thyself depart.

Amazing grace, surpassing thought,
That they who sold themselves for nought,
Should be redeem'd by precious blood,
Shed by the incarnate Son of God.

Will this not melt a heart of stone ?
Will this not bring us to his throne,
And keep us humble at his feet,
And turn our ev'ry bitter sweet ?

Dear Jesus, sanctify our soul,
Make us thine entire and whole :
Let not our heart divided be,
Part for the world, and part for thee.

Purg'd from the errors of the day,
May sovereign grace, now bear th' sway
Mercy, and truth, and love divine,
In all our future actions shine.

E. W. E.

"Eye more, mind more, and lay to heart more, the spiritual and internal workings of God in your souls, than the external providence of God in the world. Beloved, God looks that we should consider the operations of his hand ; and the despising the work of his hands is so provoking to him, that he threatens them to lead them into captivity for not considering of them. Above all, look to the work that God is carrying on in your souls."—Brooks.

Removal of the Church & Congregation

UNDER THE PASTORAL CARE OF MR JAMES NUNN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—We rejoice that the Lord is our Judge, and that he knows that we conscientiously, and in his fear, took our stand with Mr. James Nunn, our beloved pastor, not from feelings of opposition, nor from a desire of being singular, but from unexpected and unsought for circumstances, we were, from principle, necessitated to proceed from one point to another, and were finally compelled from righteous motives to unite as a separate body, and so assist our dear pastor in carrying out what he conscientiously believed was more in accordance with the government of the church of God in the Apostles' days. From this conviction, we separated; and prayerfully leaving the Lord to go before us, we moved on carefully. A place of worship offered that would hold about four-hundred persons; a committee met, and laid the matter before the Lord by prayer; and after mature consideration, and consultation, determined to offer what they considered a fair rental, and not to exceed a certain price; that thereby they might know the mind of the Lord. The consequence was, a refusal of the offer; which led them to the belief, that some other place was treasured up in the stores of divine providence, and which would be opened at some future period. A friend had heard, and unexpectedly informed the committee, of the large room in which we at present meet; which will hold, at least, one-hundred more than the above named chapel; here, we think, is seen the wisdom and mercy of our covenant God; but even this room is far too small; it is not only very crowded from one Lord's-day to another, but many are obliged to leave, not being able to obtain even standing room, including the lobby and stairs entering to the room. Another difficulty—the room is within three doors of Mr. Arthur Triggs' chapel, which we consider does not look well: friends were, therefore, appointed to wait upon him, to shew that necessity, and not opposition, led us to the room so near his chapel. Mr. Triggs kindly received the communications from the delegates, and quite acquiesced, under the circumstances, in our taking the room. We therefore took it; and on Wednesday evening, September 5th, one-hundred and thirty baptized persons united in the fear of God, were formed into a church upon the principles of government proposed by Mr. James Nunn; and he, agreeable to their request, became their pastor. And, forever blessed be the King of Zion, he has favoured us with his gracious presence in a most especial manner; and has caused our hearts to rejoice; and his gracious power is evidently put forth in the ministry of the word, to the comforting of his people, and of bringing many to walk in the ordinances of his house. Twenty-three persons have been nominated to the church as candidates for baptism, and messengers appointed by the

church to enquire into their moral character and the work of grace in their hearts; who, at various church-meetings, give a faithful detail of their experience, and their satisfaction of the work of the Spirit upon their hearts, as well as their fitness for membership; with which the church was pleasingly interested. Mr. Owen Clark, the minister, and the deacons of Vernon Chapel, Bagnegeswells Road, kindly granted us the use of their chapel; and on Thursday evening, November 1st, our pastor baptized fifteen females and eight males, in the presence of a large and peaceful congregation. And on Lord's-day evening, the 4th inst., received them, with eight others, into the church; making an addition of thirty-one to our number.

From the great inconvenience experienced through the over-crowded state of our present place, and the numbers who are obliged to go away every Lord's-day, who desire constantly to worship with us, our Captain seems to be saying, "Enlarge the place of thy tent:" and we have, therefore, looked out for a piece of ground to build a larger place, and having met with a suitable spot, we announced a public tea meeting upon the voluntary principle, each person to give in the sight of God what they were able to spare, and that the strong may help the weak, we hoped that some giving liberally, would enable others to partake the same bounty, and experience the same pleasure, though they could give but 6d. or even 3d. each, depositing according to their ability in a box with a hole in the lid. Some persons no doubt will ask, "how did it answer?" Why, on Thursday evening, 15th instant, above 300 persons sat down to tea; and a most imposing sight it was: every countenance expressed pleasure and delight; tables from 30 to 40 feet long, supplied with every comfort for the occasion, some of which was kindly sent voluntarily; and the result was that a balance of £5 10s 11d. remained after all expenses had been discharged, including £2 15 0 for the use of the room, &c. This is but a fair specimen of what our friends do constantly, and that from principle. And it was the impression upon the minds of the friends who met, that our contemplated new place will be paid for ultimately, by the same free-will offerings, although we shall have to borrow the money in the first instance; but as this is to be raised in small shares, we do not anticipate much difficulty, seeing the lenders will receive 5 per cent for their money. O that the blessed operations of the Holy Spirit may not only be felt and continued in our hearts, enabling us to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. But may the happy day be nigh at hand, when the churches of Christ of the same faith may unitedly and collectively meet as one happy family to experience such pleasures and intercourse one with the other, is the sincere desire of yours in a precious Christ.

(Signed) W. Ludlow, J. Harvey, T. Dowland, Deacons. November, 19th, 1849.

Bunhill Memorials.

THAT interesting work to which we have so often referred, is at length complete, and forms a neat, substantial volume of about four hundred pages. It is bound in embossed cloth; is illustrated by a wood engraving of 'Bunyan's Tomb;' and is worthy of a place in every good man's library in the kingdom; as a book of reference it will be useful and entertaining to thousands, who feel any interest in the memory of the chosen servants of our God.

The "DEDICATION" to the volume is just what you might expect from an aged minister of Jesus Christ; who, while he stands upon the very outmost edge of his earthly course, addresses his brethren with much solemnity and evangelical earnestness.

Speaking of this work, he says—

"I am aware of many imperfections running through it; and notwithstanding all my anxious labours, doubtless names of many worthy ministers will be found omitted, 'whose names are written in heaven.' Luke x. 20. 'Tis the heavenly records that the great Master regards, and not my poor frail and defective Memorials. Tedious narrations I have studiously avoided; aiming rather to set before the reader the *path* and the *marrow*; and I have especially sought to gain admission into their *dying chambers*, in order that I might record how blessedly the gospel they proclaim through life, supported them in the article of death, bore them up and carried them through the swellings of Jordan. In this particular these 'Memorials' will be found to contain glorious testimony of the veracity of that faithful God, who saith to all his sent-servants, 'And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you.' Isa. xlv. 4. So that the reader may profitably learn 'how it fared at the last,' with good Bunyan, whose dust lies in the *midst* of this vast cemetery, and also with holy pilgrims which he spake of in his day, whose resting places are found marked out all around him; such as Mr. Standfast, Old Honest, Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, and very many others; how they, when 'the post came into the town with true tokens for them,' with firm confidence in Jesus the Resurrection and the Life, passed triumphantly through the river of death, to take possession of their prepared mansions in glory. O look at them, reader! behold their pallid cheeks, and listen to the last whispering words which proceeded from their quivering dying lips. They tell us 'We are now arrived at the end of our journey, and our toilsome days are over. We have preached Christ and him crucified: we have lived by the *faith* of the Son of God! We are now about to live by *sight*, and, to be 'for ever with the Lord.'—Our glorious elder brother, who is the head of the adopted family hath said, 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.' Farewell then all below! O come Lord Jesus, come quickly.'—Let my poor work be glanced at contemptuously by the mere *theorist* in religion, and welcome; I have not written it to gain *his* applause (which to me is of no value,) but, it will suit those who 'know Christ and the power of his resurrection;' and, it may cheer up

some trembling hearts, who 'through fear of death are subject to bondage.'

"And here I would offer up an humble acknowledgement to the Father of Mercies, that he has afforded me a good measure of health, so that amidst unrelaxed, or increased ministerial labour, I have been enabled to devote the 70th year of my natural life, in the compilation of these Memorials, and to *fold them up on that day*, in which I am spared to arrive at the *age of man*. I bowed my knee at the commencement, and asked for this favour; and the *Master* has been pleased to grant me my request."

I WANT TO BELIEVE THAT I am an Elect Vessel of Mercy.

You wish to know how I came concerned about these things: first of all I went to hear the Methodists; for two years I was with them; and thought I was very good, and that I was going to heaven by my own good works: but in the year 1846 I went to Reading to live with an aunt; they attended Mr. Coles's chapel: my mind was so set against the Baptists, I vowed I would not go and hear him; however, I did go; but in misery the Sunday I used to dread, still I did not give up going. After I had been there two months, I trust the dear Lord was pleased to shew me the awful state I was in. There was baptising. When I saw them go down into the water, my heart was broken; I never shall forget it! Oh! what I felt! I never saw baptism so plain before. Ah, and I soon found my hopes were built on a false foundation; and all prejudice towards that dear man was gone. I have been melted down under his preaching many times; never so happy now as when in the house of God. I remember hearing you preach in London Street Chapel, from these words, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." I shall never forget it! I could have sat all night. I have left Reading now. Since that period I have had to wade through deep waters; have suffered much in my soul; and have been kept in suspense: I want to believe that I am an elect vessel of mercy, but cannot; I sometimes would give all the world, if I had it in possession, to be satisfied that I am one of the Lord's; then I think if I was I should not be kept in suspense all this time; then I think again, the Lord knows best; sometimes the door seems almost open; then it is shut again: I keep looking and expecting that my Lord will come and speak some word of comfort to me; I moan and sigh because I am so sinful, and have such hard thoughts towards the Lord; I look in the Word of God, and try to find something that will suit my case, but alas! alas! it appears a sealed book. I go to the throne of grace, and I feel at such a distance from the Lord, I want to get near him and cannot; then satan tells me I never can be a child of God. Not long since, one Sabbath, I was in a despairing state; I passed a restless night; in the morning, when I awoke, these words came as though some one spoke them to me, "ARISE, AND WALK!" not with any particular sweetness; they were on my mind for days. I often wondered what they could mean. I love the house of God; it is a trial to me that I cannot attend regular. I like a heart-searching ministry.—E.E.

The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.

THURSDAY, November the 15th, was observed as a day for the offering up of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for removing from us that heavy scourge—the Cholera—which in about three months swept out of this vast metropolis at least 15,000 of its inhabitants. We hinted the just propriety of churches and christians uniting—first, to acknowledge the good hand of God in abating the disease; and secondly, to assist the widows, orphans and destitute thousands who have been so painfully bereaved. As far as an *outward* form goes, the day was solemnly observed in London, and in fact, throughout the kingdom.

A dear brother in the ministry gives us in the following sketch, the substance of two most suitable discourses for such an occasion. He says—

“I preached twice yesterday with much solemn liberty from these words, ‘the sacrifice of thanksgiving,’ (Lev. vii. 12.) This sacrifice is called by the ancients, ‘the sacrifice of health, or salvation;’ because offered in gratitude for it: this fitted nicely for the Day of Thanksgiving for the health of the body, and for the salvation of our souls. It is also called a pay-offering, whereby men paid their vows. (See Psa. cxvi. 14—17.) His vow was that he would take the cup of salvation? What salvation? ‘For thou hast delivered my soul from death;’—corporeal by his providence, spiritual by his Spirit—eternal by his Son. The thank-offering mostly took place on occasions of great solemnity. It was attended to when Moses anointed the altar (Christ) and sprinkled the people (the church in type) with blood BEFORE they went into the mount to see the God of Israel, and to eat and drink; and it was the incarnate God of Israel they saw; for they speak of his ‘feet.’ The same blood being sprinkled upon the people as upon the altar, sweetly lets us into this truth, ‘He that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified are all one. 2. It was attended to when David set the ark in his place. 3. When Solomon dedicated the temple and the glory of God filled the house. 4. On the day of Pentecost. 5. On their arrival in the promised land. 6. After the plague was stayed. 2 Sam. xxiv. 25. See what a glorious chain! Blood on the conscience,—the ark in the heart,—the glory of God in the temple. Whose temple are we? The Spirit filling every faculty of the soul, (Acts ii.) we arrive in the promised land of wealth, where there is no want; in the large place where there is no straitness at all; then the plague is staid, and the new song is sung ‘unto him that loved us.’

“I told them some solemn things about the blood-stained altar, and the sprinkled people. I was not able to get into much beyond that. I told them a little of my seeing the altar stained with blood, before that blood cleansed my GUILTY soul; but when it was purged, then I saw the God

of Israel, and eat and drank abundantly; so abundantly that I was absorbed in the feast, having forgot my misery. The blood of Christ is strong drink for the ‘ready to perish,’ and delicious WINE for the bitter in soul: but how few understand it. Alas! Alas! few indeed, I fear will stand the trying test. I must forbear. Yours in a precious Christ. REBEL SAVED.”

Thanksgiving Day in London.

MR. EDITOR—In common with almost all the congregations in the Metropolis, we had a most solemn assembly on Thursday last, at *Jireh Meeting*; having abundant cause for thanksgiving, as the Lord had entirely preserved us, both as a church and congregation, from the late pestilence.

We met, a goodly number, in the afternoon, for prayer and praise; after which, about one-hundred and twenty persons partook of tea. In the evening, our place of worship was crowded; and after a brother had engaged in solemn prayer, I addressed the assembly from 2 Sam. xxiv. 14. “*I am in a great strait; let us now fall into the hand of the Lord; for his mercies are great.*” It will be a season long to be remembered. *The Lord was there.* The following hymn, written by one of my deacons, was sung on the occasion. I send it for your insertion. I am, Mr. Editor,

Your's truly, J. A. JONES.

Jireh, London, Nov. 20, 1849.

GREAT God of providence and grace,
We humbly fall before thy face,

Thy goodness to adore:

O! put our souls in thankful tone,
Thy sparing mercy now to own,
And praise thee evermore.

Our eyes have seen thine awful hand,
Uplifted o'er our guilty land,

By pestilence and death:
While thousands have been swept away,
We're spared to meet to praise and pray,
With our preserved breath.

Though shafts have fallen thickly round,
And level'd numbers to the ground,

Not one has fallen here;
And, as a church, we meet to raise
Our Ebenezers to thy praise,
For thy most gracious care.

'Tis all of mercy, we confess,
For we've deserved nothing less
Than thousands now cut down:
As debtors to preserving care,
We humbly now an altar rear,
To sovereign grace alone.

We bless our God he has appear'd,
And Zion's supplications heard,
Throughout our native land:
And may our rulers hear the rod,
And not provoke a holy God,
Again to lift his hand.

Now, dearest Lord, accept our praise,
And may the remnant of our days
Be more completely thine.
May God appear for Zion still,
And, if it be his blessed will,
On Britain deign to shine.—W. B.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A
Journey into Northamptonshire.

TO MY ESTEEMED BROTHER AND FELLOW-LABOURER, SAMUEL COZENS, now of Wolverhampton. Grace be thine—As I was riding on the coach this morning from Thame, in Oxfordshire, you was laid upon my mind; and I feel inclined to address these few lines to you; they will not hurt you, should they do you no good. My desire is to give you a very brief outline, not only of the things which I have passed through this week, but also of the things which have passed through my mind. I preached three times in London last Lord's-day, and I felt all day so poor, so contracted, and so unable to get into my subject, that I began to be afraid of the pulpit. On Monday I left London for the town of Northampton; went directly to Mr. Leach's house, where I was kindly received, and in the evening in his chapel, I again attempted to speak in the Lord's name; but, oh, Samuel! it was a hard battle—such an unsavory conflict! I feel not only disheartened, but really ashamed of my noisy and confused ministry. Brother Leach took me to Mr. John Luck's, (the benevolent receiver of poor parsons in Northampton,) where I was taken care of for the night. I am glad to tell you, Mr. Leach is steadily making his way in Northampton. He has been there about four years; he has had some sharp trials; but the Lord directed him there; the Lord has given him natural courage and inward support; seals to his ministry; souls for his hire; and many evident tokens of his loving kindness and care towards him: still, what a solemn thing it seems, that out of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, not more than two hundred will hear and support the pure gospel of Christ! Well, I see more than ever, that a faithful, living minister, who declares the whole counsel of God—must, indeed, be enabled to endure hardness, or away from the truth he will be sure to turn.

The next morning I journeyed on towards Rushden, where I was to speak that evening. In passing through Higham Ferrers, I called upon Mr. David Ashby; he received me with warmth and affection, gave me a good dinner—told me a little of the Lord's goodness towards him—and I, in return, felt my heart somewhat warmed, and my tongue loosed to unite with him in acknowledging the hand of our God which hath been kindly stretched out on our behalf. Surely, the communion of saints is an indisputable and soul-comforting evidence not only of the genuineness of the Christian religion, but also of the personal interest of those—who are the subjects of that holy fellowship—in the mercies and privileges of the covenant of grace. I left my friend's house truly

glad in my soul, to find that the Lord had opened his mouth in the ministry of the Gospel. He has not run unspent; he has not run altogether willingly; necessity has been laid upon him; doors have been opened for him; and I dared to hope that his ministry will be permanently useful, bringing glory to God—spiritual good to redeemed sinners—and a rich reward to his own soul. I do feel a strong internal desire that the good people at Sharnbrooke, and our dear brother A, may be kept much in fervent prayer together—and that he, as a minister, and they, as a people, may be strong in the grace that is in Jesus Christ our Lord.

I walked on toward Rushden; and when I reflected on the many years that Charles Drawbridge had laboured in this village, I felt some reluctance in endeavouring to help on, or to hold up another cause, for divisions are generally painful things.

As a total stranger, I entered the place; it was what is called, 'Rushden Feast.' I silently prayed that there might be a spiritual feast for my soul. The little hamlet was all alive; the bells were ringing; the country folks were all dressed in their best; and every thing seemed to smile. After looking about and enquiring, I found myself in the house and presence of friend Nicholas, the minister of the new chapel there. We talked together of some of the sorrows of the way. We are to weep with those that weep, as well as rejoice with them that rejoice; but I know right well a man must pass through no small measure of the Christian's chequered path before he can walk down into the valleys, as well as ascend the mountains which lay in the way through which the pilgrims to Zion have to pass. I thought, what a contrast between the two Rushden ministers! although, by-the-bye, I never had the pleasure of either hearing, or being in the company of Mr. Drawbridge, but from the best descriptions I have heard of him, he is a bold, fearless, independent, and *sometimes* deeply eloquent preacher: but Master Nicholas is of an exceedingly quiet, kind, and different spirit: I trust, if the Lord has designed him for Rushden, that the Lord will give him grace to dig deep, and labour hard in the gospel mines: there can be no useful standing in these days without a good share of right down hard work. As soon as I was seated in the pulpit at Rushden, I felt my bonds were loosed—the love and light of heaven began very softly to steal in upon my heart; and in reading, prayer, and preaching I felt quite at home; and was thankful I was there, believing good was to be done: there is no doubt, however, but that this third cause in Rushden will have many struggles and discouragements before they will become established. The next morning (Wednesday, September 26th,) I

arose early; walked to Higham Ferrer's Station, and then took train to Aylesbury, where Mr. John Fuller met me, and drove me from thence to Ickford. Before we reached the chapel, we saw a crowd of people, and they told me it was useless to go into the pulpit, as many of the people would not be able to get into the chapel, so in the afternoon I mounted a platform in the doorway of the chapel; thus I had a congregation within, and a large assembly without. A very large party sat down to tea; and in the evening, I went into the pulpit; the chapel being crowded, and quantities standing outside. In the afternoon, brother Smith (of Oxford,) read and prayed: in the evening brother Walker, (of Thame,) read and prayed; and really, I must say, I felt my soul to be exceedingly happy that day. There appeared to me to be seven good things—good reading—good singing—good praying—good preaching—good people—good conversation—and, above all, the good presence and blessing of our everlasting FRIEND.

Ickford has been a very choice spot to my soul. I know I have there realised the solemn power and sweet liberty of the gospel of Jesus Christ; and that makes me as happy as I can wish to be this side of heaven.

The Lord bless you, prays your brother in bonds.
C. W. B.

SOME OF THE SONGS AND SIGHS OF The Christian Ministry.

THERE is not a class of men upon the face of the earth that suffer so severely—sink so deeply—wrestle so fervently—feel so acutely—or fear more frequently, than do the real sent-servants of the living God. They are the men that go down to the sea in ships—that do business in great waters; and often there see the wonderful works of the Lord. So on the other hand, there is not a body of men under the heavens that live nearer to God—know more of God—are so dependent on God—rejoice so blessedly in God, as do the real ministers of the everlasting Gospel. They are, says Paul—the *messengers* of the churches, and THE GLORY OF CHRIST. Blessed description of character! But it is even so. They are the angels of whom Christ spake to Nathaniel, when he said—

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man.”

These remarks are only introductory: it being our desire (from a vast quantity of spiritual correspondence in our possession) next year to furnish some valuable and encouraging matter for true gospel ministers, of which the following is but a poor sample.

CHRIST—THE CHURCH—AND SATAN.

It was near six o'clock one Tuesday evening—and at seven I had to preach—I took my pen and wrote ‘*I am desolate*’; not one ray of light,—not one portion of the word—not one atom of meanness for the work. ‘What shall I do?’ said I to myself. I endeavoured to seek unto Him who has ever helped me in times of need, but no access could I find. I silently waited; knowing He was able to supply me with all that I could need. At length it occurred to my mind that when I opened the Bible in the morning to read before prayer, this Scripture came to me with some little sweetness—‘Behold, he shall come up like a lion from the swellings of Jordan, *against the habitation of the strong*; but I will suddenly make him run away from her; and who is a chosen man that I may appoint over her? for who is like me? and who will appoint me the time? and who is that shepherd that will stand before me?’ The true church of Christ is the habitation where strength dwells. This strength is the Spirit, the grace, the love, the truth, the power of Christ. In the possession of these things the true believer is strong: and, although, Satan, like a lion, comes up from the swellings of Jordan—from the deep, dark, and boisterous waters of the fall, against the child of grace, yet he shall not utterly prevail against him; for Christ is both in and over the souls of his saints: as a wall of fire will He defend them. These things laid in my mind the materials for a discourse: but I found then, as I have many times before, a preacher not only wants a good bundle of sticks well tied together; but he wants fire to come down from heaven to set them in a blaze; or his ministry, instead of giving light and heat, will be hard and dry: and tiresome to hear.

SAYINGS OF THE LATE THOMAS REED.

“The church has nothing to rest upon but union to her Lord; and this is sufficient to buoy her up amidst ten thousand hells, and bring her to eternal joy and happiness.”

“God’s law is as righteous and holy as we, in our sinful nature, are unrighteous and unholy.”

“God will have his own bride, for he has set his heart of love upon her.”

“If you are not possessed of a single eye, which only looks to, upon, and centres in the glorious Person of Christ Jesus, your soul will be brought into bondage—it will indeed.”

“I do not envy the angels of light their position, however great their bliss may be they are but SERVANTS of my Lord, who has been pleased to say unto his dear children, ‘Henceforth I call you no more servants, but FRIENDS.’”

“The great act of regeneration is the mighty work of God the Holy Ghost upon the minds of his dear people, in bringing them to hear and know his gracious voice, and to enjoy his mercy and salvation.”

Beulah Chapel, Somerstown.

"I was brought low, and He helped me."

AMIDST all the failures of man, what blessed assurance has the believer from the fact that the word of God fails not—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass." This it is that sustains the church in her pilgrimage state, and cheers the mourning traveller bound to Zion's holy hill. And we of *Beulah*, have abundant reason to bless the Lord, and to say, "He is faithful who hath promised." As a church, we have been recently placed in trying (and humanly speaking) discouraging circumstances; but we believe it to have been his ordering who doeth all things well; and already have we had cause to praise our heavenly Father for his merciful care, compassionate guidance, sustaining grace, and evident manifestation in the perplexing hour. Also, we would express our grateful thanks to those of his sent servants who, when most needed, have given wise counsel and assisted us by their ministrations. As the result of the former, we were led (hearing that he was open to a call) to invite, as a supply, Mr. Rob. Aldis, of Willingham, Cambridgeshire, who first preached for us on the 9th of September last. His arrangement was, to have remained with us *two* Lord's-days, but at our earnest request, and by kind consent of the deacons of the church at Willingham, we had the privilege of his ministry for six; in which period the congregation considerably increased; love, which had waxed cold, re-kindled; peace was enjoyed; vital godliness revived; and, above all, Christ evidently set forth, not only as crucified, but risen again, and entered into heaven for us. At the expiration of the above time, our beloved brother had to return home, but his leaving was much felt by us, for the Lord had made him an instrument of blessing to our souls; our hearts were drawn out towards him, and as a token of our esteem, he was invited to a Tea Meeting with the family and friends, which being with but short notice announced, on Monday evening, October 15th, we had a numerous assembly. At the table were the venerable Mr. Jones, of Jireh, and Mr. Felton, of Deptford. After the social repast, we adjourned to the chapel, and in addition to a numerous congregation were joined by Messrs. T. Pepper, Slade, and Flack, who assisted in the services of the evening, which will be long remembered.

On the Thursday, Mr. John Foreman occupied the pulpit: the Lord was with him, and the people were encouraged; and on the following Lord's-day, Messrs Newborn, Jas. Wells, and Hanks, of Cambridge, preached in behalf of the cause. [We should here state that for the efficient and acceptable services of our brother Hanks, for two Sabbaths, we are indebted to our esteemed brother Wells.]

The minds of the brethren being much

exercised with respect to some permanent supply; we laid the matter solemnly before the Lord, entreating him to send one who might go in and out among us, and if it appeared in accordance with the divine will, ultimately be appointed to the oversight. The subject being brought before the church, its decision was—That our brother Aldis should be invited to supply for three months, with a view to the pastorate. May the Lord bless the conclusion come to, and cause his holy name to be glorified therein.

We have extreme pleasure in announcing that the church's invitation has been accepted by our brother, and that he is now preaching the gospel of the sovereign, rich, free and unmerited grace of God in our midst. The Lord's name be praised.

(Signed) E. Austin, J. Porter, J. Tooley, J. Cheshire, W. Palmer, *Deacons*.

Beulah Chapel, Chapel St., Somerstown,
November 12, 1849.

Services on the Lord's-day as usual; and preaching on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Gospel Baptism :

OR, THE BEGINNING OF THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.

IN my last I intimated a hope that you would hear from me this month such things as you and other Baptist ministers and churches would rejoice in.

I will endeavour to be as concise in my narrative as possible, that I may not take up too much space in the *Vessel*. And in order to begin at the beginning, it is necessary to state that our church at Zion has, up to the last month, been what is called a mixed communion; and the Trust was chosen and appointed about half and half, to keep the church in the mixed state in which it was formed. And we have not been allowed to have a baptistry sunk in the chapel till the present time, and in which the hand of the Lord has been most conspicuous. On Sunday night, the 7th of October I read the 5th chapter of the 1st epistle of John. And when I came to the three that bare witness on earth, I was led to say something about these witnesses, and to introduce and enforce the ordinance of baptism, and to shew the impropriety, the inconsistency, and the incongruity of a mixed communion church; and to affirm that it was quite an anomaly, as against all gospel rule and order; and observed you have heard, or read something in the *Vessel* for this month of the unhappy divisions at Peterboro'. Now I wish you to reflect, and consider whether you yourselves are not, in a measure, the origin of those divisions. You are quite aware that a conscientious Baptist cannot join you as a church, nor sit down with you at the Lord's table—is it any wonder, therefore, that they should look out elsewhere?

These things, with others that were advanced, the good Lord fastened as 'a nail in a sure place,' and the very next day they began to consult with each other. And as there are now only two of the original Trust remaining—the one a Baptist, the other not—the non-baptist was met and

consulted; and he at once gave his consent. 'Yes,' says he, 'and I will give all the materials for making the baptistry, and do the carting part of the business beside; and I wish you to fill up the original number of the Trust of your own choice—all Baptists, if you please. Thus the Lord opened a way at once.

On Lord's-day, the 14th, a special church-meeting was called, and it was at once agreed—unanimously, to form ourselves into a Strict Communion Baptist Church; so that we may truly say, "WHAT HAS GOD WROUGHT?" Or, as upon another occasion, recorded in the 2nd book of Chronicles, 29th chapter, 36th verse, "And Hezekiah rejoiced, and all the people, that God had prepared the people: for the thing was done suddenly.

We immediately set to work to sink the pit and make the baptistry; and, being completed, on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst., I baptised seven persons, (five females and two males); and there would have been more than double that number, only some were ill, and to others the time did not suit; so that, if spared, I expect soon to go down into the water again; in all probability, before this appears in print.

I would just say, that before baptising, I read and commented upon the first eleven verses of the first chapter of Mark, which commences thus:—"The beginning of the gospel of Christ;" and shewed that many, like us, began at the wrong end; that we did not begin at the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which beginning was evidently, from the whole tenor of the Gospel, faith and repentance, then the ordinance of baptism, as the only legitimate gospel way of entering into the church. We then, as I entered the water, sung in full chorus—

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord!"

Nor was he ashamed to own us; for he blessed us there; and the next day was indeed a day of rejoicing and sending of portions. Now we can repeat with rapture the whole of the 126th Psalm, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream: then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, 'The Lord hath done great things for them.'" Now, mark the difference: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Great things for us; not them. Well, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

In conclusion I would say to Baptist ministers and churches, Brethren, join with us in singing,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name," &c.

JNO. CARTER.

Peterboro', Nov. 9th, 1849.

PEACEFUL TIDINGS FROM THE COUNTY OF SUFFOLK.

FROM the first time of my being called upon to engage in prayer at a prayer meeting, which was in the vestry at Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square, in the year 1827, (a time I shall never forget,) I have always thought I could never pray like other people. So—ever since I was first called to speak in the name of the Lord—I have

never felt that I had the ability to preach like others of God's sent servants. And when I have heard such as our brother Foreman, and Wells, and others, preach upon public occasions, I have thought I would never try again; but knowing I must try before the same people, I have prayed to the Lord that the people might forget what they had heard, and be made to feel *so hungry*, that they would be glad of a bit of coarse, but yet wheaten bread. I can say if any man was ever thrust into the work of the ministry, I was: yet, to this day I feel as though I should have to give it up. I was telling a friend, yesterday, I never felt more empty in my life; having to preach several sermons in the week, but had no text, and felt as though there was no text for me in the Bible. But all praise be unto the Lord, he has helped me hitherto; and although I feel to be emptied out, yet he is not; and if he is pleased to continue to supply me out of the fulness of grace, treasured up in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, for private and public usefulness, he shall for ever have all the glory. So as it respects writing: although there is scarce a week passes but I am writing and corresponding with some friend, in different parts of the country, even as far as the East Indies; yet I can never satisfy myself; I think everybody can write better than I can; yet, strange to say, I can never satisfy my friends; for the more they have the more they want. Thus I have given you one reason, and the principal one, why I have not written before, therefore hope you will pardon me. Another reason is, having had to travel in the same road before, while we have prosperity, I feel to tremble, and afraid to say much about it, for fear it should not last long; nevertheless, as we have an account in all the monthly periodicals, of the decayed and distracted state of the churches in this country, I think it is but just to the Lord and to his peaceable people, that the bright side should be laid before the public, as well as the dark side; for I do verily believe, although the times are ominous, that should there come a trying day, which I believe there will, and there will be much chaff found among the wheat, yet I believe there are hundreds of God's servants who are hid in obscurity, who are upon the look out, and will be found to stand firm for the truth, although they shall lose their lives for it; but at this time, seem to be paralysed, knowing not which course to steer; because one says, 'this is the way;' and another, 'that;' but the time will come when each will wield the sword of the Spirit under one banner, or one standard; and under one Captain, (instead of so many, as we have now-a-days,) the captain of our salvation, THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. And now for a few instances out of many which might be named. At Rehoboth Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmunds, we have great reason to bless the Lord, though but few in number, we are in peace, and that peace has remained undisturbed during my ministry, which commenced January, 1847. Our congregation has gradually increased; and but for the many removals in providence by reason of the times, our chapel would have been completely filled: the congregations are very attentive: our members fill up their places well at the Lord's Table: our prayer meetings are well attended, as also church meetings; and the friends seem lothe to part when the services are over: there is, I know, a true spirit of prayer

among us; and I had the pleasure of baptising three more persons, one male and two females, on Lord's-day, Sept. 2nd, and received them into the church the same day, which make thirty-two added to the little number since 1847. Also the church and congregation, as a token of respect to me, held a public tea meeting on Thursday, October 25th: the provisions were given by the friends, and I received all the money, beside a collection in the evening: about one-hundred and twenty sat down to tea, and very comfortable they were; and in the evening, after prayer, our brethren Barnes, of Glemsford, Thornley, of Stowmarket, Smith, one of the Deacons, and Snell, who is at present preaching at Isleham, Cambridge-shire, but who is a member with us, addressed the meeting. I cannot, for the want of room, go over the subjects, but I am sure you would have been delighted to have been there, it was like a little heaven upon earth. I am happy to say that the church at Glemsford are in prosperous circumstances, under our brother Barnes's ministry; I can assure you he is not a flesh-pleasing preacher, but one who unflinchingly declares the whole counsel of God; and they have a crowded congregation; this I was told by a brother minister, who preached there a few Sabbaths ago. The church at Stowmarket, under the pastoral care of our brother Thornley, from my own personal knowledge, is in prosperous circumstances; besides what you may see in the *Gospel Herald* for October, p. 267. Speaking of our brother's labours, the friend who writes says, 'Since he came amongst us, the Word of God has been greatly blessed; the peace of the church has been restored; meetings for prayer and praise have been well attended, and it has been, and still is evident that God is in our midst. Our brother has baptised and added ministerially to this church, since December 1848, to October, 1849, twenty-one persons.' Thus I have attempted to respond to your request in as small a compass as possible. But don't you suppose, for a moment, that we are the men that are respected among the generality of professors of the day, and the flesh-pleasing parsons. Oh no; for there are, at this present time, some of my friends who live in the adjacent villages, who love the truth, and have made application for the use of more than one chapel of that description, but have been denied, for me to preach in. Wishing you much of the presence of your Lord and Master, both in public and in private. I am in the bonds of the everlasting gospel.

Bury St. Edmunds.

J. BALDWIN.

Thoughts on the Cholera.

THE following lines on the Cholera were suggested after hearing a very impressive sermon on the Day of General Thanksgiving, by Mr. Horsley, the much esteemed minister of the Baptist Church, Burgh, from the 21st chapter of the 1st Book of Chronicles, and part of the 15th verse.

Dread visitant! at God's command,
Our favor'd Isle could ne'er defy,
This arrow dropt by his own hand,
In flaming vengeance from the sky.

In vain the pow'r of man to stem!
See, earth's physicians are laid low!
Nor could these naughty sons of men
Repol the force of such a foe!

Alas! for all their boasted skill,
Puny indeed their arm to save;
To stand against Jehovah's will,
Or shield his doom'd ones from the grave.

But when th' elect of Britain's isle
Pour'd forth the supplicating cry,
Th' offended God vouchsaf'd to smile—
'To listen from his throne—the sky.

"It is enough!"—His word declares
That Zion's breath can sheathe his sword;
'Tis he himself indites her prayers,
The great—the everlasting God.

How sweet the thought—in this, our land,
A remnant to God's Son is giv'n;
"Safe in the hollow of his hand,"
They can besiege the throne of heav'n.

"Stay!—thou destroying angel—stay!
In answer to my people's prayers,
Ye dire diseases wing your way,
And scatter England's rising fears!"

SUSANNA.

An Earthen Vessel.

How many a gallant Vessel, upon the Ocean's brine,
Have founder'd, wreck'd, and sank entomb'd,
In Eighteen Forty Nine,
Against their mighty wooden walls, the tempest
soon prevails,
Yet, strange to tell, an *Earthen one*, still lives and
spreads her sails.

Vessels of mercy and of wrath, o'er all this spa-
cious land,

To all appearance, hale and strong; stern death
has laid his hand,
Crush'd, quickly crush'd, in mother dust, friends,
foes, in every place,
But yet the *Earthen Vessel* still survives to run
her race.

She's a wonder unto many, herself she must
include,—

How many times she's brav'd the storms, the
boisterous winds most rude:

'Tis not by might, tis not by power, most plainly
manifest,

For a brittle *Earthen Vessel* is all she is at best.
But the ocean's Mighty Monarch, and Potentate
of earth,

Has engrav'd his name upon her, and treasur'd
her with worth,

Stood pilot—through each foaming surge, his
wisdom, power, display'd,

And thus, the *Earthen Vessel*, now, is not in
pieces laid.

Yea, she looks better than at first, when launch'd
upon the wave,

For few men cared to comfort her, and few men
cared to save.

But now, some hundreds, interests have, each
month she comes in sight,

And ransack *Earthen Vessel*, with great pleasure
and delight.

In Eighteen Fifty, may she sail, triumphant on
her way,

With her streaming blood-stain'd pennant, un-
furl'd in bright display,

Yea, many, many years to come, when children
take our place,

May they see *Earthen Vessel* stor'd, with rich and
sovereign grace.

Nov. 6, 1849. A POOR POLLUTED WORM.

ANOTHER "FLY-SHEET"!

OR,
THE BUDGET OPENED, EXAMINED, AND DESCRIBED:
BEING,

A Supplementary Number to Vol. V. of the "Earthen Vessel."

THE publication of this Supplement would not have taken place but for two things. In the first place, I have received, during the past year, immense heaps of Correspondence, by far the greater part of which, has never been noticed; and, in the second place, I found it impossible to finish up the volume in the December number, by giving Title-page, Index, Answers to Correspondents, &c., &c. Finding myself, therefore, in this position; and surrounded by such a mass of valuable matter; my mind was led to determine upon the issuing of this *Addenda to the Vessel*, with a desire thereby to do justice to my Correspondents—to my-

self—and to my readers generally. Without further introduction, then, I enter upon this *finale* for 1849, by giving, in the first place,

A Few Loose Papers

that I have found in different corners of my room. After I have given a few of these loose papers, I must notice some small works which have fallen into my hands, and then take up these bundles of communications, and deal with them as I trust, the good Lord may direct. Of the loose and unfinished papers I have referred to—the first is this:—

Who are England's Faithful Watchmen?

WHERE ARE THEY—AND WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

This is designed, (if the Lord do spare my life, and grant me permission,) to be a PERMANENT HEAD for some time to come, in the *Earthen Vessel*, and under this three-fold inquiry, you may expect to find notices of the *origin—the history—the present position and apparent posture of some of the Lord's own servants who stand on the walls in these days*. Mind—I say of some, for all of them I cannot notice—but all that I know and can speak well of, you will find herein enrolled. Great men and little men, as we call them; old and young, rich and poor, are here mixed up together. And by a *faithful watchman*, you will understand I mean one who *professes to love,—to live,—and to proclaim the glorious gospel of our God and Saviour JESUS CHRIST*. Such an one, for instance, as

John Andrew Jones—who has just reached his three-score and ten. The past year, with him, has been both eventful and interesting. He has compiled and published that singularly valuable record, "The Bunhill Memorials;"—he has laid his beloved partner in the silent tomb;—he has observed the calling home of many of his brethren;—but at Jireh Meeting, Brick Lane, in the City of London, he still watches over, prays for, and preaches to, the flock committed to his care. Heavenly Father! spare him, a few more years; but thy holy will be done. I do not intend, in this Supplement, to enter upon his history, that will be done in some of the forthcoming numbers; but here is a sweet sorap or two descriptive of the death-bed of his recently deceased partner in life.

"Ann Jones was the daughter of Elisha and Ann Turner, of Bentley, in Hampshire. She was born, December 1st, 1774. She used to date her

first serious impressions, when she was about twenty-four years of age, occasioned by going out of curiosity, to hear Mr. Gunn, a noted minister in his day, who was, at that time, curate of Farnham, in Surrey; and afterwards with Mr. John Newton, at St. Mary Woolnoth, London. This must have been, at least, *fifty* years ago.

"She became my dear wife on the twenty-sixth anniversary of my birth-day, October 10th, 1805; so that our union comprised the lengthened (but to me short) period of forty-three years and a half."

I have no room to give the very blessed portrait of a truly godly woman which her life furnished, I can only give a few of her dying words which were as follow:—

"She had been long in a declining state of health, but, in all her ailments she never repined, never murmured, never uttered one sentence of complaint. As she sat in her room below on the last Lord's day, before she took to her bed room entirely, which she did that very evening, she said, (as my friend, Mr. Tobutt, sat by her) 'I have nothing to complain of. The Lord has certainly brought me down very low. I shall never come down stairs again after this day; but if it is the Lord's will I shall go up to my room, as Moses did to the top of Mount Pisgah, to die; the Lord took care of *him*, he gave *him* a view of the promised land, and buried him there. And, *he will take care of me.*' She said to her dear daughter, Martha, on the next day, Monday 'Here I am still; but I hope not for many days; I long to be gone; I have found it very hard to part with you all, but I can *now* look at you comfortably, *knowing*, that if I go a little before, *you* will follow after.' At another time she said to her, 'I have had a sad trial all night, but, *it is over now*. I have been enabled to give *her* up, (a dear fatherless grand-daughter) the Lord will be a *father* to her. I had given up your father

and *all* of you before this, but dear little *Anny* I could not give up till this night, but *now* I can. I have nothing to be anxious for in *this* world, and, bless the Lord, it is *all right with me for the next*. Why drag his chariot wheels so slowly? I said, dear mother, you long for *the post* to come then, 'Yes,' she said, 'but I hope to be able to wait, and that patiently too. I hope I shall not tire you all out. What a mercy that the Lord bears with me so long, and will bear with me for ever.'

"Almost the whole of the period she was confined to her bed. Rapturous joys were not her portion; she possessed what was *far better*—a *steadfast hope*, a *firm reliance* on the precious Saviour. At the commencement of her last illness, in one of her calmest moments, after I had been praying with her, she took me by the hand, and giving me a look of solemnity and placidness, which I can never forget, she said, 'I am not afraid to die. Christ has been my *only hope* for *many years*! Place on my grave-stone, 'A sinner saved by grace alone!' While one of my dear daughters was reading to her, and conversing with her, one Lord's-day afternoon, she said to her, 'I have been lately looking on *death* as a *sweet sleep*; I see nothing gloomy in it.' Her daughter replied, 'A rest for the people of God.' She said, 'Yes, I quite anticipate it as such.' She very frequently said, 'When I have done with *sinning*, I shall have done with suffering.' One Lord's-day morning, as I was looking anxiously on her with tears, she *checked* me with, 'Don't grieve for me. Go and preach Jesus Christ to the people. *I am happy*, though my poor swollen legs will not let me meet with the people of God *to-day*. If the Lord's will, I should have liked *once more*, to lift up my heart in his sanctuary, but I will not complain; I have had *much*, very much to be thankful for.' At another time she said, 'O *this clay*, this body, it keeps me on earth, *Don't wish to see me again*. O pray for me that I may obtain my happy release.'

"On Thursday evening, which was the evening prior to the night in which she died, she was most remarkably happy, and kept on speaking with a voice *peculiarly melodious*. She said to one of her daughters, 'You are come to see me die, but I shall not depart hence till the morrow. I am happy! O very happy! O how I shall sing?'—What will you sing, mother? will you sing, 'Unto him that loved us?' She instantly joined—'Yes, and has washed us from our sins in his blood!' Very frequently did she repeat, 'Come Lord Jesus!' O come quickly! And often in the night, she 'I am very comfortable, very happy! I hope I am not impatient; but, *I long to be gone*.'

"After the morning part of Friday, she took but little notice of any one, except her sorrowing partner, but *me* she noticed and watched continually; and in the after part of the day, told me that *she knew me*, when she seemed to be unconscious of the presence of any one else.

"She gradually sunk into the arms of death. But just as she was departing, she opened her eyes for a few moments only; *those eyes seemed filled with inexpressible glory*; every symptom of disease had left them. She then gently closed them, and in an instant she was *at home*, without a sigh, or scarcely a movement—to be *for ever with the Lord*! This was exactly at one o'clock on Satur-

day morning, April 21st, 1849, in the 73th year of her age."

Our venerable author thus pathetically closes up this heart-cheering memoir:—

"I stay my pen to weep. I have been bereaved of the best of wives; my dear children have to mourn the departure of the tenderest of mothers; and the church of Christ to which she belonged, that of a beloved sister, whose loss I *know* they deeply deplore. I am left slowly to pace it a few more weary steps in the valley below. And as I have also numbered up *my* threescore years and ten, I am, therefore, looking forward with a cheerful hope, soon to join her glorified spirit, and *again* to meet, where parting will be known no more for ever. O may I *so* long to depart, as *she did*, and to be for ever with the Lord.

"I buried her on Friday, April 27th, in Bunhill Fields, in my family grave; where lies the sacred dust of a beloved son-in-law, and a dear grandchild; and where, in the same grave (128 years previous,) was deposited the mortal remains of the celebrated John Skepp, pastor of the Baptist Church Cripple-gate, London, of whom see an account in my 'Bunhill Memorials,' p. 258. In this grave the dust of 'Andrew' will shortly be laid, till the morning of the glorious resurrection.—*Resurgam*."

John Ryland's Funeral Oration.

We rejoice to find that the "BUNHILL MEMORIALS" are to be followed up by a series of important tracts, edited by John Andrew Jones. The first of this series is now before us: it contains "the Funeral Oration, delivered at the grave of Dr. Gifford, in Bunhill Fields, by John Ryland." A few sentences of this most glorious burst of heavenly eloquence, will shew the Christian reader something of the value of the whole.

We may head this:—

THE MIGHTY CONTRAST BETWEEN THE FIRST AND THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

"When he *first* appeared in the world, he came to be *bathed in his own blood* in the garden; he will come to enjoy the *utmost purchase of that blood*, i.e., the eternal happiness of his church and people.

"He came to be filled with *astonishment and terror*, as the original word implies; but he will come to fill the redeemed world with wonder and joy; and to fill the wicked world of men and devils, with terror and astonishment.

"He came to feel his soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; but he will come the second time, with infinite joy in the salvation of all his dear people.

"At his first coming, he appeared in the high priest's hall; at his second, he will appear from the highest heavens. At his first coming, he stood at *Pilate's* bar; at his second, Pilate must stand at *his* bar. At his first coming, he stood before *Herod* and his bullies to be mocked; at his second, Herod and his men of war must stand before *him*, to be tried for eternity.

"Now, *Caiphas*, charge him again with blasphemy, and rend your clothes afresh! Now, *Pilate*, bind him and scourge him once more! Now, *Herod*, treat him and mock him as a fool!

Laugh him to scorn! put another purple robe on his shoulders, and, with your men of war, set him at nought, and reduce him to nothing, once more! *Barabbas*, now hold up your head, and rise once more above *Jesus of Nazareth*, Jesus, the despised *Galilean*; and swell with pride to think, that you are released and honoured, while Jesus is degraded and condemned.

"*Judas! Judas!* sell his blood once more; sell him for thirty pieces of silver, at the price for a slave. Give him another traitorous kiss. Go up to him, not in the garden, but on his great white throne; say, Hail, Master! Hail, Master! and kiss him!—Why, man, do you *boGGLE!* Why do you *SHIVER!* What, not able to reach him! not dare to kiss him *once more!* *once more!*—Why, what is the matter, *Judas!* Ah! thou perfidious traitor! thou wretch! thou most abandoned, cursed, ungrateful monster; it is *all over with thee for ever and ever!*"

"Come, ye Jewish rabble, cry out, now you see him upon his throne, Hail! hail! King of the Jews! Follow him afresh, and with the most violent vociferations exclaim, Crucify him! Crucify him! Now, soldier, *stab him to the heart once more:* plunge your spear into his bosom; and say once more, what probably you said before, 'Curse the Jewish impostor, let him bleed!'"

"The full cup of God's wrath, was put into his hands, without the least cordial of mercy. God spared him not, he drank it off to the last dregs, and ceased not to drink till he could say, 'It is *FINISHED.*' But at his second appearance, he will come to enjoy all the sunbeams of his Father's countenance; instead of the sword of divine justice in his heart, he will have the sceptre of the world in his hand; and, instead of passing under sentence of condemnation, he will come to give to the millions of his people eternal ab-solution.

"He came to grapple with Death on the cross; and that horrid monarch was armed with all his terrors; he had his full force upon him, and darted his sting with such violence and vengeance into his whole frame, that—he struck that sting through his body and soul into the cross, and could never draw it out any more: so that the king of terrors has never been able to bring his sting to the death-bed of a Christian, nor will he, to the end of the world."

Now, a few words respecting the ministers of Christ, and the testimony they bear in these times.

The ministers of Christ are the common property of the church. Their spiritual position — and their temporal condition, therefore, are matters of deep interest unto the living family. How frequently, when we go into a fresh place, the children of God come round, and begin to enquire after the ministers—"How is Mr. Foreman, Sir? Have you seen him lately?" "*JOHN FOREMAN*"—is known in every corner of England's little isle; and in answer to such questions as the above, I have often had to say, "*No*—I have not seen him: in fact, I never was in his company in my life, except once or twice, that I have been in a pew when he has been in a pulpit. A

man said the other day down at Leicester, that I was trying to scrape acquaintance with John Foreman—but I seek to scrape acquaintance with no man. I desire to respect, esteem, love, and honor every good man, but "parsonic countenance," and ministerial commendations (abstractedly considered) are not sought after by me. Still: I love to see how eagerly the people enquire after the ministers' welfare. Up comes another, and asks—"How is Mr. Wells getting on?" Oh, I say, he seems to be getting on WELL. His chapel is crowded; and his labours are very abundant. Then comes a third—"What do you think of Mr. Bonner, Sir?" And then, another cries out—"I say, where is dear old John Wigmore?" And, "What has become of William Skelton?" &c., &c.

Now, seeing such interest is felt in the welfare of our brethren, we will, as often as possible, let them speak for themselves. In the following extracts you may hear what some of them say.

JOSEPH RUDMAN TRYING TO EXALT THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Joseph Rudman is stationed at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, near the venerable Warburton. I seem to entertain a hope that the Lord is training this young veteran up for much usefulness when '*dear old John*' is taken home. Rudman is better qualified for preaching the gospel than many that do so; but he is a young man yet. He will grow, if spared, in knowledge, usefulness, and divine experience: hear what he says:—

"God has given me many testimonies that all my movements hitherto have been of him; and may he still continue to favour me with a broken heart, and a contrite spirit."

"It has been like the beginning of days with me here in this place. God has been unto me as the dew, and as the rain. The word has been sweet and savoury to my own soul; and power has attended it to others. These are spring days in Autumn; and they abundantly manifest the Lord's care of, and for his dear people."

I would desire to magnify the riches of that grace, which endears itself so to us by its merciful actings towards sinners so vile and so unworthy. And I am satisfied, that in no other way, than through the consecrated channel of a dear Saviour's life, blood-shedding, death, resurrection, and intercession at God's right hand for us, could we have the blessing. It comes freely, and is bestowed sovereignly on beggars base and guilty; even to the lifting of them up on high, to the praise of the glory of his grace.

"Honours crown the brow of a dear Immanuel! he remaineth unchanged. Time, which flies onwards with its million changes, has not diminished his years, nor weakened his power. Blessed be God, he, in his mercy and his love is now as ever he was; for he comes with blessings and mercies in his hand, the sweetness of which is felt soothing the sorrows, removing the burdens, and easing the aches and pains of his troubled and afflicted family. The stream still goes onward. It reaches

through time, and glides onwards into eternity. Go where I may, goodness and mercy shall follow me. A prison shall not shut it out: base wanderings and vile backslidings shall not cut it off, for goodness shall preserve my tottering steps, and infinite mercy shall restore my soul again unto the joys of his salvation. My brother, sound out this note on the gospel trumpet with your whole soul, 'CHRIST IS THE FRIEND OF SINNERS': an *unchanging, never-dying and merciful Friend!*

"I do feel, when preaching, at times, as though I could leap out and fly to be for ever with him. O to consider what he has done for me! Where, O where are my returns to him? Alas! when I attempt to serve him, how much sin is mixed with all I do and say! I dare not look with any complacency on the best sermon I ever preached, or the most holy duty I have ever been engaged in. My brother, as God liveth, the sins of my most holy things would damn me, did not Christ bear that golden plate on his forehead as the glorious High Priest, 'Holiness unto the Lord;' for he shall bear (he has borne) the iniquity of his most holy things. Where is boasting then? It is excluded: by what law? Of works? Nay—by the law of faith.

"Beloved brother, grace and peace be with thee, while I remain,

"Your's in gospel bonds, JOSEPH F. RUDMAN."

RICHARD RANDLE ON THE CHURCH'S SAFETY IN TIMES OF DANGER AND DISEASE.

Our Lord has a vast many honest and useful ministers, planted in different corners of this land, who are but little known out of their own locality. I shall, (God willing) occasionally furnish you with brief sketches descriptive of some of these quiet, humble, God-fearing followers of the Lamb. Richard Randle, of Sutton Courteney, in Berkshire, is one of them. In a letter to me, he says:—

"Our God has been riding through the earth in the chariot of his power; and although the wicked are still doing wickedly, I trust the righteous have been walking in righteousness. Many prayers and thanksgivings have ascended unto God, under a deep sense of our frailty, and of the short number of our days. O, may we be more wise, waiting for, and expecting the moment when we shall enter into the presence of our God! May our God preserve and keep us! All things concerning us are in the hands of Jehovah Jesus! Nothing can touch us, but as God direct; therefore, we are safe in danger; safe in life; safe in death, and in eternity. I have been led to bless God that we have not had a single case of cholera amongst us, although it has been all around us, in mercy we have been preserved—'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

"Now, brother Banks, I must tell you the truth; I have more to do here, than I can do as I would wish; I labour myself freely; and much more I would do if I could, and then count myself an unprofitable servant to God, although profitable to men, but all things belong to our God, and I am his; and I will not complain of his dealing hard with me; no—for goodness and

mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and my prayer is, that in his own way he may bring me such means as I shall make use of to the glory of Christ, and for the good of his church."

WILLIAM GARRARD, OF LEICESTER—ON THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

England does not hold a deeper thinking man than William Garrard: there is more in his *mind*, than you will find in his *mouth*; although his tongue often sings most sweetly of the deep mysteries of covenant love and overflowing mercies, as coming through the heart and hands of our most blessed Redeemer. William Garrard stands in Thomas Hardy's pulpit: Hardy was as singular in *manner*, as he was great in *matter*: and, although, the *style* of Master Garrard, to some, is displeasing, the *stuff* he brings forth, is profitable to many. But he is a greater writer than preacher; and yet, strange to say, his posthumous works have never met with any very extensive patronage. Could William Garrard give his mind steadily to composition; (under God's blessing) he could furnish you with some precious things. Hear what he says in the Gospel Magazine for December.

"God is a fountain, full of blessings still; a sea of love, infinite and unexplored; and though sometimes we have many days of darkness, and the clouds of dark dispensations and gloomy forebodings hang around us, and over our heads, and through fear we may think there are tempests coming up, that will burst upon our heads, and consume us; but poor Zion is mistaken; for there is neither thunder nor lightning in the cloud: it is all rain—rain, to refresh and fertilize, not to drown us. 'If the clouds be full of water, they empty themselves upon the earth.' 'It is water for the thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.' 'I will pour my blessings upon you, saith the Lord.' Therefore there is neither curse, wrath, nor destroying tempest in the cloud.

"Brethren, there is neither preaching, praying, reading, singing, or conversation, to any spiritual profit, without the Holy Ghost. I have been a preacher of God's word now more than twenty years, and I can talk in a pulpit, and arrange a sermon so that it may look pretty clever; but if the Holy Spirit of life and light is withdrawn, I feel death and darkness: and I am persuaded, if the Holy Ghost is not immediately breathing in both preacher and hearers, there is no real enjoyment, be the preacher ever so eloquent in his sermon. The preaching may be clear as a frosty morning, but it will be just as cold. The doctrines of grace may be preached high and clear, but if the grace of the doctrines be lacking, it is only like the white of an egg without salt. There may be dark and deep texts, opened cleverly and mystically, and yet, if the Holy Ghost is not in the work, it is not opened spiritually; and if the Spirit is not there as a Comforter, the people may be pleased (even to smiling, chuckling), and yet not profited. We may be pleased with some preachers, and their preaching, and have our judgment informed; but, at the same time, the

soul will soon be very lean, if we are not nourished and comforted by the inward comforts of the Holy Ghost.

"Brethren, these are solemn times, and we see fearful signs in the world, that the heavens are growing old as a garment, and the earth is wearing out. Disease among cattle, the rot in vegetables, wars, bloodshed, and death by the sword in the nations around us, and pestilence now going over the face of the earth, and 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness' is come into our island; and none can keep the stalking messenger of death out of our land: it comes in at our windows in the midnight air, and is carrying thousands upon thousands of our fellow-mortals out at the doors into the dark grave. And what shall we say to these things? Say it is a dead world—dead in trespasses and sins.' And therefore we must expect to see a rot among men and things repeatedly. But it is only the living that smell the pestilence; 'the dead know nothing at all'—know nothing of God nor themselves. The soul, made alive by the Spirit and grace of God, must feel and smell something of the plague in its own dead, vile body, and the pestilence around him. But the judgments of God upon the earth do not soften the wicked, nor learn them wisdom. All the plagues in Egypt did not soften Pharaoh's heart nor convert him to the faith of 'God's elect.' This world is poisoned by the old serpent, and the very atmosphere that wicked men breathe in is sin; and they love it, and delight in it, but have no delight in God, godliness, nor the godly."

"There are two worse plagues than the cholera gone over the earth. One is the deadly pest of *Popish errors*, in its different shapes and shades. Some have this mark of the plague in their foreheads, openly professing Popery; others have it concealed in their right hands, 'in whose right hand is the right hand of falsehood.' And another plague is *sin*, worse than the cholera; the cholera destroys the body, and natural life, but sin destroys both body and soul for ever. Neither of these latter named are lamented by the natural man, dead in sin; but the child of God, in whom God has put his Holy Spirit, divine life, heavenly grace, and the true fear of God in his heart, he sees, feels, and laments those plagues, and the plague of his own heart. And indeed the children of God, taught by the Spirit, know of no place of security from the plague but that which God hath provided for them in Christ their living Head. Come, my soul, this is a hiding-place indeed, where neither satan, sin, plagues, death, nor the curse can find thee to destroy thy life. This is the true sanctuary, and the most holy place. Here we may keep the passover, and the sprinkling of blood, lest he that destroyed the first should touch us. This is the only place where the plague cannot come, viz., in the very life and love of God, under the atoning blood of Christ the Redeemer. Come, my soul, this is the only place where thou canst be free from curse, plagues, and eternal death. Come, thou blessed, Holy Spirit, lead me more and more into this secret place of the Most High, that here I may dwell in love and dwell in God, and that God may dwell in me. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth as much in God now as he will when in heaven, only not with such a degree of enjoyment, until this clog and body of death be

put off, and this clay wall of separation be removed, and then it will be fulness of joy (without a veil between) for evermore."

"WILLIAM GARRARD."

John Freeman — finding himself to be nothing; proves the Lord to be a present help in the time of trouble.

JOHN FREEMAN lives at Alvechurch, in Worcestershire; and is pastor of the Baptist Church at Whithall Heath. I have called this Supplement a *strange intruder*; for I do expect it will fall into the hands of many enemies to divine truth. If such an one be now reading this, I say to you, John Freeman was once a Ranter; an Arminian Methodist; but he can tell you, that in a very solemn manner, God opened his eyes to see their awful errors; broke his heart; delivered his feet; and at last blessedly brought him to stand faithfully and experimentally in the glorious TRUTHS of THE GOSPEL. The following is extracted from a letter of his to me. He says—

"I arrived safe at home on Saturday night, and found my dear wife and children as usual; but, being extremely weary from travelling so far, I was obliged to retire to rest early without either text or sermon for the approaching Lord's-day; that day arrived, and found poor me in the same dark, confused state; but, between trembling and hoping, I dragged my poor tabernacle to Whithall Heath, and ascended the pulpit, dark and sorrowful enough; and but little hope; but, after reading and trying to draw near to the Lord in prayer, and reminding him of his promise to me, a poor sinner, that he would make me as 'a spring of water, whose waters fail not,' I opened the Bible with a trembling hand, and the Lord directed my attention to Rom. viii. 14 to 17, and gave me to taste (while I attempted to handle) that full and comprehensive portion of the word of life; he gave me enough for two sermons in trying to shew the nature, evidences, and privileges of adoption."

A long account of his ministerial labours follows here; and I hope to give it in an early number of the VESSEL.

(These ministerial sketches to be continued.)

AN APPEAL TO BRITISH CHRISTIANS. CONTAINING—

Suggestions for Positively Overthrowing the Proposition to Insult the Almighty by a Public Desecration of the Sabbath.

[This was intended for a pamphlet—but, want of time, and pressing engagements, prevented my finishing it—the following is only part of the introductory matter. What a mercy it is, that our Lord finished his work: I begin many things; but finish them I cannot.]

BRITISH CHRISTIANS.—It is surely now high time to awake out of sleep; and to give practical proof of our attachment for, and determination to stand by those holy principles which we professedly believe have been the basis of England's peace and prosperity, as well as the firm foundation on which is built the hope of every genuine Protestant Believer in the Gospel of Christ.

Yes! I say, the time is now come—a fair

opportunity is now given for every real Christian openly and unflinchingly to stand forth *instrumentally* to defend our highly favoured land and nation from being deluged by those floods of infidelity which are threatening to break in; and which, if permitted to break in, may break down those outward walls which have not only been our honour, but also our protection in the day of evil.

British Christians!—you must remember that the propositions now made by the Government of our land, to throw open the General Post Office on the Lord's-day, is but a small link in the awful chain of events which, of late, have been fully demonstrating the hidden infidelity and anti-christian spirit of those in whose hands are entrusted the government of this nation's affairs.

One principal point which has already deeply wounded every genuine Christian's heart, is, THE COUNTENANCE GIVEN TO THE ADMISSION OF UNBELIEVING JEWS INTO OUR HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Is not England professedly a *Christian Country*? Is not England's Queen a Christian Lady? Is not England's Government a Protestant Christian Assembly? By her National Church: by her National Institutions; by her National Priesthood and Aristocracy, does she not solemnly avow her faith in, and reliance upon, *the glorious Godhead, mysterious Person, finished work, all-sufficient righteousness, and prevalent intercession* of our LORD JESUS CHRIST? Certainly she does! And, however faintly, or imperfectly this faith has been avowed; still, the open avowal of it has brought down the protection and the blessing of heaven upon us for many, many generations.

Who—and what, then, are the Jews? Are they not—still—the descendants of the murderers of our Lord? Are they not the obstinate and the hardened deniers of Him as THE MESSIAH? Are they not the wickedly scoffing and blasphemously determined enemies of our God, and our Saviour? Is not the mark of divine disapprobation still upon them? *Certainly it is.* The Almighty is still answering their impious prayer—"His blood be upon us—and upon our children."

What, then, are we now to break away those holy distinctions which God has made, and which our forefathers have cherished; and are we now to cast our Christianity to the winds? Trample under foot the commandments of our God; and turn round, and take the enemies of the cross by the hand, admit them into our councils? and thus give them the power of overturning our faith, and professed fellowship with the Friend of Sinners?

Yes—a disposition to do all this—to SEAL ENGLAND'S DOOM, and speedily to bring down her destruction—has been evidently manifested.

This, I say, is one link in the awful chain. What is yet to be developed, God only knows.

The Old Baptist Magazine,

AND THE BAPTIST BOARD OF MINISTERS.

All the Magazines this month are in a fret about their circulation. The dignified *Evangelical* condescends to solicit an increase of its circulation, by pleading the fact, that twelve hundred and fifty pounds per annum is given out of its funds to 150 widows. This is no mean affair; and clearly shews how much may be done to support and comfort the aged and worn-out saints, by the combined and united efforts of professing Christians. Remember, reader, there is a Society called—"The Society for the Relief of Faithful Gospel Ministers; and for Assisting Destitute Churches;" which Society the EARTHEN VESSEL and its Editor, have laboured hard to support; and, our labours have not been in vain; but we should be glad to see the objects of this Society more fully carried out: there are hundreds of ministers in England who are labouring under heavy burdens; and want help: there are also, multitudes of little causes, who want a stated Gospel ministry; but their means will not allow them such an essential privilege. Besides—there are numbers of young men springing up, whose hearts burn with holy zeal to go out into the destitute villages, and dark hamlets, and preach the Gospel; but there is no Society to countenance—to encourage, and to support them. Brethren—let us rally together:—let us unite:—let us begin to *practice*, as well as *preach*; and while we pray to be preserved from such wicked monopoly, and self-exaltation as has been practised by the Tory-Methodist—money-making company, we also pray to be really useful in disseminating the precious Gospel, which the Lord has sent with such solemn power into our hearts.

But, say you, what has all this to do with "the Old Baptist Magazine?" We will tell you. In the first place, this very *respectable* periodical after petitioning for a more extensive patronage, furnishes what it calls, a list of "Baptist Chapels in and near London." Of course we examined their list, to see if it was correct: but it is not. In fact, it is nothing more nor less, than an insult to many of the Baptist churches in London; and is an indirect denial of some of the principal Gospel ministers in this great Metropolis. As for instance, they tell us Philip Dickerson preaches in Alie-street, Goodman's Field's, but not a word about Zoar Chapel, in the same street; they tell us J. Stevenson preaches in the Borough-road, but not a word about James Wells at the Surrey Tabernacle, in the same road; they tell us John Andrew Jones preaches in Brick-lane, Old-Street; but his neighbour Shorter's name is not mentioned; and as to Friend Wood, who preaches in Wilderness Row, not a syllable is said of him. At Greenwich, they say, there is T. Russell, in the Lewisham-road, but they pass over Mr.

Gwinnell's new large chapel in dead silence. Come we now into Southwark again; and here they say—there is Mr. Bonner, of Unicorn Yard; but leave out altogether Mr. Bidder, of Jamaica Row; and Thomas Stringer, of Snows Fields; Now, although these two last-mentioned do not read their sermons, or have note-crutches to lean on, and silyly to glance at; yet we think they are not to be despised. If you go to Paddington, they inform you of one Underwood, a General Baptist; but not a sentence about John Foreman, of Hill-street, Dorset-square, a back-bone Baptist, and a laborious, faithful minister of Jesus Christ. Tell ye what, Mr. Baptist Magazine, these things are not fair. We were thinking of making a few remarks upon the mixture-medley in the Baptist Board, as it is called, but we forbear.

A GOOD DEACON AND The "Gospel Herald."

"Old ninety-and-nine" says, "Can't you make room in the Supplement for a word or two about William Pulsford?" Well, we will try. William Pulsford was for twenty-seven years an honourable deacon of the church over whom John Stevens presided. It is said, he sustained the character of a truly benevolent and useful man; always the friend of the poor and the pastor, living in much harmony with the members of the church; and much esteemed by his brethren in office. Blessed, indeed, is it, for a minister and a church to be favoured with such a man! But, like his beloved pastor, he is gone to his rest. He died on Wednesday morning, October 3, 1849. George Murrell buried him in Kensall Green Cemetery; and preached his funeral sermon at Salem, from Acts xi. 24, "He was a good man."

A nice little memoir of him is found in the "Gospel Herald" for December. By the bye, there is a "SPECIAL NOTICE" in the "Herald" this month, wherein there are two things which rather surprise us—First, it says the "Herald" is the ONLY CONSISTENT EXPONENT of principles held by "our brethren in the ministry, and in the churches." Indeed! this is putting the extinguisher upon the *Standard*—the *Trumpet*—and the *Vessel*—with a vengeance. If the "Gospel Herald," is, indeed, "the only consistent exponent" of Gospel principles in England, we think it a great shame that the ministers and churches do not support it; as it appears by this special notice that they do not; for, secondly, it says, "if no immediate improvement appears (in its circulation) the 'Herald' must CEASE TO EXIST." Now, we will not quarrel with the high character it so vauntingly takes to itself; but we will say that the "Herald" has, for some time past, been very dry and insipid. This, we have been obliged to hear in many parts of England. We say, faithfully, to the proprietors of the

"Herald,"—Labour to give it a more spiritual tone; turn your back at once upon some of your dry, philosophical writers; and cram it full of interesting, pithy, spiritual matter, and it will rally yet. There are ministers and churches enough in England, who favour and are fond of the "Herald," to give it a circulation of at least five thousand; and that would cover the expences of so slender a publication as the "Herald" is, and leave plenty to pay the Editor. We write sincerely; we have no wish at all that the "Herald" should cease to exist.

THE SEVEN-FOLD MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST BEFORE HIS INCARNATION.

In the Old Testament Christ is frequently revealed as the Angel Jehovah; and in the sequel I shall refer to the appearances of Christ as the Angel of the Lord.

I. In former times Christ appeared as an *Angel of Love and Pity*. Hagar, a poor outcast, is obliged to fly from the face of her mistress. Behold her ready to perish in the wilderness by famine, or a ravenous beast. The Angel of the Lord pities Hagar in her great distress. "Whence comest thou? whither wilt thou go?" In the day of her trouble she is encouraged by God. Hagar is grateful. "And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me: for she said, Have I also looked after him that seeth me;" that is, according to a commentator, Have I found God here also in the wilderness, as I have done oft before in my master's house. We recognize the same compassion in Christ when he was manifested in the flesh. A man is put out of the synagogue; the Lord pities and receives him. Jesus has compassion upon the poor malefactor. On the way to Calvary Christ had, perhaps, seen this poor outcast; a gracious influence descends, which melts the heart of that criminal. On the cross this sinner prays, "Lord, remember me," and the compassionate Saviour instantly replies, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

II. In former times Christ appeared as an *Angel of Interposition*. When Abraham is sitting in his tent, he receives a command from the Great Invisible, the Father: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." Without hesitation Abraham obeys. After three days' journey he arrives at the place, and makes preparation for the awful sacrifice. As one remarks, "Forgetting the bowels of a father, and putting on the awful gravity of a sacrificer, with a fixed heart, and an eye lifted up to heaven, he takes the knife, and stretches out his hand to slay his son." Be astonished, O heavens, at this; and wonder, O earth! But just as the stroke is about to be inflicted, the voice of the Angel Jehovah, the Son of God, is heard,—

"Jay not thine hand upon the lad." How graciously did this Angel interpose on behalf of the Israelites when pursued by Pharaoh and his host! Frequently did this Angel come to the assistance of David. And how often have we experienced his aid in delivering us from trouble! In our extremity he has interposed—stepping in between our enemies and ourselves; between our sorrows and our souls—delivering us, and making a way for our escape. Oh, blessed Mediator and Daysman! It is in Him and by Him our souls are held in life.

III. In former times Christ appeared as an *Angel of Encouragement*. In consequence of the hatred, envy, and jealousy of Esau, Jacob must leave his country, his father's house or tent, and go to Padanaram. At the end of the first day's journey, there is no tent, no house, in which he may rest for the night. In the open field he sleeps, and stones are his pillows. We pity Jacob at night, but we envy him in the morning. He sleeps, he dreams, and in his dream he is encouraged by the Angel who delivers from evil. "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." In similar language he encouraged the disciples, "Go, preach the gospel to every creature; and lo, I am with you always." How encouraging—the Lord with us! "I am with thee."

IV. In former times Christ appeared as an *Angel of Communion*. When Jacob was returning to the land of Canaan, he was informed that Esau, whom he had offended, was meeting him accompanied by four hundred men. Jacob being alarmed, places his household in a posture of defence; and this being done, he retires to pray. And that Angel again appears. We are told by Hosea that he had power over the Angel, and prevailed; he wept, and made supplication unto him. During the season of the night, and until the break of day did he hold intercourse with that Angel. With Abraham he frequently held communion, and with Moses at the burning bush, and on other occasions. Communion with Christ constituted the happiness of our first parents; communion with Christ constituted the happiness of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles; communion with Christ constitutes the happiness of saints in heaven and on earth. Are not our happiest hours spent in holding communion with the LORD?

V. In former times Christ appeared as an *Angel of Jealousy*. In this character did he appear to Moses. Moses had complied with the divine command, and was proceeding to Egypt, where he was to become the deliverer of God's people, and also their legislator. A law-maker must be a law-observer. God had given a command to Abraham that all the male children should be circumcised on the eighth day. From an improper respect to the feelings and prejudices of Zipporah his wife, Moses

had neglected this precept. On his way to Egypt, God met him and sought to kill him. Omissions are sins; and God is angry with his people when they omit duties. The rite of circumcision is performed. Zipporah is enraged, styling Moses a bloody husband. Moses is, however, released; the Angel permitting him to proceed on his journey. And after this his brother Aaron met him in love, and the elders of Israel met him in faith and obedience. Learn that laws given by God are never to be neglected; flesh and blood are never to be consulted. While there are Achans in churches, there may be Achans in our families and in our hearts that may hinder us from the manifestation of obedience which it behoves us to render unto the Lord.

VI. In former times Christ appeared as a *Precursor Angel*. As a Precursor Angel he went before the camp of Israel. He led them in the way through that vast howling wilderness in which there was no road, no tract, no way-mark. As a Precursor Angel, the Captain of the Lord's host, he went before the army of Joshua. The sword of Joshua, and the sword of the Lord conquered the Canaanites. He is still the Christian's guiding Angel.

VII. In former times Christ appeared as an *Angel of Judgment*. As an Angel of Judgment he appeared to Balaam. As an Angel of Judgment he did rain upon Sodom and upon Gemorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven. As soon as Noah entered the ark, this Angel calls for water to rise from the earth, to flow from the sea, and to fall from the clouds, that his enemies might be destroyed. The first-born of the Egyptians are slain, and Pharaoh's host are overwhelmed by this angel. This angel calls for the hail, the tempest, the devouring fire, in order that Sennacherib's army may be destroyed. This angel, who is called the light of Israel, is represented as turning himself into a flame, that the Assyrians, as briars and thorns, may be utterly consumed. In the New Testament we read of the wrath of the Lamb; and who can bear that wrath? "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little." Happy are believers in ever having Jehovah Jesus as their loving, compassionate, and guiding Angel!

J. ROBERTSON.

WHAT IS TRULY THE CONDITION OF CHRISTIANS, AND OF CHRISTIAN COMMUNITIES AT THE PRESENT TIME? THE ABSENCE OF DIVINE POWER CONSIDERED.

Standing—as we now do—On the very edge of poor old '49—and reviewing the solemn past, this question arises—"What is truly the present condition of Christians and Christian Communities?" We cannot answer this question in more forcible or faithful words, than is to be found in the following extracts from the pen of an able writer.

We think, taking Great Britain as a

whole, the state of religion is not in a satisfactory condition; and even less so than it was at the close of the last year. Such seems to be the view of all communities concerning their own churches; and of most pastors concerning their own flocks. Never was the Church so free from fanaticism, enthusiasm, false fire, and spurious experience. Religion is taking more and more a doctrinal turn; the knowledge of sound doctrine is rapidly upon the increase, and the form of godliness is also extending, although not in proportion to the increase of population. On these grounds there is much to rejoice in; the thing, therefore, that is wanted is, power. When power is wanting in the Church, the Gospel never makes much way; and hence at present there is a general complaint, that the work of conversion advances very slowly, and that in the multitude of cases, it is almost at a standstill. Neither in England nor in any part of the world, is there any marked revelation of the arm of the Lord; even where there is conversion it is very much an affair of the understanding; the heart is very slightly concerned in the matter. Both the sorrow and the joy that marked the religion of an earlier day, are but slightly distinctive of that of the present. Sudden, decided, and striking conversions from the world were perhaps never, within the present century, so rare as at this moment. These facts strikingly indicate that Divine power is, at present, largely withheld.

An Important Distinction.

REMARKS CONNECTED WITH THE SOLEMN DAY AT HIGH WYCOMBE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—In the last Vessel, there were a few good lines "on charity; or the Golden Rule;" the next piece ("An Inquiry.") I am inclined to think was quite an opposite spirit, for it is evident it was a stab, at the proceedings of those who compose the Particular Baptist church at Wycomb, in reference to the solemn day on account of the Cholera. At that meeting, we met with our fellow-townsmen for, and on account of the dire disease which was carrying many off in our midst; and I do not see we were at all out of place. It is true, many present knew not the Lord; but it is equally true, that all there present had been spared, and surely if an ungodly man had been preserved from the disease, it was good to see them there to thank the Lord for it. None but spiritual men and women will thank the Lord for spiritual good received. But there is a line of distinction between temporal acknowledgments for temporal good, and spiritual acknowledgment for spiritual good received, at least I think so; do not we find in the word of God, that national mercies and blessings have been preserved and bestowed on account of national humiliation? I read so; and cannot a man thank God for what he receives? This was the broad principle we

met upon. We sacrificed no particle of truth that I can see; and I would have the inquirer read the few lines referred to on Charity, and ask himself what is his spirit? "Is it as becometh the gospel?" especially, not to forget the two verses following:

'Tis sad to see a want of love,
When one would greet another;
And when the burden to remove,
We treat him as a brother.

But sadder still, when Christians rail,
And stab, and wound each other;
There perfect love does not prevail,
In such a Christian brother.

No, Mr. Editor, there is not much perfect love in such conduct; but such is the case with a few professors here, who cannot go to hear any minister without kicking and pulling to pieces all that is advanced; and proving themselves as being so deeply taught; this is their line of conduct; this is their way of worshipping God; and this is their sentiment—"Stand by, I'm holier than thou." May God of his infinite mercy pull them down in the just, and strip them of their pride, and then they will have enough to do to look to themselves, to measure their conduct by God's word, also learn something of Paul's word, "I am nothing;" then we shall expect to see the image of Jesus in their spirit and temper, and the worldlings will then even take knowledge of them that they have been to Christ's school, and hence lost all their vain boasting and Pharisaism, and they themselves will gladly join with David, "Not unto us," "not unto us." Your's in the bonds of love, a member of the Particular Baptist Church at Wycombe.

[This is an excellent answer; we trust it will be productive of good.]

Mr. Thomas Stringer gently Reproved.

SIR—I rely upon the impartiality associated with your editorial capacity, for the insertion of the following remarks upon Mr. Stringer's piece, headed, "Pharisaic Persecution; or, Modern Popery," in the next number of your valuable Magazine.

Let me, in the outset, just state that I am in no way connected with the proprietors or managers of the Southwark Chapel Burying Ground—that I hope I am not an arminian; but, that I am, at least, a reader and an admirer of the *Earthen Vessel*; and am exceedingly anxious that she should not be exposed to the danger which might arise from the freightage of combustible matter.

Mr. Stringer, in attempting to throw down "Popery," sets up another species of the monster!—the essence of popery is, pretension to infallibility. Mr. S. in denouncing the arminian dogmas, aspires to the triple crown, by appearing to assume that his own opinions are unmistakeably right: the Popo himself does no less, and cannot do more. Mr. Stringer takes upon himself to judge—condemn—and, to consign to destruction, the people whose "sentiments he hates," while his Master has told him to "judge not;" and while it is God's province to condemn and to execute his own righteous judgement.

Mr. Stringer feels grieved at the spirit manifested by these people towards him; and, in return, denominates them by epithets that savour more of the "image of the earthy than of the heavenly." What says the Word!—"Recompense to no man evil for evil. Has he been used unkindly? What says his Lord!—"Pray for them which despitefully use you." Has he been abused by opprobrious and awful names? Should he then, in retaliation, indulge in like excess, by a copious flow of extravagant and uncharitable expressions? I trow not—inasmuch, as it partakes not of the spirit of him, "who when he was reviled, reviled not again."

In thus declaiming against the arminian, Mr. Stringer does not preach Christ—but himself. It is the effusion of the natural man, and not of the spiritual, and its effect is rather to rouse the spirit of the devil, than to induce to candid and solemn enquiry—for it is a carnal weapon and injures more the hand that wields it than those at whom its force is directed.

If then, Mr. Stringer really does (as he affects to do) pity their ignorance and their danger—and would, if "he could transform them," let him still go on to expose their errors. But, how? By the light of the cross: let him go on preaching Christ, and leave "Ephraim alone with his idols:" let him preach the truth in love, and he will find that the darkness of ignorance and depravity will be better discovered by the brightness and refulgence of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God;" which is "peaceable" as well as "pure"—"gentle"—though "mighty in power."

Your's, in the best of bonds, TIMOTHY.

To my Correspondents generally.

No small task lays before me here. To give answers to all, I must examine nearly, if not quite, five hundred letters. This I cannot do; but let me say I have no ill-feeling towards any; if I do not notice some, it will not be *purposely*, but of *necessity*: time and space failing. I shall do my utmost fairly to examine, and to answer all. And the first is

H. P. says, three letters have been sent, and no notice taken of either; the last one is a truly spiritual epistle, evidently written by a Father in Israel—and this letter we shall put into No. 1. What, say you, is the meaning of No. 1? Why, No. 1, is a drawer into which all communications intended for insertion, are placed. Such communications as are of a doubtful character, are placed in No. 2; and those *abandoned*, are thrown into No. 3, until wanted to light the fire.

S. Sidders asks—"Is it right to acknowledge the receipt of some correspondents, and not others?" We answer, No—it is not right: but what is a man to do, situated as we are? From eight in the morning until nine at night, the postmen continue bringing letters; all around us now are heaps; answer all we cannot; we will do all the dear Master will permit.

A Poor Minister.—A brother writes on behalf of a poor Minister of Jesus Christ. Reader! Peruse the following extract—and if you know any destitute church that could give this afflicted brother an invitation for a few Lord's-days, let us know. Our correspondent says—"He is a well

educated man. He has been obliged time after time to dispose of his furniture; and him and his wife now make soldier's trowsers, the two earning about six shillings a week; he has seven children at home; all now in one room. I was thinking that you might be able to send him as a supply sometimes; it would be a great assistance to the poor fellow."

Horsham.—T. H.'s evangelical lines on the preaching of the Gospel in No. 1.

John Wade's second Spiritual Letter is for early insertion.

John Howard's Chosen Vessel is acceptable; but we cannot yet crowd it in. Think we must make a Poetry hook, as a Companion to the *Vessel*. Glad to find Young Timothy's heart is still in the right place.

The late John Gardener.—An account of the life and death of this afflicted child of God appeared in the *Earthen Vessel* for November. We give the following as it came to hand:—

"My dear sir.—In my comments on the life of our late friend John Gardener, I stated 'he had also some of the rich to see him, but that is all I can say of them.' Since which, I have heard that they also have manifested some acts of kindness towards him, and feel most happy in being able to testify that fact." "I remain your's &c.

"R. G. EDWARDS."

South Chard, Nov. 12, 1849.

Edward Warren's letter to Mr. Silver should be published as a separate tract. Mr. Silver's attempt to overthrow the divinity and correctness of the Acts of the Apostles, has sorely wounded many of the Lord's family. We did not expect such a man as Mr. Silver would have resorted to so cruel a subterfuge, in order to maintain his unholy warfare against his Baptist brethren. Note of this anon. Mr. Silver is a rich man; in some respects, a learned and influential man; more than all, he is a GOOD MAN, being in vital union to Christ the only fountain and source of goodness; but he has shewn us how grossly a good man may labour to overturn what God has ordained shall stand.

J. Taylor Rudman.—We would gladly write to you privately, if time and circumstances will admit it.

R. Bird would have been inserted, but the number and value of the communications rendered it difficult to make a selection.

A Weeper, at Chatham, is evidently a kind-hearted soul. He says—"My soul has been knit to you since last June. When in town, a friend lent me a small pamphlet, 'The Tree cut down but the Root preserved.' May I join you in praising Jehovah for the blessedness of that scripture, 'Return unto me, O backsliding children, for I am married unto you, saith the Lord!' Here is a God of long suffering and infinite condescension, in not only wounding, but healing with the balm of a Saviour's precious blood; in not only causing us to return with weeping and supplication to his dear feet, but in remembering his holy covenant, 'I am married unto you.' What! married unto me, Lord! a sinful crawling worm of the earth? Don't you remember, dear sir, when he put the ring of *everlasting love* upon your hand and said, 'Thou art mine;' when he clothed you with the garment of salvation, adorned you for your glorious husband; when he brought you to his banqueting house, and

said, 'My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.' O for faith to feed upon this precious Lamb daily, though it be with 'bitter herbs.' My heart is full, it seems ready to burst, pray for a stranger in the flesh, an outcast among men; for one who cannot be happy without the shining of him, who is the bright and morning star. Farewell." Blessed be God! Although 'The Tree Cut Down' came up out of sorrowful circumstances; and has been, and is, despised by men, yet the Lord has owned it, and made it a blessing to many souls.

James Raynsford and the "Standard Party."—In a long and friendly epistle from our esteemed brother Raynsford, he says:—"Mr. Banks little knows the contentions, and arguments, and oppositions I have to meet, against the *Vessel* and its Editor from the *Standard* party, in Sussex; nor how repeatedly I have been constrained to stand fast in defence of the *Vessel* and its Editor so as to have sold near five-thousand numbers among people, above half advocates for the *Standard*. This has not been done without more trouble, opposition, and exertions, (on the part of such a worm as me,) than Mr. Banks will ever know as long as he lives." We know that the strongest and bitterest opposition has gone out against the *Vessel* in every part of the land; but, in the face of all, she has increased more and more. "Not unto us; not unto us; but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the praise."

Mr. Tryon.—Mr. R. Claydon, Jun., of Lynn, in Norfolk, has written to us once and again, charging us with impartiality, and so on. While Mr. Claydon is so ready to condemn us, we can assure him that our fears (respecting the man he so strongly supports) rise higher and higher. It is now well known in London that but a short time after Mr. M'Kenzie's death, the party Mr. Claydon refers to, did publicly denounce Mr. M'Kenzie as a false prophet; and sarcastically asked—"And where is he gone to?" Now, Mr. Claydon, if you are disposed to hold up such a man as that, do so; but trouble us no more. We will, however, grant you your request, as you consider it unfair to put Mr. Tryon's note on the wrapper; we therefore here insert it, that it may be bound up in the body. We wish that justice be done to all parties. Here then we repeat Mr. Tryon's note: "Sir—Having heard of a charge brought against me in this month's number of your Magazine, I obtained a copy to-day. There is no cause for my writing much. My note published in your October number was the truth. The persons, who your correspondent considers "of unquestionable veracity" had better give evidence. Truth will bear searching. I deny that the remarks alluded to in my note of September 11th, are truth."
"FREDERICK TRYON."

James Osbourn.—A friend in Baltimore, writing to his cousin in London, says:—"Mr. Osbourn is a mysterious man; many of his doings I entirely disapprove; but I am obliged to say he is a most highly favoured man; his intercourse and communion with God, are far, very far, before and beyond any man I ever knew. Did not his course in preaching and in all he does, please the Almighty, there would he a measurable withdrawal of divine light and comfort upon his soul, but there is nothing like it, hence I conclude that he does please. The Lord is merciful and very forbearing, I know, yet he is strict to mark iniquity.

But we must bear in mind, that God's thoughts, doings, and estimation of his people's conduct, is far above ours; and very far out of our sight."

Samuel Smith, (of St Mary's, Lynn,) sends twelve pages of what he calls "*lumber*;" it appears to be of excellent quality; but it requires re-packing. If the Lord permit, we will do this for him, and send it off as early as possible.

Ipswich.—Brother Joseph Flory's Peaceful Salvation is intended for insertion if possible. We are sorry so much ingratitude has been manifest on our part towards an old friend. It is not wilful, but circumstantial: we are circumscribed in every sense, except a supply of matter; of that we have a re-dundance.

We have a host of pamphlets on subjects of importance and interest in these remarkable days. We would give the substance of them if we had room. We are more than ever desirous of spreading wholesome, useful, and really spiritual matter; and we could, now and then, make up an excellent supplement to the *Earthen Vessel*, but the re-printing back numbers and supplements are serious losses. Publications of this kind require more capital to carry them out effectually than we possess.

James Osbourn's affectionate epistle to Mrs. Norris, we have promised to insert. That pledge (p.v.) we will not break.

An Old hearer of Henry Fowler's.—Your letter on brother Powell's "Effectual Calling," is positively to be in the January number.

The Poems.—"My times are in thy hands,"—"The Mother to her departed Infant."

The Enquiry, by brother Bradley—thankfully received.

Matilda's lines are excellent; the Lord permitting, they shall soon appear.

Edward Arnold, (Cuckfield,) a letter delineating the very virals of Godliness in the souls of saved sinners, is put into No. 1. It ought long since to have been printed.

Caleb Young's verses acceptable.

Brother George Kellaway's Half-a-crown for Widow Gorbell—and Five-shillings for Poor Issachar, received, and distributed: he says it was given in answer to prayer. This does indeed make it ten thousand times more valuable.

Hull.—A tribute of affection to the memory of Mrs. Dinah Temple—by M. C. P. shall, (p.v.) be printed.

An Important letter on the darkness that now pervades the church of the living God, by W. C. Powell, we sincerely hope soon to publish: it is deep, solomnizing, and calculated to effect a vast amount of good to such men as *can* think.

The Banner, by Cornelius Slim, in January.

Letter by R. Eve.—Abounding in Hope; and, Christ is Precious; by Geo. Smith.—F. G. sends us forty-three pages on "Jesus, all-glorious and pre-eminent;" it seems to be a very choice lump of good things; but requires more room than we can spare yet.—Prayer, by Timothy.—Complete in Him.—Lines by Susannah, Bromley.—To James Griffen, Birmingham, I would gladly write all my heart, but illness, and a continued pressure, has prevented.

Such a description of Doncaster! Will try it some day.

Brother Corbitt says, "I have read *Thomas Guy*; he was as bad a sinner, and as good a saint as I am; where he is gone, there shall I go." Let

every advocate for man's free-agency read *Thomas Guy* : a book of facts.

The Confession and Conversion of a late Methodist Preacher would have made a good article in this "Fly-sheet," but it must wait a bit. Lines on the Death of Mrs. Isles.

Food for the Living Family!—Look here! Here are some blessed extracts from an excellent Sermon by J. J. West, of Winchelsea; but no room for them. I promise them as early as possible. You may depend on it, there is some choice matter in hand for the *Vessel*, if the Lord will give us life and strength still to pursue our course.

Some safe and certain delineations of the Foot-steps of the Flock.—On my way from Billesdon Anniversary, I called on Friend Garrard, of Leicester—"The Watchman on the Walls,"—he was alone, and well; and told me he had been, of late, engaged in writing letters to some Baptist Ministers in America—(at their earnest request:) descriptive of the Baptists in England. It does appear that there certainly are some truth-loving, and God-fearing, faithful Ministers of Jesus Christ, in some of the States of that country: and they, like myself, are concerned to publish the wholesome and heavenly truths of the Bible far and wide. This made my heart glad; for I must, I will, confess, I do love Zion: her eternal foundations—her mighty bulwarks—her inward glory—her happy position, and divine possessions, are a pleasure in my soul, base, vile, and worthless, as in myself I be. I therefore inwardly rejoice to find any man, or set of men—who are labouring to lift up the banner of the cross, even though it be on the walls of Babylon. Beside friend Garrard there lay a book—a newly-printed book, entitled, "GRACE IN THE WILDERNESS." By Samuel Adams, M.A., Curate of Thornton, and Bagsworth, in Leicestershire. My fingers itched to be handling it: my eyes longed to peruse it. Presently friend Garrard went out: I snatched up the book, and found it contained some precious things. When he came in, he said—"Ah, that book is by a good man: a minister of truth: an Hunting-tonian." Oh, I felt I must possess it. I offered to buy it; but he made me a present of it. I read some of it as I rode home to London: and I am going to give a few drops out of this spiritual bucket, which has evidently been down deep into the well where living waters are, in my next.

Reading Sermons. A Friend from Westmeon, in sending one of brother Joy's letters, says—"Truly, East and Westmeon are dark places—nothing on a Lord's-day but sermons read; and though they may be sound, yet my soul cannot feed on that. It is, as you observed at Alton, like dry and mouldy bread; souls that are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, want pleasant food, and cannot rest satisfied in a regular routine of forms and ceremonies, unless they find the living bread in them. I know from experience, we may frequently hear preaching as well as reading, and feel as dead as a stone under it. Yet preaching seems to me the most consistent way to expect a blessing, as I know not any Scripture which commands the reading of sermons in public. Christ sent forth his disciples to preach the gospel, not to read it."

The Lines by James Raynsford, on the Queen of Sheba's Visit to King Solomon, shall go into "*The Earthen Vessel Flower Pot, and Poetical Companion*," if we are spared to publish it.

Maidstone.—Some of Samuel Simmonds's letters have been turned up in the heap. His writings are deep though frequently ironical; many of our readers would be pleased with them.

The Gardener and Roso Tree.—The Christian Soldier.—Poems by Eliza.—The Chief Good.—&c., &c.

We have searched through two chests of papers; wearied, and worn down with the fatigue of examining, we here for the present relinquish the task—leaving two bundles yet unnoticed. An affliction in the head prevents further research now; but, God helping, the early numbers of 1850, will bring tidings of some more long neglected friends. EDITOR.

Death of Mr. J. H. Evans,

Late Baptist Minister, in John Street, Bedford Row.

BEFORE 1849 closes up, it has pleased the Lord to remove another servant of his from the church below. Mr. Evans had his peculiar sphere of usefulness and labour; he had gifts fitting him for that position; and in that position God honoured him for many years. The following brief announcement is all that we can give in this Supplementary number:—

This highly-esteemed man of God is now numbered amongst the dead. His decease took place on Saturday, December the 1st at Stonehaven, in Scotland. Although for a considerable time (not having preached since August, 1848) his nervous system had been unbinged, the immediate cause of his death was owing to a fall from a phaeton about two months since, in which was Mrs. Evans and another lady. The horse suddenly took fright, and threw him off, the ladies retaining their seats until the animal was stopped. The fall occasioned some slight wounds, which, it was thought, would soon be healed, but abscesses and erysipelas followed, defying all medical skill. His sufferings were very great, but at intervals he gave to those around his dying bed additional evidence, that he was resting upon the solid truths of that Gospel which he had so often, faithfully and earnestly preached to others.

It is pretty generally known, that most of his relatives were connected with the Establishment. His father, the Rev. Dr. Evans, was prebend of Salisbury Cathedral, and Mr. Evans, being an only son, it was natural that his education should be guarded and guided, that his early predilections should all favour the Establishment. Such was the case, and in a few short years, at a very early age, we find him comfortably settled at Milford, in Hampshire, a small village, about five miles from Lymington. Here he was for a time; but, as truth shone upon his mind and heart, error receded; he found he could no longer conform, as he was now transformed. He left the Establishment, not without the remonstrances of friends, and

the sorrow of near relatives, but he had a higher master to serve, who was about to employ him in more arduous work. Mr. Evans continued in the little village of Milford, where a small chapel was built, which still remains, and by the assistance of the present church at John-street, has been continued, it being a cause always near his heart, where he was followed and made a blessing to many. On one of his visits to Taunton, where he occasionally preached, Mr. Drummond, who was in that locality, was induced to go and hear Mr. Evans; from that period he became an altered man, and a friendship sprang up, which ultimately led Mr. Drummond to build the chapel in John-street, and present it entirely free to Mr. Evans for life. As a man, Mr. Evans was much valued by those who best knew him. The influence of his instructions, his example, and his prayers are yet in operation, nor will it be known until the great day, how far he has been instrumental in awakening the conscience, establishing the weak, comforting the desponding, and directing the inquirer. His published works are but few, but they all clearly show that his aim was at the *heart*, more than at the *head*.

He has left behind a widow, two sons, and one daughter (by his first wife), and a loving Church, over whom he had been pastor about thirty years. To sum up his character, we may say, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." It is remarkable, that Mr. Noel, now the pastor, had only commenced his labours the second Sabbath in the past month.

THE FUNERAL.

Mr. Evans' remains were brought to London. The funeral took place on Thursday, December the 6th. at Highgate Cemetery, at twelve o'clock, and was attended by about 400 members of his Church and congregation. A short address was delivered by Mr. C. Shepherd, and prayer was offered at the grave, by the Hon. Baptist Noel. Octavius Winslow, of Lymington, preached the funeral sermon in John-street Chapel, on Sunday morning Dec. 9th.

What Henry Langham says about Zion.

THIS bold defender of THE TRUTH, who is now stationed at Portsea, says (in a letter to me),—"Things are going on as well as we can expect in this time-state of the church, and I do pray that it may so continue; for I am tired of war in the church which in the present day is awful; while the churches of the devil are in union and peace, combining against the truth as it is in Christ, Zion is rending and tearing each other, leaving open every corner of the city for the enemy; yea, filling the mouths of the enemies of the cross with arguments against us. O, it will be a glorious time when the Lord shall turn again

the captivity of Zion; when her Watchmen shall see eye to eye; when every Inhabitant of Zion shall become a true warrior; and Zion shall be seen and known as an army terrible with banners; then shall Babylon fall to rise no more; then, my brother, shall it be seen whether we are the enemies of our race or not; it will then be seen that we are the only true friends of the people. Our time-state will soon be over; and I hope to be able to sing "*free grace*," as I pass over Jordan." H. L.

John Foreman on Christian Baptism.

MOUNT ZION CHAPEL.—Hill Street, Dorset Square. Lord's Day, November 25th, Brother Foreman administered the Lord's ordinance of Believers' Baptism to four persons, two males, and two females, before a numerous and attentive audience. Our brother's text was, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" Alluding to the mode of baptism, and the use of these words by the Lord, as expressive of his sufferings; our brother asked, was Christ only sprinkled with suffering, or was he plunged, and completely immersed in that which he endured for his Church? And if this being plunged into a sea of suffering as it were, be called a baptism; what sort of such a plunging is Christian baptism? He also observed, that seven times as much is said in the New Testament about baptism, as there is about communion at the Lord's table: and yet, because the former is a cross to take up, there is unceasing disputation about the one, but the other every professor is willing to observe. However, we will abide by New Testament practice, and our God will abide with us. W. H.

A Solemn Circumstance at Chelsea

DURING THE RAGING OF THE CHOLERA

ON Lord's-day evening, September the 9th, 1849, when the Cholera was raging all around us, a young man was smoking a pipe at a beer shop opposite my house; he was in the habit of doing so; but on this evening, he was suddenly taken ill with the above disorder; was taken home, and died. How solemn! what a place to be in when arrested by the hand of death! On the Lord's-day—and in the devil's house!

If brother Banks would let this appear in the "Vessel," it might catch the eye of some thoughtless young man who is in the habit of doing the same, and cause him to reflect, and to direct his feet towards the House of God instead of the devil's den. Let him who, instrumentally, converteth a sinner from the error of his way, remember that he saveth a soul from hell, and shall hide a multitude of sins. James v. 20. W. C.

The Track of the Murderer Marked Out by an Invisible Hand :

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE CASE OF THE MANNINGS.

BY THE REV. ERSKINE NEALE, M.A.

THE murder of Patrick O'Connor by the Mannings, is one of the most awful events of the now expiring year. The following reflections are so wholesome, we cannot withhold them.

"In a suburb of London lived O'Connor, a Custom House officer, who was on terms of intimacy with two parties, named Manning. The former appears to have been a dissolute character: the latter a clever, shrewd *intrigante*, who had lived in the service of families of distinction, had seen somewhat of the world, and possessed extraordinary nerve. Whether the hold she maintained over O'Connor arose from the indulgence on his part of a forbidden passion, or was simply the result of the influence which a strong mind exercises over a weak one is a point difficult to determine, and, after all, not material to ascertain. He had money. The Mannings were unprincipled, embarrassed, and daring. They resolved to appropriate O'Connor's property. The first step in their project must be to deprive their victim of life. They determined to accomplish it. The female invites her victim to her house, and aided by her husband, murders him.

"No deed of violence could be better planned; or, humanly speaking, less liable to detection. The guilty parties were husband and wife. Their interests were identical. They had no confederates. There was no one to 'peach.' They had no prying servant in the house: no suspicious lodger: no intermeddling dependant of any description. Human eye to fear they had none! And their measures were judiciously taken. The victim, once within their dwelling, was never to be seen again. The massive crowbar with which he was to be struck down was bought. The mattock with which his grave was to be dug was ready. The shapeless pit which was to receive his mangled corpse was trenched out. The quick-lime which was rapidly to reduce his remains to dust and render recognition impossible was on the spot. His grave could not be approached without their permission. It would be under their immediate control and guardianship; since it was dug in their own kitchen. Every detail was elaborately carried out. Every precaution taken. Success crowned the scheme. The victim was lured into the toils, surprised, butchered, buried.

"The absence of O'Connor from his duties at the docks was observed by several of his friends on the 10th of August, and when the next day passed away without his appearance, strong suspicions of foul play were entertained. On Sunday morning, the 12th of August, an officer in the Customs, and a cousin of the deceased, called at O'Connor's lodgings, for the purpose of

ascertaining if anything had been heard of him. The landlady, being unable to give them any information beyond the fact that Mrs. Manning had been at O'Connor's lodgings both on the Thursday and Friday evenings. Mr. Flynn proceeded to the police-station, where, having explained the circumstances to the acting-inspector, Mr. F. requested that he would allow an officer in plain clothes to accompany him to Manning's house. The inspector consented, and Barnes, the constable, was selected. The same afternoon, by appointment, Mr. Flynn and he together went to Manning's house; where, after knocking several times, they obtained no answer, and at length left the neighbourhood. At a very early hour on the following Monday morning, Mr. Flynn again proceeded to the station, and begged that a detective officer might be permitted to accompany him to Manning's house, a request which was at once granted, and a constable named Wright directed to accompany him. Previously to entering the house he desired Wright, the officer, to place himself opposite to Mrs. Manning, in order to observe the workings of her countenance, while he questioned her. Mr. Flynn first asked if Mr. Manning would be at home in the evening. To this query she replied that, she thought it unlikely, as they were both asked out to tea. He then inquired if she had seen or heard anything of O'Connor for the last three or four days. Mrs. Manning replied, that she had not seen him since Wednesday night, when he called at their house very tipsy, and was seen home by a Mr. Walshe. Mr. Flynn said it was very strange, upon which Mrs. Manning remarked, 'Yes, it is very strange indeed; the more so as he is such a regular man.' After further conversation, Mrs. Manning exclaimed, 'Poor O'Connor! he was the best friend I had in London.' Mr. Flynn fancied at this moment that he perceived a slight change in her countenance, and suggested that perhaps the room might be too warm for her. She raised her hand to her face for an instant, but recovering herself, said calmly, 'No, thank you, I have been ill for six weeks, and dare say I look rather pale, but there is nothing the matter with me.' The remarkable coolness and presence of mind which Mrs. Manning exhibited during this interview had the effect of throwing Mr. Flynn and the officer completely off their guard, and they both left the house, thinking she was in no way a party to his disappearance.

"So callous can conscience become under the deadening influence of crime! So impenetrable is the mask which villany can assume!

"Meanwhile the female was not inactive. She had proceeded on Thursday and Friday

to O'Connor's lodgings; had rifled his cash-box; had possessed herself of most of his movable property; and was rapidly maturing her plans for absconding with it. On Monday, August the 14th, these were completed by her departure for Edinburgh, a place of all others the most unlikely for a criminal to select as a place of refuge.

"In the interim every hour was telling on the decomposition of O'Connor's remains. The slack lime was doing its work gradually and effectually. Its consuming agency would speedily render all identification of the body impossible. The criminals had everything to hope from this process. And so far, not even the resting-place of the victim had been detected. Who was privy to it? Who could point it out? What clue was there? Where is search to begin? The keenest intellect seemed at fault. All appears to promise impunity and security to the guilty. On a sudden an invisible avenger interferes. The shroud of mystery is torn away. Who, in the manner, time, and mode of discovery, can avoid recognising the finger of God? Who does not see in it fresh exemplification of the truth—'Be sure thy sin will find thee out?'

"The back kitchen, where the body was buried, was the apartment generally used by Mrs. Manning for cooking operations. Here she received the officers on the Monday afternoon, shortly before she determined upon absconding. The appearance of the room at that time was remarkably clean and neat; and it was observed by Barnes that the flag-stones with which it was paved had been recently and very carefully rubbed over with hearthstone, giving the floor a very white appearance. When Barnes again visited the house on the Friday after it had been deserted, he remarked that the mortar or cement between the interstices of two of the stones had a brighter appearance than in the others. This induced him to pull out of his pocket a clasp-knife, on opening which and testing with it the consistency of the cement, he found it very soft. He was naturally surprised at this circumstance, but, as he could observe no irregularity in the mode of laying the stone in question, he was at a loss to account for it. He next tried the cement between other stones, and found it firm and hard. This strengthened his suspicions, and he at once removed two stones, measuring together about five feet. Beneath these stones he found a bed of mortar carefully spread over the whole space. This satisfied Barnes that they could not have been laid by a workman, as masons only place mortar round the edges of the stones. He found the earth beneath the layer of mortar very loose, and on scraping it up to the depth of about two inches, he discovered a stocking. He then dug down a little lower, still using his fingers only; and when he had reached the depth of about six inches, after a layer of lime, his hand came in contact with the

toe of the murdered man. The position of the body, with the head downwards and the feet tied to the haunches, will explain this.

"Meanwhile, the Murderess had reached Edinburgh. Her first care on gaining a resting-place was to dispose of her booty. But, though she had changed the scene, she had not baffled the scrutiny of an all-piercing eye, which was watching her every movement, and was silently, bringing about her detection and destruction."

The circumstances which led to Mrs. Manning's detection are generally known: the hand of God was specially to be seen in tracing out the paths she had taken; and bringing her to justice. The following extract is expressive of the horror of a guilty conscience; and may act as a solemn warning against the dreadful temptations of satan:—

"Turn we now to the other criminal—the husband, Manning. He had made good his escape to Jersey, and had quietly ensclosed himself with a worthy couple in a very secluded situation, where, save for an accusing conscience, and the terrors with which he was hourly pursued, and which he strove to drown by drink, he might for weeks have remained unsuspected.

"These were the fears which dictated his reply to Bainbridge, the broker, who urged him to return and sleep in his own home at Miniver-place.

"'I would not,' was his reply, 'sleep in that house alone for a single night for twenty pounds.'

"'Terror and anguish had fallen upon him,' and 'an horrible dread' had overwhelmed him. Already were felt within him the gnawings of the worm that never dies—the commencement of quenchless remorse, and ever-abiding and agonizing regrets.

"He arrived in Jersey on Thursday, September 16, and took lodgings at the Navy Arms, where he remained until the following Thursday morning; and on his leaving desired that his bed should be kept for him, as he would return on Saturday. While there he went out early in the morning, and returned in the evening, generally under the influence of liquor, of which he drank more before he retired for the night. He had once arranged with the captain of a sailing vessel to go with him early in the morning to Guernsey, but did not get up in time. From his quitting the Navy Arms there was for some days no direct trace of him. He took lodgings on Thursday, the 23d, at Mr. Bertheau's, a private house, a little off the St. Aubin's-road, on this side Third Tower. While there he kept very close, and might have remained longer concealed but for the notice taken of his so frequently sending to the same house for a bottle of brandy. This caused suspicion, and information was given to Mr. Centenier Chevalier, who immediately repaired to the place, accompanied by the two

officers of the London detective police, one of whom was well acquainted with Manning.

"On arriving at the house it was ascertained that the lodger was in bed, and arrangements were made for getting a view of his features, and securing him before he could offer any resistance. He was, however, easily captured, and was in a very nervous state. Near him was a bottle of liquor and a razor. He immediately recognised Mr. Edward Langley, of the London police, and stated that he was glad he had come, as he was thinking of going to London to explain all. One of his first questions was, 'Is the wretch taken?' (alluding to his wife) and on being answered in the affirmative, he observed, 'I am glad of it—that will save my life.'

"There are ample grounds for believing that an unhallowed passion was the link which bound O'Connor to Maria Manning. Note its fruits. Simulating affection she plots his destruction. With an invitation breathing kindness and tenderness she bids him hasten to her house. *There*, there is already prepared for him the yawning grave, the mattock, the crowbar, and the lime. Did Solomon speak idly, when he said, 'To deliver thee from the strange woman, even from the stranger which flattereth with her words: which forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God. *For her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. None that go unto her RETURN AGAIN, neither take they hold of the paths of life.*'

"The murderer was no illiterate, uneducated, soul-less woman. In her the animal did not predominate over the intellectual being. Her grasp of mind, and powers of self-control were far beyond the common average. She had remarkable opportunities for self-improvement. And they do not appear to have been slighted. But mind, nerve, self-possession, information, powers of pleasing, all were used in the service of a bad master. 'If the *light* that is in thee be *darkness*, how great is that darkness!'

"Observe how a *passion for gain*, the lust of wealth, will *deadens every tender, and gentle, and grateful feeling*. O'Connor had been a firm friend to these guilty beings—had assisted them out of many a difficulty—had stood by them in many an emergency. On a sudden all past kindness is forgotten. *He had means—and he must die*. Ah! Agur's was a wise and holy prayer—'Give me neither poverty nor riches.'

"See how Satan lures on, prompts, and deserts his victims. Powerful to instigate to crime—powerless to ward off its consequences. Apt in suggesting the instruments of murder—impotent in averting its punishment. Active as a tempter—valueless as a protector. Prodigal in promises, his language is ever the same, 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'

"Remark—a course of crime once begun

—how the lips become habituated to falsehood—how the lie flows easily, and readily, and instantly, from the tongue! At Edinburgh, when Mr. Moxhay asked her if she had any scrip,—'Scrip? what is scrip?' said she, as if it were the first time she had ever heard it mentioned, while it was proved that she had received from O'Connor a full and accurate description of it. Mr. Moxhay opened one of her boxes, and the first thing he found was a bill with the name of 'F. G. Manning' upon it. Still she retained her self-possession. 'Now have you any scrip?' 'Oh yes,' said she, 'to be sure—scrip of my own.' She was told that she was apprehended on the charge of murdering Mr. O'Connor. 'Murder Mr. O'Connor!' she exclaimed; 'no, indeed; he was the best friend I had in the world. He was like a father to me.' The great Deceiver and his children speak one and the same language. They are thoroughly familiar with his lore. And the liar's doom? As Appalling as it is eternal. 'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death.'

"How impressively should this frightful transaction bring before us the needed emphatic petition in our Master's prayer—'Deliver us from evil!'

We close up this most appalling affair, with the following from a contemporary.—

"The awful sentence of the law was carried into effect on Manning and his wife, in front of Horsemonger-lane Gaol, on Tuesday morning, the 13th of November, 1849, at nine o'clock. The scene was, in all respects, a terrific one, sufficient almost to shake our belief in capital punishment, even for murders of the worst class. The unsatisfactory state of mind displayed by the prisoners; the dreadful crime for which they suffered; the administration of the Lord's Supper to such persons; the multitude of *respectable* parties attending the execution; and the dense crowds of horrible profligate wretches, laughing, smoking, swearing, at the very foot of the gallows, makes one's blood turn chill, and prompt the earnest wish that some other and better arrangement could be made."

Baptism by Immersion

BY THE HON. BAPTIST NOEL.

ON Friday Evening, November 30th, Baptist Noel for the first time, went down into the baptistry, in the late Mr. Evans's Chapel, John-street, (of which place he is now the recognised pastor,) and baptised six females, and one male, all of whom were members of his congregation when a minister of the Church of England. This number, however, is merely a portion of those who have left Bedford-row Chapel to join him in his new connexion, some seventy or eighty having seceded from the Church to become baptists, and members of John-street Chapel.